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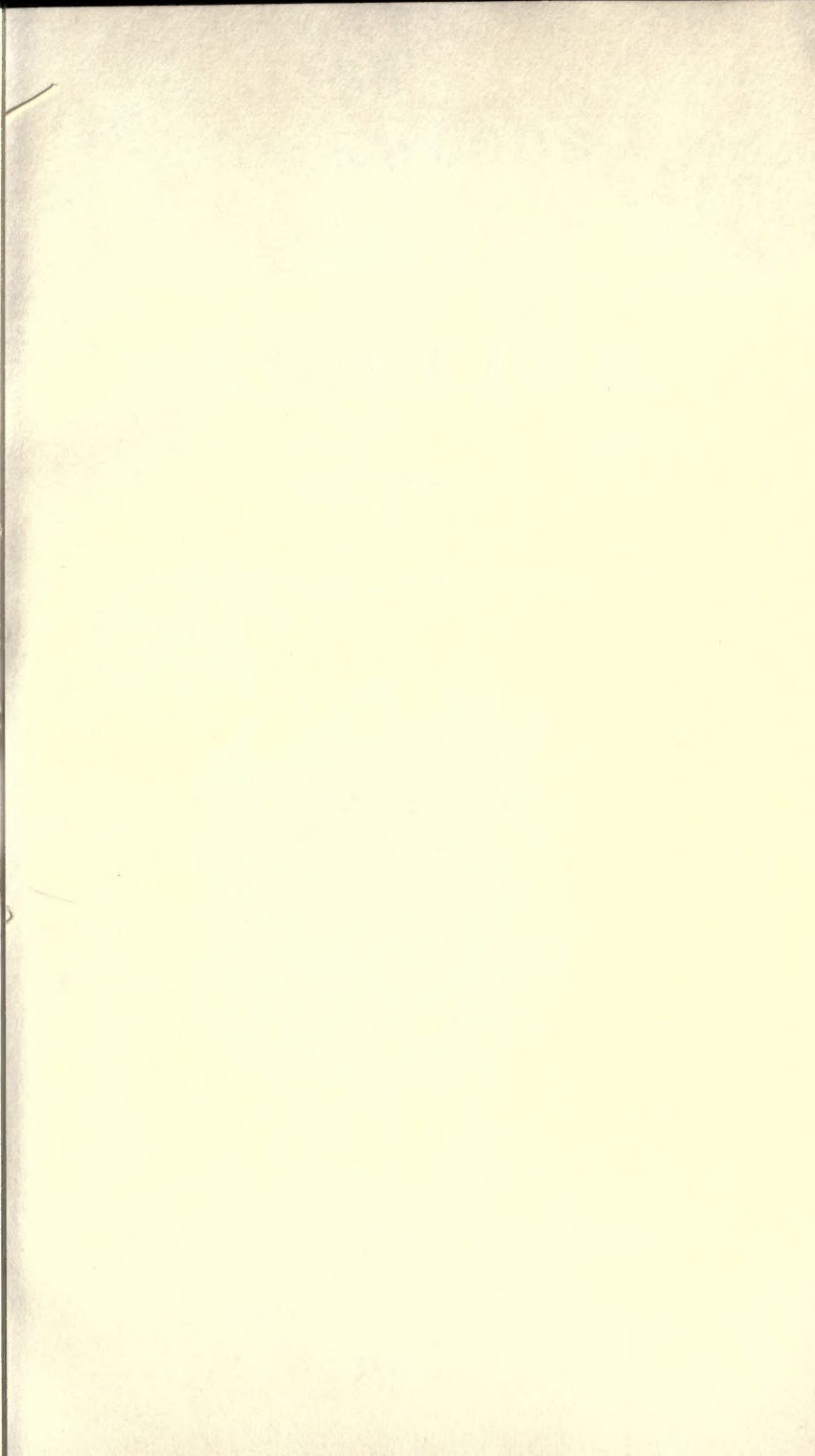
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BLACKWOOD'S

Edinburgh



MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXIX.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1831.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1831.

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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH

T. CABELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1881

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXV.

JANUARY, 1831.

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EDINBURGH:

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AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL Contributors and Correspondents have the goodness to take the hint we have ere now more than once graciously given them, and henceforth please to direct their communications, whether private epistle, or public article, either to "Christopher North," the "Editor of Blackwood's Magazine," or "Mr Blackwood?" We have now made such arrangements as will ensure instant cremation to all communications for *Maga*, directed to other less distinguished persons. They will be intercepted by the grate even on their way to the Balaam-Box.

There are lying in the security of the Sanctum, several Poems of much merit, unfit for *Maga*, either from being too long, or unfinished, which we wish to have an opportunity of returning to their ingenious and anonymous authors.

We have read M's advertisement in the *Courant* of 7th April, anent an article in *Maga* of the First of February, entitled, "Mr Sadler and the Edinburgh Review." If it be unlucky to arrive the day after the Fair, how miserable at the close of nine weeks. M accounts "for the delay which has caused him to stay," by the asinine assertion that he does not read *Maga*. The circumstance which he calls a calumny, we have heard mentioned by several friends of the person to whom it relates, and they conceived it, as did we, to be creditable to his character. We must have it contradicted on better authority than M's before we disbelieve or correct our statement. As Tories, we value a man less on the score of his family and possessions in soil or stock, farms or funds, than on that of his talents and virtues—and therefore cannot sympathize with the thin-skinned soreness of M, a Whig, on the points of birth and heritage. His anxiety about the house of Achin-goul is ludicrous—nor could he have more pompously elaborated his memorial thereon had it been the House of Bourbon—and his hero a King, instead of a Cock-Laird. But he should not consider opprobrious that kind of manual labour which dignified the prime of Robert Burns—and of Cincinnatus, who was three times that which M will not be suffered to be once—Dictator. M has informed the Pensive Public that his signature is lying at full length in the *Courant* Office—for the inspection, we presume, of the curious in autographs. We do not understand that there has been a great rush to see that of the distinguished author of the advertisement; but we have heard that it is, as might have been expected from the rigmarole, a sad scrawl. M is not so well acquainted with the literary history of Galloway as he imagines; and though we prefer peace, yet, should we observe any farther impertinence on his part, we shall expiscate it, in conversation with a gentleman from that district, whom we expect to have the pleasure of seeing at an early Noctes.

The article on Audubon's Ornithological Biography we have been obliged to defer till next Number—when ample justice will be done to the zeal, genius, and eloquence of that extraordinary man.

Colonel Tod's admirable work on Rajast'an will be reviewed, ere long, in a series of articles, which is the only way of doing any thing like justice to his wide and various learning in the history of India.

The interesting life of Romney the painter, by his son, is in good hands; and the article will grace an early Number.

What is our delightful Ignoramus about?

We purpose alternating our six articles on Sotheby's Homer with articles in a similar strain on the Greek Tragedians, Pindar and "the rest." We mean this as a hint to scholars to pay their addresses to *Maga*.

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No. CLXXV.

JANUARY, 1831.

VOL. XXIX.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. LIII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE—*The Snuggery.—Time, seven o'clock.—Members present—*
NORTH, SHEPHERD, O'BRONTE.

SHEPHERD.

THE wee bit cozzie octagon Snuggery metamorphosed, I declare, intil a perfect paragon o' a leebrary, wi' glitterin' brass-wired rosewood shelves, through whilk the bricht-bunn' byeuckies glint splendid as sunbeams, yet safterned and subdued somehow or ither, down to a specie o' moonlicht, sic as lonely shepherd on the hill lifts up his hauns to admire alang the fringed edges o' a fleecy mass o' clouds, when the orb is just upon the verra comin' out again intil the blue, and the entire nicht beautifies itsell up, like a leevin' being, to rehal the stainless apparition!

NORTH.

Homeric!

SHEPHERD.

Ay, Homer was a shepherd like mysell, I'se warrant him, afore he lost his een, in lieu o' whilk, Apollo, the Great Shepherd o' a' the Flocks o' the Sky, gied him—and wasna't a glorious recompense, sir?—for a' the rest o' his days, the gift o' immortal sang.

NORTH.

'Tis fitted up, James, after a fancy-plan of our poor, dear, old, facete, feeling, ingenious, and most original friend—Johnny Ballantyne.

SHEPHERD.

Johnny Ballantyne!

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A

NORTH.

Methinks I see him—his slight slender figure restless with a spirit that knew no rest—his face so suddenly changeful in its expression from what a stranger might have thought habitual gravity, into what his friends knew to be native there—glee irrepressible and irresistible—the very madness of mirth, James, in which the fine ether of animal spirits seemed to respire the breath of genius, and to shed through the room, or the open air, a contagion of cheerfulness, against which no heart was proof, however sullen, and no features could stand, however grim—but still all the company, Canters and Covenanters inclusive, relaxed and thawed into murmurs of merriment, even as the strong spring sunshine sends a-singing the bleak frozen moor-streams, till all the wilderness is alive with music.

SHEPHERD.

He was indeed a canty cretur—a delichtfu' companion.

NORTH.

I hear his voice this moment within my imagination, as distinct as if it were speaking. 'Twas exceedingly pleasant.

SHEPHERD.

It was that. Verra like Sandy's—only a hue merrier, and a few beats in the minute faster. Oh, sir! hoo he wou'd hae enjoyed the Noctes, and hoo the Noctes woud hae enjoyed him!

NORTH.

In the midst of our merriment, James, often has that thought come over me like a cloud.

SHEPHERD.

What'n a lauch!

NORTH.

Soul-and-heart-felt!

SHEPHERD.

Mony a strange story fell down stane-dead when his tongue grew mute. Thoosands o' curious, na, unaccountable anecdotes, ceased to be, the day his een were closed; for he tel't them, sir, as ye ken, wi' his een mair than his lips; and his verra hawns spak, when he snapped his forefinger and his thoomb, or wi' the hail five spread out—and he had what I ca' an elegant hawn' o' fine fingers, as maist wutty men hae—manually illustrated his soobjeck, till the words gaed aff, murmuring like bees frae the tips, and then Johnny was quate again for a minute or sae, till some ither freak o' a fancy came athwart his genie, and instantly loup't intil look, lauch, or speech—or rather a' the three thegither in ane, while Sir Walter himsell keckled on his chair, and leanin' wi' thae extraordinar' chowks o' his, that aften seem to me amaist as expressive as his pile o' forehead, hoo wou'd he fix the grey illumination o' his een on his freen Johnny, and ca' him by that familiar name, and by the sympathy o' that maist capawcious o' a' sowles, set him clean mad—richt doon wudd a'thegither—till really, sir, he got untholeably divertin', and folk compleen'd o' pains in their sides, and sat wi' the tears rinnin' doon their cheeks, praying him for gudeness to haud his tongue, for that gin he didna, somebody or ither wou'd be fa'in doon in a fit, and be carried out dead.

NORTH.

Atruce, my dear James, to all such dreams. Yet pleasant, though mournful to the soul, is the memory of joys that are past! And never, methinks, do we feel the truth of that beautiful sentiment more tenderly, than when dimly passeth before our eyes, along the mirror of imagination,—for I agree with thee, thou sagest of Shepherds, that when the heart is finely touched by some emotion from the past, the mirror of imagination and of memory is one and the same, held up as if in moonlight by the hands of Love or Friendship,—never feel we the truth of that beautiful sentiment more tenderly, I repeat, James, than when we suddenly re-behold there the image—the shadow of some face that when alive wore a smile of perpetual sunshine—somewhat saddened now, though cheerful still, in the momentary vision—and then, as we continue to gaze upon it, undergoing sad obscuration, and soon disappearing in total eclipse.

*Enter MR AMBROSE, MONS. CADET, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, TAPPI-
TOURIE, and the PECH, with Tea, Coffee, Toast, Muffins, &c.*

SHEPHERD.

When a body has had an early dinner, what a glorious meal's the FOUR-
OORS! Hooly—hooly, lads. Aye—that's richt, Tappy—just set doon the
muffins there close to ma nieve; oh! but they seem sappy! Sir Dawvit,
be ye baronet or be ye knicht, you've a fine ee for the balancin' o' a table,
or ye had never clashed doon on that spat thae creeshy crampets. Pippin,
you're a dextrous cretur, wi' your ashets o' wat and dry toast. And oh! my
man Pechy! but you've a stoot back and a strong arm to deposit wi' sic an
air o' majesty that twa-quartern loaf fresh frae the bakers, and steamin' as
sweet's a bank o' vi'lets after a shower.—Mr Awmrose, ye needna bile ony
mair eggs—for though they're no verra big anes, yet whatever the size, sax
is ma number—thae bit chickens maun hae belonged to a late cleckin'—
But whare's the Roond? Aye—aye—Prince o' Picardy! I see ye bearin' him
frae the bit side-boardie.—Noo attend to Mr North, Mr Awmrose, and dinna
mind me—tak tent o' Mr North, sir—and see that he wants for naething—
for I discern by the glegness o' the een o' him, that he's yaup—yaup—yaup
—and 's sharpenin' his teeth wi' the fork, till you hear them raspin' like a
mower whettin' his scythe.

NORTH.

Ambrose, bring yon.

AMBROSE.

Here they are, sir.

[*Placing them before MR HOGG.*

SHEPHERD.

Angels and ministers o' grace defend us—what the deevil's thae?

NORTH.

What think ye, James?

SHEPHERD.

Hauns! Human hauns! Preserved human hauns! Pickled human hauns!
The preserved and pickled human hauns o' a Christian!

NORTH.

Well—what although?

SHEPHERD.

Weel! what altho'? Are they a present frae Dr Knox, or his freen Hare?
Aiblins the verra hauns o' Burke himsell! What throttlers!

NORTH.

Why, they are throttlers, James—but they never belonged in life to any
of the gang.

SHEPHERD.

That's a great relief—But excuse me, sir, for haudin' ma nose—for I
fear they're stinkin'.

NORTH.

Sweet, I assure you, James, as the downy fist of a virgin, yet warm from
her own bosom. Bear-paws from Scandinavia—a Christmas-present from
my intrepid friend Lloyd, now Schall-king of the Frozen Forests.

SHEPHERD.

Let's pree them.

[*The SHEPHERD takes one Paw, and NORTH another, and they both
begin to masticate.*

AMBO.

Exquisite!

SHEPHERD.

Are ye at the tae, sir?

NORTH.

I am.

SHEPHERD.

Mines is picket as clean's an ivory kaim for the tap-knot o' a bit bonnie
lassie. Noo for the pawms.

NORTH.

The mustard?

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

NORTH.

The mustard?

SHEPHERD.

Eh? Oh! but the pawms is prime. The ile o' pawms! Far better nor the ignorant world suspects. Nae wunner the beasts sooks them in their wunter-caves.

NORTH.

Try your paw with chicken, James.

SHEPHERD.

I'm dooin' sae, sir. Frae this time, henceforit and for evermair, hoo wersh the race o' hams! What's pig-face to bear-paw!

NORTH.

Hyperion to a Satyr.

SHEPHERD.

Say Satyr to Hyperion, sir. Mine's anatameezed—and lo! the skeleton! O the wonnerfu' warks o' natur!

NORTH.

There!

SHEPHERD.

What'n a *what*! I'm hungrier than if I had ate a hale solan guse. What'n a *what*!

NORTH.

Let us now set in to serious eating, James.

SHEPHERD.

Be't sae. Seelence!

[*There is silence in the Snuggery from half-past seven till half-past eight; or, rather, a sound like the whutter of wild-fowl on the feed along a mud-bank, by night, in Poole Harbour, at low-water, as described by Colonel Hawker.*]

NORTH.

James?

SHEPHERD.

What's your wull, sir?

NORTH.

A caulker?

SHEPHERD.

Wi' a' my heart and sowle. Here's to Mr Lloyd's health and happiness—and when he's dune huggin' the bears, may he get a wife!

NORTH.

Amen!

SHEPHERD.

Noo, sir, let's hae some leeterary conversation.

NORTH.

I was just going to propose it, James. Suppose we have a little poetry.

SHEPHERD.

What a cauld squash o' poetry's this we've had blawn intil our faces o' late, like sae mony blashy shoors o' sleet? But Stoddart has genius.

NORTH.

He has. Let us speak now of the great masters. Lean back, James—hand over head—and pull out the volume it chances to light on—one or other of the works of the Immortals.

SHEPHERD (*obeying the mandate.*)

Muir's Life o' Byron—First vollum! Whan are we to hae the second?

NORTH.

I know not. Probably ere next Noctes.

SHEPHERD.

I'm wearyin' unco sair for the second vollum. But our carrier, when he's gotten a heavy load o' the necessaries o' life, sic as rivers, and pots and pans, and ither household utensils, aye leaves ahint him at Selkirk a' pair-

shells that he jalouses may conteen byeuks, "Especialy," quo' he, "thae great muckle clumsy square anes ye ca' quartos."

NORTH.

Not so with Maga?

SHEPHERD.

Na, na! A bale o' Blackwood's as light as a feather, and he swears that his beast never reests on the steyist brae gin Maga's aboard. The buoyancy o' the bale, sir, gars his cart dance alang a' the ups and downs i' the road through the Forest, like a bit pleasure yott tilting outowre the waves at Windermere Regatta.

NORTH.

Poetry!

SHEPHERD.

I can tell ye a curious tale about this quarto. It lay for the best part o' a moon amang some cheeses, at Selkirk, afore it was discovered by some weans to be a byeuk, by means o' the broon paper and the direction, and was forwarded at last to Mount Benger in a return cart loaded wi' strae. But Gudefallow clean forgot that his lordship was there, and sae by some queer mischance he got bundled up intil the laft, and mair nor a month afterwards, you may guess the surprise o' ane o' the hizzies that had gaen up for fodder, when a great big broon square paper pairshel bounced out o' her lap in the byre——

NORTH.

Poor Girzzy!

SHEPHERD.

—— to the sair disappointment o' Crummie, wha, after smellin' an' snokin' an' snortin' at it for a while, began cavin' her head like a dementit cretur, and then ettlin' to toss't out o' the door, gettin't entangled by the twine on the point o' ane o' her horns, she brak oot o' the byre, as if stung by a gadflee, or some divine æstrum——

NORTH.

Classical!

SHEPHERD.

—— and then doon the knowe, across the holm, owre the Yarrow, up the brae, and oot o' sicht ahint the hill, richt awa like a red-deer, clean out the region o' Yarrow a'thegither, and far awa ayont the head o' Ettrick into the verra heart o' Eskdalemuir, whar she was fun', days after, sair forfeuchan, ye may weel suppose, wi' the Beeography across her een, just as if she had been a bill gien to stickin', wi' a brodd on his griesly forehead. A' the shepherds, ye ken, sir, are gude scholars in our region—and him that first fand her was the President o' the Eskdalemuir Spootin', Theological, and Philosophical Club. Puttin' on his specs—for he's a gae auld cretur—he sune made oot the inscription in capitals on the forehead o' the beast—"JAMES HOGG, ESQ., MOUNT BENDER, YARROW, BY SELKIRK," and then in Eetälics aneath—"To be forwarded by the first opportunity."

NORTH.

That must have been a poser to the President.

SHEPHERD.

It was that, sir. Nor was his perplexity diminished by the twa sma' words in ane o' the corners—"Per mail." The mail hasna begun yet to rin that road, ye ken, sir, in the shape o' a cotch, and the President himsell confess-ed to me, on tellin' the tale, that amang the multitude o' oot-o'-the-way thochts that crooded intil his brain, to account for the faynomenon,—ane o' them was, that in this age o' inventions, when some newfangled notion or ither, oot o' some ingenious noddle, is pitten daily intil practice for expeditin' human intercoorse, the coo was an express——

NORTH.

Hee—hee—hee! James, you tickle my fancy, and I get slightly convulsed about the midriff.

SHEPHERD.

Yes, sir—that the coo was an express sent by Mr Elliot o' Selkirk.

NORTH.

Instead of a carrier-pigeon.

SHEPHERD.

Just sae, sir. And that the coo, haen been bred in Eskdalemuir, had returned to the spat o' her nativity, eager to browse the pasturage on which she had fed when a young and happy quey. Howsomever, to mak a lang story short, our freen contrived to get the quarto aff Crummie's horns, and brocht it doon, neist day, himsell to Mount-Benger, when, by layin' a' our heads thegither, we cam to see intil the heart o' the mystery, which, like maist others, when severely scrutineezed, degenerated intil an accoontable though somewhat uncommon fack.

NORTH.

Open the volume, James, at haphazard—and let the first page that meets your eyes be the text of our discursive dialogue.

SHEPHERD.

Sall I read it up, sir ?

NORTH.

Do, *ore rotundo*, like a Grecian. What seems it about ?

SHEPHERD.

The marriages of men o' genius—if I dinna mistak——

NORTH.

Hark! and lo! [*The time-piece strikes nine, and enter PICARDY and Tail, with the materiel. They sweep away the "Reliquias Danuum, and deposit all things needful in their place.*

SHEPHERD.

Clever chiels, thae, sir.

NORTH.

I hope, James, that Mr Moore will strike out of the volume, before it becomes an octavo, that misbegotten, misconceived, misdelivered, misplaced, and mistimed abortion——

SHEPHERD.

What'n a skrow o' misses, like a verra boardin'-school let'n' lowse; puir bit things, I pity them—a' walkin' by themsell, rank and file, twa deep, the feck o' them gae'n sickly, and greenin' for hame—But no to purshue that eemage—what was you beginnin' till abuse, sir, when I interuppit you about the misses ?

NORTH.

Mr Moore's Homily on Husbands.

SHEPHERD.

He says—"The truth is, I fear, that rarely, if ever, have men of the higher order of genius shown themselves fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life." Hoots—toots! Toots—hoots! Hoots—hoots! Toots—toots!

NORTH.

You are severe, James, but your strictures are just.

SHEPHERD.

The warst apothegm that ever was kittled in the shape o' a paradox; and then, sir, the expression's as puir's the thocht. The cawm affections—if by them Mr Muir means a' the great natural affections, and he can mean naething else—are no the "cement" merely o' domestic life, but they are its Sowle, its Essence, its Being, Itsell! Cement's a sort o' lime or slime——

NORTH.

I should not quarrel with the words, James, if their meaning——

SHEPHERD.

But I do quarrel wi' the words, sir, and they deserve to hae their noses pou'd for leears. I recollect the passage perfectly weel, and its as easy to rend it intil flinders, as to tear to rags a rotten blanket left by some gypsy on a nyeuck by the roadside. Tak you the byeuck, sir—for you're amaisht as gude an elecutionist as Mr Knowles himsell. You're twa natural readers—wi' a' your art—therein you're aboot equal—but in action and gesture, sir, he beats you sair.

NORTH.

"However delightful may be the spectacle of a man of genius, tamed and domesticated in society, taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social ties, and enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves, we must, nevertheless, in the midst of our admiration, bear in mind that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for, or won. The poet thus circumstanced, may be popular, be loved; for the happiness of himself, and those linked with him, he is in the right road—but not for greatness. The marks by which Fame has always separated her great martyrs from the rest of mankind, are not upon him, and the crown cannot be his. He may dazzle, may captivate the circle, and even the times in which he lives, but he is not for hereafter!"

SHEPHERD.

What infernal folly's that ye're taukin', sir? I wuss ye mayna hae been drinkin' in the forenoon owre mony o' thae wicked wee glasses o' noyau, or sherry-brandy, or ither leecures in confectionary chops, and that's the effects o't breakin' out upon you the noo, sae sune after the paws, in a heap o' havers, just like a verra rash on the face o' a patient in the measles. Eh?

NORTH.

The words are Mr Moore's. My memory, James, is far from being tenacious, yet sentences of extreme absurdity will stick to it——

SHEPHERD.

Like plaguy burrs to the tails o' a body's coat walkin' through a spring wood, alive wi' sweet-singing birds, and sweet-smelling flowers, whase balm and beauty's amaisht a' forgotten as sune's he comes out again into the open every-day warld, and appear faint and far off, like an unassured dream, while thae confounded realities, the burrs, are stickin' as if they had been shued on by the tailor, or rather incorporated by the wicked weaver wi' the verra original wab o' the claeth, sae that ye canna get rid o' the inextricable cleggs, without clipping the bit oot wi' the shears, or ruggin' them aff angrily wi' baith hauns, as if they were sae mony waur than useless buttons.

NORTH.

An apt and a picturesque illustration. When Mr Moore speaks of the spectacle of a man of genius "tamed and domesticated in society," he must have been thinking——

SHEPHERD.

O' the lauchin' hyena.

NORTH.

No, James, not the laughing hyena, for he adds, "taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social ties;" and, I believe, neither the laughing nor the weeping hyena—neither the Democritus nor the Heraclitus of the tribe—has ever been made to submit his shoulders to the yoke—nor, indeed, have I ever heard of any attempt having been made to put him into harness.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Muir's been thinkin' o' the Zebra, or the Quagga, sir.

NORTH.

But then, James, he goes on to say forthwith, "and enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves."

SHEPHERD.

Ay, there Mr Muir forgets the kind o' animal he set oot wi', and whether he was a lauchin' hyena, as I first surmeessed, or a zebra, or quagga, why, by a slip o' the memory or the imagination, he's transmogrified either intil a star or a watchman, "enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves,"—maist probably a star; for a watchman does disturb "the sphere in which he moves," by ever and anon crawin' oot something about the hour—at least folk hae telt me that it's about the hour, and the divisions o' the hour, that the unhappy somnambulists are scrauching;—whereas, as to enlightening the sphere which he disturbs, what can you expeck, sir, frae a fawrthin cawnle? It maun be a star, sir, that Mr Muir means. Tak ma word for't, sir, it's a star.

NORTH.

But, James, Mr Moore adds, "that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for or won."

SHEPHERD.

There again, sir, you see the same sort o' slip o' the memory or the imagination; sae that, no to be severe, the hail sentence is mair like the maunderin' o' an auld wife, sittin' half asleep and half paralectic, and aiblins rather a bit wee fou frae a chance drappie, at the ingle-cheek, lecturin' the weans how to behave theirsells, and mair especially that nae gude's ever likely to come either frae reading or writing ungodly ballants, like them o' Bobby Burns——

NORTH.

Or Jamie Hogg——

SHEPHERD.

Just sae, sir;—for that, as she hersell cam to ken by cruel experience, it a' "ends in houghmagandy!"

NORTH.

I fear, James, the star won't do either. For Mr Moore inditeth, that "for the happiness of himself [the Poet aforesaid] and those linked with him, he is on the right road," which is not the language men use in speaking of a star, or even a constellation. And in the sentence that follows, he is again a good Christian; but not one of "the great martyrs separated by Fame from the rest of mankind," as may be known from her "marks not being to be found upon him," (he is no witch, James,) and from the want of a crown on his temples. Still, whether a laughing hyena, a zebra, a quagga, a star, or a watchman, he "may dazzle," Mr Moore tells us, "may captivate the circle, and even the TIMES in which he lives, [Mr Moore himself, I believe, does so,] but he is not for hereafter;" and this, James, is a specimen of fine writing in the philosophy of human life!

SHEPHERD.

O hoch! hoch! hoch! O hoch! hoch! hoch!

NORTH.

You are not ill, my dear James?

SHEPHERD.

Just rather a wee quawmish, sir. I can stammach as strang nonsense as maist men; but then there's a peculiar sort o' wersh fuzionless nonsense that's gotten a sweaty sweetness about it, no unlike the taste o' the puirest imaginable frost-bitten parsnip eaten along wi' yesterday's sowens, to some dregs dribbled oot o' an auld treackle bottle that has been staunnin' a' the season on the window-sole catchin' flees,—that I confess does mak me fin' as gin I was gaun to bock. That sentence is a sample o't—sae here's to you, you Prince o' Jugglers.—Oh! but that's the best you hae brew'd these fifty years, and drinks like something no made by the skill o' man, but by the instinck o' an animal, like hinny by bees. We maun hain this Jug, sir; for there'll never be the marrow o't on this earth, were you to leeve till the age o' Methuslah, and mak a jug every hour, till you become a Defunk.

NORTH.

Tolerable tippie.—Besides, James, how can Mr Moore pretend to lay down an essential distinction between the character of those men of genius, who are born to delight the circle in which they move, and to be at once good authors and good men, delightful poets and admirable husbands, and those who are born to win a crown of immortality as bards, and as Benedicts to go to the devil?

SHEPHERD.

Na. You may ask that wi' a pig's tail in your cheek.

NORTH.

With a pig's tail in my cheek! What is the meaning and origin, pray, of that expression?

SHEPHERD

A pig's tail's a quod o' tobacco.

NORTH.

Oh!—According to this creed, Poets born to delight their circles must always be trembling on the brink of marriage misery.

SHEPHERD.

And mony o' them tumble ower, even according to Mr Muir's ain theorem. For the difference—if there be ony—can only be a difference o' degree—Sae wha's safe?

NORTH.

Pope, it seems, once said, that to follow poetry, as one ought, “one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone.” This was not very reverent in Pope, perhaps a little impious or so—at all events not a little self-conceited; but while it might be permitted to pass without blame, or even notice, among the many clever things so assiduously set down in Pope's letters, it must be treated otherwise when brought forward formally by a brother bard to corroborate a weak and worthless argument on the nature of genius and virtue, by which he would endeavour to prove that they are hostile and repugnant.

SHEPHERD.

I aye pity Pop.

NORTH.

In these few words is pointed out, says Mr Moore, “the sole path that leads genius to greatness. On such terms alone are the high places of fame to be won—nothing less than the sacrifice of the entire man can achieve them!”

SHEPHERD.

Sae to be a great poet, a man maun forget—bonny feedy forget—mind no in the scriptural sense, for o' that neither Pop nor Muir seem to hae had ony recollection, or aiblins they would hae qualified the observe, or omitted it—father and mother, sisters and brothers, freens and sweethearts, wife and weans, and then, after havin' obleeterated their verra names frae the tablets o' his memory, he is to set down and write a poem worthy an immortal crown! Oh the sinner! the puir, paltry, pitifu', contemptible, weak, worthless, shamefu', shameless, sowleless, heartless, unprincipled, and impious atheist o' a sinner, for to pretend, for the length o' time necessar to the mendin' the slit in the neb o' his pen, to forget a' that—and be a—Poet.

NORTH.

James—James—James—be moderate——

SHEPHERD.

I'll no be moderate, sir. A' sorts o' moderation hae lang been ma abhorrence. I hate the verra word—and, for the year being, I aye dislike the minister that's the Moderator o' the General Assembly.

NORTH.

But be merciful on Mr Moore, James. Do not extinguish altogether the author of Lalla Rookh.

SHEPHERD.

I wadna extinguish, sir, the maist minute cretur in the shape o' a poet, that ever twinkled, like a wee bit tiny inseck in the summer sun. I wad rather put ma haun' intil the fire, sir, than to claught a single ane o' the creturs in ma neeve, as aue might a butterfly wi' its beautifu' wings expanded, waverin' or steadfast in the air or on a flower, and crush his mealy mottledness intil annihilation. Na—na—let the bit variegated ephemeral dance his day—his hour—shining in his ain colours sae multifarious and so bonny blent, as if he had dropped doon alang wi' the laverock frae the rainbow.

NORTH.

What? Thomas Moore!

SHEPHERD.

I'm no speakin' the noo o' Tammas Muir—except by anither kind o' implication. Sin I wudna harm a hair on the gaudy wings o' an ephemeral, surely I wudna pu' a feather frae them o' ane o' the Immortals.

NORTH.

Beautiful—James.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Muir's a true poet, sir. But true poet though he be, he maunna be alloo'd to publish pernicious nonsense in prose about Poets and Poetry, without gettin't across the knuckles till baith his twa hauns be as numb as lead. Let you and me convict him o' nonsense by the Socratic method. Begin the Sorites, sir.

NORTH.

The Sorites, James! A good Poet must be a good man—a great Poet must be a great man.

SHEPHERD.

Is the law universal in nature?

NORTH.

It is, and without exception. But sin steals or storms its way into all human hearts—and then farewell to the grander achievements either of genius or virtue.

SHEPHERD.

A man canna imagine a' the highest and holiest affections o' the heart, without having felt them in the core—can he, sir?

NORTH.

No.

SHEPHERD.

A man, therefore, maun hae felt a' that man ought to feel, afore he——

NORTH.

Yes.

SHEPHERD.

Can what?

NORTH.

Can be enrolled among the

“Phæbo digna locuti!”

SHEPHERD.

But can a man who has ance enjoyed the holiest affection o' natur, in his ain heart, ever cease to cherish them in its inmost recesses?

NORTH.

Never.

SHEPHERD.

But is it possible to cherish them far apart, and aloof frae their natural objects?

NORTH.

Impossible.

SHEPHERD.

But can they be cherished, even among their natural objects, without being brocht into active movement towards them, without cleaving to them, as you may see bees cleaving to the flowers as they keep sook, sookin' intil their verra hearts?

NORTH.

They cannot.

SHEPHERD.

Then Mr Muir's dished. For colleck a' thae premises, inferences, conclusions, admissions, axioms, propositions, corollaries, maxims, and apothegms intil æ GREAT TRUTH, and in it, beside a thousan' ithers, will be found this ane——

NORTH.

“The sacrifice o' the entire man is the sacrifice o' the entire poet.”

SHEPHERD.

Or, in other words, the man withouten a human heart, humanly warmed by the human affections, may as weel think o' becoming a poet, as a docken a sun-flower. Mr Muir's dished.

NORTH.

Mr Moore forgets, that without the practice of virtue, virtue

“Languishes, grows dim, and dies;”

and that, without the indulgence of action, so do the highest and holiest

feelings; so that the poet who neglects, disregards, shuns, or violates the duties of life, is forsaken of inspiration, and dies a suicide.

SHEPHERD.

Ony mair nonsense o' Mr Muir's?

NORTH.

Lots.

SHEPHERD.

But what's that paper-ba' that you're aye keepin' rowin' atween your forefinger and your thoom?

NORTH.

Let me unroll it, and see—why, it's something quizzical.

SHEPHERD.

Fling't owre. Let's receete it.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IN HONOUR OF MAGA.

SUNG BY THE CONTRIBUTORS.

Noo—hearken till me—and I'll beat Mathews or Yates a' to sticks wi' my impersonations.

TICKLER.

When Kit North is dead,
What will Maga do, sir?
She must go to bed,
And like him die too, sir!
Fal de ral, de ral,
Iram coram dago;
Fal de ral, de ral,
Here's success to Maga!

Timothy depicteth
the consequences
of North's death
to Maga.

Chorus, in which
the whole compa-
ny joineth.

SHEPHERD.

When death has them flat,
I'll stitch on my weepers,
Put crape around my hat,
And a napkin to my peepers!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

The Shepherd
waxeth melanco-
ly, and wipeth his
sky-lights.

NORTH.

Your words go to my heart,
I hear the death-owl flying,
I feel death's fatal dart—
By jingo, I am dying!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

North apprehend-
eth death, and
falleth down in a
swoon.

COLONEL O'SHAUGHNESSY.

See him, how he lies
Flat as any flounder!
Blow me! smoke his eyes—
Death ne'er closed eyes sounder!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

The Colonel de-
scribeth the ap-
pearance of Kit.

DELTA.

Yet he can't be dead,
For he is immortal,
And to receive his head
Earth would not ope its portal!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Delta declareth
him immortal.

ODOHERTY.

Kit will never die;
That I take for *sartain*!
Death "is all my eye"—
An't it, Betty Martin?
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Odohertry decla-
reth death to be all
in his eye.

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

Suppose we feel his arm—
Zounds! I never felt a
Human pulse more firm:
What's your opinion, Delta?
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

The Pythagorean
feebleth his pulse,
and giveth a fa-
vourable prognos-
is.

CHARLES LAMB.

Kit, I hope you're well,
Up, and join our ditty;
To lose such a fine old fel-
Low would be a pity!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Charles hopeth Kit
is well, and advi-
seth him, to get up
and sing.

NORTH.

Let's resume our booze,
And tippie while we're able;
I've had a bit of a snooze,
And feel quite comfortable!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

North awaketh
from his swoon,
and singeth.

MULLION.

Be he who he may,
Sultan, Czar, or Aga,
Let him soak his clay
To the health of Kit and Maga!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Mullion adviseth
all men to drink to
Kit and Maga.

OPIUM-EATER.

Search all the world around,
From Greenland to Malaga,
And nowhere will be found
A magazine like Maga!
Fal de ral, de ral,
Iram coram dago;
Fal de ral, de ral,
Here's success to Maga!

The Opium-Eater
declareth Maga to
be matchless.

NORTH.

Admirable impersonations! The faculty of imitation always belongs, in excess, to original minds.

SHEPHERD.

Does't ?

NORTH.

Mimicry is the farthest thing in the wide world from imitation.

SHEPHERD.

Na. No the farthest thing in the wide world, sir; but I cheerfully grant that a man may be a mere mime and nae imitawtor. I'm baith.

NORTH.

And besides, an original.

SHEPHERD.

At Mister Muir again, sir, tooth and nail!

NORTH.

"The very habits of abstraction and self-study, to which the occupations

of men of genius lead, are in themselves necessarily of an unsocial and detaching tendency, and require a large portion of allowance and tolerance not to be set down as unamiable." So argueth Mr Moore, and that is another reason why men of genius are not "fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life."

SHEPHERD.

I houp, sir, there's no muckle truth in that, although it souns like a sort o' vague pheelosophy. Demolish't.

NORTH.

The habits of abstraction and self-study, of which Mr Moore here speaks, are those of the poet. Now, so far from being, in themselves, necessarily of an unsocial and detaching tendency, they are pervaded by sympathy with all that breathes, and were that sympathy to die, so would the abstraction and self-study of the poet. True, that they seek and need seclusion from cark and care; and sometimes—say often—even from the common ongongs of domestic life. But what then? Do not all professions and pursuits in this life do the same?

SHEPHERD.

Aye, ye may weel ask that! A lawyer routin' hours every day at the bar, and then dictatin' papers or opinions a' afternoon, evening, and nicht, on to past his natural bed-time—are his habits, pray, "better fitted for the cawm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life," than them that's natural to the poet?

NORTH.

I should think not, James. They are very different from those of the poet—but much more disagreeable, and requiring, again to use Mr Moore's words, a large "portion of allowance and tolerance not to be set down as unamiable."

SHEPHERD.

Yet amaisht a' the lawyers I ken in the Parliament House are excellent domestic characters,—that is to say, far frae being the dour deevils you wad suppose aforehaun' frae hearin' them gullorin' at the bar, and flitin' on ane anither like sae mony randies. Gin they can fling aff the growl wi' the gown, and frae lawyers become men, mayna poets far mair easily and successfully do the same?

NORTH.

Undoubtedly, James. You might instance, in like manner, physicians and clergymen——

SHEPHERD.

Aye, the classes that profess to tak especial care o' our twa pairts, the body and the sowle. Hoo profoun' sir, oucht to be their self-study, and their study o' ither folk! Physicians, ane nicht think, seein' folk dyin' nicht and day, in a' manner o' agonies, and being accustomed to pocket fees by the death-bed-side, would become, in the core o' their hearts, as callous as custocks; and I shall na say that some o' them do not——

NORTH.

Most eminent physicians are good men; and, what is better, pleasant men——

SHEPHERD.

What? Is't better to be pleasant than good?

NORTH.

Yes, James, for our present argument. According to Mr Moore, they, too, oucht "to require a larger portion of allowance and tolerance, not to be set down as unamiable."

SHEPHERD.

Then the clergy, again, were they to devote theirsells, tooth and nail, to their manifold duties, ane nicht argue that they wou'd hae time neither to sleep nor eat, nor attend to the ither common comforts and affections that form the cement of domestic life. Yet the clergy are far frae being a very immoral, irreligious, or home-hating class of people; and manses are amazingly crowded wi' weans, sir, on the verra sma'est steepens——

NORTH.

Why, certainly, according to Mr Moore's argument, a deep divine, engaged on some great theological work, would make but an indifferent husband. But look at him, James—yes, look at our Dr Wodrow—

SHEPHERD.

And look, I beseech you, at his pew o' weans.

NORTH.

All the most distinguished poets of the age in Britain, are either middle-aged, or elderly, or old gentlemen. They are, therefore, not at all dangerous, personally, to the fair sex—Cupid sneers at them—Venus jeers—and Hymen weeps, like a crocodile, with his hands in his breeches pockets.

SHEPHERD.

Haw! haw! haw!

NORTH.

Breathe the tender passion as they may, not a young lady in the land who would not prefer to the best of them, any undeformed ensign in a marching regiment, either of the foot or the dragoons.

SHEPHERD.

The sex has been aye desperate fond o' the army.

NORTH.

It is fortunate for some of the old bards that they have wives. Crabbe, Bowles, Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, and others—four-score—three-score-and-ten—and three-score—have long been happily provided with that leading article. So are Milman and Barry Cornwall, and most of "the rest" between forty and fifty; two or three are widowers—and the remainder likely to remain bachelors for life. Not a female bosom beats, with a pulsation worthy the name of beating, at this moment, for any British bard.

SHEPHERD.

I'm no sae sure o' that, sir. But prate awa'.

NORTH.

The sex regard all the bachelors as so many old foggies—as so many uncles; and the idea would be too much for the gravity of any of the dear creatures, of the celebration of her marriage rites with the prettiest and most popular poet, seeing that he is aged, either by a bishop or a blacksmith.

SHEPHERD.

Prate awa', sir—prate awa'.

NORTH.

The truth is, that, in modern times at least, poets, whatever their time of life, have been held rather cheap by the fair sex. I suspect it was the same in the ancient world—and in the days of chivalry and romance, singing certainly was less esteemed by young ladies than fighting, and a poet with his pen had no chance whatever against a knight with his lance.

SHEPHERD.

Prate awa', sir—prate awa'.

NORTH.

There are reasons for all this lying deep in human nature.

SHEPHERD.

Lying deep in human nature! Doon wi' the bucket, and then roun' wi' the windlass, and up wi't again fu' o' the clear waters frae the well o' truth.

NORTH.

Making love, and making love-verses, are two of the most different things in the world; and I doubt if both accomplishments were ever found highly united in the same gifted individual. Few Irishmen, in the first, excel Tom Moore; in the second, millions. Lord Byron, in lyrical measures, was a formidable wooer; but in plain matter-of-fact courtship, he had to stoop his anointed head to Corporal Casey.

SHEPHERD.

Wha was he?

NORTH.

Apollo himself, god though he was of light, and music, and medicine, setting aside two or three trivial amours, was a harmless sort of a body; while

there were other deities who could not have tagged together two rhymes, before whom goddesses and nymphs fell flat as flounders.

SHEPHERD.

Prate awa', sir—prate awa'.

NORTH.

Inspiration, in short, is of little avail either to gods or men in the most interesting affairs of life—those of the heart. To push your way in them, there is nothing, in the long run, like good plain prose. Now, though it must be granted, that, in much that passes for poetry, there is no inconsiderable mixture of that useful commodity, yet it is so diluted as no longer to be strong drink; and repeated doses of it administered to a maiden in the shade, fail to produce the desired effect—the intoxication of love. The pretty dear seems to sip the philtre kindly; and the poet doubts not that she is about to fall into his arms. But she merely

“Kisses the cup, and passes it to the rest,”

and next morning, perhaps, is off before breakfast in a chaise-and-four to Gretna Green, with an aid-de-camp of Wellington, as destitute of imagination as his master.

SHEPHERD.

Prate awa', sir—prate awa'.

NORTH.

If such have been often the fate even of young bards—and Sir Walter, with his usual knowledge of human nature, has charmingly illustrated it in the story of Wilford—how much more to be pitied must they be, who have served the Muses, till the crow-feet are blackening below their eyes, and who are labouring under symptoms, not to be concealed, of incipient pot-bellies!

SHEPHERD.

Let's return to the smashin' o' Mister Muir.

NORTH.

There is no need to knock the nail on the head any longer with our sledge-hammers, James. Yet I cannot help expressing my wonder at the confusion of Mr Moore's ideas, as well as at the weakness of his argument. He wishes to prove, that “men of the higher order of genius” are seldom good domestic characters; and yet he huddles and jumbles them all together,—poets, philosophers, and so forth,—making his reasoning the most miscellaneous and heterogeneous hotch-potch that ever was set down on a table.

SHEPHERD.

Are you dune wi' cuttin' him up, or only gaun to begin?

NORTH.

I am somewhere about the middle, James.

SHEPHERD.

Ony mair bear-paws in the house, think ye, Sir?

NORTH.

To prove that men of the higher order of genius—no matter what kind—are unfitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life, Mr Moore observes, that “one of the chief causes of sympathy and society between ordinary mortals being their dependence on each other's intellectual resources, the operation of this social principle must naturally be weakened in those whose own mental stores are most abundant and self-sufficing, and who, rich in such materials for thinking within themselves, are rendered so far independent of the external world.”

SHEPHERD.

Would you repeat that again, sir, for it souns sae sonorus, that the words droun the ideas? 'Tis like the murmur o' a bit waterfa', or a hive o' bees, which the indolent mind loves to listen to, and at times amaisit deludes itself intil the belief that there's a meanin' in the murmur—as if the stream so-leeloqueezed and the insects deecalogueezed wisdom in the desert. Would you repeat that again, sir?

NORTH.

Be shot if I do. Why, James, all that is—

SHEPHERD.

Drivel. Dungeons o' learning there are—leevin' dungeons o' dead learning—in wham the operation o' the social principle is weak indeed—less than the life that's in a mussel. The servant lass has to gang in upon him in his study, and rug him aff his chair by the cuff o' the neck, when the kail's on the table, and the family hae gi'en the first preliminary flourish o' the horn-spoons.

NORTH.

Picture drawn from the life.

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins. But "men o' the higher order o' genius," sir, I manteen, are in general impatient o' solitude, though dearly do they love it; and sae far frae their mental stores being abundant and self-sufficing, why, the mair abundant they are, the less are they self-sufficing; for the owners, "rich in such materials for thinking within themsells," would think and feel that they were in a worse condition than that o' the maist abjeck poverty and powerism, gin they werena driven by a sense and an instinct, fierce and furious aften as a fivver, to pour their pearls, and their jewels, and their diamonds, and their gold and silver, oot in great glitterin' heaps afore the astonished, startled, and dazed een o' their fellow-creatures less prodigally endowed by nature, and then wi' a strange mixture o' pride and humbleness, to mark the sudden effect on the gazers,—inwardly exclaiming, "I did it!"

NORTH.

Did what?

SHEPHERD.

Why, by inspiring them with a sense of beauty, elevated their haill moral and intellectual being, and enabled their fellow-creatures to see farther into their ain hearts, and into the heart o' the haill creation!

NORTH.

Good, James, good. But to pitch our conversation on a lower key, allow me to say, that "thinking within themselves," when too long pursued, is of all employments the most wearisome and barren to which men can have recourse—and that "men of the higher order of genius," knowing that well, so far from feeling that they "are independent of the external world," draw thence their daily bread, and their daily water, without which their souls would speedily perish of inanition.

SHEPHERD.

Ca' ye that pitchin' your tawk on a laigh key? It's at the tap o' the gawmut.

NORTH.

The materials for thinking within ourselves are gathered from without; in the gathering, we have enjoyed all varieties of delight; and is it to be thought that the gardens where these flowers grew, and still are growing, are to be forsaken by us, after we have, during a certain number of seasons, culled garlands wherewith to adorn our foreheads, or plucked fruit wherewith to sustain and refresh our souls?

SHEPHERD.

Ca' ye that pitchin' your tawk on a laigh key, sir? It's at the tap o' the gawmut.

NORTH.

No, James—Men of the higher order of genius never long forsake the Life-Region, and is not its great Central Shrine, James, the Hearth? The soul that worships not there, my dear Shepherd—and true worship cannot be unfrequent, but is perennial, because from a source that the dews of heaven will not let run dry—will falter, fail, and faint in the midst of its song, and will know, ere that truth invades, one after another, its many chambers, that the wing that soareth highest in the sun, must have slowly waxed in the shade—

SHEPHERD.

Ca' ye that pitchin' your tawk on a laigh key? It's at the tap o' the gawmut.

NORTH.

That the Bird of Jove, sun-starer and cloud-cleaver though he be—

SHEPHERD.

Storm-lover——

NORTH.

Glorying in the storm, and enamoured of the tempest——

SHEPHERD.

Yet is happy to sink down frae heaven, and fauld up his magnificent wings at the edge o' his eyry, fond o' the twa unfledged cannibals sleepin' wi' fu' stammachs there, cozy in the middle o' a mighty nest, twenty feet in circumference, and covering the hail platform o' the tap o' the cliff, aye, as fond, sir, though I alloo a hantle fiercer, as ony cushy-doo on her slight and slender "procreant cradle,"—you can see through't, ye ken, sir, frae below, and discern whether she hae eggs or young anes,—in the green gloom o' some auld pine central in the forest.

NORTH.

Yes, James, all great poets are great talkers——

SHEPHERD.

Tiresome aften to a degree—though sometimes, I grant to Mr Muir, that they are a sulky set, and as gruffly and grimly silent as if they had the toothache, or something the matter wi' their inside. Far be it frae me to deny, that "men o' the higher order o' genius" are aften disagreeable deevils. They maun aften be a sair fash to their wives and their weans—and calm a the poet's cottage looks, upon the hill or in the dell, mony a rippet is there, sir, beyond the power o' the imagination o' ony mere prosier to conceive. Oh, aye, sir! mony a fearfu' rippet, in which, whether appellant or respondent, defender or pursuer, the "man o' the higher order o' genius" wishes, wi' tears in the red een o' him, no that his wife and weans were a' dead and buried—for nae provocation in their power can drive the distrackit fallow to that—but that he himsell had never been kittled, or, if kittled, instead o' hae'n been laid in the cradle by Apollo, and tended on by the Muses—nine nurses, and nae less—which o' them wat and which o' them dry it's no easy for me at this distance o' time to remember—he had been soockled like ither honest men's bairns, at the breast o' his nain mither, had shewn nae precocious genius in his leading strings,—but, blessed lot! had died booby o' the lowest form, and been buried amang the sabs o' a' that ever saw him, a wee senseless sumph, as stupid as a piggie, yet as happy as a lamb!

NORTH.

Hee! hee! hee! James!

SHEPHERD.

But what then?

NORTH.

Yes, James, what then?

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

NORTH.

Hem!

SHEPHERD.

Aye, clear your throttle. You've gotten a vile crinklin' cough, sir,—a short, kirk-yard cough, sir—a wheezy host, sir—an asthmatic——

NORTH.

Poo! It has teased me a little for these last fifty years——

SHEPHERD.

What? Hae ye carried a spale-box o' lozenges since the aughty? Recover your wund, sir—while I chant a stave.

KING WILLIE.

O, Willie was a wanton wag,
The blithest lad that e'er I saw!
He 'mang the lasses bure the brag,
An' carried aye the gree awa'.

An' was nae Willie weel worth goud?
 When seas did rowe an' winds did blaw,
 An' battle's deadly stoure was blent,
 He fought the foremost o' them a'.

Wha has nae heard o' Willie's fame,
 The rose o' Britain's topmast bough,
 Wha never stain'd his gallant name,
 Nor turn'd his back on friend or foe.
 An' he could tak a rantin' glass,
 An' he could chant a cheery strain,
 An' he could kiss a bonny lass,
 An' aye be welcome back again.

Though now he wears the British crown—
 For whilk he never cared a flee—
 Yet still the downright honest tar,
 The same kind-hearted chield is he.
 An' every night I fill my glass—
 An' fill it reaming to the brim,
 An' drink it in a glowing health
 To Adie Laidlaw an' to him.

I've ae advice to gie my King,
 An' that I'll gie wi' right good-will,
 Stick by the auld friends o' the crown,
 Wha bore it up through good an' ill:
 For new-made friends, an' new-made laws,
 They suit nae honest hearts ava;
 An' Royal Willie's worth I'll sing
 As lang as I hae breath to draw.

NORTH.

Spirited. Who is Adie Laidlaw?

SHEPHERD.

Queen Adelaide—a familiar title o' endearment the Queen enjoys in the Forest.

NORTH.

But what say you to the last stanza—*now*, James?

SHEPHERD.

Wait a while—sir.

NORTH.

I am delighted to hear that Mr Blackwood is about to publish a volume of your inimitable Songs. 'Twill be universally popular, my dear James—and must be followed up by a second in spring. The wing of your lyrical muse never flags, whether she skim the gowans or brush the clouds. The shade of Burns himself might say to the Shepherd, "Then gie's your haund, my trusty feer," for, of all the song-writers of Scotland, you two are the best—though Allan Cunninghame treads close upon your heels—and often is privileged to form a trio—such a trio of peasant bards as may challenge the whole world.

SHEPHERD.

Your haun, sir. I cou'd amaist greet.

NORTH.

But it is the "cultivation and exercise of the imaginative faculty," quoth Mr Moore, "that, more than any thing else, tends to wean the man of genius from actual life, and by substituting the sensibilities of the imagination for those of the heart, to render, at last, the medium through which he feels no less unreal than that through which he thinks. Those images of ideal good and beauty that surround him in his musings, soon accustom him to consider all that is beneath this high standard unworthy of his care; till, at

length, the heart becoming chilled, in proportion as he has refined and elevated his theory of all the social affections, he has unfitted himself for the practice of them." Such are the *ipsissima verba* of Mr Moore, James.

SHEPHERD.

I'm nae great reader o' byeucks, sir, as you weel ken, and, I believe, dinna disapprove, yet mony's the time and aft that I've lauched to peruse that apogtheqm.

NORTH.

If not a "wise saw," perhaps 'tis a "modern instance."

SHEPHERD.

Mr North, if Mr Muir was sittin' on that empty chair there, wi' the laddie kissin' the lassie embroidered on the inside o' the back o't—Patie and Roger, I jaloose—I would just say till him, wi' a plesant vice, and kind een, and a lauch about my mouth,—Mister Muir, you're under a great mistak. Nae man o' a high order o' mind, either thinks or feels through "an unreal medium." But I'll tell you, sir, what he does—he thinks and feels through a *fine* medium. He breathes the *pure* air o' the mountain-tap—and he sees through the *clear* air a' the dwellins o' man—and richt through their roofs intil their hearths and their hearts. Did Burns feel and think through an unreal medium, Mister Muir, when,

"In glory and in joy,

Following his plough upon the mountain-side,"

his soul saw the Cottar's Saturday Night, and in words gave the vision imperishable life?

NORTH.

James—

"You are attired

With sudden brightness, like a man inspired."

SHEPHERD.

Na, na—'tis but the glow o' the fire on ma face. Yet ma heart's a' on a low—for as sure as God is in heaven, and that he has gi'en us his word on earth, that Picture is a Picture of the Truth, and Burns, in drawing it, saw, felt, and thocht through that *real medium*, in which alone all that is fairest, loveliest, brichtest, best in creation, is made apparent to the eyes o' genius, or permanent in its immortal works.

NORTH.

Ca' ye that itchin' your tawk on a laigh key? 'Tis at the tap o' the gawmut.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo can you, Mister Muir, sit there and tell me that men o' a high order o' mind sune get sae enamoured o' the eemages o' ideal good and beauty, that they consider all that is beneath that standard unworthy o' their care? Let me come owre and sit beside you for a few minutes. There, dinna be feared—I'm no a grain angry—and I'm sittin', you see, my dear sir, wi' my airm owre the back o' your chair.

NORTH.

Don't press so close upon Mr Moore, James—

SHEPHERD.

Mister Muir's makin' nae compliments, sir.—It is "men o' a *laigh* order o' genius," ma freen, that is subject to sic degeneracy and adulteration. A puny, sickly sensibility there is, which is averse frae all the realities of life; and Byron or somebody else spoke well when he said that Sterne preferred whining owre a dead ass to relieving a living mother! But wha was Sterne? As shallow a sentimentalist as ever grat—or rather tried to greet. O, sir! but it's a degrawdin' sight to humanity, yon—to see the shufflin' sinner tryin' to bring the tears intil his een, by rubbin' the lids wi' the pint o' his pen, or wi' the feathers on the shank, and when it a' winna do, takin' refuge in a blank, sae —, or hidin' his head amang a set o' asterisks, sae * * * *; or boltin' aff the printed page a'thegither, and disappearin' in ae black blotch!

Sterne had genius, James.

NORTH.

No ae grain, sir.

SHEPHERD.

Some—not a little——

NORTH.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, weel—be it sae—a' that I mean to aver, is, that had he been "o' the first order o' minds," he would not hae preferred whining owre a dead ass to relieving a living mother; but if news had been suddenly brocht to him that his mother was ill, he wad hae hired a livin' horse, and aff to her house like a flash o' lichtning, flingin' himsell oot o' the saiddle to the danger o' his neck, up stairs to her bedside, and doon upon his knees, beseeching God for her recovery, and willing to die for her sake, so that she who gave him birth might yet live, nor be taken from the licht of day and buried among the toms!

NORTH.

Don't press, my dear James, so heavily on Mr Moore's shoulder.

SHEPHERD.

Mister Muir's makin' nae compliments.—There's ma sell, sirs—I sha'na pretend to say whether I'm a man o' the higher order o' genius or no; but——

NORTH.

Yes, James, you are; for you wrote Kilmeny.

SHEPHERD.

But if I haena ten thousand times the quantity o' genius that ever Sterne had, may this be the last jug, sirs, that ever we three drink thegither——

NORTH.

Shades of my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim!

SHEPHERD.

Fantastic phantoms!

NORTH.

Why, James, your voice trembles with emotion. You are not the man, my boy, to whine over a dead ass; but you are the man, my boy, to be pensive over the very fear, however unfounded, of an empty jug—so I may replenish?

SHEPHERD.

Do sae.—I am surrounded in my musings—to use your ain words, Mister Muir,—wi' images o' ideal good and beauty; and, at times, when lyin' on the greensward in the heart o' the Forest, a sweet strange perplexity has it been to the Shepherd, sirs, to determine within the consciousness o' his ain sowle, whether the bonny cretures that seemed to come to him in solitude, were cretures o' this earth or no—and if o' this earth, then whether they were all but Fancy's phantoms, or beings that had their abiding-place in heaven, and cam o' their ain accord; or were sent to wave peace into my wearied spirit frae the white motions o' their arms celestial in their whiteness as the blue lights of love and pity, that bathed in ineffable beautiful ness the steadfast expression of their angelic eyes!

NORTH.

My dear James!

SHEPHERD.

But did these visitations accustom me, sir,—I'm speakin' to you, Mister Muir,—to consider a' else unworthy o' my care? Na, na, na. I appeal to you, Mr North, for you hae seen me and the auld man thegither there, gin I didna return back to my ain hut, anxious as ever about my father, wha used then to sit warmin' himsell at the bit ingle, stricken in years, though far frae frail yet, and aften glowerin' at me wi' that *gash* kind o' face that somehow or ither in verra auld folk carries ane's thochts at ance to their coffin and their grave—as anxious about him as if the breathins o' genie had never visited the Shepherd on the hill, and I had been only a mere common ordinar prose-hash o' a chiel, whase heichest explite in leeteratur had been

a rejected agricultural report to the Kelso Mail, on the fly in turnips, or the smut in wheat.

NORTH.

You tended the old man most filially, James, till the last sigh——

SHEPHERD.

Nor did I forget ma mither either, sir; though, thank God, she never needed but sma' assistance frae me, for "poortith cauld" was never her lot, sir, though the necessaries o' life were a' she ever had;—and as for its luxuries—gin you except a dish o' strang tea, and noo and than a whiff o' bacca—for she was nae regular smoker—she had a speerit abune them a', sir; and had the deevil tempted her even in a dream, when sometimes ane's sowle seems to lose its nature, wi' the shadows o' a' the eatables and drinkables that his wild warlockry cou'd hae conjured up, hoo she wou'd hae strauchened hersell up to her haill hicht, and, wi' a smile far prooder and sterner than his ain froon, hae sent Satan and a' his visionary viands awa' back to the regions o' everlastin' dolour and despair.

NORTH.

She was a stately old lady.

SHEPHERD.

Wha was?

NORTH.

Your mother.

SHEPHERD.

Wha was speakin' about ma mither?

NORTH.

Why, yourself, James.

SHEPHERD.

Ou aye, sae I was. But my imagination, sir, a' at ance wafted me awa' intil the laneliest spat amang a' the hills whare my childhood played—and amang the broom-bushes and the brackens there, I was beginnin', when you reca'd me by that rap on the table, to sink awa' back again intil the dream o' dreams!

NORTH.

The dream o' dreams?

SHEPHERD.

Aye, sir—The dream, sir, in which I saw Kilmeny! For though I wrott doon the poem on the slate in the prime o' manhood, anither being than mysell did in verity compose or creawte it, sir, ae day when I was lying a' by mysell in that laneliest spat, wi' but twa-three sheep aside me, ae linty and nae mair; but oh! how sweetly the glad cretur sang! and after *that some other cretur nor me* had composed or creawted it, she keepit whisper, whisperin' the words far within my ears, till memory learned them a' off by heart as easy as the names o' christian creturs that we meet wi' on Sabbath at the kirk; and frae that genie-haunted hour, known now through a' braid Scotland is the Ettrick Shepherd——

NORTH.

Britain and America——

SHEPHERD.

But for many obscure years a nameless man, or kent but by the name o' Jamie amang my simple compeers, I carried bonny Kilmeny for ever in the arms o' my heart, kissin' her shut een whan she sleepit, and her lips as cawm as the lips o' death, but as sweet as them o' an undying angel!

NORTH.

And such was the origin of the finest Pastoral Lyric in our tongue!

SHEPHERD.

Sic indeed, sir, was its origin. For my sowle, ye see, sir, had fa'n into a kind o' inspired dwawm—and the Green Leddy o' the Forest, nae less than the Fairy Queen hersell, had stown out frae the land o' peace on my slumber; and she it was that stooped down, and wi' her ain lily-haun shed-ding frae my forehead the yellow hair, left a kiss upon my temples, just

where the organ o' imagination or ideality lies; and at the touch arose the vision in which

"Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen,"

and frae which you, sir, in your freendship say, that I becam ane o' the Immortals.

NORTH.

The moral of the tale?

SHEPHERD.

The moral o' the tale is this—that never was I sae happy in my parent's hoose as I was that nicht—that Saturday nicht. Thae images o' ideal goodness and beauty had saftered a' ma heart—and sae far frae my heart becoming chilled as my fancy warmed, as you, Mr Muir, aver is the case, I sat as mute as a mouse by the ingle, thinkin' on my father and mither, and brithers and sisters, and on the possible force o' affection in filial and parental hearts, till I cou'd hae dee'd for ony o' them; but since there was nae need o' that, I took a silent oath that I wou'd behave mysell weel in life, that the hearts o' ma twa' parents might sing aloud for joy, and that I wou'd work hard at ony mainer o' wark my maister chose to set me—auld Mr Laidlaw—that I might in time mak up a sma' pose again' the day o' their auld age, and see that nae ither snaws than what Time draps frae his frosty fingers shou'd ever let ae single flake fa' on their unsheltered heads.]

NORTH.

And that oath you devoutly kept, James.

SHEPHERD.

Ma "theory, at least, o' the social affections, was never sae refined and elevated as to unfit me for the practice o' them;" and yet I shou'd be doing injustice to the spirit within me, to the spirit that breathed in the bosoms of Thomson, and Ramsay, and Burns,—to the spirit that reigns a' owre Scotland, and hath its holy altars at this day in ilka hut and ilka shieling, did I fear to say, I—even I—have refined and elevated my theory of all the social affections far beyond the reach o' sic a meeserable deevil as Lowry Sterne; and that if people will whine owre dead asses, and neglect living mothers, the blame maun be attributed no to a refined and elevated theory o' the social affections; for I defy ony theory beneath the skies to be mair refined and elevated than is the practice o' the Christian, or imagination to conceive thochts or feelings half as beautifu' or shooblime as thousans that the real agonies o' life, be they agonies o' woe or bliss, send into men's hearts, driving like hurricanes, or breathe them like the hush o' some lown place. Think o' the speerit o' a son or a father ca'd upon by nature to do his duty on some great emergency—think, sir, on his haen done it—and done it because he knew it was well-pleasing to God—and then shew me, sir, any theory o' the social affections so high and so refined, that the mind wou'd feel a fall frae it, if required to ack in the light and glow o' common humanity?

NORTH.

Mr Moore seems, by his mild-looking silence, James, to acquiesce—

SHEPHERD.

Do you acquiesce, Mr Muir?—Weel, a nod's eneuch.

NORTH.

But Mr Moore, James, says, "that not only is the necessity of commerce with other minds less felt by such persons—(the men of a higher order of genius)—but, from that fastidiousness which the opulence of their own resources generates, the society of those less gifted with intellectual means than themselves, becomes often a restraint and burden, to which not all the charms of friendship, or even love, can reconcile them."

SHEPHERD.

What? He wou'd indeed be a pretty fallow, wha, in opulence o' his ain resources, fand a fastidiousness generated within him towards his sweet-heart!—because, forsooth, the bonny lassie was less "gifted wi' intellectual means!" That would be rather philosophical, or rather pragmatikal or pedantic, than poetical; and a girl would need to be a great gawpus indeed,

provided shé wás modest, and loving, and handsome, and weel-faured—and a poet's mistress must be endowed wi' sic qualities—afore a man o' the higher order o' genius wou'd feel fastidious to Fanny. Dinna you think sae, sir?

NORTH.

I do. Nay, I believe, that, were a true poet to marry an idiot, 'tis a thousand to one that he would never find it out.

SHEPHERD.

Just as wi' a dowdy.

NORTH.

Precisely.

SHEPHERD.

The idiot would, in his eyes, be a Minerva, fresh frae the brain o' Jove——

NORTH.

Lempriere!

SHEPHERD.

——and the dowdy, a Venus attired by the Graces.

NORTH.

"Men of a high order of genius" are not unfrequently fastidious in the formation of their friendships. They are privileged to be so; but their friendships, when once formed with congenial spirits, though perhaps less gifted, are imperishable—and they are sacred, far beyond the conception of vulgar souls.

SHEPHERD.

What do you mean by vulgar souls, sir?

NORTH.

Not the souls of shepherds, James, but of Bagmen.

SHEPHERD.

Aneuch.

NORTH.

And what more common than friendships between men of transcendent genius, and men of no genius at all!

"Worth (not wit) makes the man—the want of it the fellow;"

and before the power of Virtue, Genius loves to stand, not rebuked, for haply there was no occasion for rebuke, but in abasement of spirit, and reverence of her who is a seraph.

SHEPHERD.

A' orders o' minds mingle naturally, and o' their ain accord; and life woudna possess that delightfully variegated character that is noo sae charmin', gin ilka class keepit aloof by itsell, and trusted to itsell for a' its enjoyment o' this world.

NORTH.

Proceed to paint the inevitable results of any opposite system.

SHEPHERD.

Suppose poets, for example, and o' poets we're speakin', a' flocked thegither——

NORTH.

On pretence of being birds of the same feather.

SHEPHERD.

——For a while they would a' luk unco bonny in the sunshine, sitting thegither on "some heaven-kissing hill," and assistin' ane anither to sort their plummage, till it purpled wi' many-shiftn' colours in the eye o' day, and seemed to set their necks and their wings on fire.

NORTH.

"But ere the second Sunday came"——

SHEPHERD.

——The knowe would be a' covered wi' bluidy feathers, as if there had been foughten there a Welsh main o' cocks! Some o' the poets would be seen sittin' on their douns, wi' their een picket oot, and yet, like true ggemm, dartin' their nebs roun' aboot on a' sides, in houns o' finnin' a foe. Ithers o' them wou'd be aff and awa, whurr, ower the back o' beyont, and there venturin' to raise an occasional craw on their new domain. And ane, ob-

noxious to a' the rest, would be lyin' battered to bits, stane-dead. So much air, for birds o' a feather flocking thegither—when thae birds happened to be poets.

NORTH.

Whereas, by the economy of nature, "poets and all other men of the higher order of genius" are sprinkled over society, and all their ongoingings intermingled with those of the children of the common clay. And thus "poets and men of the higher order of genius" are made to submit or to conform to the usages of this world, and its ordinary laws, or, if they do not, they soon are made to feel that they are ridiculous, and that genius is never less respected than when it chooses to wear a cap and bells.

SHEPHERD.

Anither skreed.

NORTH.

Mr Moore, towards the close of his disquisition, says, "that if the portrait he has attempted of those gifted with high genius, be allowed to bear, in any of its features, a resemblance to the originals, it can no longer be matter of question whether a class, so set apart from the track of ordinary life, so removed, by their very elevation, out of the influences of our common atmosphere, are at all likely to furnish tractable subjects for that most trying of all social experiments—matrimony."

SHEPHERD.

I dinna like the soun' o' that sentence.

NORTH.

Nor I, James. In the first place, the portrait may bear, "in some of its features, a resemblance to the originals," and yet the question started by Mr Moore, by no means be put to sleep.

SHEPHERD.

His logic's oot at the elbows.

NORTH.

Secondly, Mr Moore has utterly failed in shewing, that the class he speaks of, are set apart from the track of ordinary life, and removed, by their very elevation, out of the influences of our common atmosphere.

SHEPHERD.

And you, sir, have utterly succeeded in pruv'in' the very contrar.

NORTH.

Thirdly, there is a Cockneyish and Bagman-like vulgarity in the would-be fashionable slang-whangishness of the terms, "at all likely to furnish subjects for that most trying of all social experiments—matrimony."

SHEPHERD.

Hoo the deevil, Mr Muir, can ye, wi' ony semblance o' sense ava, man, ca' that the maist tryin' o' a "social experiments," which is, has been, and will be, performing by all men and women in the "varsal world," with the exception of a few fools or unfortunates, called bachelors and old maids, frae the beginning till the end o' time—frae Milton's First Man, to Campbell's Last?

NORTH.

Why, really, James, Mr Moore here speaks of matrimony in the style of a sentimental farce-writer for the Cobourg Theatre. Observe what a silly look the word "matrimony" wears, and how like ninnies the "men of the higher order of genius" *kythe* on being brought forward by Hymen, in a string, and kicking and flinging out unlike "tractable subjects."

SHEPHERD.

The haill discussion grows ludicrous on reflection, and an air o' insincerity, almost o' banter, Mr Muir, at last plays owre your features, as if you were bammin' the public;—but the public's no sae easy bammed, sir, and imperiously demands "a wise and learned spirit" in him who takes it upon him to prove that the holiest o' a God and Natur's ordinances, is no suited to men o' the higher order o' genius, wha sou'd be a' monks and celibates, sae fastidious necessarily are they alike in freenship and love! Ony mair havers?

NORTH.

A few.

SHEPHERD.

Say awa', for ony thing's better nor politiks—and I'm gratefu' to you for keepin' aff them the nicht.

NORTH.

Politics! I had forgotten there was such a thing in all the wide world. But here is a bit of poetical politics, by a young friend of mine, James—a promising youth, of the right kidney—and who, I doubt not, will one day or other do honour to an honourable name. My young friend informs me that the lines are written by one, who, without positively condemning the late French Revolution, cannot bestow upon it that unqualified approbation which many wish it to receive,—much less can justify those in our own country, who, while they profess themselves friendly to the constitution, take advantage of the late transactions in France for the purpose of inflaming the minds of an ignorant populace, and actually wear the Tri-color—the acknowledged badge of revolution.

THE TRI-COLOR.

Again o'er the vine-cover'd regions of France,
 "See the day-star of Liberty rise!"
 The plaudits of nations shall hail its advance
 To its own native place in the skies.
 O'er her patriot legions behold—as of yore—
 The Tri-color banner unfurled;
 'Tis the banner whose glory Napoleon bore
 To the uttermost ends of the world.

The Red is the flush on the cheek of the brave,
 As they tell of the deeds they have done;
 And the Blue is the soft eye of Pity—to save,
 When the battle of Freedom is won.
 The White is the robe virgin Innocence wears,
 France's triumphs are innocent now,
 For unnurtured by blood, and unwater'd by tears,
 Is the wreath that encircles her brow.

But though freshly and fairly the laurel may bloom
 For France in this hour of her pride,
 And the voice of her martyrs proclaim from the tomb,
 "'Twas in Liberty's cause that we died;"
 Shame to those! who, unconscious of Liberty's worth,
 Sound the tocsin of groundless alarm,
 Nor know, that, when brought from the land of its birth,
 The Tri-color loses its charm.

For the Red is Rebellion's appropriate hue,
 The Blue, livid Envy's foul stain;
 And the White is pale Terror, that trembles to do
 The deeds the base heart can contain;
 But the red rose of England, and Scotland's brown heath,
 Twined with Ireland's green shamrock we see,
 Then let's bind them the closer with Loyalty's wreath,
 That's the Tri-color, Britain, for thee!

SHEPHERD.

Capital—sir—capital!

NORTH.

In looking back through the lives of the most illustrious, we shall find, says Mr Moore, "that with scarcely one exception, from Homer down

to Lord Byron, they have been, in their several degrees, restless and solitary spirits"——

SHEPHERD,

That's a lee.

NORTH.

——"with minds," he continues, "wrapped up like silkworms in their own tasks"——

SHEPHERD.

Oh! Mister Muir, but that's a desperate bad eemage. Homer and Byron—twa silkworms! But wull ye answer me this, sir, dinna silkworms marry? Linnaeus says they do—and James Wulson shewed me a box o' them a' enjoin' their hinney-moon. If sae, why soudna poets marry too, as weel's thae bit "restless and solitary spirits" the silkworms, wham they, in their ither warks, it seems, sae nearly resemble?

NORTH.

Mr Moore may know more of Homer's life than I do, James; but I for one will never believe that he was a restless and solitary spirit——

SHEPHERD.

Wrapped up like a silkworm. Nor me.

NORTH.

"A stranger and rebel," Mr Moore insanely adda, "to domestic ties, and bearing about with him a deposit for posterity in his soul, to the jealous watching and enriching of which almost all other thoughts and considerations have been sacrificed."

SHEPHERD.

Says he that o' the ever-rejoicing Homer, wha was equally at hame on the battle-field, the plain o' ocean, the tent-palace o' the king o' men, the sky-dwelling o' the immortal gods?

NORTH.

Mr Henry Nelson Coleridge says well, in his Introduction to the Study of the Classics, Part First, "that Homer always seems to write in good spirits, and he rarely fails to put his readers in good spirits also. To do this is a prerogative of genius in all times; but it is especially so of the genius of primitive or heroic poetry. In Homer, head and heart speak, and are spoken to together. Morbid peculiarities of thought and temper have no place in him. He is as wide and general as the air we breathe, and the earth upon which we tread; and his vivacious spirit animates, like a Proteus, a thousand different forms of intellectual production—the life-preserving principle in them all. He is as the mighty strength of his own deep-flowing ocean,

'Whence all the rivers, all the seas have birth,
And every fountain, every well on earth.'

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir, what a wonnerfu' memory is yours! You're the only man I ever kent that can repeat aff by heart great screeds o' prose composition on a' manner o' soobjects, just as if they were extemporaneous effusions o' his ain, thrown aff in the heat o' discourse. Mr Henry Nelson Coleridge maun be a clever fallow.

NORTH.

A scholar and a gentleman—though I intend taking him to task for a few trifles one of these days.

SHEPHERD.

What's Hartley about?

NORTH.

Dreaming in the leafless woods! Many an article he promises to send me—but I ask, "Where are they?" and echo answers, "Where are they?"

SHEPHERD.

Send him to boord wi' me in the Forest.

NORTH.

But to return to Mr Moore—he picks out the names of some great philo-

sophers who diéd bachelors, and having observed that they all “silently admitted their own unfitness for the marriage tie by remaining in celibacy”——

SHEPHERD.

Hoot, toot. That’s nae reasonin’——

NORTH.

—— he observes, that the fate of *poets* in matrimony has but justified the caution of the philosophers. “While the latter,” he says, “have given warning to genius by keeping free of the yoke, the others have still more effectually done so by their misery under it, the annals of this sensitive race having, at all times, abounded with proofs, that genius ranks but low among the elements of social happiness—that, in general, the brighter the gift, the more disturbing its influence—and that, in the married life particularly, its effects have been too often like that of the ‘wormwood star,’ whose light filled the waters on which it fell with bitterness.”

SHEPHERD.

Screeds o’ prose-composition again, I declare! Oh! what’n a storehouse!

NORTH.

And then he boldly avers at once, that “on the list of married poets who have been unhappy in their homes, are the four illustrious names of Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, and Dryden—to which we must now add, as a partner in their destiny, a name worthy of being placed beside the greatest of them—Lord Byron.”

SHEPHERD.

I never read a word o’ Dante’s Comedy o’ Hell, sae I sall say nae mair anent it, than that the soobjeck seems better adapted for tragedy—and as for Dryden, I’m no sae familiar ’s I sou’d be wi’ “Glorious John”—sae Byron may be equal, inferior, or superior to baith them twa—But I hae read Shakspeare and Milton mony thousand times, and, Maister Muir, ye had nae richt, sir, by your ipse-dixie, to place Byron by the side o’ them twa, the greatest o’ a’ the children o’ man—he maun sit, in a’ his glory, far doon aneath their feet.

NORTH.

He must. But Mr Moore had no right to place Shakspeare and Milton on the list of miserable married men. Milton’s character and conduct as a husband appear to have been noble and sublime. Of Shakspeare’s married life we know nothing—or rather, less than nothing—a few dim and contradictory-seeming expressions, almost unintelligible, on the strength of which Mr Moore has not scrupled to place him as a partner in destiny along with Byron, the most miserable of the miserable, and at last a profligate. The destiny of Dante lay not in his marriage, however unhappy it might have been, and ’tis a sorry way of dealing with the truth to slur and slobber over all its principal features.

SHEPHERD.

It is that, sir.

NORTH.

Te idiosyncracies——

SHEPHERD.

What a lang-nebbed polysyllable!

NORTH.

—— of all the Philosophers—and Poets—and men of the higher order of genius—whom Mr Moore adduces as examples of unfitness for marriage, were different, through all the possible degrees of difference—and yet he seeks to subject them all to one general law of life!

SHEPHERD.

Maist illogical, and maist unphilosophic. I was just gaun to sae—maist irrational—but that might be ower strang a word. He was bound to hae taken them ane by ane, and to hae anaeleezed their specific characters, and to hae illustrated their fortunes and their fates, and their position in the times and places they flourished in, and then to hae applied the upshot o’ the haill enquiry to the pint in haun—Were they, or were they not—and why and wherefore—likely or unlikely to hae been wicked or meeserable married men? Having failed to do a’ that, and twice as muckle’s a’ that, why, Mister

Muir, let me tell you to your face, ma canty chiel, that you hae dune naething ava', and that your argument's about as strang's a spider's wab, that keeps flaffin' in the wind beside a broken lozen, feckless even to catch fleas—for by comes a great bummer, like Mr North or me, and carries it aff on his doup intil the open sunshine.

NORTH.

The subject of Mr Moore's elaborate failure, James, deserves discussion—

SHEPHERD.

And it's had it.

NORTH.

But a few hints—

SHEPHERD.

Sparks struck out by your steel and ma flint, which hae only to fa' intil the gunpoother o' the thochtfu' reader's mind, in order to set the heaven o' his imagination in a bleeze, and shew him a' the Life-region illuminated far and wide roun' the hail horizon.

NORTH.

Heaven and earth, my dear Shepherd, what a libel on the Living Illustrious of our own land! Great men are now among us—

SHEPHERD.

Ay, Great Poets—born for a' time, sir—and a' married—a' wi' wives and weans—that is, the maist feck o' them—an' first-rate husbands and fathers, croose as ggem-cocks on their walks, wi' fierce een, sharp nebs, lang claws, and rainbow tails, crawin' till the welkin rings wi' their shrill clarions, and then doon wi' ane o' their wings—

NORTH.

Stop, James. I suspect Mr Moore, with all his palaver, has been fishing for a compliment—

SHEPHERD.

And he shall catch ane—or rather I'll fasten ane on his hyeuck—and he may whup it owre his head. A better husband and a better father than Mister Muir—except, aiblins, it be masell—canna be pictur'd; and yet, whatever may be the fate o' Lalla Rookh, his sangs'll last to a' eternity—that is, as lang's the Eerish nation—and afore it be extinguished, there'll be bluidy wark, for they're deevils for fechtin', and whaever prevails owre them to their utter extermination, wull hae little to brag on—but the twa nations'll be fund lyin' stane-dead by ane anither's sides, and the dead'll hae to bury the dead.

NORTH.

One word more, James, and I have done.

SHEPHERD.

Where's Mister Muir? This moment he was sittin' at my elbow—and lo and behold he has vanished!

NORTH.

A phantom of your imagination, James—Would it were a reality, for Mr Moore is a delightful person, and his genius glances in conversation bright as the diamond-ring on his little finger.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, I coud hae ta'en ma Bible-oath that he was sittin' in this chair, nod, noddin', noo at me, and then at you, wi' a sort o' slicht sardonic smile about the silent but expressive mouth o' him, amaist as much as to say that "what is writ is writ," and maun e'en remain in *secula seculorum*.

NORTH.

I hope better things. But if the passages now gently criticised be retained in the octavo edition, I shall tackle to Mr Moore in a different trim, and, nathless my admiration of his genius, his character, and himself, his scone shall feel the crutch.

SHEPHERD.

What gin he pu't out o' your haun, and gie ye a clour on the side o' the head wi' your ain weapon? Grasp it firm, sir.

NORTH.

No—James. He that is cunning of fence—and I have taken lessons from Francalanza—has a fine, easy, seemingly almost loose hold of the hilt—but out of that hold, sleight or strength has never yet beat or twitched my timber.

SHEPHERD.

But you maunna hurt Mister Muir's head owre sair, although he has libelled us married men “o’ the higher order o’ genius.”

NORTH.

Married men? By St Benedict, I am but a bachelor of hearts. Had I been double—instead of single—I might have sung small——

SHEPHERD.

Sung sma’? Hae I sung sma’ on this theorem? Why, sir, it’s in the power o’ ony ae man o’ the higher order o’ genius—say poetical genius—to lavish in the prodigality o’ his sowl, mair love on his wife, during ony ae day—aye, ony ae hour, than it’s in the capacity o’ a coof to bestow on his during fifty years, beginnin’ wi’ the first blink o’ the hinney-moon, and endin’ wi’ the last lower o’ the nicht that fa’s upon her coffin. O! what a fearfu’ heap o’ passion can the poet cram intil ae embrace—ae kiss—ae smile—ae look—ae whisper—ae word—towards the partner o’ his life—the mither o’ his weans—the——

NORTH.

“You speak to me who never had a wife.”

SHEPHERD.

Puir chiel, I pity you. What although the poet’s marriage-life be sometimes stormy—what though sometimes

“Blackness come across it like a squall,
Darkening the sea?”

Yet wha can pent the glory and the brichtness o’ the celestial cawm—when the world o’ them twa—o’ him and his wife—may be likened till the ocean and a’ her isles, in the breezy sunshine—and them twa themsells till consort-ships steering along wi’ a’ their sails and a’ their streamers—nae fear o’ shoals or lee-shore rocks—on, on, on thegither towards the haven o’ everlastin’ rest, among the regions o’ the setting sun! Or when it may be likened—that is, the world o’ them twa—o’ him and his wife—till the blue lift, a’ a-lilt wi’ laverocks——

NORTH.

Beautiful, James.

SHEPHERD.

Is’t? Weel, I’ll sing’t again—Till the blue lift, a’ a-lilt wi’ laverocks—and themsells twa, like consort-clouds—noo a wee way apart—and noo meltin’ intil ane anither—purshued by een lookin’ up frae below—along their sky-course—o’ which the goal is set by God’s ain haun far in among the stars o’ heaven!

NORTH.

More than beautiful, James—sublime.

SHEPHERD.

And maun a’ thae divine days and nichts be left out o’ the estimate made o’ the poet’s married life? As weel micht a man libel a beautifu’ and glorious summer, by taukin’ o’ naething else but a few mountain spates, or twa-three dreadfu’ glooms o’ thunner and lichtnin’.

NORTH.

I give in. I am beat all to sticks. I am but Pan——

SHEPHERD.

And I Apollo. Hurraw—hurraw—hurraw! Your nieve, sir.

NORTH.

The misery of marriage lies among the common herd.

SHEPHERD.

There you have it, sir—among the mean, the vile, the coorse, the brutal—where Hymen may be almost said, in the language o’ Milton, “among the bestial herds to range;” for what are men and women, mutually “feeding

on garbage," as Shakspeare says, but the bestial? But wi' a' their sins and sorrows, and sometimes baith are sair, "men o' the higher order o' genius" still partake o' an almost divine natur,—the women that marries them are to "radiant angels link'd"—Shakspeare again, sir;—nor do they "sate themselves in celestial beds"—Wullie ance mair—for, on leavin' the eider-down o' the nuptial couch, out walks the poet among the dew-drops o' the mornin', and as he sings his hymns at the shrine o' Natur, he feels that, lang as he is true to that religion, there is a perpetual "bridal o' the earth and sky," (auld Herbert) reminding him, as by a divine emblem, o' his ain union wi' her whom he has left in bliss, wi' a loving blossom in her bosom, aiblins the last-born o' the flock, wi' a look o' baith its pawrents mysteriously blended in its sleeping smiles.

NORTH.

I am mute.

SHEPHERD.

I wush it wou'd only chap twal—for I'm gettin' desperate hungry. Ha! there's the warnin'—in three minutes we sall see the gawcie face o' Awm-rose wi' the oysters.

NORTH.

"From such celestial colloquy sublime," how can we descend to shell-fish?

SHEPHERD.

Wait a wee, and I'll show you that, sir. But wha sall we abuse neist?

NORTH.

Sir Walter Scott.

SHEPHERD.

Sir Walter! Oh! but that woud be wicket. Howsomever, he's but mortal—sae begin the abuse—and though I wullna just say that I'll join in't, yet—

NORTH.

You'll enjoy it.

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins, sic is human natur. You're fleelin' at high ggemm the nicht, sir.

NORTH.

Reach me over his Demonology.

SHEPHERD.

Where? Ou aye, on the brace-piece.

NORTH.

I told you, you may remember, at our last meeting, that—

SHEPHERD.

I dinna remember ae single syllable o' what was said, either by you or me, at the last Noctes—nor, indeed, at any o' the half hunder Nocteses celebrated in Gabriel's Road and Piccardy since the Great Year o' the Chaldee. I never remembers naething—but a' that ever occurs to my mind has the appearance o' bein' imagination. A' thae Fifty-Twa Nocteses—what are they noo but dreams aboot dreams! Sometimes when I read the record o' ane o' them in the Maggazin, I wonner wha's that Shepherd that speaks about the Forest—till a' at ance I begin to jaloose that he's my verra ain sell, and that I really maun hae been carrying on the war bravely that nicht at Ambrose's, though in what year—I'm sure aneuch o' the century—it passed by like a sugh, naething is there in the wild words to tell—nor in the guffaws that a' luk sae silent, sir, in prent yellow'd by time, aye melancholy and mournful amaist as the smilin' face o' a dear freen in a picture, when ane loks at it, wi' a sigh, years after the original is dead!—But let's cut up—Sir Walter—Hark!

[The Time-piece strikes Twelve, and enter PICARDY and his Tail, with "The Treasures of the Deep."

NORTH.

Let me read aloud to you, my dear James, with suitable emphasis, a few paragraphs from the beginning, and tell me what you think of the composition.

SHEPHERD.

Read awa, sir—read awa. I'm a freen' till the deveesion o' labour. Readin's ae department, and eatin's another, o' the great bizziness o' social life. I'm nae great haun' at the first—sae I relinquish it to ane wha's a maister in the art; but as to the ither, I'll play second knife and fork till nae man o' woman born—settin' aside unnatural monsters o' gabiators,—Din na mummle.

NORTH.

"You have asked of me, my dear friend, that I should assist the Family Library with *the history of a dark chapter in human nature*, which the *increasing civilization of all well-instructed countries* has now almost blotted out, though the *subject attracted no ordinary degree of consideration* in the olden times of their *history*."

SHEPHERD.

What's your wull?

NORTH.

The "history of a chapter" is not a very happy expression, James, neither is "a chapter in human nature." "The increasing civilization of all well-instructed countries," is very bad indeed, James; and it is not true that it has now almost blotted out "that dark chapter in human nature," for that dark chapter may be read now in the Book of Nature as plainly as before, provided we seek for it in the right place.

SHEPHERD.

In Dahomey, Coomassie, Gondar—Oh! sic eisters!

NORTH.

"Though the *subject*"—what subject?—"attracted no ordinary degree of consideration" is poor writing; and then mark the cacophonous repetition, James, of the word *history* at the close of the sentence!

SHEPHERD.

I canna defend it.—Whar's the vinegar cruets?

NORTH.

"Among much reading of my *early days*, it is no doubt true that I travelled a good deal in the twilight regions of superstitious disquisition. Many hours have I lost. 'I would their debt were less.'"

SHEPHERD.

He didna lose them, sir. He carried them a' to a gude market.

NORTH.

"In examining old, as well as more *recent* narratives of this character, and even in looking into some of the *criminal trials* so frequent in *early days*, upon a *subject* which our fathers considered as matter of the last importance; and of late years the very curious extracts published by Mr Pitcairn, from the Criminal Records of Scotland, are, besides their historical value, of a nature so much calculated to illustrate the credulity of our ancestors on such subjects, that, by perusing them, I have been induced more recently to recall what I had read and thought upon the *subject* at a former period."

"As, however, my information is only miscellaneous, and I make no pretensions, either to combat the systems of those by whom I am anticipated in the *consideration of the subject*," &c. &c. "A few general remarks on the *nature of demonology*, and the original cause of the almost universal belief in communication betwixt mortals and beings of a power superior to themselves, and of a nature not to be comprehended by human organs, are a necessary introduction to the *subject*." Here we have "early days" twice within the compass of two sentences—"a subject which our fathers considered as matter of the last importance," is a clumsy repetition of "the subject attracted no ordinary degree of consideration"—the word *subject* occurs six times, so as by its jingle to "attract no ordinary degree of consideration,"—and "nature" four times—while several other words are repeated with equal poverty of language—and not one sentence I have read, James, that is not cramped, clumsy, awkward, or inaccurate.

SHEPHERD.

That's mortal bad writing, sir.—The pepper.

NORTH.

I shall not set you asleep, James, by reciting the two next paragraphs.

SHEPHERD.

Nae fears. Look at the brodd.

NORTH.

"The conviction that such an indestructible essence *exists*, the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, *non omnis moriar*, must infer the *existence* of," &c. "Some ideas of the *existence* of a deity," and "these spirits, in a state of *separate existence*, being *admitted to exist*!" "To the multitude, the indubitable fact that so many millions of spirits *exist*," "the more numerous part of mankind cannot form in their mind the idea of the spirit of the deceased *existing*," and "spectres which only *exist* in the mind," &c.

SHEPHERD.

Ma faith! gin I was to write in that gate, hoo the critics wad be on ma tap!

NORTH.

"More than one learned physician, who have given *their attestation to the existence* of this most distressing complaint, have *agreed that it actually occurs*"——

SHEPHERD.

Stap—stap—stap, sir—nae forgery—that canna be it—sic towological repetition o' ane and the same fack.

NORTH.

'Tis odd—but let me get on to a specimen of Sir Walter's philosophy.

SHEPHERD.

Do.—Here's a moothfu'!

NORTH.

Sir Walter tells us that "unfortunately, as is now universally *known* and admitted, there certainly *exists* more than one disorder *known* to professional men, of which one important symptom is a disposition to see apparitions. This frightful disorder is not properly insanity, although it is *somewhat allied* to that most horrible of maladies, and may, in many constitutions, be the means of bringing it on, and all such hallucinations are proper to both. The difference I conceive to be, that in cases of insanity the mind of the patient is principally affected, while the senses, or organic system, offer in vain to the lunatic their decided testimony against the fantasy of a deranged imagination."

SHEPHERD.

I'll try this ane wi' moostard.

NORTH.

Sir Walter must have read little indeed on insanity, or he never could have written so. No doubt that in all cases of insanity the mind of the patient is *principally* affected; but in none is the organic system sound—in few, have we reason to know that the senses do not deceive—and in many—indeed in by far the greater number—we have reason to know that they do deceive, and are wofully disordered. The difference, therefore, which Sir Walter points out, is rarely indeed the real difference. *That* lies always wholly in the mind.

SHEPHERD.

I'm inclined to gang along wi' you, sir.

NORTH.

You *must* go along with me, James.

SHEPHERD.

Na—no unless I like.

NORTH.

However, suppose that Sir Walter had stated the real difference, how does he illustrate it?

SHEPHERD.

Hoo can I tell?

NORTH.

By the story of an insane patient in the Infirmary of Edinburgh, who, though all his meals consisted of porridge, believed that he had every day a dinner of three regular courses and a dessert—and yet confessed, that

somehow or other every thing he ate tasted of porridge! The case, says Sir Walter, is obvious—the disease lay in the extreme vivacity of the patient's imagination, deluded in other instances, but not absolutely powerful enough to contend with the honest evidence of his stomach and palate. Here, therefore, Sir Walter adds, “is one instance of actual insanity, in which the sense of taste *controlled and attempted to restrain the ideal hypothesis* adopted by a deranged imagination.” But who knows that all this insane patient's senses were not diseased? He acted as if they were so—though his palate was still sensible to the porridge taste. They might, or they might not be diseased—but Sir Walter's conclusion is most illogical. The “sense of taste controlling and attempting to restrain an ideal hypothesis,” is language altogether new in mental philosophy.

SHEPHERD.

Sae muckle the better.

NORTH.

No—so much the worse.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir! but ye're dictatorial the nicht!

NORTH.

Hitherto Sir Walter, though not happy in his illustrations, is yet intelligible, and not absolutely self-inconsistent. But by and by he falls into sad self-contradiction.

SHEPHERD.

It's wonnerfu', sir, hoo common that is. I really maun publish ma “Logic.” Do you think the bairds o' eisters pushionush?

NORTH.

“The disorder to which I previously alluded is *entirely of a bodily character*, and consists, principally, in a disease of the visual organs, which present to the patient a set of spectres, or appearances, which have no actual existence. It is a disease of the same nature which renders many men incapable of distinguishing colours, only *the patients go a step farther*, and pervert the external form of objects. In this case, therefore, contrary to that of the maniac, *it is not the mind*, or rather the imagination, which imposes upon, and overpowers the evidence of the senses, but the sense of seeing or hearing, which betrays its duty, and conveys false ideas to a *sane intellect*.”

SHEPHERD.

Weel then, isna a' that intelligible aneuch?

NORTH.

Perfectly so—but wait, James, for the illustrations.

SHEPHERD.

I'm quite wullin' to wait for the illustrations, sir, as lang's there's a Pandoor on the brodd.

NORTH.

Meanwhile, how could Sir Walter say that the disease of the visual organs, which presents to the patient a set of spectres or appearances which have no existence, is a disease of the same nature with that which renders many men incapable of distinguishing colours? The latter is but a *defect*—the other is indeed a *disease*; but I suppose Sir Walter merely means that they both belong to the eye.

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins.

NORTH.

There is something to my mind not a little ludicrous in Sir Walter's simplicity, when he says, “*only the patients go a step farther*, and pervert the external form of objects.”

SHEPHERD.

An' a patient *gangs yet anither step farther* when he dees—that is his last step—for after it, he's carried.

NORTH.

The two cases, James, which Sir Walter proposes, are essentially distinct and different.

SHEPHERD.

They are sae—but noo for your objections to Sir Walter's illustrations.

NORTH.

Sir Walter has been at great pains to tell us, that "*this disease is entirely of a bodily character*"—"it is *not the mind*, or rather the imagination, which imposes"—

SHEPHERD.

I ken a' that—gang on.

NORTH.

You may ken a' that, James, but Sir Walter, in the very next page, has forgotten it, and with difficulty could I *believe my eyes*, James, when in the paragraph immediately following, I read—"The most frequent source of the malady is in the dissipated and intemperate habits of those who, by a continued series of intoxication, become subject to what is popularly called the Blue Devils, instances of WHICH MENTAL DISORDER (!) may be known to most who have lived in society where hard drinking was a common vice." Here Sir Walter not only loses sight of his own distinction, which he had so pompously laid down, but he dishes it at one blow. This disease, which he told us before was "*entirely of a bodily character*," is now, it seems, a "*mental disorder*."

SHEPHERD.

It's a pity to see folk writin' on soobjects they hae na considered, and therefore canna understaun. It's a cut-throat o' a contradiction.

NORTH.

Sir Walter then goes on to illustrate "*this disease, which is entirely of a bodily character*," and thereby distinguishable from insanity, and yet is at the same time "*a mental disorder*," by the case of a young gentleman, one of whose principal complaints was the frequent presence of a set of apparitions resembling a band of figures dressed in green. Sir Walter then tells us, with astounding forgetfulness of his own theory, that the whole "*corps de ballet* existed only in the patient's *imagination*." If they did, then the disease was of the imagination, and not of the sense—but the story is told to show that the disease was one of the sense, and not of the imagination!

SHEPHERD.

Eh? Eh? That is really stoopit in Sir Walter.

NORTH.

Sir Walter again speaks of the patient's depraved imagination—and adds a word or two about association, which, if they have any meaning at all, must likewise refer to a mental, and not to a bodily disease. But it was of a bodily disease, and not of a mental disorder, that he formally announced his ambition to speak, and to illustrate it by a tale!

SHEPHERD.

The Baronet has wrott that before he had been fairly wauken'd oot o' a soon' sleep, and had got a' his wanderin' wuts colleckit.

NORTH.

Just so. I beg leave to recommend the shower-bath,

SHEPHERD.

Or the plunge.

NORTH.

One other sample of confusion of ideas, James, and I have done with Demonology. Sir Walter wishes to explain and illustrate the effect sometimes produced on the mind in sleep, by the dreamer touching with his hand some other part of his own person.

SHEPHERD.

I ken aboot that. He's right there.

NORTH.

No. He is wrong. The dreamer, says Sir Walter, is clearly in this case "*both the actor and patient, both the proprietor of the member touching, and of that which is touched*; while to increase the complication, the hand is both toucher of the limb on which it rests, and receives an impression of touch from it; and the same is the case with the limb, which at one and the same time receives an impression from the hand, and conveys

to the mind a report respecting the size, substance, and the like, of the member touching."

SHEPHERD.

That's gaen kittle.

NORTH.

It is so only because badly expressed—and indeed the last part of the sentence does not contain the meaning which the Baronet supposes or intends—but let that pass——

SHEPHERD.

You're no lett'n't pass, you savage.

NORTH.

But hark what follows. "Now, as during sleep the patient is unconscious," quoth Sir Walter, "that both limbs are his own identical property, his mind is apt to be much disturbed by the complication of sensations arising from two parts of his person being at once acted upon, and from their reciprocal action; and false impressions are thus received, which, accurately enquired into, would afford a clew to many puzzling phenomena in the theory of dreams."

SHEPHERD.

What! is a patient in sleep unconscious that baith limbs are his ain identical property?—I canna swallow that.

NORTH.

But suppose we do swallow it, James, and then consequences the very reverse of those Sir Walter mentions must ensue. For by this unconsciousness, all the complication of sensations which Sir Walter so clumsily explains the cause of, is prevented from taking place. It becomes impossible.

SHEPHERD.

Sae it does, sir. I never observed that afore, till you pointed it oot. 'Tis anither cut-throat contradiction.

NORTH.

But, countryman, lend me your ears. As an illustration of the effect of this complication of sensations that may be produced in a dream, Sir Walter tells us a story of a nobleman, who once awoke in horror, still feeling the cold dead grasp of a corpse's hand on his right wrist. It was a minute before he discovered that his own left hand was in a state of numbness, and with it he had accidentally encircled his right arm. Now, James, this story, which Sir Walter tells to illustrate how the "patient's mind was disturbed by the complication of sensations arising from two parts of his person," illustrates the very reverse, namely, how the patient's mind was disturbed, but by one simple sensation, that of a corpse's hand, his own hand being perfectly numb, that is, without sensation at all, and acting therefore precisely as a corpse's hand, or a piece of lead. So much for Sir Walter's metaphysics.

SHEPHERD.

Hurraw—hurraw—hurraw!—Hollo! Gurney!

[*The time-piece strikes Twelve—and enter St Ambrose and his Monks with a roasted goose, son of the celebrated prize-goose who won the stubble-sweepstakes in 1829; and ditto hare, the identical animal killed by Lord Eglinton's goshawk, by which he won the cup at the last meeting of the Ardrossan Coursing-Club. GURNEY emerges from the ear of Dionysius, and the Noctes close.*]

ON THE LATE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. I.

It is a melancholy fact, verified by every day's observation, that the experience of the past is totally lost both upon individuals and nations. A few persons, indeed, who have attended to the history of former errors, are aware of the consequences to which they invariably lead; and lament the progress of national violence in the same way as they do the career of individual intemperance. But, upon the great mass of mankind, the young, the active, and the ambitious, such examples are wholly thrown away. Each successive generation plunges into the abyss of passion, without the slightest regard to the fatal effects which such conduct has produced upon their predecessors; and lament, when too late, the rashness with which they slighted the advice of experience, and stifled the voice of reason.

It is now sixty years since Mr Hume closed the History of the English Revolution with these remarkable words: "All parties had now successively reaped the melancholy pleasure of seeing the injuries they had suffered revenged on their enemies; and that, too, by the same arts which had been practised against themselves. The King had, in some instances, stretched his prerogative beyond the due bounds, and aided by the church, had well nigh put an end to the liberties of the nation. The Presbyterians checked the progress of the court and clergy, excited by cant and hypocrisy the populace first to tumults, then to war, against the King, the Peers, and all the royalists. No sooner had they reached the pinnacle of grandeur, than the Independents, under the appearance of still greater sanctity, instigated the army against them, and reduced them to subjection. The Independents, amidst their empty dreams of liberty, were oppressed by the rebellion of their own servants, and found themselves at once exposed to the insults of power and the

hatred of the people. By recent, as well as all ancient example, it was become evident, that illegal violence, with whatever pretences it may be covered, and whatever object it may pursue, must inevitably end at last in the arbitrary and despotic government of a single person."*

Substitute the Constituent Assembly and their supporters for the Presbyterians—the Girondists for the Independents—the Jacobins for the Fifth-Monarchy Men—Napoleon for Cromwell, and the history of the progress of the English may be taken for that of the French Revolution.

Shortly after the publication of Mr Hume's History, the French Revolution broke out. The lessons of ancient, as well as of modern experience were immediately forgotten—the enthusiasm of freedom overspread Europe—a new era in the political system was anticipated, and perfect virtue expected, during the tumults of faction, as if no such names as those of Marius and Sylla, of Pompey and Octavius, of Cæsar or Cromwell, had been known in the world.

Forty years elapsed—a generation passed away through the lapse of time, or were mown down by the sword—new causes of complaint arose in the French nation, and a second Revolution took place. The dear-bought experience of recent times was immediately forgotten—the horrors of 1793 were passed over in silence—a new era of social happiness was anticipated—revolutionary hopes were again awakened—democratic ambition of new arose—and the mass of the people shared in the joy at the supposed triumph of freedom, as if its past consequences had been obliterated from the book of Time—as if the efforts of patriotism had not been succeeded by the rise of wickedness—humane philanthropy by revolutionary cruelty—the conquests of freedom by the reign of Robespierre.

* Hume, chap. lx. ad finem.

What is still more extraordinary, the recent Revolution was almost, by common consent, characterised as totally distinct from the former, in consequence of the *bloodless triumph* by which it was said to be distinguished—the moderation displayed by the mob in the use of victory—the generous abstinence from pillage after the overthrow of the royalist troops—the absence of any judicial murders after the strife had ceased. These proceedings were exultingly contrasted with the savage ferocity of former times—the bloody annals of the reign of terror, with the pacific termination of the battles in Paris—the Dictatorship of Robespierre, with the constitutional throne of Louis Philippe.

Human nature, however, is still the same: a Revolution now is not different from what it was in 1793—the mob of 1830 is not more virtuous than that which stormed the Tuileries in 1792. The supposed difference between the two Revolutions vanishes where that great corrector of error, *DATES*, is brought into view; the superior virtue of the present time is only supported by *suppressing the period* which elapsed between the overthrow of the King, and the bloody revenge of his antagonists.

The Bastille was stormed on July 14, 1789. The revolt of the French guards, and the disaffection of the troops round Paris, had previously destroyed the supports of the monarchy, and from that day the supreme power passed into the hands of the Constituent Assembly.

The mob of Paris immediately formed themselves into armed bands; 50,000 national guards were speedily organized, with that rapidity and effect which have in all ages been the characteristic of the French populace; and from that time forward, the safety of the metropolis was exclusively intrusted to its insurrectionary force.*

No pillage of private houses—no disorders of any kind, followed this first triumph of the popular arms. With the exception of those killed during the combat, or by the populace in the first heat of revenge, no

murders took place. The royal palaces were respected, and in a few days, Paris wore its usual appearance, and, but for the animated looks of its citizens, it could not have been discovered that any convulsion had taken place.

The excessive scarcity of provisions in the end of September, 1789, produced a popular convulsion, which led to the invasion of Versailles, and the inundation of the palace by an armed rabble, and had well-nigh proved fatal to the royal family. Yet, even on this trying occasion, when the horrors of famine were added to the natural excitation of a Revolution, and the very lowest classes, the *poissardes* and porters, headed the tumult, but little blood was shed; and with the exception of two of the garde du corps, who were killed in resisting the invasion of the royal apartments, no lives were lost. The national guard, after the resistance had ceased, mingled with the revolutionary pikemen; and the body guard of Louis marched in procession on the following day with the forces of the populace, amidst the shouts of the multitude.

From the time that the royal family settled in Paris, on October 6, 1789, till the revolt of August 10, 1792, a period of nearly *three years*, hardly any bloodshed, and no pillage or conflagrations, took place in Paris. With the exception of the baker, Foulon, who was murdered in a mob, produced by the scarcity of provisions, and one or two other persons who fell victims to the same cause of popular excitation, no individual lost his life; and, excepting the Marquis de Favras, who was convicted of high treason by the Court of Chatelet, *no person whatever was sent to the scaffold by the Constituent Assembly during more than two years that their power was unresisted in France.*†

Even on August 10, 1792, when the Fauxbourgs rose in open insurrection against the throne and the Legislative Assembly, and the Monarch, with all his family, were made prisoners by the multitude, no greater violence was perpetrated than on 27th July, 1830. On both occasions the Tuileries were plundered, and

* Mignet, chap. i.

† Lacretelle, vol. vii.

the Swiss guard defeated and massacred; but no general or indiscriminate violence took place. No plunder of private houses—no conflagration of the city, ensued. So completely were the foremost of the assailants masters of their passions, that, after the Swiss guards were driven from the Place Carousel through the palace into the gardens of the Tuileries, the insurgents, fearful of injuring the marble statues with which that fine quarter is ornamented, by firing at the fugitives who had climbed upon them, pricked them with their pikes until they came down, and murdered them at their foot with their bayonets. On the following morning all Paris came out to view the scene of the conflict; and groups of well-dressed citizens and inquisitive females were to be seen amidst the fragments of the strife, and on ground yet reeking with the blood of the unfortunate defenders of the throne.

It was not till the 2d September, 1792, *three years after the storming of the Bastile*, that the massacres in the prisons commenced, and that bands of ferocious ruffians, paid by the Municipality of Paris, murdered six thousand unoffending victims in the public places of confinement. Then, and *not till then*, began the reign of blood, and each successive convulsion brought a more sanguinary faction to the head of affairs. The Girondists, or humane republicans, who had aided the revolt in order to bring themselves into power, speedily fell beneath the sword of the Jacobins, and were led out to the scaffold, amidst the applauses of the people, whom they had so recently led to victory; the Jacobins, after deluging France with blood, yielded to the sanguinary rule of the Committee of Public Safety; and it, in its turn, crouched beneath the iron despotism of Robespierre.

What went on in the interval, from July 14, 1789, to Sept. 2, 1792? How were the people roused to the deeds of blood, which, after a tranquillity of *three years*, commenced with such appalling energy, and continued with such merciless severity? What extinguished the humane philosophers who instigated the Revolution, or

swept off the generous republicans who strove to mitigate its fury? The answer is, in one word, AGITATION: During the whole intervening period, the demagogues never ceased to disturb the public mind. Absurd reports of danger, appeals to the spirit of Freedom, incessant abuse of the Aristocrats, continued flattery of the people, were the methods by which the character of the revolt was changed, by which the moderate measures of rational men were brought into discredit, and an appetite created for fresh convulsions and more sanguinary revenge.

The wicked men, who are ultimately dangerous, do not appear in the commencement of public disturbances. Resistance against oppression is generally begun and headed by generous minds; men who put their lives in peril to save their country, and run the danger of the scaffold, to secure the liberties of their fellow-citizens. Such were Hamden and Sidney in the English; Bailly and Roland in the French Revolution. There is an aversion, too, to blood in the commencement of civil dissensions; the last stages of violence are not reached in the outset of strife, and the better feelings of our nature frequently prevail in the first triumphs of the arms of freedom. It is, accordingly, remarkable, as Guizot has observed,* with how much humanity the English Cavaliers and Roundheads behaved towards each other in the beginning of the Civil Wars; and it was not till its later stages, that the exasperation arising from mutual injury, rendered the practice common, of making prisoners those who were taken in battle. In France, in like manner in 1789, equally as 1830, all was humanity and gentleness in the commencement of the Revolution; the horror evinced at Barnave for his celebrated expression on the death of Berthier, "Was then the blood which has been shed *so very pure*?" was such that he never recovered the good opinion of the public; and the President of the Constituent Assembly fainted when he read the letter containing the details of the massacre of Avignon; and that cele-

* Hist. de la Rev. de l'Angleterre, vol. i.

brated body evinced from first to last, even according to the admission of the royalist historians, a constant repugnance to the shedding of blood.*

But after this first ebullition of virtuous feeling, the bad passions come into play which have been stirred up in the public contentions. Vulgar Ambition is roused from its lethargy, Poverty is deprived of its employment, the populace become habituated to the intoxication of flattery, public credit, shaken by the convulsions of the state, rapidly falls, and the multitudes who are thrown out of work by the stoppage of commercial enterprise, assemble in tumultuous bodies, and demand some benefit from the dangers they have incurred. Human wickedness speedily takes advantage of the passions which have arisen, the public suffering is ascribed to the faults of government, and starving multitudes lend a ready ear to the flattering tale, that their ranks are alone immaculate, and that tyranny and corruption universally prevail in the higher classes of the state.

In this way, from good beginnings ensue bad consequences; to virtuous resolution succeeds guilty ambition; to the gilded anticipation of hope, the sad realities of despair. This progress rapidly took place in France, immediately after the Revolution. The public revenue, which, in 1789, was L.24,000,000 sterling, fell, in 1790, to L.17,000,000 † and the distress which ensued among the people infinitely exceeded any thing which had been experienced before the popular rule commenced. The ablest of the republican historians ‡ confess, that one quarter of the evils which assailed the Republic would have crushed the Monarchy.

Nothing, accordingly, can be more instructive than the character of the different classes who successively rose to eminence during the progress of the French Revolution. First appeared the Constituent Assembly, headed by Lafayette, Bailly, and Mirabeau, ardent in patriotism, courageous in resolution, firm in the love of freedom, but the decided friends of order, and attached to a constitu-

tional monarchy. So long as they headed the populace, all was harmony in the ranks of freedom; but when the King's flight to Varennes had shaken the public mind, the republican leaders appeared; an insurrection took place, planned by Brissot and the Girondists, and the friends of the Constitutional throne, headed by Lafayette, engaged and defeated the forces of the populace in the Champ de Mars. Instantly Lafayette, Bailly, and the early leaders of the Revolution, fell into obloquy; the latter was doomed to a cruel and ignominious death, by the people whose liberties his firmness had saved; and the former only owed his life to his captivity in an Austrian dungeon. The Girondists then rose to eminence; republican in principle, humane in intention, gentle in character, but destitute of the audacity to seize, or the firmness to command success. Their reign, as that of all good men, in public convulsions, was short; they supported the insurrection of August 10th, which overturned the throne, and immediately became the victims of the Jacobins, a set more daring, more sanguinary, less scrupulous than themselves. Then came the reign of Blood; the unrelenting sway of revolutionary Cruelty and plebeian Revenge. - A merciless sword waved over France, mowing down alike the dignity of rank, the splendour of opulence, the lustre of talent, and the graces of beauty.

Such is the natural progress of revolution. Its counterpart may be traced in the successive sway of the Presbyterians, the Independents, and the Fifth-Monarchy men, in the English Rebellion. Each successive faction which rises to the head of affairs is more extravagant, more cruel, more tyrannical, than that which preceded it. Liberty is totally destroyed during the struggle for power, and her name invoked only as the means of rousing the people to new exertions, and to the support of more sanguinary ambition.

These truths are familiar to every one acquainted with the history of Revolution; but they seem to have been *totally forgotten* in the public

* Lacretelle, vol. viii.

† Arthur Young i. 384

‡ Mignet, vol. i.

estimation of the last French Revolution. When the leaders of the Opposition in this country contrasted the bloodless termination of the strife in 1830 with the dreadful excesses of the former contest, had they forgotten that these excesses began THREE YEARS AFTER the establishment of the popular rule, and that, during the intervening period, the patriots presented the same amiable features which are so much the object of encomium at this time? Have they forgotten that the early leaders of the Revolution became, in a few years, the object of more violent hatred than the King or the aristocrats; that Lafayette, *the moment he strove to control the populace*, felt his rod of power break in his hands, and was compelled to take refuge from the fury of his countrymen within the Austrian lines; that, for the philosophic Bailly, the first President of the Assembly, the idol of France, the firm opponent of despotism, the author of the Tennis Court oath, was invented a new and unusually cruel mode of death in the Champ de Mars; that, for two long hours, he was laid on his face, with the guillotine suspended over his head, shivering with cold, amidst the severity of a December storm?

Those who will coolly compare the two periods, will find that the *downward progress of the Revolution* has been far *more rapid* on the present than the former occasion. The rise of the leaven of democracy, the dismissal of the philosophic Ministry, the clamour for blood, the weight of tumultuary assemblages, the unbridled license of the press, has taken place within as many MONTHS as it required YEARS in 1789.

The first Revolution was effected on 14th July, 1789, and Bailly remained Mayor of Paris, and Lafayette ruled the National Guard till May, 1792, a period of nearly *three years*.

The second Revolution broke out on 28th July, 1830, and the moderate and philosophic Guizot, the able Duke de Broglie, and the whole cabinet of the *Doctrinaires*, were dismissed in *October, 1830*. Their reign was only *two months and a half*. As usual in all public convulsions, the men of thought and principle, the humane, the enlightened, and the benevolent, were the first to

be discarded; the difference is, that their destruction was effected, in 1830, in *three months*, whereas, in 1789, it required *three years*.

The Ministers of the King were varied according to the temper of the nation, in the early period of the first Revolution, but never imposed upon the sovereign by a tumultuary rabble till after the 20th June, 1792. For three years, Louis XVI. exercised the functions of an independent sovereign, yielding no doubt to the public voice, when strongly expressed, but never bending to popular violence, till a few months before the overthrow of the throne. Whereas, in October, 1830, a mob of 30,000 men, the very lowest and basest of the rabble, filled the Palais Royal, threatened the royal family, and gave such a shake to the throne, that the Ministry were overturned, and the humane measures resolved on for the salvation of the Polignac Ministers abandoned. Popular violence, in the first instance, became omnipotent in *three years*, in the last in *three months*.

The agitation of Paris, by means of inflammatory journals and revolutionary pamphlets, did not rise to any great height, in the first Revolution, till the winter 1791-2. It was then that Marat began to issue his infernal journal, "*L'Ami du Peuples*," that republican institutions became the open subject of encomium, and the leaders of the opposite faction were first pointed out to public vengeance.

In 1830, this tremendous engine has been at work *from the first day of the Revolution*. Paris was instantly inundated with a deluge of pamphlets, tracts, and journals, which worked incessantly upon the passions of the people, already violently excited by recent success and present distress. We have no idea on this side of the Channel, of the violence, energy, and extent of the revolutionary press in Paris, or of the degree of ferment which it has excited in the minds of the lower orders. The destruction of the House of Peers is spoken of as certain: The throne only tolerated as the head of a republic. The most absurd reports are incessantly circulated in these vehicles of falsehood, to continue the public agitation: One day, that a levy of 500,000 men had been ordered: Another that Prussia had declared war: A third that

Austrian troops had crossed the frontier. This exposure of these falsehoods has no effect towards diminishing their frequency: In public convulsions, the craving for excitation, terror, and agitation is insatiable.

The cry for blood did not commence in the first Revolution, till after the imprisonment of the King; and the first blood shed on the scaffold, with the exception of the illustrious Marquis de Favras, was that of Louis, on the 21st January 1793, *three years and a half* after the beginning of the troubles. In 1830, the thirst for vengeance manifested itself from the very commencement of the Revolution: The public cry for the execution of the Polignac Administration speedily became irresistible: Thousands of infuriated wretches surrounded the castle of Vincennes, nightly for weeks together, clamouring for the blood of their victims; and the humane measures of the King, and the Administration, to save their lives, were overturned.

The fate of these men, we fear, is now sealed. Public clamour, the voice of the mob, has pronounced their doom, and that without the least regard to the legal question on which their trial depends. They may be guilty of a capital crime, though it is certain that their accusers have *never yet pointed out the clause in any statute or law which embraces their case*. But this is of little importance. The vociferous mob, who overturned Guizot's administration, are as incapable of understanding the merits of their case on legal principles, as they are the policy of attempting to save them on philosophical. It is enough for them that they are aristocrats, the enemies of the people, the authors of the obnoxious ordinances, to render their destruction certain.

We give no opinions at present, either on the legality or expedience of these famous ordinances. The first is a question of French law, on which we do not possess the requisite information to decide: The last is a point hitherto involved in such obscurity, that no rational opinion can, as yet, be formed on it. The liberals stigmatise them as unnecessary and illegal stretches of power, which threw the country at once into a convulsion, and most justly precipitated the king from the throne.

The royalists assert that they were conservative measures, indispensable to save the country from the horrors of a Revolution: That the King was only the first to drop the mask, which both parties had long been wearing, and that he boldly threw the last die for his crown and the monarchy. Which of these is the better founded opinion, we do not pretend to determine: But of this we are well assured, that there is no man in existence, on this side the Channel, who possesses the information requisite to decide it correctly.

These considerations shew how rash the judgment was, which was so generally formed in this country on the French Revolution; and how unfounded the comparison was which they so triumphantly drew between the first and the last convulsion. We are, as yet, in the infancy only of its effects, and our children will experience its lasting consequences. The first Revolution, *for two years and a half*, was as much the object of the wishes of philanthropists, the praises of the enlightened, and the applause of the humane, as this has been: But this did not prevent the revolutionary fury from working incessantly during that period, and at length hurling the rational and the good from the seat of government, and establishing the reign of Blood in their stead.

Let no one imagine, that because there were a stock of real grievances, which required to be redressed in 1789, therefore a less serious convulsion to society is to be anticipated at this time. It is not the *reality* of grievances, so much as the *temper* with which they are viewed, which produces a revolution. All the evils which afflicted France in 1789, existed in still greater force in 1689, when the throne of Louis XIV. was the most popular in Europe. The evils which afflict the most turbulent European state, are nothing to those which press upon the dynasties of the East, where unbroken tranquillity prevails. Imaginary grievances,—the thirst for power, the influence of democratic ambition, often produce far greater disturbances at one period, than the most dreadful political evils occasion at another. There is no novice in the study of history, who is not familiar with that truth.

If incomparably fewer real grie-

vances exist in 1830 than in 1789, there is to be found among the French people an hundred times more of the *true revolutionary spirit*; that is of the ambition to have *all the powers of government practically vested in the populace*.

The people were taught, by the Constituent Assembly, to taste the sweets of *popular sovereignty*. This was not a mere high sounding name, it brought an immediate *accession of consequence*, and a deluge of flattery, to the very lowest classes of the state. The right of voting for the national representation was conferred upon every man in France who was worth the price of three days' labour; that is, every body but paupers and children were admitted. The people elected their own magistrates, clergy, bishops, and intendants; the judges of the courts of law, the municipality of towns, the officers of the national guards, were in their nomination. The practical result of this was, not only that vast numbers of the lower orders rose into situations of importance and emolument, but that *the whole of them* were continually exposed to the flattery and attentions of the demagogues. The adulation lavished upon the multitude was at least equal to any which is bestowed on an Eastern despot. "The people alone are virtuous, free, and incorruptible: Sovereignty resides in them: The majesty of the people: Tyrants may tremble before the newly roused voice of the multitude;"—were the expressions constantly used by their orators, and without which no one had a chance of success. Flattery of this description is agreeable to all: To persons in the lower walks of life it is irresistible.

Nor was this all. The lower classes were incessantly beset with competitions for the offices in their nomination; generals, colonels, clergymen, statesmen, judges, magistrates, prefects, constantly attended at their doors, soliciting their votes, and praying for their patronage. Hardly a week elapsed, without some canvass going forward, and the rabble being brought into immediate enjoyment of their powers of sovereignty. The exercise of such powers is indescribably fascinating to the lower orders. Its influence may be seen in every city, borough, and village, where the

utmost ambition will always be seen to exercise the patronage which is in the gift of the people. The rich neglect such canvasses; the thoughtful despise them; but the vulgar catch at them with the utmost avidity, and swell up at the idea of their newly-acquired importance.

This is the circumstance which renders the present French Revolution so formidable, and is likely to stir up the spirit of Jacobinism, even without any serious cause of complaint. Many, no doubt, may be influenced by the genuine love of freedom; the wish to exercise their industry without vexatious fetters, and to enjoy, in security, the fruits of their toil. But many more are influenced by a different motive; by the *passion for power*; the desire of exercising the force of sovereignty; the vanity of being courted by their superiors, and made the object of flattery. It is not surprising that the people should love the exercise of such prerogatives; but experience has proved that they are inconsistent with the well-being of the state, and the higher classes may rest assured, that, when once the lower have tasted their sweets, they will never cease longing to regain them.

The influence of this desire may be distinctly perceived in the language which is at present held by the popular writers and orators at Paris. The maxim that all sovereignty not only flows from the people, but is to be *constantly exercised by them*, is of new inculcated and embraced with the utmost avidity. The innumerable journals which deluge the metropolis, incessantly propagate that principle: any one which should oppose it would immediately lose its whole circulation. The people are now the masters, and they will bear no control upon their new-born sovereignty.

It is to no purpose to say that the deputies in the Chamber are inclined to moderate measures, and that they are returned by 80,000 proprietors in France, who are interested in the preservation of order. No doubt they are; and these 80,000 men may be relied on as likely to resist any revolutionary measures. But the question is, *Will they be able to do so?* Is it not likely that this body of electors will be stigmatized as an oligarchy,

inclined to tyrannize over their fellow-citizens, and that the tide of revolutionary fury will overthrow them, as it has overthrown the throne?

No imagination can figure the impulse which a successful revolution, like that in France, gives to the factious, the turbulent, the ambitious among the people. Their numbers are quadrupled, their strength augmented tenfold by such an occurrence. The friends of order, panic-struck and divided in opinion how the evil is to be resisted, become incapable of any united effort, while their antagonists, elated by success, and strong in anticipation of victory, speedily acquire the self-confidence which ensures it.

All the most fatal changes which took place in the first French Revolution, were the result of insurrections of the populace against the *Legislature*. The Legislative Assembly, albeit chosen by the universal suffrage of the people, soon became so obnoxious from not going the utmost length of their wishes, that a new legislature was loudly called for, and the revolt of August 10, which brought Louis to the scaffold, was not less against the National Assembly than the throne. The arrest and condemnation of the thirty-one illustrious deputies of the Gironde, on 31st May, 1793, was occasioned by the insurrection of the Fauxbourgs, and the imprisonment of the National Assembly in the midst of 40,000 rebellious citizens. In vain the president sought to overawe the insurgents by the majesty of the legislature, and set forth at the head of the members to force a passage; the stern order of Henriot, *Canoniers, à vos pieces*, drove them back in dismay, and the captive legislature was compelled to obey the mandates of the sovereign people.

Nor is the National Guard any effectual security against the occurrence of such disasters. Those who rest on this armed force as an effectual check on the madness of the populace, forget that the national guard was organized in August 1789, and continued in full activity through all the subsequent changes of the Revolution, *without being ever able to moderate its fury*. They forget that the National Guard, feeble and irresolute, were unable to control the

excesses of the populace at Versailles on October 5, 1789; that they witnessed without a struggle the dethronement and captivity of the king on August 10, 1792; that they beheld the legislature enthralled by an armed mob, and the thirty-one republican leaders of the Gironde conducted to prison and the scaffold, on 31st May, 1793; that they were passive spectators of the murder of the King and Queen, of the Princess Elizabeth, and Madame Roland; that they crouched and trembled beneath the reign of terror, and saw eighty wretched captives daily led out to execution, when the beat of their *generale* could have summoned 40,000 disciplined men to resist the murders; that they bent beneath the despotic yoke of the Directory, and fawned under the iron sceptre of Napoleon.

In truth, it is impossible to expect any considerable or sustained exertions from a civic force, composed as the National Guard of Paris at present is. Burghers and shopkeepers will turn out, and resist the multitude, so long as they retain the conviction that they are supporting the dominant and prevailing power. But no sooner does public opinion or public terror incline to *the other side*—no sooner does the conviction gain ground that they are to be required to combat a force which is likely to prove victorious, than they rapidly melt away, and the civic force, lately so numerous, is reduced to a handful of men.

The great body of men in all civil convulsions are inclined to be *passive*: to side with the current, and range themselves with the party which is likely to prove successful in the strife. No reliance can be placed for any length of time on any thing but regular soldiers, during the political divisions which distract a country in civil war. Public opinion varies so rapidly; the shades of difference are so endless, that when a crisis arrives, it is ten to one that the whole body is paralyzed and incapable of rendering any effectual service to the state.

A signal proof of the truth of these principles occurred in France during the first Revolution:—For a long time the National Guard, under Lafayette, opposed a steady front to the fury of the multitude; and the same

predictions were made which are now repeated as to the efficiency of this force in checking all the excesses consequent on civil dissensions. They even went so far, that when an insurrection was attempted on occasion of the return of the King from Varennes, a large body, under Lafayette, fired on the mob in the Champ de Mars, and brought down 120 of the Jacobins on the first discharge. But no sooner did the danger become more urgent, than the inherent weakness of a volunteer force appeared. The tumult of June 20th, 1792, when a lawless rabble invaded the palace of the Tuileries, brought Lafayette from the armies on the frontier back to Paris: he made an energetic speech at the bar of the Assembly, and obtained from that body a decree, ordering the arrest of the authors of these disorders: he reviewed the National Guard, of which he had so long been the adored commander, and appointed a rendezvous at his hotel in the evening of the most trusty battalions, with the design of marching against the Club of the Jacobins, and closing that great focus of sedition. But *scarce thirty men obeyed the summons*; and Lafayette, seeing the task hopeless, set off in the night for the army, and was shortly after denounced at the Jacobin Club, burnt in effigy in the Palais Royal, and compelled to seek safety by surrendering himself a prisoner to the Austrian forces.

The National Guard have already evinced symptoms of the same vacillating disposition. It is understood, that the corps destined for the protection of the Luxemburg, during the trial of Polignac, have declared that they are willing to go every length in resisting the populace, *short of actually firing on them*. In other words, when matters come to a crisis they will *do nothing*.

For these reasons we regard the present juncture as fraught with the utmost peril to France and to Europe. Those who will attentively consider the history of the first Revolution, will not, we are persuaded, form an opposite opinion.

The supposed difference between the two cases vanishes when the real

facts which have occurred, and the chronological order of events, are brought into view.—It is by confounding the beginning with the middle of the Revolution: by supposing that 1789 was 1793, that the general delusion which exists has arisen. We much fear, before many years, perhaps many months are over, the reality of the resemblance between the two convulsions, will be proved in characters of blood.

No truth is so strongly impressed on the mind by the history of the French Revolution, and none is so little attended to by the unthinking part of mankind, as that the ultimate effect of public measures, is neither to be judged of by their first consequences, nor the character of their original promoters. The material thing to look to, in periods of excitement, is not what measures *are*, but what they will *lead to*—not their present effects, but the *spirit* they are likely to produce. Concessions, which would be safe and expedient in moments of tranquillity, become to the last degree dangerous in moments of excitement. When the point of the wedge is once introduced, in such circumstances, popular violence will soon drive it home. It is to no purpose to say, in these moments, the proposed measures are in themselves reasonable: they are brought forward by public men, who have a great stake in the country; reformation can never be dangerous when placed in such hands. The regimen which is salutary in ordinary health, is fatal amidst the flames of a fever. “No revolution in a great state,” says Madame de Stael, “can arise, *unless it is commenced and headed by the higher classes*. The lower seize possession of the current when it is set a-going, but they cannot put it in motion.”* The French Revolution itself was commenced by the resistance of the *nobles, magistrates, and parliament of France*. Yet, how soon were its early leaders cast down and forgotten, in the strife; how soon did the wave of popular ambition overwhelm its first supporters; how speedily did virtuous intention fall beneath the vigour of democratic audacity. These lessons are still re-

* *Revolution Française*, l. 124.

cent; the blood of the victims of insurgent violence is yet reeking; a generation has not passed away since all was accomplished; and yet all is already forgotten; measures are judged of by the men who propose, not those who are about to follow them; the danger of concession to

public excitement is overlooked, and the partisans of the people, like the courtiers of Canute the Dane, flatter their leaders with the vain hope, that they shall be able to say to the waves of popular ambition, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stilled."

A SCENE ON THE "COSTA FIRME." *

I WAS awakened by the low growling, and short bark of the dog. The night was far spent; the tiny sparks of the fire-flies that were glancing in the door-way, began to grow pale; the chirping of the crickets and lizards, and the *snore* of the tree-toad waxed fainter, and the wild cry of the tiger-cat was no longer heard. The *terral*, or land-wind, which is usually strongest towards morning, moaned loudly on the hillside, and came rushing past with a melancholy *sough*, through the brushwood that surrounded the hut, shaking off the heavy dew from the palm and cocoanut trees, like large drops of rain.

The hollow tap of the wood-pecker; the clear flute note of the *Pavo del monte*; the discordant shriek of the macaw; the shrill *chirr* of the wild Guinea fowl; and the chattering of the paroquets began to be heard from the wood. The ill-omened *gallinaso* was sailing and circling round the hut, and the tall flamingo was stalking on the shallows of the lagoon, the haunt of the disgusting alligator, that lay beneath, divided from the sea by a narrow mud-bank, where a group of pelicans, perched on the wreck of one of our boats, were pluming themselves before taking wing. In the east, the deep blue of the firmament, from which the lesser stars were fast fading, all but the "Eye of Morn," was warming into magnificent purple, and the amber rays of the yet unrisen sun were shooting up, streamer-like, with intervals between, through the parting clouds, as they broke away with a passing shower, that fell like a veil of silver gauze between us and the first primrose-coloured streaks of a tropical dawn.

"That's a musket shot," said the Lieutenant. The Indian crept on his

belly to the door, dropped his chin on the ground, and placed his open palms behind his ears. The distant wail of a bugle was heard, then three or four dropping shots again, in rapid succession. Mr Splinter stooped to go forth, but the Indian caught him by the leg, uttering the single word "*Espanoles.*"

On the instant, a young Indian woman, with a shrieking infant in her arms, rushed to the door. There was a blue gunshot wound in her neck, from which two or three large black clotting gouts of blood were trickling. Her long black hair was streaming in coarse braids, and her features were pinched and sharpened, as if in the agony of death. She glanced wildly behind, and gasped out "*Escapa, Oreque, escapa, para mi soi, muerto ya.*" Another shot, and the miserable creature convulsively clasped her child, whose small shrill cry I often fancy I hear to this hour, blending with its mother's death-shriek, and, falling backwards, rolled over the brow of the hill out of sight. The ball had pierced the heart of the parent through the body of her offspring. By this time a party of Spanish soldiers had surrounded the hut, one of whom kneeling before the low door, pointed his musket into it. The Indian, who had seen his wife and child thus cruelly shot down before his face, now fired his rifle, and the man fell dead. "*Siga mi Querida Bondia—maldito.*" Then springing to his feet, and stretching himself to his full height, with his arms extended towards heaven, while a strong shiver shook him like an ague fit, he yelled forth the last words he ever uttered, "*Venga la suerte, ya soi listo,*" and resumed his squatting position on the ground. Half a dozen musket balls were now fired at ran-

* See "The Quenching of the Torch" in the Number for October last.

dom through the wattles, while the Lieutenant, who spoke Spanish well, sung out lustily, that we were English officers who had been shipwrecked. "*Mentira*," growled the officer of the party, "*Piratas son ustedes*." "Pirates leagued with Indian braves; fire the hut, soldiers, and burn the scoundrels!" There was no time to be lost; Mr Splinter made a vigorous attempt to get out, in which I seconded him, with all the strength that remained to me, but they beat us back again with the butts of their muskets.

Where are your commissions, your uniforms, if you be British officers?"—We had neither, and our fate appeared inevitable.

The doorway was filled with brushwood, fire was set to the hut, and we heard the crackling of the palm thatch, while thick stifling wreaths of white smoke burst in upon us through the roof.

"Lend a hand, Tom, now or never, and kick up the dark man there," but he sat still as a statue. We laid our shoulders to the end wall, and heaved at it with all our might; when we were nearly at the last gasp it gave way, and we rushed headlong into the middle of the party, followed by Sneezer with his shaggy coat, that was full of clots of tar blazing like a torch. He unceremoniously seized "*par le queue*," the soldier who had throttled me, setting fire to the skirts of his coat, and blowing up his cartouch box. I believe, under Providence, that the ludicrousness of this attack saved us from being bayoneted on the spot. It gave time for Mr Splinter to recover his breath, when, being a powerful man, he shook off the two soldiers who had seized him, and dashed into the burning hut again. I thought he was mad, especially when I saw him return with his clothes and hair on fire, dragging out the body of the captain. He unfolded the sail it was wrapped in, and pointing to the remains of the naval uniform in which the mutilated and putrifying corpse was dressed, he said sternly to the officer,—"We are in your power, and you may murder us if you will; but *that* was my captain four days ago, and you see, *he* at least was a British officer—satisfy yourself." The person he addressed, a handsome young Spa-

niard, with a clear olive complexion, oval face, small brown mustachios, and large black eyes, shuddered at the horrible spectacle, but did as he was requested.

When he saw the crown and anchor, and his Majesty's cipher on the appointments of the dead officer, he became convinced of our quality, and changed his tone—"Es verdad, son de la marina Inglesa;" "But, gentlemen, were there not three persons in the hut?" There were indeed—the flames had consumed the dry roof and walls with incredible rapidity, and by this time they had fallen in, but Oreeque was nowhere to be seen. I thought I saw something move in the midst of the fire, but it might have been fancy. Again the white ashes heaved, and a half-consumed hand and arm were thrust through the smouldering mass, then a human head, with the scalp burnt from the skull, and the flesh from the chaps and cheek-bones; the trunk next appeared, the bleeding ribs laid bare, and the miserable Indian, with his limbs like scorched rafters, stood upright before us, like a demon in the midst of the fire. He made no attempt to escape, but reeling to and fro like a drunken man, fell headlong, raising clouds of smoke and a shower of sparks in his fall. Alas! poor Oreeque, the newly risen sun was now shining on your ashes, and on the dead bodies of the ill-starred Bondia and her child, whose bones, ere his setting, the birds of the air, and beasts of the forest, will leave as white and fleshless as your own. The officer, who belonged to the army investing Carthage, now treated us with great civility; he heard our story, and desired his men to assist us in burying the remains of our late commander.

We remained all day on the same part of the coast, but towards evening the party fell back on the outpost to which they belonged—after travelling an hour or so we emerged from a dry river course, in which the night had overtaken us, and came suddenly on a small plateau, where the post was established on the promontory of "*Punto Canoa*." There may be braver soldiers at a charge, but none more picturesque in a bivouac than the Spanish. A gigantic wild cotton-tree, to which our largest

English oaks were but as dwarfs, rose on one side, and overshadowed the whole level space. The bright beams of the full moon glanced among the topmost leaves, and tipped the higher branches with silver, contrasting strangely with the scene below, where a large watch-fire cast a strong red glare on the surrounding objects, throwing up dense volumes of smoke, which eddied in dun wreaths amongst the foliage, and hung in the still night air like a canopy, leaving the space beneath comparatively clear.

A temporary guard-house, with a rude verandah of bamboos and palm leaves, had been built between two of the immense spurs of the mighty tree, that shot out many yards from the parent stem like wooden buttresses, whilst overhead there was a sort of stage made of planks laid across the lower boughs, supporting a quantity of provisions covered with tarpaulins. The sentries in the back ground with their glancing arms, were seen pacing on their watch; some of the guard were asleep on wooden benches, and on the platform amongst the branches, where a little baboon-looking old man, in the dress of a drummer, had perched himself, and sat playing a Biscayan air on a sort of bagpipe; others were gathered round the fire cooking their food, or cleaning their arms.

It shone brightly on the long line of Spanish transports that were moored below, *stem on* to the beach, and on the white sails of the armed craft that were still hovering under weigh in the offing, which, as the night wore on, stole in, one after another, like phantoms of the ocean, and letting go their anchors with a splash, and a hollow rattle of the

cable, remained still and silent as the rest.

Farther off, it fell in a crimson stream on the surface of the sheltered bay, struggling with the light of the gentle moon, and tinging with blood the small waves that twinkled in her silver wake, across which a guard boat would now and then glide, like a fairy thing, the arms of the men flashing back the red light.

Beyond the influence of the hot smoky glare, the glorious planet reassumed her sway in the midst of her attendant stars, and the relieved eye wandered forth into the lovely night, where the noiseless sheet lightning was glancing, and ever and anon lighting up for an instant some fantastic shape in the fleecy clouds, like prodigies forerunning the destruction of the stronghold over which they impended; while beneath, the lofty ridge of the convent-crowned Popa, the citadel of San Felipé bristling with cannon, the white batteries and many towers of the fated city of Carthagera, and the Spanish blockading squadron at anchor before it, slept in the moonlight.

We were civilly received by the captain, who apologized for the discomfort under which we must pass the night. He gave us the best he had, and that was bad enough, both of food and wine, before shewing us into the hut, where we found a rough deal coffin lying on the very bench that was to be our bed. This he ordered away with all the coolness in the world. "It was *only* one of his people who had died that morning of *vomito*, or yellow fever." "Comfortable country this," quoth Splinter, "and a pleasant morning we have had of it, Tom!"

Military Events of the late French Revolution; or, An Account of the Conduct of the Royal Guard on that occasion. By a Staff-Officer of the Guards. Translated from the French.

The French Revolution of 1830; The Events which produced it, and the Scenes by which it was accompanied. By D. Turnbull, Esq.

THESE two publications reached us nearly at the same time. The one is a brief pamphlet, the other a bulky volume; and if merit, or even importance, were to be judged by size, we should certainly be inclined to notice Mr Turnbull's production first. But not being at all of the opinion of that learned Dutchman, who observed,

"My broder be de great poet,
Who all de worl'd must please;
For he have write von book
As big as all dis cheese,"

—We quote from memory—we shall begin with the pamphlet, which is decidedly the most interesting document that has hitherto been published upon those celebrated THREE DAYS, which overturned a throne, and changed a dynasty.

Before proceeding to our task, let us still make one or two observations. First, it may be necessary to state, that we know nothing of either of the authors under our review. We sit down impartially to consider both. We have no predisposition to exalt the Staff-Officer above Mr Turnbull, or to raise Mr Turnbull at the expense of the Staff-Officer; and, in every respect, we are perfectly unprejudiced towards either of them. One feeling we do certainly entertain on the subject of their writing. We have heard, for the last three months, an immense deal of disgusting bombast on the late French Revolution, till our very stomachs turn at the reiteration of the words *heroism, enthusiasm, patriotism*, from the burlesque absurdities to which those noble names have been applied; and we certainly shall feel and express unqualified disgust wherever we meet with that turgid exaggeration which caricatures great actions by vain hyperbole.

Amongst the multitude of publications to which the late Revolution in France has given rise, there have been two great wants, which every one who wished to form for

himself a sane judgment of that extraordinary event, must have felt and lamented. The first of these wants has been, a statement of the party who succumbed in the struggle. On this point we have hitherto had no light. The motives on which the King and his Ministers acted, have been surmised; but, of the actual current of events—of those movements and actions, which are always so disfigured by party prejudice, and in regard to which no just conclusion can be drawn, without examining and comparing the accounts on both sides—of these, we know nothing but from the faction which has triumphed. The second great want, has been *any publication* on the subject, giving a calm unexaggerated history of facts, without any touch of that caricatured excitement of feeling which the French so often mistake for enthusiasm, or of that bombast of language which they fancy the sublime. We have seen nothing before the publication of the pamphlet under our notice, but partial statements, exaggerated by all the gasconade of highly stimulated vanity.

"The Account of a Staff-Officer of the Guards," in a great degree remedies both these defects in the history of the Revolution. The style is clear, unaffected, dignified; enough of the Frenchman and of the partisan appears to leave on the mind of the reader the strongest moral conviction of its authenticity; while wounded pride, and national vanity, and some degree of generous indignation, are all tempered by a high tone of gentlemanly feeling. The matter is as valuable as the manner is agreeable and convincing. A clear brief statement is given of all the movements of the royal troops opposed to the Parisian mob. The refutation of innumerable errors is thus obtained, and half the tumid pretensions of the victors are put down by the plain tale of a hundred pages. We must, however, enter

more into detail, without at all wishing to steal the pith and marrow of a pamphlet, which ought to form part of the library of every one who wishes to know and preserve the history of the time in which he lives.

The pamphlet opens with the motives which induce the author to publish an account of the conduct of the Royal Guard during the Revolution; the origin of which motives is to be found in the ungenerous calumnies with which this corps had been assailed for keeping their oath, and doing their duty. The author proceeds to point out, that the French army, like the army of every other nation, is subject to a peculiar code of laws; and he then states the oath taken by every military man, in the following words:

"I swear to be faithful to the King, to obey my superior officers under his authority, and never to abandon my colours!"

It is too certainly a fact, that by the multitude of revolutions and

changes, which, within the last thirty years, have taken place in France, that sacred thing, an oath, sanctified as it ought to be, both by religion and honour, has unfortunately become cheap and almost valueless in that country. What king, what government, what people, can depend upon vows that have been broken thirteen times; and the whole world, when it hears the French nation take its new oath to its new king, may be inclined to exclaim with Talleyrand, "Pray God it be the last!" However that may be, honour be to those who have kept their oaths. There certainly may be occasions on which two duties contend, and then the highest, to the best of our judgment, must be preferred; but the French guards had but one course to follow with honour, and they followed it.

A statement of the effective force in Paris, which could be brought to act against any tumultuous assemblage, comes next, by which we find that,

"On the 25th of July, 1830, the garrison of Paris was composed as follows:—

" GUARDS.				Men.
Infantry, three regts. 1st, 3d, and 7th Swiss	.	.	8 Batt.	3800
Cavalry, two regts. Lancers and Cuirassiers	.	.	8 Squad.	800
Artillery, 8 guns, 4 howitzers	.	.	.	150
LINE.				
5th, 50th, and 53d Regts. and 15th Lt. Inf.	.	.	11 Batt.	4400
Fusiliers Sédentaires	.	.	11 Comp.	1100
THE GENDARMERIE.				
Infantry	.	.	.	700
Cavalry	.	.	.	600
Total effective				11,550

"But in order to arrive at the exact number of troops who were able to take any part the events of July, we must deduct from

.	.	.	that total effective of	11,550
The four Regiments of the Line, who, by the attitude which they took so early as the 27th, separated themselves from the Guards	.	.	.	4400
The Fusiliers Sédentaires, who surrendered their arms to the people on the very first demand	.	.	.	1100
The usual parties supplied by the Guards for the daily service of the posts in Paris, and at St Cloud, &c.	.	.	.	1300
Similar parties furnished as usual by the Gendarmerie, and which suffered the same fate as those furnished by the Guards, namely, being seized and disarmed in detail on their several posts	.	.	.	550
				7350

Remain effective and disposable on the morning of the 28th July, Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery 4200

This is, perhaps, the most extraordinary fact which has yet appeared in regard to the Revolution, that,

at the moment when the council of Charles X. contemplated the annihilation of that anarchial and revolu-

tionary spirit which had shewn itself for nearly two years, by a great and unprecedented exertion of the royal authority, there should not have been at hand to support its measures, above six thousand troops in whom any reliance could be placed.

In the annals of political infatuation—too extensive a page in the book of history—no parallel folly can be found. One conclusion may, however, be fairly drawn from this fact, namely, that both the King and his ministers firmly believed that the *ordonnances* which were issued on the 25th of July were just and reasonable. Had they looked upon those *ordonnances* as that gross violation of law which they undoubtedly were, some force would have been prepared to maintain them: but no force was provided, and that this negligence was the effect of a feeling of security, rather than any difficulty in procuring steady and loyal troops, is evinced by the statement, that, at a week's notice, the guards and household troops who remained firm to the last, might have been increased in number to nearly twenty thousand effective men, by calling in the detachments stationed at Caen, Rouen, Campéigne, Fontainebleau, and other places not far from Paris. As another proof of the confidence of the ministers, the pamphlet states, that

“On that day (the 26th) mobs collected in various parts of the town. The windows of the Minister of Finance, and of M. de Polignac on the Boulevard, were broken; but still no precaution on the part of the police—no measure whatever taken by the military authorities:—and such was the blind security in which the Government seemed plunged, that the officers who asked as usual temporary leaves of absence, obtained them without demur.”

In this state of self-confident security was the French Government when the tumultuous assemblages and vehement harangues of the morning of the 27th gave notice, that the people, in whose minds the seeds of

revolution had for months been sown by the inflammatory addresses of the periodical press, were preparing to take advantage of the monarch's imprudence, and to make it a pretext for instantly accomplishing the work that had been long meditated.* The king, by the *ordonnances* he issued, strove to defend his crown against this long meditated Revolution, but by the illegality of his measures he afforded the pretext, and by the absence of preparation afforded the means, of carrying the purpose of the people into execution.

On the evening of the 27th this purpose became no longer a matter of doubt; and the Officer of the Guards goes on to detail the real events of the tumult which occurred on that day. The actors in that tumult were supplied from the lowest dregs of the Parisian population; but it was easy to see, by the immense number of discharged workmen, that this was only a screen behind which more powerful engines were in preparation, and that shortly the operations of the Revolution would be openly conducted by those who had been long labouring for it.

No event of any great import is noted during the course of that day, except the active commencement of hostilities between the people and the royal troops. On this subject, the writer affirms, that after repeated attacks on the part of the people, the guards fired twice in the air before they proceeded to retaliate upon the multitude the violence to which they had themselves so long submitted. Enough surely had taken place before the close of that momentous day, to warn the members of the government of the popular feeling. Had they possessed eyes they must have seen, had they had ears they must have heard, the awful signs of a roused-up nation. Then was the moment to concede if they found that they had mistaken the feelings of their country,—if they found that they had neither justice nor power to support them;—then was the

* Such is the admission made by M. Guizot in his speech to the Chamber of Deputies, 25th November. “The movement,” he says, “was spontaneous, universal, national; when once it broke out, not an arm, not even a voice, was raised against it. The reason is, that it had long been maturing.” Again,—“before having even been accomplished by deed, it existed already in the minds of men.”

moment to have used every exertion, and to have prepared every means, if they felt that right and strength were on their side;—then was the moment to have displayed their whole force, their whole activity, their whole wisdom, to guard against the possibility of reverse, and to render the struggle as short as mercy could desire. Instead of such precaution, what is the picture presented to us by an eye-witness and a principal actor in the scenes he describes?

“Almost the whole strength of the garrison had been already employed, and it was evident it would have to face next day an increased force of from 60,000 to 80,000 men, of which a great portion would be armed. There were known to exist in Paris 40,000 equipments of the old National Guard; the attempts on the gunsmiths’ shops had not altogether failed; at daybreak they might be expected to be renewed, and the several guard-houses scattered through the town, which could offer no resistance, would of course afford a considerable number of muskets; the Arsenal was well supplied both with arms and ammunition. The powder-magazine of Deux-Moulins was unguarded. All these points ought to have been considered and provided for. This night offered leisure to arrange, and opportunity to execute, all necessary precautions;—the circumstances were urgent,—the danger obvious and imminent, yet NOTHING AT ALL WAS DONE. All that I have just stated was represented to the proper authorities, but nothing was attended to; blindness, folly, and fatality, were triumphant.

“At eleven o’clock the troops were ordered to return to their respective quarters; the streets through which they had to pass were dark and silent; the capital looked, as it were, motionless. *‘The voice of the great city was still.’* It was, they now tell us, this very silence and apparent tranquillity that contributed to strengthen the fancied security of M. de Polignac—a security in which Marshal Marmont, it would seem, at least participated.”

We must now proceed to the military operations of the 28th, when Paris was declared in a state of siege, and Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, took the command of the royal forces. Be it remarked, that after clearing the streets the night before, the troops had been marched back to their barracks, where they remained without orders till eight o’clock the

next morning. During this time the whole of the town remained unguarded; and long before eight the people were in arms, the detached guard-houses, the arsenal, and the powder magazine, were attacked and taken, and the Hotel de Ville was in the hands of the populace ere a single battalion had quitted its barracks. When at length the troops were assembled on the Place du Carrousel, where Marmont had established his head-quarters, that officer proceeded to act upon a plan which might have been very successful had he possessed a force of fifty—thirty—nay, twenty thousand men; but which naturally proved abortive when attempted by an army not exceeding eleven thousand in number, of which only six thousand could be depended upon. The author before us takes the following review of the Duke of Ragusa’s scheme. His surmises are evidently very near the truth, and the deductions from them are beyond doubt correct.

“Marmont’s design appears to have been to occupy in force the Champs Elysées—the Tuileries—the Ecole Militaire—the Panthéon—the Palais de Justice—the Hôtel de Ville—and the interior Boulevards, the occupation of which would cover several empty barracks. The defence of the Palais Royal, confided to a battalion of Guards, was connected on one side with that of the Bank, in which 100 men were posted; and, on the other, was to keep up a communication with the Louvre by the Rue du Coq, and other streets in that direction. But from some movements, which shall be stated presently, it appeared that the Marshal wished also to keep open the great *perpendicular* communications which cross Paris from the Port St Denis to the Panthéon, through the streets of St Denis and St Jacques; and from the Tuileries to the Boulevard, through the Rue de Richelieu: as well as two interior lines *parallel* to the river through the Rue St Honoré, and the Marché des Innocens; and along the Quays and Places du Châtelet and de Grève, to the Place St Antoine, at the extreme east of the town.

“But the troops at his disposal did not, either in number or spirit, suffice for the execution of such a plan. The delay which prevented the 15th light infantry occupying the Place de Grève wholly disarranged it; and, to confess the truth, the attitude and spirit of the regiments of the *Line* were alone sufficient to defeat that, or even a better digested arrangement.

We shall soon see that the neutrality of the *Line* was not only the real cause of the final result of the contest, but that it was the special occasion of the terrible struggle which took place on the 28th at the Hôtel de Ville, and on other points. It left the Guards isolated and unsupported, and with no alternative but to fight, as it were, a fatal *duel* with the people to extricate themselves from the position in which they were placed, and to fight under the dispiriting conviction that the defence or abandonment of the positions were alike destitute of any real military advantage.*

Finding that the 15th regiment of the line, which had been ordered to occupy the Place de Grève and the Hotel de Ville, had not accomplished that object, and shewed no inclination to attempt it, Marmont commanded four separate detachments to march in different directions through the city, thus involving his troops in the most intricate parts of the town, without the possibility of mutual co-operation or support. We shall, however, only follow one of these detachments which marched upon the Hotel de Ville, and which it is now beyond doubt, the Staff-Officer, whose work is before us, accompanied on its painful and dangerous enterprise. It proceeded from the Place du Carousel to the Pont Neuf, where it met with the 15th of the line, which afterwards refused to act, and which, even then, seems to have hesitated to do its duty. One of the battalions, however, was here joined to the guards, and the rest were stationed to support the force which was marching on the Place de Grève. The detachment then crossed the Pont Neuf, and advancing by the Marché aux Fleurs, prepared to re-pass the river by the Pont Notre Dame, making a demonstration, however, on the Suspension-bridge, to deceive the insurgents in the Place de Grève. The attack and taking of the Place de Grève is then described as follows :

"While these arrangements were making, the mobs, which had since the morning been collecting in the Place de Grève and all the neighbourhood, advanced, in something like order, to occupy the Pont Notre Dame, and they, perhaps, also hoped to reach the Pont au Change and the Palais de Justice. They came down

the Rue des Arcis, which leads to the north end of Pont Notre Dame, with drums in front, and headed by a few individuals who appeared to be their leaders. The two guns of the column of Guards, which had been halted at the end of the bridge next the Marché aux Fleurs, were now advanced to the centre of the bridge. At this moment a field-officer* of the Guards advanced across the bridge to meet the insurgents; he pointed out to the leaders the position of the guns, and explained that they were marching to certain destruction, and he conjured them, in the name of humanity, to retire. The drums ceased to beat, and the crowd withdrew to the left and right, but they fired some shots, one of which killed an adjutant who had accompanied the field-officer. It was then that the guns fired one shot each, and the Quays de Gesvres and Pelletier, at the north end of the bridge, were occupied by the Guards. The people skirmished a little from the windows of the Rue des Arcis, and the corner of the Rue de la Tannerie.

"The detachment which crossed by the Suspension-bridge ought not to have come beyond the arch which supports that bridge till the other party, crossing the Pont Notre Dame, had reached the *Place* by the Quay Pelletier; but the impetuosity of the commanding officer hastened this movement, and, for a short time, exposed his detachment to the whole fire of the *Place*, and the windows of the surrounding houses. At length, however, the *Place* was taken, and the people in the houses remained quiet. A firing was still kept up from the angles of the Rue du Mouton, which enters the *Place* from the northward, and in which there was a barricade, which, however, the troops carried. The guns were placed in battery on the *Place*, and pointed towards the Quay de la Cité, and the entrance of the Pont de la Cité, which leads over into the Rue St Louis de l'Isle. It was, indeed, all that could be done with them, for the height of the parapet wall of the Quay prevented their being directed to any other point. I must here observe, once for all, that the eight guns, which were distributed, two and two, to the several columns, were nowhere of much use, and were everywhere a considerable embarrassment. We have heard a great deal of the grape and canister shot (*mitraille*) supposed to have mowed down so many thousand insurgents; but I repeat, with a full certainty of the truth of my assertion, that there were but four rounds of that kind of shot."

* The author of the pamphlet, it is generally believed,

After several hours of severe fighting, being attacked in their position by the continual efforts of the people, the Commandant of the Guards determined to retire into the Hotel de Ville, and limit his operations to the defence of that place. We must again give his own words :—

“Having determined to occupy the Hotel de Ville, it became necessary to abandon the *Place* and its outposts, and limit the defence to the Hotel itself. This edifice covers an *island*, if I may so call it, formed by the streets of La Tisseranderie—Monceaux-St-Gervais, and La Martellerie. The troops caused all the apartments to be opened which had windows on the *Place* and surrounding streets, and they were occupied by sharpshooters of the Guards. They obtained cartridges from the regiment of the Line; and, when all was ready, the Swiss and grenadiers of the Guards were withdrawn from the *Place*. The barricade at the Rue du Mouton was confided to the light infantry of the Guards. This movement was mistaken by the insurgents for a retreat, and they followed it up with another general attack; but the fire from the windows of the building—now for the first time used for this purpose—defeated this attempt; and even the purlieus in the back streets, in which the insurgents had been safe all day, became now, by the fire from the apartments, wholly untenable; and the Parisians suffered considerably. Towards night, a non-commissioned officer, in disguise, arrived to announce that the second column from the Porte St Antoine would not come to the Place de Grève—this was already known by means of the detachment of Cuirassiers—and that the troops in the Hotel de Ville were to make their retreat to the Tuileries *how they could*.

“There was now nothing to be done but to execute this retreat in good order, which, however, was only rendered difficult by the number of wounded, to the amount of between fifty and sixty, whom they would not abandon, and by the guns, which they would have to get over the barricades; this last obstacle, however, the excellence and *movability* of the newly-constructed carriages rendered comparatively light. The wounded were the real embarrassment: but their comrades undertook to carry them. There was now only to fix the *hour*, and the *line* of the retreat. The best line seemed to be that by which they had come. The Quay aux Fleurs is very wide. The Quay de l’Horloge is sheltered, during the greater part of its length, by the buildings of the Palais de Justice and the Conciergerie; and the houses are but thinly inhabited.

“It is known that the Parisians never disarrange themselves as to *hours*. They had fought well all day; at eleven o’clock the moon would be down; the lamps were broken. People do not willingly remain chatting in the dark when they have deeds of prowess to tell to admiring hearers at home; it was therefore concluded that the way would be clear at midnight, and that hour was finally fixed on.”

We have heard so much of the heroism of the people of Paris, of the feats that they performed, and the mighty things which they accomplished, that we were inclined to imagine, on the first view, that some two or three thousand citizens had defeated an immensely superior force of regular troops; instead of two hundred thousand armed men, with the advantage of houses which were fortresses, and streets which were defiles, having maintained their city against six thousand brave, but ill-commanded and unwilling, soldiers. It may be as well to hear the estimate which one of their countrymen, whose national prejudices are balanced in some degree by his *esprit de corps*, forms of the efforts of the Parisians :—

“As to the energy displayed by the people, it is undeniable: every account from individual officers, and every official report, concur in establishing the fact. But *truth* must, on the other hand, be also told: for instance, the kind of attack and defence which was most effective in the hands of the Parisians, was that which was attended with the least danger;—I mean—*war from the windows*. All the barricades, about which we have heard so much, were cleared by the troops. The open attacks made by the people in mass, *could* only be mere failures—an idle waste of life. At the Hotel de Ville, where they made simultaneous efforts on every side, and where fresh assailants were ready to relieve those that were either wounded or wearied, they made no impression; for it is now indisputable, that this edifice was not, during the whole of the 28th, retaken by the people; and after it was evacuated at midnight by the Guards, it remained unoccupied and deserted till the morning of the 29th. It must be admitted, however, that in the efforts which were made to retake it, we recognise the military instinct and courage of the bravest nation in the world.”

Amongst the mistakes and follies of that ever memorable week, which are recorded with truth, nature,

brevity, and force, in the pamphlet before us, we shall only select one more example; and that less from its interest, however great that may be, than as the well-substantiated account of an event which has been invested with a thousand false and ridiculous forms. We allude to the taking of the Louvre, which is thus described by the Officer of the French guards.

"The Marshal, as we have just stated, had sent for one of the two battalions of Swiss which happened to be under the orders of the *same officer* who had so *strangely lost his way* in proceeding to the Marché des Innocens, the day before. This officer, on this requisition, determined to send to the Marshal precisely *THAT ONE* of his two battalions which defended the whole position, namely, that which occupied the colonnade and galleries of the Louvre, all the interior communications of which had been opened for that purpose. *With the other battalion he remained quietly in the interior court below.*

"When the Parisians observed that the firing from the colonnade and windows of the Louvre had ceased, whether it was that the proposition for the suspension of arms had not reached them, (which I believe, though I cannot assert it,) or whether they thought the opportunity of breaking the truce too advantageous to be lost, they approached the edifice, and, finding no opposition, got into the garden called de l'Infante, which is in front of the Louvre; finding still no opposition, they got in at the lower windows and glass doors, and took possession of the whole interior of the edifice. They first occupied the windows which looked into the inner court, and fired on the battalion below. Others ran along the great picture gallery, filling every window, and firing on the troops in the Place du Carousel.

"The recent news of the desertion of the line, and this sudden appearance of the insurgents over their heads along the whole of that vast line, and, perhaps, also, some recollections of the 10th August, disordered the imaginations of the Swiss. Having attempted in vain to recall the Parisians to the armistice, they left the Louvre, and left it with precipitation and in disorder. When they arrived at the Carousel, they found there their third battalion, in presence of the Parisians, who were posted all around, but observing, on both sides, the suspension of arms. The retreating battalion was hotly pursued by the fire of the Parisians; and, at this moment, those who occupied the windows of the picture gallery opened their fire on the Swiss, and, above all, on the two

squadrons of Lancers, which were, as I have before described, cooped up in the railed enclosure of the Tuileries. This example instigated the Parisians, on the other side, to break the armistice, and they also recommenced firing on the whole body of troops in the Carousel."

The retreat of the royal forces—the operations at St Cloud, Versailles, and other places, are related with that clearness, vigour, and detail, which nothing but personal knowledge can give. The ridiculous bravades of the Parisians at Rambouillet, are treated with the calm contempt they deserve; and the final separation of the royal family from their faithful guards, is painted with the beautiful simplicity of nature and true feeling. As a last quotation from this most interesting work, we cannot refrain from selecting this specimen:—

"At ten o'clock, Charles X. quitted the chateau of M. de Noailles. The Guards were under arms, and formed in order of battle along the sides of the road, to pay the last honours to that unhappy family, in whose service they had been for sixteen years.

"This last farewell of soldiers, who could not repress their tears, is probably the most sincere homage that those princes have ever received. Although they might have committed some faults, misfortunes so great and unexpected could not but meet with sympathy, especially in a country whose love for its kings had so long been a kind of passion, and even in our own days had burst forth with transports almost unanimous.

"The Duchesse de Berri, having in her carriage Madame de Gontaut and her children, preceded the Dauphine, whom her husband escorted on horseback.

"Charles X. came next, followed by the Commissioners of the Government; and afterwards, some carriages of the suite, and some baggage-carts. The arms on the carriages had been defaced, even on that of the King.

"The Duke of Ragusa was by the door of the King's carriage, the Body-Guard, and the dragoons of the Guard, who went as far as Dreux, preceded and followed this melancholy train, which passed very slowly in front of the ranks. The Princesses, in tears, bade farewell to the officers and soldiers. The Dauphine said to several of the superior officers, '*Be assured, gentlemen—oh! be well assured, that I have had no share whatever in all this.*'

"The Duke de Bordeaux and his sister bowed mournfully; they seemed not to

be exempted from those moral sufferings which rarely affect childhood.

"Charles X., much affected, and with tears in his eyes, returned the salute of those flags which were no longer to be the colours of the troops whom he now saw for the last time.

"Here ended all the obligations which connected the Guards with the Bourbons. They had fulfilled them, as it was their duty to do, and as they had determined that they would, saying to themselves, '*Do your duty—come what may!*'"

We have read this work with pleasure, and close it with regret; and fully convinced that it will remain as one of the most important historical records of our own times, we thank the translator for having given it to the British public. Every page of the work induces us to place the firmest reliance on the author's veracity. There is the distinctness, there is the simplicity, there is the moderation of truth throughout the whole; and, at all events, the brevity and clearness with which each fact is mentioned, leave little room for misstatement, and no possibility of obscurity. If the author has stated any one thing that is false, he is the boldest man that ever lived, for he has done so in the face of a vain and excited population, the interest of whose pride and whose selfishness, is instantly to contradict him. Some errors, probably, he may have fallen into, with regard to the operations on those points where he was not present himself; but, with respect to the numerical strength of the royal forces—to the movements of the various detachments—to the whole of the operations in the Place de Grève, and at the Hotel de Ville, and to all the after circumstances in which the Guards were concerned, we will venture to say, that the statement of the Staff Officer cannot be false. An immense mass of valuable information is thus given to the world, and an immense mass of falsehood and nonsense is consigned to the place it is fitted for.

Having now stated our opinion of the pamphlet, we turn to the more bulky volume of Mr Turnbull, which is, in fact, a repertory of all the vapouring of the French Revolution. To do the work the most perfect justice, we have read it from beginning to end without passing over one

single sentence—a feat for which we should deserve more credit, if Mr Turnbull's style were as bad as his matter; but that is not the case, and it is but fair to confess, that the language, without being brilliant or forcible, is flowing, pleasant, and as correct as the printers would suffer it to be. The principal difference between this volume and the brief pamphlet we have noticed first, is, that in the "Account of a Staff Officer," we find much that is new and interesting; in the book of Mr Turnbull, we find nothing but what has been hawked from newspaper to newspaper, from daily to weekly, and from weekly to monthly publications, without either gaining elegance or correctness by the transfer. We do firmly believe, that Mr Turnbull has not stated, and would not on any account state, what he did not *imagine* to be fact; but we may be allowed to doubt his sources of information, which do not appear on the face of his book; and to reject entirely those statements which are contradicted by better authority. An author may sit down with the fullest determination to speak the truth, but if he have not sufficient discrimination to find out *that well*, at the bottom of which Truth is hidden, according to the old maxim, and to draw from that and none other, his account will be as different from the matter-of-fact, as the muddiest puddle in the High Street is from the limpid water of Sir William Wallace's well. Such is the case with Mr Turnbull. He sat down to tell the truth beyond all doubt, but he wanted either the time or the judgment to find it; and instead, he has carefully collected, preserved, published, and transmitted to the butter-shops, all the hyperbolic bombast with which the vainest nation in the world has puffed out, befeathered, befurbelowed, and befrizzled one of her exploits.

But we must justify these remarks by extracts; and here let us observe, that in comparing the book called "The French Revolution in 1830," with the account of the Staff Officer, we shall only assume that the latter is correct on those points where the author's means of information were the most perfect that could be obtained, and where his situation rendered mis-statement—*impossible*—we were

about to say ; but if not impossible, in the highest degree improbable.

We shall take Mr Turnbull's book chapter by chapter, to do it all manner of justice. The first division of the work purposes to be a sketch of the events which preceded the late Revolution, from the restoration of the Bourbon family ; and in this we have a repetition, or rather a summary, of all the abuse with which the revolutionary faction have bespattered the royal family, together with many of those anecdotes, to which the prolific manufactories of the Parisian saloons give birth and currency every day. The marvellous intimacy and acquaintance with the most minute particulars of the private life of Charles X. which Mr Turnbull possesses—his knowledge of what ministers and statesmen did not know—of what passed at the privy-council, and of what passed behind the backs of the privy-councillors,—excites at once our astonishment, our admiration, and our delight. In regard to the disbanding of the National Guard, Mr Turnbull gives some most luminous passages, which rather differ from our own reminiscences. It had appeared to us, that the National Guard, when Charles the Tenth reviewed them in the Champ de Mars, received their monarch with seditious, and almost treasonable cries, and were, therefore, wisely disbanded for the sake of public tranquillity. However, Mr Turnbull differs from us ; and far be it from us to rebel against such authority.

Next appear the royal ordonnances, and the report of the council in which they originated. With regard to this report, we must say one word. Though the measures adopted upon it were unwise and illegal ; and though the conclusions drawn from the premises, even in the report itself, are false, yet the picture it affords of the state of France prior to the Revolution, the abuse of the liberty of the press, which it portrays, and the natural consequences of an impending popular commotion, which it anticipates, were positive and absolute facts, which no one will doubt, who looks over the files of the *National*, the *Tems*, and the *Globe* after it became a daily paper. We extract the passage—

“ At no time for these fifteen years has this situation presented itself under a more serious and more afflicting aspect. Notwithstanding an actual prosperity, of which our annals afford no example, signs of disorganization and symptoms of anarchy manifest themselves at almost every point of the kingdom.

“ The successive causes which have concurred to weaken the springs of the monarchical government tend now to impair and to change the nature of it. Stripped of its moral force, authority, both in the capital and the provinces, no longer contends, but at a disadvantage, with the factious. Pernicious and subversive doctrines, loudly professed, are spread and propagated among all classes of the population. Alarms, too generally credited, agitate people's minds, and trouble society. On all sides the present is called upon for pledges of security for the future.

“ An active, ardent, indefatigable malevolence, labours to ruin all the foundations of order, and to snatch from France the happiness she enjoys under the sceptre of her kings. Skilful in turning to advantage all discontents, and in exciting all hatreds, it fomenters among the people a spirit of distrust and hostility towards power, and endeavours to sow everywhere the seeds of trouble and civil war ; and already, Sire, recent events have proved that political passions, hitherto confined to the upper portion of society, begin to penetrate the depths of it, and to stir up the popular classes. It is proved also, that these masses can never move without danger, even to those who endeavour to rouse them from repose.

“ A multitude of facts collected in the course of the electoral operations confirm these data, and would offer us the too certain presage of new commotions, if it were not in the power of your majesty to avert the misfortune.”

The chapter by which this is succeeded, professes to shew the effect of the ordonnances on the Parisian populace. How far Mr Turnbull is right in his view, we cannot say. We have no doubt that he was in every part of Paris on the evening of Monday ; but in regard to the following passage—

“ The Champs Elysées, which, on a summer evening, present so many joyous groups around the bands of itinerant musicians, the jugglers, the marionnettes, and other sources of amusement, so liberally provided for them, presented on this evening, and alas ! on more evenings than this, a very different spectacle”—
we can only say, that we are now

sitting with a gentleman, who drove through the Champs Elysées, late on that identical evening, and he now informs us, that never did he behold a more gay or lively scene. Never, during a long residence in France, did he see the promenade more thronged with carriages, horses, and pedestrians.

In the next chapter, we come to the beginning of the tumults; and here it is, that the statement being more precise, we more easily discover the egregious mistakes into which Mr Turnbull has suffered himself to be led.

As a specimen, we give the statement of the royal preparations for putting down the rising of the people:

“While the representatives of the people, and the occupants of the judgment-seat, were thus discharging the high functions confided to them, in a manner so honourable to their integrity and independence, the capital and its environs were every instant assuming a more threatening and alarming aspect. It was already known that the command of the troops of the garrison, consisting of 12,000 men of the royal French and Swiss Guard, the 5th, 50th, and 53d regiments of the line, the 15th regiment of light horse, and a formidable train of artillery, had been placed under the command of the Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa.”

We have already given the statement of the Staff-officer, who, on this point, could not mistake, and who, we will venture to say, neither wished nor dared to falsify. By the comparison of the two accounts, if we calculate each of the regiments of the line mentioned by Mr Turnbull at 1100 men, we shall find that, including the guards, according to his statement of their number, he overrates the garrison by nearly 4000 men, besides one whole regiment of cavalry. Some deductions also must surely be made from “*a formidable train of artillery*,” when reduced to eight guns and four howitzers which were never used. On this chapter, which ends with the famous Marseillois Hymn, we shall only make one farther observation, namely, that if the new Sovereign have, as stated by Mr Turnbull, granted a pension to the composer of that song, who dared to call the good, the mild, the

benevolent Louis XVI. a “*Despote Sanguinaire*,” we shall deeply lament, that to fawn upon a faction, Louis Philippe has sacrificed all title to respect.

In the next chapter, we shall select one or two of the passages which are formally contradicted by the account of the Staff-officer, on points where his authority must be considered paramount. In the first instance, Mr Turnbull states, that—

“Towards eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, the scene of strife had become general in all those quarters of the town which, during the previous night, had been occupied by the royal forces.”

As we have seen, the Staff-officer declares, that at eight o'clock the troops were quiet in their barracks.

Again, we find the following account of the march of the troops to the Place de la Bastille:

“At that moment the report of musketry, at the distance of two hundred paces, announced that an engagement had commenced under the eyes of the observer. He could perceive decided symptoms of commotion in all the neighbouring lines which opened into the boulevard. The cry was then heard of ‘*Permez vos fenêtres!*’ and at the same instant a strong body of troops made their appearance, marching in close column the whole breadth of the boulevard, and in double quick time. The column was preceded by a party of tirailleurs, who fired as they advanced, sometimes in the air to clear the way on their approach, and sometimes at the windows, from the fear, no doubt, lest, if open, the inhabitants should fire from them on the troops. The *jalousés*, or outer window-blinds of the old man's chamber had been left open; and as they were fastened to the wall, he was quite unable to rise for the purpose of closing them. A soldier of the Royal Guard, mistaking perhaps the crutches which stood by him for some instrument of offence, presented his piece at the window, and fired, but missed his object. A regiment of infantry having thus passed, there followed a squadron of lancers, with a detachment of cuirassiers, and several pieces of artillery. They were all of the Royal Guard, horse as well as foot, and amounted, by the observer's estimate, to some two thousand men. They took up their position on the Place de la Bastille, and had scarcely arrived there when the sound of musketry, first in files, and afterwards in platoons, announced that the progress of the troops had been opposed;

In so open a space, and under such circumstances, opposition on the part of the inhabitants was an unjustifiable act of temerity. After considerable loss on both sides, they were soon obliged to retire before the column, which then advanced as far as the angle, formed by the *carrefour de Reuilly*. There the troops of the guard received a reinforcement of a battalion of infantry, and two additional pieces of cannon, from the garrison at Vincennes."

The whole forces here magnified to a host, we find, by the Officer's account, to have consisted of 520 men, and two guns.

The next information we derive from Mr Turnbull, is as follows:—

"The inhabitants of Paris had been suffering all the horrors of a siege long before the appearance of the edict by which it was declared. Its preparation was perhaps called for by the Duke of Ragusa, as his warrant for assuming the command of the troops, and entering the city at their head. This he did at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning. The column under his immediate command consisted of six thousand men and eight pieces of cannon. He entered the city by the quays on the left bank of the Seine, ascended that side of the river, took possession of the Pont Neuf, and ordered an attack on the Hotel de Ville, which was at that time occupied by the National Guards.

"But in marching along the quays, the troops were still exposed on one side to the attacks of the citizens, who did not hesitate to fire on this strong body of men, from the windows of their houses, and from behind the parapets, which occur in various parts of the route. It is said, however, that the men, who had just arrived from Sèvres, in the neighbourhood of Saint Cloud, had there received every species of excitement to the performance of their murderous task. They had been passed in review by the Duke d'Angoulême, who had caused a distribution of money, wine, and brandy, to be made among them. The money was given in the proportion of thirty, forty, and fifty francs a man, to the privates of the Foot Guards, the Swiss, and the Lancers, respectively. Crosses of the Legion of Honour were promised to the officers, and were actually bestowed on them in great profusion, before the departure of the royal family for Rambouillet.

"But to return from this digression to the scene of operations on the Boulevards: At the head of the Rue Montmartre, an affair took place in which Marmont commanded in person. During some part of the day, the Place des

Victoires had been occupied by troops, part of whom, consisting of a detachment of the line, had been observed to fraternize with the post of National Guards established at the Petits-Peres. About two o'clock, the Marshal made his appearance on the Place des Victoires, at the head of fresh troops. These he placed in observation at the openings of the Rue de Mail, the Rue des Fosses Montmartre, the Rue Croix des Petits-Champs, and the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs. A charge was then ordered, which produced a great number of casualties on the side of the troops, as well as of the people. The detachment placed in the Rue de Mail was led by Marmont in person. He entered the Rue Montmartre, and traversed some portion of it without much opposition; but having advanced as far as the Rue Joquelet, the resistance offered by the citizens became so obstinate, and was attended with so much effect, that the Marshal and those under his command found it necessary to fall back on their former position in the Place des Victoires."

This is as fine a piece of imaginary history as we remember to have met with. That it is entirely imaginary, the reader may at once convince himself, by looking over the evidence given before the Chamber of Peers, by Monsieur de Romierouski, Marmont's aide-de-camp, by which he will find that the Duke de Ragusa entered Paris on the *Tuesday*, not on the *Wednesday*,—alone, not accompanied by six thousand men; and that, instead of *marching* up the quays to the Pont Neuf, and ordering an attack on the Hotel de Ville, he *drove*, in his carriage, up the Boulevards, and walked into Monsieur de Polignac's. Then, if the reader will turn to page 43 of the Staff-officer's account, he will meet with a complete contradiction to the absurd report of the Duke of Ragusa having headed the troops himself in their conflicts with the people. He never quitted his head-quarters, except for the purpose of visiting the posts at the Bank and the Palais Royal, which, to use the words of the Staff-officer—he did, "accompanied by three aides-de-camp, and the usual escort; but his passage did not even make any difference in the position of the troops." Mr Turnbull, however, yields the Marshal the honour of many a well-fought battle in the streets of Paris; and we hear of his marching here, and counter-

marching there, with a promptitude and precision which would have delighted Major Sturgeon, had that respectable and ever-to-be-lamented officer been now alive.

Perhaps these instances of egregious error might be sufficient to give the work at once its due place; but we must notice one more passage, which fairly outdoes all its fellows. This refers to the taking of the Hotel de Ville, and we cannot refrain from giving it at length.

“As the Hotel de Ville was a position of considerable importance, the Place de Grève, and the other avenues which lead to it, became the scene of several bloody engagements. In the course of Wednesday, the 28th, the town-hall had been taken and retaken, perhaps ten or twelve different times, by the National Guard and the citizens on the one hand, and the regular troops on the other; and, as the resistance was as obstinate as the attack was courageous, the struggle was necessarily attended with a dreadful slaughter. When the people were the assailants, they rushed out from a number of points on the Arcade Saint Jean, the streets De la Tixeranderie and De Mouton, the iron bridge, and the adjoining quays. The importance of this central point was felt on all sides, from the great moral influence it would give to the insurgents, through the establishment of a provisional government. Every effort was, in consequence, employed for securing its permanent possession; but, by turns, the chances were favourable and unfavourable to the popular cause. It was nightfall when the firing was interrupted, and then only to be begun again at an early hour on Thursday morning. So many efforts of heroism were crowned at length with complete success. Tired out and disheartened by the constant renewal of the masses opposed to them, the royalist forces were finally forced to evacuate this dangerous post; and there also floated the victorious colours of the nation.”

We have but one little sentence to place against this; but that, with the touch of an enchanter's wand, dissolves this mighty fabric into “thin air.”

“It is now indisputable,” says the Officer who commanded in the Hotel de Ville, speaking in the face of all his fellow-countrymen—“*It is now indisputable, that this edifice was not during the whole of the 28th retaken by the people, and after it had been evacuated at midnight by the guards,*

it remained unoccupied and deserted till the morning of the 29th.”

“Ten or eleven times!!!” says Mr Turnbull. Not once! says the eye-witness. “*Utrum horum mavis?*” But this to us is quite sufficient; and we shall say no more in regard to the accuracy of “Paris in 1830.”

We must again repeat, that we have no doubt whatever that Mr Turnbull believes every word which he has written; and judging from the date and several other passages of his preface, we are led to suppose that he lives in Paris, in the midst of scenes where passions have not yet subsided, and where facts are very slowly becoming divested of the exaggerations with which they have been obscured.

He states, also, that dispatch has been solicited of him in the composition of his work; and this, of course, has prevented him from accurately investigating every particular, ere he placed it on paper. We are sorry for it, for his own sake; for this book will not do him credit; and he will have much wherewith to reproach those, who have so hurried him with a work which would have required time and long investigation to have accomplished it properly. He does not want ability, and we hope to see something yet from his pen, very far superior to the production before us. Let us warn him, however, against a certain bad taste which he has caught from the most disagreeable class of French writers. All his anecdotes of heroic bakers, and generous printers, and independent blacksmiths, and disinterested Jews, are of this cast, as well as the details of patriotic lasses, and self-devoted midwives; but the worst of all is the tale of Dr Fabré Palaprat. This gentleman, roaming through the streets of Paris, seeking whom he might cure, encountered the ugliest man imaginable, armed with a bloody sword, who fell down at his feet through pure inanition, and a wound in his left leg. The Doctor tended him, dressed his wound, and offered him a five franc piece to get some dinner; but so magnanimous was the ugly man with the wounded leg, that he started up, and nearly sabred the good Samaritan, for talking of money and dinner to a Parisian revolutionist!!! So infinitely edified was the

Doctor with this attempt to sabre him, that he threw himself on the neck of the ugly man with the gunpowder face, and wept with admiration.—If Mr Turnbull fancies that such tales are calculated to promote any thing but laughter, he is mistaken.

Though we cannot, as we proposed at first, go through each chapter separately, let us remark, that the best of the book consists in two sketches of Lafayette and Louis Philippe, which are given with some spirit. Let Mr Turnbull choose a favourable subject, consider it dispassionately, and add to the sincere desire of truth, which we doubt not he possesses, the spirit of calm and patient investigation, which is absolutely necessary to find it; let him beware of spending high-sounding language on trifles, and of striving for enthusiasm where enthusiasm is not applicable, and we doubt not that we shall see from his hand, something which may distinguish him from the crowd, instead of a book that is of no service to the public, and no credit to himself.

In regard to the late Revolution, we must add one or two words: Let us first remark, that it is an extraordinary fact that Napoleon—who held the crown of France by the same rights as Louis Philippe, that is to say, by the choice of the people, called forth by the necessity of the moment—abdicated exactly upon the same conditions as Charles X., that is to say, provided the nation would receive his heir. In both instances the condition was rejected; and, consequently, the abdication, as a voluntary act, was null. At all events, it

did not affect either the King of Rome, or the Duke of Bordeaux. Thus, when Louis Philippe, Charles X., and the Duke of Angouleme, shall have gone to that place whither Napoleon has preceded them, three young competitors will exist for the often contested throne of France, all three claiming by hereditary right alone—Time, the great hazard player, must decide the chances.

On the conduct of Charles X., there can be but little difference of opinion. With the best wishes for the good of his people, and with the fatal consequences of his brother's (Louis XVI.) mildness before his eyes, he thought to stem the tide of Revolution, which was overwhelming France, by a violent and ill-timed exertion of authority. It may be a question, whether, if he had refrained, he would have been still on the throne or not. Perhaps, when the revolutionary faction had thrown off its disguise, and stood forth in all the hideousness of its anarchical features, the good and moderate, at length undeceived, might have rallied round the throne, and protected the monarch from the insidious monster that had glided forward with a thousand convolutions, till it was ready to envelope him in its serpent folds. Perhaps their aid would have come too late, and he might still have succumbed; but in either case, *had he refrained* till the first blow was struck by his enemy, he would have had right and justice on his side. Had he triumphed, he would have triumphed with the dignity of moderation; and had he fallen, he would have received present sympathy and ultimate redress.

*** Since writing these pages, a considerable body of evidence has appeared, given in the trial of the ex-ministers. This in every respect corroborates the testimony of the Staff-Officer, and justifies our opinion of the two works under our notice.

DR PARR AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

THE time is come when, without offence, the truth may be spoken of Dr Parr. Standing by the side of the grave, men's eyes, as it were, fastened upon the very coffin of an excellent person, all literary people under any restraint of honourable feelings—all writers who have trained themselves to habits of liberal sympathy and of generous forbearance—every body, in short, but the very rash or very juvenile, the intemperate or malignant—put a seal upon their lips. Grief, and the passionate exaggerations of grief, have a title to indulgent consideration, which, in the upper walks of literature, is not often infringed; amongst polished Tories, amongst the coterie of this journal, we may say—*never*. On this principle it was that we prescribed to ourselves most willingly a duty of absolute silence at the time of Dr Parr's death, and through the years immediately succeeding. The sorrow of his numerous friends was then keen and raw. For a warm-hearted man—and Dr Parr was such—there is an answerable warmth of regret. Errors and indiscretions are forgotten; virtues are brought forward into high relief; talents and accomplishments magnified beyond all proportions of truth. These extravagancies are even graceful and becoming under the immediate impulses which prompt them: and for a season they are, and ought to be, endured. But this season has its limits. Within those limits the rule is—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Beyond them, and when the privilege of recent death can no longer be sustained, this rule gives way to another—*De mortuis nil nisi verum et probabiliter demonstratum*. This canon has now taken effect with regard to Dr Parr. The sanctities of private grief have been sufficiently respected, because the

grief itself has submitted to the mitigation of time. Enough has been conceded to the intemperance of sorrowing friendship: the time has now arrived for the dispassionate appreciation of equity and unbiassed judgment.

Eighteen years have passed away since we first set eyes upon Dr Samuel Parr. Off and on through the nine or ten years preceding, we had heard him casually mentioned in Oxford, but not for any good. In most cases, the anecdote which brought up his name was some pointless parody of a Sam-Johnsonian increpation, some Drury-Lane counterfeit of the true Jovian thunderbolts:

Demens qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen

Ære et cornipedum sonitu simularet equorum.

In no instance that we recollect had there appeared any felicity in these colloquial fulminations of Dr Parr. With an unlimited license of personal invective, and with an extravagance of brutality not credible, except in the case of one who happened to be protected by age and by his petticoats,—consequently with one power more than other people enjoy, who submit themselves to the restraints of courtesy, and to the decencies of social intercourse,—the Doctor had yet made nothing of his extra privilege, nor had so much as once attained a distinguished success. There was labour, indeed, and effort enough, preparation without end, and most tortuous circumgyration of periods; but from all this sonorous smithery of hard words in *osity* and *ation*, nothing emerged—no wrought massy product—but simply a voluminous smoke. Such had been the fortune, whether fairly representing the general case or not,

* The Works of Samuel Parr, LL.D. with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and a Selection from his Correspondence. By John Johnstone, M.D. In 8 vols. London: 1828.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. With Biographical Notices of many of his Friends, Pupils, and Contemporaries. By the Rev. William Field. In 2 vols. London: 1828.

Parriana; or Notices of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. By E. H. Barker, Esq. London: 1828.

second hand in respect to Dr Parr and his colloquial prowess. When we add, that in those years of teeming and fermenting intellects, at a crisis so agitating for human interests upon the very highest scale, no mere philologist or *grammaticaster*—though he had been the very best of his class—could have held much space in our thoughts; and, with respect to Dr Parr in particular, when we say that all avenues to our esteem had been foreclosed from our boyish days by one happy sarcasm of the Pursuits of Literature, where Parr had been nicknamed, in relation to his supposed model, *the Birmingham Doctor*;* and, finally, when we assure the reader that he was the one sole specimen of a whig parson that we had ever so much as heard of within the precincts of the Church of England;—laying together all this, it may be well presumed, that we did not anticipate much pleasure or advantage from an hour's admission to Dr Parr's society. In reality, having heard all the fine colloquial performers of our own times, we recoiled from the bare possibility of being supposed to participate in the curiosity or the interest which, in various degrees, possessed most of those who on that morning surrounded us. The scene of this little affair was—a front drawing-room in the London mansion of one of Dr Parr's friends. Here was collected a crowd of morning visitors to the lady of the house: and in a remote back drawing-room was heard, at intervals, the clamorous laugh of Dr Samuel Parr, then recently arrived from the country upon a visit to his London friend. The miscellaneous company assembled were speedily apprised *who* was the owner of that obstreperous laugh—so monstrously beyond the key of good society; it transpired, also, *who* it was that provoked the laugh; it was the very celebrated *Bobus* Smith. And, as a

hope was expressed that one or both of these gentlemen might soon appear amongst us, most of the company lingered in the reasonable expectation of seeing Dr Sam.—we ourselves, on the slender chance of seeing Mr Bobus. Many of our junior readers, who cannot count back far beyond the year in question, (1812,) are likely to be much at a loss for the particular kind of celebrity, which illustrated a name so little known to fame in these present days, as this of Bobus Smith. We interrupt, therefore, our little anecdote of Dr Parr, with the slightest outline of Mr Smith's story and his pretensions. Bobus, then, (who drew his nickname, we conjecture, though the *o* was pronounced long, from subscribing the abbreviated form of *Bobus*, for his full name *Robertus*)—a brother of the Rev. Sydney Smith, who now reposes from his jovial labours in the Edinburgh Review, upon the bosom of some luxurious English Archdeaconry,—had first brought himself into great notice at Cambridge by various specimens of Latin verse, in the Archaic style of Lucretius. These we have sought for in vain; and, indeed, it appears from a letter of Mr Smith's to Dr Parr, that the author himself has retained no copies. These Latin verses, however, were but bagatelles of sport. Mr Smith's serious efforts were directed to loftier objects. We had been told, as early as 1806, (how truly we cannot say,) that Mr Bobus had publicly avowed his determination of first creating an ample fortune in India, and then returning home to seize the post of Prime Minister, as it were by storm; not that he could be supposed ignorant, how indispensable it is in ordinary cases, that good fortune, as well as splendid connexions, should concur with commanding talents, to such a result. But a condition, which for other men might be a *sine quâ non*,

* One of Dr Parr's biographers argues that this *sobriquet* had no foundation in fact, the Doctor not being either by birth or residence a denizen of this great *officina* for the arts of imitative and counterfeit manufacture. But the truth is, that he had sufficiently connected himself with Birmingham in the public mind, by his pointed intercourse with the Dissenters of that town, and by the known proximity to Birmingham of his common and favourite residence, to furnish a very plausible basis to a cognomen that was otherwise specially fitted to express the relations of his style and quality of thinking to those of Johnson.

of our own youthful experience at for himself he ventured to waive, in the audacity, said our informant, of conscious intellectual supremacy. So at least the story went. And for some years, those who had heard it continued to throw anxious gazes towards the Eastern climes, which detained her destined premier from England. At length came a letter from Mr Bobus, saying, "I'm coming." The fortune was made: so much, at least, of the Cambridge menace had been fulfilled; and in due time Bobus arrived. He took the necessary steps for prosecuting his self-created mission: he caused himself to be returned to Parliament for some close borough: he took his seat: on a fitting occasion he prepared to utter his maiden oration: for that purpose he raised himself bolt-upright upon his pins: all the world was hushed and on tiptoe when it was known that Bobus was on his legs: you might have heard a pin drop. At this critical moment of his life, upon which, as it turned out, all his vast cloud-built fabrics of ambition were suspended, when, if ever, he was called upon to rally, and converge all his energies, suddenly his presence of mind forsook him: he faltered: rudder and compass slipped away from him: and—oh! Castor and Pollux!—Bobus foundered! nor, from that day to this, has he been heard of in the courts of ambition. This catastrophe had occurred some time before the present occasion; and an event which had entirely extinguished the world's interest in Mr Bobus Smith had more than doubled ours. Consequently we waited with much solicitude. At length the door opened; which recalls us from our digression into the high-road of our theme: for not Mr Bobus Smith, but Dr Parr entered.

Nobody announced him; and we were left to collect his name from his dress and his conversation. Hence it happened, that for some time we were disposed to question ourselves whether this might not be Mr Bobus even, (little as it could be supposed to resemble him,) rather than Dr Parr; so much did he contradict all our rational preconceptions. "A man," said we, "who has insulted people so outrageously, ought not to have done this in single reliance upon

his professional protections; a brave man, and a man of honour, would here have carried about with him, in his manner and deportment, some such language as this,—'Do not think that I shelter myself under my gown from the natural consequences of the affronts I offer; mortal combats I am forbidden, sir, as a Christian minister, to engage in; but, as I find it impossible to refrain from occasional license of tongue, I am very willing to fight a few rounds, in a ring, with any gentleman who fancies himself ill-used.' " Let us not be misunderstood; we do not contend that Dr Parr should often, or regularly, have offered this species of satisfaction. But we *do* insist upon it—that no man should have given the very highest sort of provocation so wantonly as Dr Parr is recorded to have done, unless conscious that, in a last extremity, he was ready, like a brave man, to undertake a short turn-up, in a private room, with any person whatsoever whom he had insulted past endurance. A doctor, who had so often tempted a cudgelling, ought himself to have had some ability to cudgel. Dr Johnson assuredly would have acted on that principle. Had volume the second of that same folio with which he floored Osborn, happened to lie ready to the prostrate man's grasp, nobody can suppose that Johnson would have gainsaid his right to retaliate; in which case, a regular succession of rounds would have been established. Considerations such as these, and the Doctor's undeniable reputation (granted even by his most admiring biographers) as a sanguinary flagellator, throughout his long career of pedagogue, had prepared us—nay, entitled us—to expect in Dr Parr a huge carcass of man, fourteen stone at the least. Even his style, pursy and bloated, and his sesquipedalian words, all warranted the same conclusion. Hence, then, our surprise, and the perplexity we have recorded, when the door opened, and a little man, in a *buz wig*, cut his way through the company, and made for a *fauteuil* standing opposite to the fire. Into this he *lunged*; and then forthwith, without preface or apology, began to open his talk upon us. Here arose a new marvel and a greater. If we had been

scandalized at Dr Parr's want of thewes and bulk, conditions so indispensable for enacting the part of Sam. Johnson, much more, and with better reason, were we now petrified with his voice, utterance, gestures, and demeanour. Conceive, reader, by way of counterpoise to the fine* enunciation of Dr Johnson, an infantine lisp—the worst we ever heard—from the lips of a man above sixty, and accompanied with all sorts of ridiculous grimaces and little stage gesticulations. As he sat in his chair, turning alternately to the right and to the left, that he might dispense his edification in equal proportions amongst us, he seemed the very image of a little French gossiping abbé.

Yet all that we have mentioned, was, and seemed to be, a trifle by comparison with the infinite pettiness of his matter. Nothing did he utter but little shreds of calumnious tattle—the most ineffably silly and frivolous of all that was then circulating in the Whig *salons* of London against the Regent. He began precisely in these words: “Oh! I shall tell you” (laying a stress upon the word *shall*, which still further aided the resemblance to a Frenchman) “a sto-hee” (lispingly for story) “about the Pince Thegent” (such was his nearest approximation to *Prince Regent*.) “Oh, the Pince Thegent—the Pince Thegent!—what a sad, sad man he has turned out! But you *shall* hear. Oh! what a Pince! what a Thegent!—what a sad Pince Thegent!” And so the old babbler went on, sometimes wringing his little hands in lamentation, sometimes flourishing them with French grimaces and shrugs of shoulders, sometimes expanding and contracting his fingers like a fan. After an hour's twaddle of the lowest and most scandalous description, suddenly he rose and hopped out of the room, exclaiming all the way, “*Oh! what a Pince, oh, what a Thegent,—did any body ever hear of such a sad Pince—such a sad Thegent,—such a sad, sad Pince Thegent? Oh, what a Pince,*” &c., *da capo*.

Not without indignation did we ex-

claim to ourselves, on this winding up of the scene, “And so that then, that lithping slander-monger, and retailer of petty scandal and gossip, fit rather for washerwomen over their tea, than for scholars and statesmen, is the champion whom his party propound as the adequate antagonist of Samuel Johnson! Faugh!” — — — We had occasion, in this instance, as in so many others which we have witnessed, to remark the conflict between the natural and the artificial (or adopted) opinions of the world, and the practical triumph of the first. A crowd of ladies were present: most of them had been taught to believe that Dr Parr was a prodigious scholar, and in some mysterious way, and upon something not exactly known or understood except by learned men, a great authority, and, at all events, what is called—a *public character*. Accordingly, upon his first entrance, all of them were awed—deep silence prevailed—and the hush of indefinite expectation. Two minutes dispersed *that* feeling; the Doctor spoke, and the spell was broken. Still, however, and long afterwards, some of them, to our own knowledge, continued to say—“We suppose” (or, “we have been told”) “that Dr Parr is the modern Johnson.” Their artificial judgments clung to them after they had *evidently* given way, by a spontaneous movement of the whole company, to the natural impression of Dr Parr's conversation. For no sooner was the style and tendency of Dr Parr's gossip apparent, than a large majority of those present formed themselves into little parties, entered upon their own affairs; and, by a tacit convention, agreed to consider the Doctor as addressing himself exclusively to the lady of the house and her immediate circle. Had Sam. Johnson been the talker, nobody would have presumed to do this; secondly, nobody, out of a regard to his own reputation, would have been so indiscreet as to do this; he would not have acknowledged weariness had he felt it; but, lastly, nobody would have wished to do this: weariness was impossible in the presence of Sam. Johnson. Nei-

* Boswell has recorded the remarkably distinct and elegant articulation and intonation of Johnson's English.

ther let it be said, that perhaps the ladies present were unintellectual, and careless of a scholar's conversation. They were not so : some were distinguished for ability—all were more or less tinctured with literature. And we can undertake to say, that any man of tolerable colloquial powers, speaking upon a proper topic, would have commanded the readiest attention. As it was, every one felt (if she did not even whisper to her neighbour) "Here, at least, is nothing to be learned."

Such was our first interview with Dr Parr; such its issue. And now let us explain our drift in thus detailing its circumstances. Some people will say, the drift was doubtless to exhibit Dr Parr in a disadvantageous light—as a petty gossip, and a man of mean personal appearance. No; by no means. Far from it! We have a mean personal appearance ourselves; and we love men of mean appearance. Having one spur more than other men to seek distinction in those paths where nature has not obstructed them, they have one additional chance (and a great one) for giving an extended developement to their intellectual powers. Many a man has risen to eminence under the powerful reaction of his mind in fierce counter-agency to the scorn of the unworthy, daily evoked by his personal defects, who with a handsome person would have sunk into the luxury of a careless life under the tranquillizing smiles of continual admiration. Dr Parr, therefore, lost nothing in *our* esteem by shewing a meanish exterior. Yet even this was worth mentioning, and had a value in reference to our present purpose. We like Dr Parr; we may say even, that we love him for some noble qualities of heart that really *did* belong to him, and were continually breaking out in the midst of his singular infirmities. But this, or

even a still nobler moral character than Dr Parr's, can offer no excuse for giving a false elevation to his intellectual pretensions, and raising him to a level which he will be found incapable of keeping when the props of partial friendship are withdrawn. Our object is to value Dr Parr's claims, and to assign his true station both in literature and in those other walks of life upon which he has come forward as a public man. With such a purpose before us, it cannot be wholly irrelevant to notice even Dr Parr's person, and to say, that it was at once coarse, and in some degree mean; for his too friendly biographers have repeatedly described his personal appearance in flattering terms, and more than once have expressly characterised it as "dignified;" which it was *not*, according to any possible standard of dignity, but far otherwise; and it is a good inference from such a misstatement to others of more consequence. His person was poor; and his features were those of a clown—coarse, and ignoble, with an air, at the same time, of drollery, that did not sit well upon age, or the gravity of his profession. Upon one feature, indeed, Dr Parr valued himself exceedingly; this was his eye: he fancied that it was peculiarly searching and significant: he conceited, even, that it frightened people; and had a particular form of words for expressing the severe use of this basilisk function: "I *inflicted* my eye upon him," was his phrase in such cases.* But the thing was all a mistake: his eye could be borne very well: there was no mischief in it. Doubtless, when a nervous gentleman, in a pulpit, who was generally the subject of these inflictions, saw a comical looking old man, from below, levelling one eye at him, with as knowing an expression as he could throw into it,—mere perplexity as to the motive and proper construction of

* Lord Wellesley has been charged with a foible of the same kind; how truly, we know not. More than one person of credit assured us, some six-and-twenty years ago, that at his levees, when Governor-General of India, he was gratified, as by a delicate stroke of homage, upon occasionally seeing people throw their eyes to the ground—dazzled, as it were, by the effulgent lustre of *his*. This is possible; at the same time we cannot but acknowledge that our faith in the story was in some slight degree shaken by finding the same foppery attributed (on tradition, however) to Augustus Cæsar, in the Memoirs of Suetonius.

so unseasonable a personality might flutter his spirits; and to the vain, misjudging operator below, might distort this equivocal confusion, arising out of blank ignorance of his meaning, into the language of a conscious and confessing culprit. Explanations, in the nature of the thing, would be of rare occurrence: for some would not condescend to complain; and others would feel that the insult, unless it was for the intention, had scarcely body enough and tangible shape to challenge enquiry. They would anticipate, that the same man, who, in so solemn a situation as that between a congregation and their pastor, could offer such an affront, would be apt to throw a fresh ridicule upon the complaint itself, by saying—"Fix my eye upon you, did I? Why, that's all my eye with a vengeance. Look at you, did I? Well, sir, a cat may look at a king." This said in a tone of sneer: and then, with sneer and strut at once, "I trust, sir,—humbly, I take leave to suppose, sir, that Dr Parr is not so obscure a person, not so wholly unknown in this sublunary world, but he may have license to look even at as great a man as the Reverend Mr so and so." And thus the worthy doctor would persevere in his mistake, that he carried about with him, in his very homely collection of features, an organ of singular power and effect for detecting hidden guilt.

A mistake at all events it was; and his biographers have gone into it as largely under the delusions of friendship, as he under the delusions of vanity. On this, therefore, we ground what seems a fair inference—that, if in matters so plain and palpable as the character of a man's person, and the expression of his features, it has been possible for his friends to fall into gross errors and exaggerations, much more may we count upon such fallacies of appreciation in dealing with the subtler qualities of his intellect, and his less determinable pretensions as a scholar. Hence we have noticed these lower and trivial misrepresentations as presumptions with the reader, in aid of our present purpose, for suspecting more weighty instances of the same exaggerating spirit. The *animus*, which prompted so unserviceable a falsification of the real case, is not

likely to have hesitated in coming upon ground more important to Dr Parr's reputation, and at the same time much more susceptible of a sincere latitude of appraisement, even amongst the neutral. It is with a view to a revision of too partial an adjudication, that we now institute this enquiry. We call the whole estimates to a new audit; and submit the claims of Dr Parr to a more equitable tribunal. Our object, we repeat, is—to assign him his true place, as it will hereafter be finally assigned in the next, or more neutral generation. We would anticipate the award of posterity; and it is no fault of ours, that, in doing so, it will be necessary to hand the doctor down from that throne in the cathedral of English clerical merit, on which the intemperate zeal of his friends has seated him for the moment, into some humble prebendal stall. Far more agreeable it would naturally have been to assist in raising a man unjustly depreciated, than to undertake an office generally so ungracious as that of repressing the presumptuous enthusiasm of partisans, where it may *seem* to have come forward, with whatever exaggerations, yet still in a service of disinterested friendship, and on behalf of a man who, after all, was undeniably clever, and, in a limited sense, learned. The disinterestedness, however, of that admiration which has gathered about Dr Parr is not so genuine as it may appear. His biographers (be it recollected) are bigots, who serve their superstition in varnishing their idol: they are Whigs, who miss no opportunity of undervaluing Tories and their cause: they are Dissenters, who value their theme quite as much for the collateral purpose which it favours of attacking the Church of England, as for its direct and avowed one of lauding Dr Parr. Moreover, in the letters (which, in the undigested chaos of Dr Johnstone's collection, form three volumes out of eight) Dr Parr himself obtains a mischievous power, which, in a more regular form of composition, he would not have possessed, and which, as an honest man, we must presume that he would not have desired. Letters addressed to private correspondents, and only by accident reaching the press, have all the license of private conversation. Most of us,

perhaps, send a little treason or so at odd times through the post-office; and as to *scand. magn.*, especially at those unhappy (luckily rare) periods when Whigs are in power, if all letters are like our own, the Attorney-General would find practice for a century in each separate day's correspondence. In all this there is no blame. *Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.* But publication is another thing. Rash insinuations, judgments of *ultra* violence, injurious anecdotes of loose or no authority, and paradoxes sportively maintained in the certainty of a benignant construction on the part of the individual correspondent—all these, when printed, become armed, according to circumstances of time and person, with the power of extensive mischief. It is undeniable, that through Dr Parr's published letters are scattered some scores of passages, which, had he been alive, or had they been brought forward in a direct and formal address to the public, would have called forth indignant replies of vehement expostulation or blank contradiction. And many even of his more general comments on political affairs, or on the events and characters of his times, would have been overlooked only upon the consideration that the place which he occupied, in life or in literature, was not such as to aid him in giving effect to his opinions.

In many of these cases, as we have said already, the writer had a title to allowance, which those who publish his letters have *not*. But there are other cases which call for as little indulgence to him as to them. In some of his political intemperances, he may be considered as under a twofold privilege: first, of place—since, as a *private* letter-writer, he must be held as within the protection and the license of his own fireside; secondly, of time—since, on a general rule of construction, it may be assumed that such communications are not deliberate, but thrown off on the spur of the occasion; that they express, therefore, not a man's settled and abiding convictions, but the first momentary impulses of his passion or his humour. But in many of his malicious sarcasms, and disparaging judgments, upon contemporaries who might be regarded, in some measure, as competitors with himself,

either for the prizes of clerical life, or for public estimation, Dr Parr could take no benefit by this liberal construction. The sentiments he avowed in various cases of this description were not in any respect hasty or unconsidered ebullitions of momentary feeling. They grew out of no sudden *occasions*; they were not the product of accident. This is evident; because uniformly, and as often almost as he either spoke or wrote upon the persons in question, he gave vent to the same bilious jealousy in sneers or libels of one uniform character; and, if he forbore to do this in his open and avowed publications, the fair inference is, that his fears or his interest restrained him; since it is notorious, from the general evidence of his letters and his conversation, that none of those whom he viewed with these jealous feelings could believe that they owed any thing to his courtesy or his moderation.

For example, and just to illustrate our meaning, in what terms did he speak and write of the very eminent Dean of Carlisle, and head of Queen's College, Cambridge—the late Dr Isaac Milner? How did he treat Bishop Herbert Marsh? How, again, the illustrious Bishop Horsley? All of them, we answer, with unprovoked and slanderous scurrility; not one had offered him any slight or offence,—all were persons of gentlemanly bearing, though the last (it is true) had shewn some rough play to one of Parr's pet heresiarchs,—all of them were entitled to his respect by attainments greatly superior to his own,—and all of them were more favourably known to the world than himself, by useful contributions to science, or theologic learning. Dean Milner had ruined his own activities by eating opium; and he is known, we believe, by little more than his continuation of the Ecclesiastical History, originally undertaken by his brother Joseph, and the papers which he contributed to the London Philosophical Transactions. But his researches and his accomplishments were of wonderful extent; and his conversation is still remembered by multitudes for its remarkable compass, and its almost Burkian* quality of elastic accommodation to the fluc-

* Those who carry a spirit of distinguishing refinement into their classifications of

tuating accidents of the occasion. The Dean was not much in the world's eye : at intervals he was to be found at the tables of the great ; more often he sought his ease and consolations in his honourable academic retreat. There he was the object of dislike to a particular intriguing *clique* that had the ear of Dr Parr. He was also obnoxious to the great majority of mere worldlings, as one of those zealous Christians who are usually denominated *evangelical*, and by scoffers are called *the saints* ; that is to say, in common with the Wilberforces, Thorntons, Hoares, Elliots, Babingtons, Gisbornes, &c., and many thousands of less distinguished persons in and out of Parliament,—Dean Milner assigned a peculiar emphasis, and a more significant interpretation, to those doctrines of original sin, the terms upon which redemption is offered—regeneration, sanctification, &c., which have the appearance of being the *characteristic* and peculiar parts in the Christian economy. Whether otherwise wrong or right in these views, it strikes us poor lay critics (who pretend to no authoritative knowledge on these great mysteries), that those, who adopt them, have, at all events, a *primâ facie* title to be considered less worldly, and more spiritual-minded, than the mass of mankind ; and such a frame of mind is at least an argument of fitness for religious contemplations, in so far as temper is concerned, be the doctrinal (or merely intellectual) errors what they may. Consequently, for our own parts, humbly sensible as we are of our deficiencies in this great science of Christian philosophy, we could never at any time join in the unthinking ridicule which is scattered by the brilliant and the dull upon these peculiarities. Wheresoever, and whensoever, we must freely avow, that evidences of real non-conformity to the spirit of this impure earth of

ours, command our unfeigned respect. But *that* was a thing which the worthy Dr Parr could not abide. He loved no high or aerial standards in morals or in religion. Visionaries, who encouraged such notions, he viewed (to express it by a learned word) as ἀροβανύνας, and as fit subjects for the chastisement of the secular arm. In fact, he would have persecuted a little upon *such* a provocation. On Mr Pitt and the rest who joined in suspending the *Habeas Corpus* Act, Dr Parr was wont to ejaculate his pastoral benediction in the following after-dinner toast—“ *Qui suspenderunt, suspendantur!* ” And afterwards, upon occasion of the six bills provoked by the tumults at Manchester, Glasgow, &c., his fatherly blessing was daily uttered in this little fondling sentiment,—“ Bills for the throats of those who framed the bills ! ” On the same principle, he would have prayed fervently—had any Isaac Milner infested his parish—“ Let those, who would exalt our ideals of Christianity, be speedily themselves exalted ! ” And, therefore, if any man enquires upon what grounds it was that Dr Parr hated with an intolerant hatred—scorned—and sharpened his gift of sneer upon—the late Dean of Carlisle—we have here told him “ the reason why ; ” and reason enough, we think, in all conscience. For be it known, that, over and above other weighty and obvious arguments for such views, Dr Parr had a standing personal irritation connected with this subject—a continual “ thorn in the flesh ”—in the relations subsisting between him and his principal, the incumbent of his own favourite and adopted parish. As the position of the parties was amusing to those who were in possession of the key to the right understanding of it, viz. a knowledge of their several views and opinions, we shall pause a mo-

the various qualities of conversation, may remark one peculiar feature in Edmund Burke's style of talking, which contra-distinguished it from Dr Johnson's : it grew—one sentence was the rebound of another—one thought rose upon the suggestion of something which went before. Burke's motion, therefore, was all a going forward. Johnson's, on the other hand, was purely regressive and analytic. That thought which he began with, contained, by involution, the whole of what he brought forth. The two styles of conversation corresponded to the two theories of generation,—one (Johnson's) to the theory of *Preformation* (or *Evolution*),—the other (Burke's) to the theory of *Epigenesis*.

ment to describe the circumstances of the case.

Dr Parr, it is well known, spent a long period of his latter life at Hatton, a village in Warwickshire. The living of Hatton belonged to Dr Bridges, who, many a long year ago, was well known in Oxford as one of the fellows in the magnificently-endowed college of Magdalen; that is to say, Dr Bridges was the incumbent at the time when some accident of church preferment brought Dr Parr into that neighbourhood. By an arrangement which we do not exactly understand, the two doctors, for their mutual convenience, exchanged parishes. We find it asserted by Dr Johnstone, that on Dr Parr's side the exchange originated in a spirit of obliging accommodation. It may be so. However, one pointed reservation was made by Dr Bridges [whether in obedience to church discipline or to his private scruples of conscience—we cannot say] viz.—that, once in every year, (according to our remembrance, for a series of six consecutive Sundays,) he should undertake the pulpit duties of the church. On this scheme the two learned clerks built their *alterni fœdera regni*; and, like two buckets, the Drs Bridges and Parr went up and down reciprocally for a long succession of years. The waters, however, which they brought up to the lips of their parishioners, were drawn from two different wells; for Dr Bridges shared in the heresy of the Dean of Carlisle. Hence a system of energetic (on Dr Parr's side, we may say—of fierce) mutual counteraction. Each, during his own reign, laboured to efface all impressions of his rival. On Dr Bridges's part, this was probably, in some measure, a necessity of conscience; for he looked upon his flock as ruined in spiritual health by the neglect and ignorance of their pastor. On Dr Parr's it was the mere bigotry of hatred, such as all schemes of teaching are fitted to provoke which appeal to a standard of ultra perfection, or exact any peculiar sanctity of life. Were Bridges right, in that case, it was clear that Parr was wrong by miserable defect. But, on the other hand, were Parr right, then Bridges was wrong only by superfluity and redundancy. Such

was the position, such the mutual aspects, of the two doctors. Parr's wrath waxed hotter and hotter. Had Dr Bridges happened to be a vulgar sectarian, of narrow education, of low breeding, and without distinguished connexions,—those *etesian* gales or annual monsoons, which brought in his periodical scourge, would have been hailed by Parr as the harbingers of a triumph in reversion. Yielding the pulpit to his rival for a few Sundays, he would have relied upon the taste of his parishioners for making the proper distinctions. He would have said,—“You have all eyes and ears—you all know that fellow; you all know me: I need say no more. Pray, don't kick him when he comes again.” But this sort of contempt was out of the question, and that kindled his rage the more. Dr Bridges was a man of fortune; travelled and accomplished; familiar with courts and the manners of courts. Even that intercourse with people of rank and fashion, which Parr so much cultivated in his latter years, and which, to his own conceit, placed him so much in advance of his own order, gave him no advantage over Dr Bridges. True, the worthy fanatic (as some people called him) had planted himself in a house at Clifton near Bristol, and spent all his days in running up and down the lanes and alleys of that great city, carrying Christian instruction to the dens of squalid poverty, and raising the torch of spiritual light upon the lairs of dissolute wretchedness. But, in other respects, he was a man *comme il faut*. However his mornings might be spent, his *soirées* were elegant; and it was not a very unusual event to meet a prince or an ambassador at his parties. Hence, it became impossible to treat him as altogether abject, and a person of no social consideration. In that view, he was the better man of the two. And Parr's revenge, year after year, was baulked of its food. In this dilemma of impotent rage, what he could—he did!—And the scene was truly whimsical. Regularly as Dr Bridges approached, Dr Parr fled the country. As the wheels of Dr Bridges were heard muttering in advance, Dr Parr's wheels were heard groaning in retreat. And

when the season of this annual affliction drew to a close, when the wrath of Providence was spent, and the church of Hatton passed from under the shadows of eclipse into renovated light, then did Dr Parr—cautiously putting out his feelers to make sure that the enemy was gone—resume the spiritual sceptre. He congratulated his parish of Hatton that their trials were over; he performed classical *lustrations*, and Pagan rites of expiation; he circled the churchyard nine times *withershins* (or inverting the course of the sun;) he fumigated the whole precincts of Hatton church with shag tobacco; and left no stone unturned to cleanse his little Warwickshire fold from its piacular pollution.

This anecdote illustrates Dr Parr's temper. Mark, reader, his self-contradiction. He hated what he often called "rampant orthodoxy," and was never weary of running down those churchmen who thought it their duty to strengthen the gates of the English church against Popish superstitions and Popish corruptions on the one hand, or Socinianism on the other. Yet, let any thing start up in the shape of zealous and fervid devotion—right or wrong—and let it threaten to displace his own lifeless scheme of ethics, or to give a shock of galvanism to his weekly paralytic exhortations "not upon any account or consideration whatsoever to act *improperly* or in opposition to the dictates of reason, decorum, and prudence;" let but a scintillation appear of opposition in that shape, and who so ready to persecute as Dr Parr? Fanaticism, he would tell us, was what he could not bear; fanaticism must be put down: the rights of the church must be supported with rigour; if needful, even with severity. He was also a great patron of the church as against laymen; of the parson as against the churchwarden; of the rector's right to graze his horse

upon the graves; of the awful obligation upon his conscience to allow of no disrespectful, darned, or ill-washed surplice; of the solemn responsibility which he had undertaken in the face of his country to suffer no bell-ringing except in canonical hours; to enforce the decalogue, and also the rubric; to obey his ecclesiastical superiors within the hours of divine service; and finally, to read all proclamations or other state documents sent to him by authority, with the most dutiful submission, simply reserving to himself the right of making them as ridiculous as possible by his emphasis and cadence.* In this fashion Dr Parr manifested his reverence for the church establishment; and for these great objects it seemed to him lawful to persecute. But as to purity of doctrine, zeal, primitive devotion, the ancient faith as we received it from our fathers, or any service pretending to be more than lip service, for all such questionable matters it was incumbent upon us to shew the utmost liberality of indifference on the most modern and showy pattern, and, except for popery, to rely upon Bishop Hoadly. This explanation was necessary to make the anecdote of Dr Bridges fully intelligible; and that anecdote was necessary to explain the many scornful allusions to that reverend gentleman, which the reader will find in Dr Johnstone's collection of letters; but above all, it was necessary for the purpose of putting him in possession of Dr Parr's character and position as a member of the Church of England.

To return from this digression into the track of our speculations, Dean Milner and Dr Bridges stood upon the same ground in Dr Parr's displeasure. Their offence was the same: their criminality perhaps equal: and it was obviously of a kind that, for example's sake, ought not to be overlooked. But Herbert

* Dr Parr's casuistry for regulating his practice in the case of his being called upon to read occasional forms of prayer, proclamations, &c., which he did not approve as a politician (and observe, he never *did* approve them) was this: read he must, was his doctrine; thus far he was bound to dutiful submission. *Passive* obedience was an unconditional duty, but not *active*. Now it *would* be an active obedience to read with proper emphasis and decorum. Therefore every body sees the logical necessity of reading it into a farce, making grimaces, "inflicting one's eye," and in all ways keeping up the jest with the congregation. Was not this the boy for Ignatius Loyola?

Marsh was not implicated in their atrocities. No charge of that nature was ever preferred against *him*. His merits were of a different order; and, confining our remarks to his *original* merit, and that which perhaps exclusively drew upon him the notice of Mr Pitt's government, not so strictly clerical. His earliest public service was, his elaborate statement of the regal conferences at Pilnitz, and his consequent justification of this country in the eyes of Europe, on the question then pending between her and the French Republic, with which party lay the *onus* of first virtual aggression, and with which therefore by implication, the awful responsibility, for that deluge of blood and carnage which followed. This service Herbert Marsh performed in a manner to efface the remembrance of all former attempts. His next service was more in the character of his profession—he introduced his country to the very original labours in Theology of the learned Michaelis, and he expanded the compass and value of these labours by his own exertions. Patriots, men even with the feeblest sense of patriotism, have felt grateful to Dr Marsh for having exonerated England from the infinite guilt of creating a state of war lightly—upon a weak motive—upon an unconsidered motive—or indeed upon any motive or reason whatsoever; for a reason supposes choice and election of the judgment, and choice there can be none without an acknowledged alternative. Now it was the triumphant result of Dr Marsh's labours, that alternative there was practically none, under the actual circumstances, for Great Britain; and that war was the mere injunction of a flagrant necessity, coupling the insults and the menaces of France with what are now known to have been the designs, and indeed the momentary interests, of the predominant factions at that epoch. Herbert Marsh has satisfied everybody almost but the bigots, (if any now survive,) of Jacobinism as it rage in 1792 and 1793, when it held its horrid Sab-baths over the altar and the throne,

and deluged the scaffolds with innocent blood. All but those he has satisfied. Has he satisfied Dr Parr? No. Yet the Doctor was in an absolute frenzy of horror, grief, and indignation, when Louis XVI. was murdered. And, therefore, if the shedding of what he allowed to be most innocent blood could justify a war, and the refusal of all intercourse but the intercourse of vengeance with those who, at that period, ruled the scaffold, then in that one act (had there even been wanting that world of weightier and prospective matter, which did in fact impel the belligerents) Dr Parr ought in reason to have found a sufficient justification of war. And so perhaps he would. But *Dts aliter visum est*; and his *Di* and *Di majorum gentium*—paramount to reason, conscience, or even to discretion, unless such as was merely selfish, were the Parliamentary leaders from whom he expected a bishopric (and would very possibly have got it had some of them lived a little longer in the first decade of this century, or he himself lived to the end of this present decade.*) Hence it does not much surprise us, that, in spite of his natural and creditable horror, on hearing of the fate of the French king, he relapsed into Jacobinism so fierce, that two years after a friend, by way of agreeable flattery, compliments him as being only "*half a sansculotte*;" a compliment, however, which he doubtless founded more upon his confidence in Dr Parr's original goodness of heart, and the almost inevitable contagion of English society, than on any warrant which the Doctor had yet given him by words or by acts, or any presumption even which he was able to specify, for so advantageous an opinion. Well, therefore, might Herbert Marsh displease Dr Parr. He was a Tory, and the open antagonist of those by whom only the fortunes of *sansculottes*, thoroughbred or half-bred, had any chance of thriving; and he had exposed the hollowness of that cause to which the Doctor was in a measure sold.

As to Horsley, his whole life, as a man of letters and a politician, must

* Had Mr Fox lived a little longer, the current belief is, that he would have raised Dr Parr to the mitre; and had the Doctor himself survived to November of this present year, Lord Grey would perhaps have tried his earliest functions in that line upon him.

have won him the tribute of Dr Parr's fear and hatred; a tribute which he paid as duly as his assessed taxes. Publicly, indeed, he durst not touch him; for the horrid scourge which Horsley had wielded at one time, in questions of scholarship and orthodoxy, still resounded in his ears. But in his letters and conversation, Dr Parr fretted for ever at his eminence, and eyed him grudgingly and malignly; and those among his correspondents, who were not too generous and noble-minded to pay their court through his weaknesses, evidently were aware that a sneer at Bishop Horsley was as welcome as a basket of game. Sneers, indeed, were not the worst: there are to be found in Dr Parr's correspondence some dark insinuations, apparently pointed at Horsley, which involve a sort of charges that should never be thrown out against any man without the accompaniment of positive attestations. What may have been the tenor of that bishop's life and conversation, we do not take upon us to say. It is little probable, at this time of day, under the censorious vigilance of so many unfriendly eyes, and in a nation where even the persons upon the *judicial* bench exhibit in their private lives almost a sanctity of deportment, that a dignitary of the English church will err by any scandalous immorality. Be that however as it may, and confining our view to Horsley in his literary character, we must say, that he is far beyond the reach of Dr Parr's hostility. His writings are generally excellent: as a polemic and a champion of his own church, he is above the competition of any modern divine. As a theologian, he reconciles the nearly contradictory merits of novelty and originality with well-meditated orthodoxy: and we may venture to assert, that his *Sermons* produced the greatest impression, and what the

newspapers call "sensation," of any English book of pure divinity, for the last century. In saying this we do not speak of the sale; what that might be, we know not; we speak of the strength of the impression diffused through the upper circles, as apparent in the reverential terms, which, after the appearance of that work, universally marked the sense of cultivated men in speaking of Bishop Horsley—even of those who had previously viewed him with some dislike in his character of controversialist. Let the two men be compared; not the veriest bigot amongst the Dissenters, however much he would naturally prefer as a companion, or as a subject for eulogy, that man who betrayed* the interests of his own church to him who was its column of support and ornament, could have the hardihood to insinuate that Dr Horsley was properly, or becomingly, a mark for the scurrilities of Dr Parr. In what falls within the peculiar province of a schoolmaster, we think it probable (to make every allowance which candour and the simplicity of truth demand) that Dr Parr had that superior accuracy which is maintained by the practice of teaching. In general reach and compass of intellect, in theology, in those mixed branches of speculative research which belong equally to divinity and to metaphysics, (as in the Platonic philosophy, and all which bears upon the profound doctrine of the Trinity,) or (to express the matter by a single word) in philosophic scholarship, and generally in vigour of style and thought, we suppose Horsley to have had, in the eyes of the public, no less than in the reality of the case, so prodigiously the advantage, that none but a sycophant, or a false friend, would think of suggesting seriously a comparison so disadvantageous to Dr Parr. But at all events, let the *relations* of merit be what they

* We shall have an opportunity farther on of shewing what was Parr's conduct to the church of which he professed himself a member, and in what sense he could be said to have betrayed it. At present we shall protect ourselves from misconstruction, by saying that his want of fidelity to the rights and interests of the church was not deliberate or systematic; in this, as in other things, he acted from passion—often from caprice. He would allow only this or that doctrine of the church to be defended; he would ruinously limit the grounds of defence: and on these great questions, he gave way to the same rank personal partialities, which, in the management of a school, had attracted the notice, and challenged the disrespect, of boys.

may in Horsley, certainly his absolute merit is unquestionable; and the continued insults of Dr Parr are insufferable.

Upon these flagrant justifications, individual attacks past counting, besides a general *system* of disparagement and contumely towards the most distinguished pretensions in church and state, unless ranged on the side of the Whigs, or even if presuming to pause upon those extremities which produced a schism in the Whig club itself, we stand for a sufficient apology in pressing the matter strongly against Dr Parr. A rejoinder on *our* side has in it something of vindictive justice. Tories, and not Tories only, but all who resist anarchists, (for that Dr Parr did not blazon himself in that character, was due to the lucky accident which saved him from any distressing opportunities of *acting* upon his crazy speculations,) have an interest in depressing to their proper level those who make a handle of literature for insidious party purposes, polluting its amenities with the angry passions proper to our civil dissensions, and abusing the good-nature with which we Tories are always ready to welcome literary merit, without consideration of politics, and to smile upon talent though in the ranks of our antagonists. The Whigs are once more becoming powerful, and we must now look more jealously to our liberalities. Whigs are not the kind of people to be trusted with improper concessions: Whigs "rampant," (to use Dr Parr's word,) still less. Had Dr Parr been alive at this hour, he would have stood fair for the first archbishopric vacant; for we take it for granted that the Duke of Wellington, according to his peculiar system of tactics, would long ere now have made him a bishop. Let us therefore appraise Dr Parr; and to do this satisfactorily, let us pursue him through his three characters, the triple *role* which he supported in life—of Whig politician; secondly, of scholar, (or, expressing our meaning in its widest extent, of literary man;) and finally of theologian.

These questions we shall discuss in a separate paper; and, from the many personal notices which such a discussion will involve, and the great range of literary topics which it will

oblige us to traverse, we may hope to make it not unamusing to our readers. There are, in every populous community, many different strata of society, that lie in darkness, as it were, to each other, from mere defect of mutual intercourse; and in the literary world there are many chambers that have absolutely no communication. Afterwards, when twenty—thirty—sixty years have passed away—by means of posthumous memoirs, letters, anecdotes, and other literary records—they are all brought in a manner face to face; and we, their posterity, first see them as making up a whole, of which they themselves were imperfectly conscious. Every year makes further disclosures; and thus a paradox is realized—that the more we are removed from personal connexion with a past age of literature, the better we know it. Making Dr Parr for the moment a central figure to our groups, we shall have it in our power to bring upon the stage many of the persons who figured in that age as statesmen, or leaders in political warfare; and most of those who played a part, prominent or subordinate, in literature; or who conspicuously filled a place amongst the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the state.

Meantime, as an appropriate close to this preliminary paper, we shall put a question—and, in a cursory way, we shall discuss the proper answer to it—upon Dr Parr as a man of the world, and ambitious candidate for worldly distinctions; in short, as the architect of his fortunes. Was he, in this light, an able and successful man? Or, separating the two parts of that question which do not *always* proceed concurrently, if he were not successful in a degree corresponding to his own wishes and the expectations of his friends, if it is notorious that he missed of attaining those prizes which he never hesitated to avow as the objects that stimulated his ambition, in what degree are we to ascribe his failure to want of talent, to misdirection of his talent, to a scrupulous and fastidious integrity, to the injustice of his superiors, or, finally, to mere accidents of ill luck?—One man in each ten thousand comes into this world, according to the homely saying, "with a silver spoon in his

mouth;" but most of us have a fortune to make—a station to create. And the most general expression, by far the most absolute and final test, of the degrees in which men differ as to energy and ability, is to be found in the large varieties of success which they exhibit in executing this universal object. Taking life as a whole, luck has but little sway in controlling its arrangements. Good sense and perseverance, prudence and energy, these are the fatal deities that domineer over the stars and their aspects. And when a man's coffin knocks at the gates of the tomb, it is a question not unimportant, among other and greater questions, What was he on beginning life, what is he now? Though in this, as in other things, it is possible to proceed in a spirit of excess, still, within proper restrictions, it is one even of a man's moral obligations, to contend strenuously for his own advancement in life; and, as it furnishes, at the same time, a criterion as little ambiguous as any for his intellectual merits, few single questions can be proposed so interesting to a man's reputation, as that which demands the amount of his success in playing for the great stakes of his profession or his trade. What, then, was the success of Dr Parr?

The prizes which the Doctor set before his eyes from his earliest days, were not very lofty, but they were laudable; and he avowed them with a *naïveté* that was amusing, and a frankness that availed at least to acquit him of hypocrisy. They were two—a mitre and a coach-and-four. "I am not accustomed," says he, (writing to an Irish bishop,) "to dissemble the wishes I once had" [this was in 1807, and he then had them more than ever] "of arriving at the profits and splendour of the prelacy, or the claims to them which I believe myself to possess." The bishopric he did not get; there he failed. For the coach-and-four, he was more fortunate. At the very latest period of his life, when the shades of death were fast gathering about him, he found himself able to indulge in this luxury—and, as his time was obviously short, he wisely resolved to make the most of it; and upon any or no excuse, the Doctor was to be seen flying over the land at full gal-

lop, and scouring town and country with four clerical-looking long-tailed horses. We believe he even meditated a medal, commemorating his first ovation by a faithful portrait of the coach and his own episcopal wig in their meridian pomp; he was to have been represented in the act of looking out of the window, and "inflicting his eye" upon some hostile parson picking his way through the mud on foot. On the whole, we really rejoice that the Doctor got his coach and his four resounding coursers. The occasional crack of the whip must have sounded pleasantly in his ears at a period when he himself had ceased to operate with that weapon—when he was no more than an *emeritus* professor and *μαρτίσφορος* no longer. So far was well; but still, we ask, how came it that his coach panels wanted their appropriate heraldic decoration? How was it that he missed the mitre?—Late in life, we find him characterising himself as an "unpreferred, calumniated, half-starving country parson;" no part of which, indeed, was true; but yet, we demand,—How was it that any colourable plea existed, at that time of his career, to give one moment's plausibility to such an exaggeration? Let us consider.

Dr Parr was the son of a country practitioner in the humbler departments of medicine. Parr, senior, practised as a surgeon, apothecary, and accoucheur. From him, therefore, his son could expect little assistance in his views of personal aggrandizement. But *that* was not necessary. An excellent Latin scholar, and a man who brought the rare sanction (sanctification—we were going to say) of clerical co-operation and countenance to so graceless and reprobate a party as the Whigs, who had scarcely a professional friend to say grace at their *symposia*, must, with any reasonable discretion in the conduct of his life, have been by much too valuable an article on the Whig establishment to run any risk of neglect. The single clerk, the one sole *reverend* man of letters, who was borne upon their books, must have had a priceless value in the eyes of that faction—when "taking stock," and estimating their alliances. To them he must have been what the

Emperor of Morocco is to the collector of butterflies. To have lost this value, to have forfeited his hold upon their gratitude, and actually to have depreciated as he grew older, and better known to the world—implies too significantly some gross misconduct, or some rueful indiscretions. The truth is this; and for Parr's own honour, lest worse things should be thought of him than the case really warrants, his friends ought to make it known—though a man of integrity, he could not be relied upon: in a muster of forces, he was one of the few that never could be absolutely reckoned and made sure of. Neither did his scruples obey any known law: he could swallow a camel, and strain at a gnat, and his caprice was of the most dangerous kind; not a woman's caprice, which is the mere mantling of levity, and readily enough obeys any fresh impulse, which it is easy to apply in an opposite direction. Dr Parr's caprices grew upon another stock; they were the fitful outbreaks of steady, mulish wrong-headedness. This was a constitutional taint, for which he was indebted to the accoucheur. Had the father's infirmity reached Dr Parr in his worldly career, merely in that blank neutral character, and affected his fortunes through that pure negative position of confessed incapacity to help him, which is the whole extent of disastrous influence that the biographical records ascribe to him—all would have been well. But the old mule over-ruled his son to the end of his long life, and controlled his reiterated opportunities of a certain and brilliant success, by the hereditary taint in the blood which he transmitted to him, in more perhaps than its original strength. The true name for this infirmity is, in the vulgar dialect, *pig-headedness*. Stupid imperturbable adherence, deaf and blind, to some perverse view that abruptly thwarted and counteracted his party, making his friends stare,

and his opponents laugh; in short, as we have said, pure pig-headedness,—*that* was the key to Dr Parr's lingering preferment: and, we believe, upon a considerate view of his whole course, that he threw away ten times the amount of fortune, rank, splendour, and influence that he ever obtained; and with no countervailing indemnity from any moral reputation, such as would attend all consistent sacrifices to high-minded principle. No! on the contrary, with harsh opposition and irritating expressions of powerful disgust from friends in every quarter—all conscious that, in such instances of singularity, Dr Parr was merely obeying a demon, that now and then mastered him, of wayward—restive—moody self-conceit, and the blind spirit of contradiction. Most of us know a little of such men, and occasionally suffer by such men in the private affairs of life—men that are unusually jealous of slights, or insufficient acknowledgments of their personal claims and consequence: they require to be courted, petted, caressed: they refuse to be compromised or *committed* by the general acts of their party: no, they must be specially consulted; else they read a lesson to the whole party on their error, by some shocking and revolting act of sudden desertion, which, from a person of different character, would have been considered perfidy. Dr Johnstone himself admits, that Parr was “jealous of attention, and indignant at neglect;” and on one occasion endeavours to explain a transaction of his life, by supposing that he may have been “hurried away by one of those torrents of passion, of which there are too many instances in *his* life.”*—Of the father, Parr obstetrical, the same indulgent biographer remarks, (p. 10,) that he was “distinguished by the rectitude of his principles;” and, in another place, (p. 21,) he pronounces him, in summing up his character, to have been “an honest, well-meaning

* Page 307, vol i.—The Doctor adds—“As in the lives of us all.” But, besides that this addition defeats the whole meaning of his own emphasis on the word *his*, it is not true that men generally yield to passion in their political or public lives. Having adopted a party, they adhere to it; generally for good and for ever. And the passions, which occasionally govern them, are the passions of their party—not their own separate impulses as individuals.

Tory;" but, at the same time, confesses him to have been "the petty tyrant of his fireside,"—an amiable little feature of character, that would go far to convince his own family, that "rectitude of principles" was not altogether incompatible with the practice of a ruffian.

Tory, however, Parr, senior, was *not*: he was a Jacobite, probably for the gratification of his spleen, and upon a conceit that this arrayed him in a distinct personal contest with the House of Hanover; whereas, once confounded amongst the prevailing party of friends to that interest, as a man-midwife, he could hardly hope to win the notice of his Britannic Majesty. His faction, however, being beaten to their heart's content, and his own fortune all going overboard in the storm, he suddenly made a bolt to the very opposite party: he rattled to the red-hot Whigs: and the circumstances of the case, which are as we have here stated them, hardly warrant us in putting a very favourable construction upon his motives. As was the father, so was the son: the same right of rebellion reserved to himself, whether otherwise professing himself Jacobite or Whig; the same peremptory duty of passive obedience for those of his household: the same hot intemperances in politics: the same disdain of accountableness to his party leaders; and, finally, the same "petty tyranny of the fireside." This last is a point on which all the biographers are agreed: they all record the uncontrollable ill temper and hasty violence of Dr Parr within his domestic circle. And one anecdote, illustrating his intemperance, we can add ourselves. On one occasion, rising up from table, in the middle of a fierce discussion with Mrs Parr, he took a carving knife, and applying it to a portrait of that lady hanging upon the wall, he drew it sharply across the jugular, and cut the throat of the picture from ear to ear, thus murdering her in effigy.

This view of Parr's intractable temper is necessary to understand his life, and in some measure to justify his friends. Though not (as he chose himself to express it, under a momentary sense of his slow progress in life, and the reluctant blossoming

of his preferment) "a half-starved parson," yet most unquestionably he reaped nothing at all from his long attachment to Whiggery, by comparison with what he would have reaped had that attachment been more cordial and unbroken, and had he, in other respects, borne himself with more discretion; and above all, had he abstained from offensive personalities. This was a rock on which Parr often wrecked himself. Things, and principles, and existing establishments, might all have been attacked with even more virulence than he exhibited, had his furious passions allowed him to keep his hands off the persons of individuals. Here lay one class of the causes which retarded his promotion. Another was his unbecoming warfare upon his own church. "I am sorry," said one of his earliest, latest, and wisest friends, (Bishop Bennet,)—"I am sorry you attack the church, for fear of consequences to your own advancement." This was said in 1792. Six years after, the writer, who had a confidential post in the Irish government, and saw the dreadful crisis to which things were hurrying, found it necessary to break off all intercourse with Dr Parr; so shocking to a man of principle was the careless levity with which this minister of peace, and his immediate associates, themselves in the bosom of security, amongst the woods of Warwickshire, scattered their firebrands of inflammatory language through the public, at a period of so much awful irritation. Afterwards, it is true, that when the Irish crisis had passed, and the rebellion was suppressed, his respect for Parr as a scholar led him to resume his correspondence. But he never altered his opinion of Parr as a politician: he viewed him as a man profoundly ignorant in politics; a mere Parson Adams in the knowledge of affairs, and the real springs of political action, or political influence; but unfortunately with all the bigotry and violent irritability that belong to the most excited and interested partisan; having the passions of the world united with the ignorance of the desert; coupling the simplicity of the dove with the fierce instincts of the serpent.

The events of his life moved under

this unhappy influence. Leaving college prematurely upon the misfortune* of his father's death, he became an assistant at Harrow under the learned Dr Sumner. About five years after, on Dr Sumner's death, though manifestly too young for the situation, he entered into a warm contest for the vacant place of headmaster. Notwithstanding the support of Lord Dartmouth and others, he lost it; and unfortunately for his peace of mind, though, as usual, he imagined all sorts of intrigues against himself, yet the pretensions of his competitor, Benjamin Heath, were such as to disabuse all the world of any delusive conceit, that justice had not been done. Parr, it must be remembered, then only twenty-five years old, had, in no single instance, distinguished himself; nor had he even fifty years after—no, nor at the day of his death—given any evidences to the world that he was comparable to Heath as a Grecian. The probable ground of Heath's success was a character better fitted to preside over a great school, (for even the too friendly biographers of Parr admit that he did not command the respect of the boys,) and his better established learning. Naturally enough, Parr was unwilling to admit these causes, so advantageous to his rival, as the true ones. What, then, is *his* account of the matter? He says, that he lost the election by a vote which he had given to John Wilkes, in his contest for Middlesex. To John Wilkes—mark *that*, reader! Thus early had this "gowned student" engaged his passions and his services in the interest of brawling, intriguing faction.

This plan failing, he set up a rival establishment in the neighbourhood of Harrow, at Stanmore; and never certainly did so young a man, with so few of the ordinary guarantees to offer—that is to say, either property, experience, or connexions—meet

with such generous assistance. One friend lent him two thousand pounds at two per cent, though his security must obviously have been merely personal. Another lent him two hundred pounds without any interest at all. And many persons of station and influence, amongst whom was Lord Dartmouth, gave him a sort of countenance equally useful to his interests, by placing their sons under his care. All came to nothing however; the establishment was knocked up, and clearly from gross defects of management. And, had his principal creditor pressed for repayment, or had he shewn less than the most generous forbearance, which he continued through a space of 21 years, (in fact, until the repayment was accomplished without distress,) Parr must have been ruined; for in those days there was no merciful indulgence of the laws to hopeless insolvents; unless by the favour of their creditors, they were doomed to rot in prison. Now, in this one story we have two facts illustrated, bearing upon our present enquiry—first, the extraordinary good luck of Parr; secondly, his extraordinary skill in neutralizing or abusing it.

What young man, that happens to be penniless at the age of twenty-five, untried in the management of money, untried even as the *presiding* master in a school, would be likely to find a friend willing to intrust him, on his personal responsibility, (and with no prospect for the recovery of his money, except through the tardy and uncertain accumulation of profits upon an opposition school,) with so large a sum as two thousand pounds? Who, in an ordinary way, could count upon the support of a nobleman enjoying the ear and confidence of royalty? Lastly, who would so speedily defeat and baffle, by his own unassisted negligence and flagrant indiscretions, so much volunteer bounty? At this

* Even *that* was possibly barbed in some of its consequences to Parr, by his own imprudence. The widow (his stepmother) is said to have injured Parr by her rapacity. But, if so, Parr had certainly himself laid the foundation of an early hatred between them, by refusing to lay aside his mourning for his own mother, on the marriage day of this second Mrs Parr with his father. We do not much quarrel with his conduct on that occasion, considering his age (sixteen) and the relation of her for whom he mourned. But still the act was characteristic of the man, and led to its natural results.

time of his life, it strikes us, in fact, that Dr Parr was mad. The students at Stanmore were indulged in all sorts of irregularities. *That*, perhaps, might arise from the unfortunate situation of the new establishment—too near to its rival; and in part, also, from the delicate position of Parr, who, in most instances, had come under an unfortunate personal obligation to the young gentlemen who followed him from Harrow. But in his habits of dress and deportment, which drew scandal upon himself, and jealousy upon his establishment, Parr owed his ill success to nobody but himself. Mr Roderick, his assistant, and a most friendly reporter, says, that at this time he “brought upon himself the ridicule of the neighbourhood and passengers by many foolish acts; such as riding in high prelatical pomp through the streets on a black saddle, bearing in his hand a long cane or wand, such as women used to have, with an ivory head *like a crosier*, which was probably the reason why he liked it.” We see by this he was already thinking of the bishopric. “At other times he was seen stalking through the town in a dirty striped morning-gown: *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi*.” When we add, that Dr Parr soon disgusted and alienated his weightiest friend amongst the residents at Stanmore, Mr Smith, the accomplished rector of the place, we cannot won-

der that little more than five years saw that scheme at an end.*

The school at Stanmore he could not be said to leave; it left *him*: such was his management, that no fresh pupils succeeded to those whom the progress of years carried off to the universities. When this wavering rushlight had at length finally expired, it became necessary to think of other plans, and in the spring of 1777 he accepted the mastership of Colchester school. Even there, brief as his connexion was with that establishment, he found time to fasten a quarrel upon the trustees of the school in reference to a lease; and upon this quarrel he printed (though he did not publish) a pamphlet. Sir William Jones, his old schoolfellow, to whom, as a lawyer, this pamphlet was submitted, found continual occasion to mark upon the margin such criticisms as these, “*too violent—too strong*.” The contest was apparently *de lanâ caprinâ*: so at least Sir William thought.†

But, luckily, he was soon called away from these miserable feuds to a more creditable sort of activity. In the summer of 1778, the mastership of the public grammar-school at Norwich became vacant: in the autumn, Parr was elected: and in the beginning of 1779, he commenced his residence in that city. Thus we see that he was unusually befriended in all his undertakings. As a private speculator at Stanmore, as a candi-

* Laying together all the incidents of that time, it is scarcely possible to doubt that Parr conducted himself with great impropriety. Benjamin Heath neither answered the letter in which Parr attempted to clear himself from the charge of exciting the boys of Harrow to insurrection against Heath's authority, nor did he so much as leave his card at Stanmore, in acknowledgment of Parr's call upon him. As to Mr Smith, the rector, celebrated for his wit and ability, the early associate of Johnson and Garrick, from being “the warmest of Parr's friends,” (such is Mr Roderick's language,) he soon became cool, and finally ceased to speak. Mr Roderick does not acquit his friend of the chief blame in this rupture.

† Dr Johnstone, however, speaking of the pamphlet as a composition, discovers in it “all the peculiarities of Parr's style—its vigour, its vehemence, its clearness,” its *et cætera, et cætera*; and, lastly, its “splendid imagery:” and obviously, by way of a specimen of this last quality, he quotes the following most puerile rhetoric: “I had arrayed myself in a panoply of the trustiest armour—in the breastplate of innocence, the shield of the law, the sword of indignation, and the helmet of intrepidity. When I first entered the lists against these hardy combatants, I determined to throw away the scabbard,” and so forth. The *sword* of indignation! Birch-rod he surely means. However, we must think, that the bombs of contempt, and the mortars of criticism, ought to open upon any person above the age of eight years who could write such stilted fustian.

date for Colchester, as a candidate for Norwich, he was uniformly successful as far as it is possible that encouragement the most liberal, on the part of others, can overrule a man's own imprudence. The mastership of Norwich has certainly been considered a valuable prize by others. How it happened that Parr found it otherwise, or whether mere restlessness and love of change were his governing motives, does not appear; but it is certain, that in August 1785, he sent in his resignation; and at Easter 1786, he went to reside at the parsonage house of Hatton, in the county of Warwick, where he opened a private academy. And though, as old age advanced, he resigned his pupils, Hatton continued to be his place of residence.

This, then, was the haven, the perpetual curacy of Hatton, into which Dr Parr steered his little boat, when he had already passed the meridian* of his life. And (except upon a visit) he never again left it for any more elevated abode. For a philosopher, we grant that a much happier situation cannot be imagined than that of an English rural parson, rich enough to maintain a good library. Dr Parr was exactly in those circumstances: but Dr Parr was no philosopher. And assuredly this was not the vision which floated before his eyes at Stanmore, when he was riding on his "black saddle," in prelatial pomp, with his ivory crosier in his fist. The coach-and-four and mitred panels, must then have flourished in the foreground of the picture. But at that time he was between 25 and 30: now he was turned 40—an age when, if a man should not have made his fortune, at least he ought to see clearly before him the road by which it *is to be* made. Now what was Parr's condition at this time, in respect to that supreme object of his exertions?—We have no letter on that point in this year, 1786: but we have one in 1782, when it does not appear (and indeed can hardly be supposed possible) that his situation was materially different. Writing to a man

whom he valued, but then under a cloud of distress, and perhaps wishing to excuse himself for not sending him money, he thus states the result of his labours up to that date:—"You desire my confidence; and I therefore add, that the little progress I have made in worldly matters, the heavy loss I have sustained by the war, the inconsiderable advantages I have gained by a laborious and irksome employment, and the mortifying discouragements I have met with in my clerical profession, have all conspired to depress my spirits, and undermine my constitution. I was content to give up ecclesiastical preferment, while I had a prospect of making some comfortable provision for my old age in my business as a teacher: but the best of my years have now elapsed; and I am, through a most vexatious and trying series of events, not a shilling richer than when I went to Stanmore. I have this very week closed an account, on which I stood indebted near £2000, which I was obliged to borrow when I launched into active life. My house at Stanmore, I sold literally for less money than I expended on the repairs only. To this loss of more than a thousand pounds, I am to add near £700, which I *may* lose entirely, and *must* lose in a great measure, by the reduction of St Vincent and St Kitt's. My patience, so far as religion prescribes it, is sufficient to support me under this severity of moral trial. But the hour is past in which I might hope to secure a comfortable independency; and I am now labouring under the gloomy prospect of toiling, with exhausted strength, for a scanty subsistence to myself and my family. It is but eighteen months that I could pronounce a shilling my own. Now, indeed, *meo sum pauper in are*—but my integrity I have ever held fast."

Possibly; but integrity might also have been held fast in a deanery; and certainly Dr Parr will not pretend to hoax us with such a story, as, that "integrity" was all that he contemplated from his black saddle in Stanmore. Undoubtedly, he

* By *meridian*, we here mean the month which exactly bisected his life. Dr Parr lived about eleven months less than eighty years; and he was about two months more than forty when he came to live at Hatton.

framed to himself some other good things, so fortunately arranged, that they could be held in *commendam* with integrity. Such, however, was the naked fact, and we are sorry for it, at the time when Dr Parr drew near to his fortieth year—at which age, as all the world knows, a man must be a fool if he is not a physician. Pass on, reader, for the term of almost another generation; suppose Dr Parr to be turned of sixty, and the first light snows of early old age to be just beginning to descend upon him, and his best wig to be turning grey;—were matters, we ask, improved at that time? Not much. Twenty years from that Easter on which he had entered the gates of Hatton, had brought him within hail of a bishopric; for his party were just then in power. Already he could descry his sleeves and his rochet; already he could count the pinnacles of his cathedral;—when suddenly Mr Fox died, and his hopes evanesced in spiral wreaths of fuming Orinoco. Unfortunate Dr Parr! Once before he had conceived himself within an inch of the mitre; *that* was in the king's first illness, when the regency intrigue gave hopes, at one time, that Mr Pitt would be displaced. Dr Parr had then been summoned up to London; and he had gone so far as to lay down rules for his episcopal behaviour. But the king suddenly recovered; many a grasping palm was then relaxed abruptly; and, alas! for Dr Parr, whether people died or recovered, the event was equally unfortunate. Writing, on August 25, 1807, to the Bishop of Down, he says,—“If Mr Fox had lived and continued in power, he certainly would have made me a bishop.” Now, if Dr Parr meant to say that he had a distinct promise to that effect, that certainly is above guessing; else we should almost presume to guess, that Mr Fox neither would, nor possibly could, have made Dr Parr a bishop. It is true, that Mr Fox meant to have promoted the Bishop of Llan-

daff of that day, who might seem to stand in the same circumstances as a literary supporter; at least Lord Holland said to a friend of ours,—“Had our party remained in office, we should have raised the Bishop of Llandaff to the Archbishopric of York.” But then why? Lord Holland's reason was this,—“For he” (meaning Dr Watson) “behaved very well, I can assure you, to us,” (meaning by *us* the whole coalition probably of Grenvilles and Foxes.) Now, this reason (we fear) did not apply, in Mr Fox's mind, to Dr Parr; he had behaved violently, indiscreetly, foolishly, on several occasions; he had thoroughly disgusted all other parties; he had not satisfied his own. And once, when, for a very frivolous reason, he gave a vote for Mr Pitt at the Cambridge election, we are satisfied ourselves that he meditated the notable policy of ratting; conceiving, perhaps, that it was a romantic and ideal punctilio of honour to adhere to a doomed party; and the letter of Lord John Townshend, on that occasion, convinces us, that the Whigs viewed this very suspicious act in that light. Even Dr Johnstone, we observe, doubts whether Mr Fox would have raised Dr Parr to the mitre. And, as to everybody else, they shuddered at his very name. The Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, gave him a hearty curse, *more suo*, instead of a prebend; and Lord Grenville assigned, as a reason against making him a bishop, his extreme unpopularity* with his own order. As one proof of that, even the slight distinction of preaching a visitation sermon had never once been offered to Dr Parr, as he himself tells us, in 1816, when he had completed his seventieth year, notwithstanding he had held preferment in five different counties. Nor was it, in fact, offered for six years more; and then, being a hopeful young gentleman of seventy-six, he thought proper to decline the invitation.

Next, for the emoluments of his profession,—Was he better off, as

* Parr's extreme and well-merited unpopularity with an order whom he had, through life, sneered at and misrepresented, is a little disguised to common readers by the fact, that he corresponds with more than one bishop on terms of friendship and confidence. But this arose, generally speaking, in latter life, when early school-fellows and pupils of his own, in several instances, were raised to the mitre.

regards *them*? Else, whence came the coach-and-four? We answer, that, by mere accidents of good luck, and the falling-in of some extraordinary canal profits, Dr Parr's prebend in the cathedral of St Paul's, given to him by Bishop Lowth upon the interest of Lord Dartmouth, in his last year or two, produced him an unusually large sum; so that he had about three thousand a-year; and we are glad of it. He had also an annuity of three hundred a-year, granted by the Dukes of Norfolk and Bedford in consideration of a subscription made for Dr Parr by his political friends. But this was a kind of charity which would not have been offered, had it not been felt that, in the regular path of his profession, he had not drawn, nor was likely to draw, any conspicuous prizes. In fact, but for the two accidents we have mentioned, his whole regular income from the church, up to a period of advanced age, when Sir Francis Burdett presented him to a living of about L.200 per annum, was L.93 on account of his living—and L.17 on account of his prebend.

Such were the ecclesiastical honours, and such the regular ecclesiastical emoluments of Samuel Parr. We do not grudge him the addition, as regards the latter, which, in his closing years, he drew from the liberality of his friends and the accidents of luck. On the contrary, we rejoice that his last days passed in luxury and pomp; that he sent up daily clouds of undulating incense to the skies; and that he celebrated his birthday with ducal game and venison from the parks of princes; finally, we rejoice that he galloped about in his coach-and-four, and are not angry that, on one occasion, he nearly galloped over ourselves.

Still, we rejoice that all these luxuries came to him irregularly, and not at all, or indirectly, and by accident, through the church. As regards *that*, and looking not to the individual, but entirely to the example, we rejoice that, both for her honours and emoluments, Dr Parr missed them altogether. Such be

the fate, we pray heartily, of all unfaithful servants, in whatsoever profession, calling, or office of trust! So may *those* be still baffled and confounded, who pass their lives in disparaging and traducing their own honourable brethren; and who labour (whether consciously and from treachery, or half-consciously and from malice and vanity) for the subversion of institutions which they are sworn and paid to defend!

Our conclusion, therefore, the *epimythion* of our review, is this—that, considered as a man of the world, keenly engaged in the chase after rank and riches, Dr Parr must be pronounced to have failed; that his rare and late successes were casual and indirect; whilst his capital failures were due exclusively to himself. His two early bosom-friends and schoolfellows, Dr Bennet and Sir W. Jones, he saw raised to the rank of a bishop and a judge—whilst he was himself still plodding as a schoolmaster. And this mortifying distinction in their lots was too obviously imputable, not to any more scrupulous integrity in *him*, flattering and soothing as that hypothesis was to his irritated vanity, but solely to his own hot-headed defect of self-control—baffling the efforts of his friends, and neutralizing the finest opportunities. Both of those eminent persons, the bishop, as well as the judge, deeply disapproved of his conduct; though they agreed in candour, and in the most favourable construction of his meaning; and though they allowed him the largest latitude for his politics—one of them being a liberal Tory, and the other an ardent Whig. And yet, with the full benefit of this large privilege, he could not win their toleration to his indiscretions. So that, purely by his own folly, and in headstrong opposition to the concurring tendencies of his opportunities and his aids, Samuel Parr failed utterly as a man of the world. It remains to enquire—how much better he succeeded in establishing his character as a politician, a scholar, and a divine.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT OF THE METROPOLIS, AND OTHER POPULOUS PLACES.

We devoutly hope that Sir R. Peel's promised motion on the Police will cause, not only the Legislature, but also the whole community, to examine most severely and impartially the new principles of domestic government, which are receiving such comprehensive application.

The new system of Police confessedly forms one of the greatest inroads on the principles and practice of the British Constitution that modern times have witnessed. An intense feeling of hostility to it prevails in the Metropolis, which actuates the middle classes, as well as the multitude, flows much less from party prejudice and misrepresentation, than fair experiment, and forms, in a revolutionary period like this, an important source of discontent and disaffection. It is in course of extension to most populous places, and circumstances have just proved that it can easily be perverted into an engine of the most improper and dangerous character. Here is one very conclusive reason for the examination we have named.

Another is formed by this. The New Police makes, in a certain degree, a most vicious change in the magistracy, and it is connected and combined with another mighty inroad on the principles and practice of the constitution, which is calculated to give it the most mischievous operation possible, viz. the regular adoption in principle, and to a considerable extent in practice, of a stipendiary magistracy.

As a third, we have the virtual decision of the Executive and Legislative, that at least the people of England can be no longer governed by their ancient institutions and laws,—by that constitution which has been so long boasted of so immeasurably, worshipped so ardently, and identified so essentially with England's greatness and happiness. We are assured, on such grave authority, that morals and subordination have declined—vice, crime, and turbulence have increased—the national character has retrograded to an extent so mighty, as to put mere improvement out of the question, and call for a new system of local government, the reverse of the old one in both form and spi-

rit. This forms a question which could not be surpassed in perilous magnitude. Local, must always in a great measure determine both the shape and character of general government; and to the mass of the population, a vicious, tyrannical local government must be a greater scourge than an absolute monarchy.

In addition, the spirit of both the executive and legislative, in late years, has been radically changed. It has become theoretic, anti-popular, stern, savage, and arbitrary. In making its sweeping alterations, it has disdained to seek instruction at home, and to consult the disposition and circumstances of the people to be affected by them. Gathering its theories in foreign parts, it is not only ravished with the Code Napoleon, but it must have its Napoleon Police, its Napoleon Magistrates, and its Napoleon Maxims of governing. All is to be done by mandate and force, and nothing by influence and feeling; a worthless skeleton of freedom is to be animated by a soul of tyranny. Its alterations, saying nothing of the ruin and misery they have produced, have placed the empire on the brink of destruction; if it be carried a single step farther, nothing can save it.

The principle of keeping physical force, to the utmost extent possible, from the hands of the Executive, enters into the essence of national liberty. It is, without it, little better than useless labour to fashion constitutions,—to erect limited monarchies and republics. All must be name and shadow, sound and pagantry, incapable of being turned to effectual use, if ample security be not given to the full exercise of popular right and privilege. The latter exist as means of watching, opposing, and restraining the Executive, therefore it has the most interest in preventing their exercise when this is the most necessary; and its power of prevention must be in proportion to its command over physical force. An error more loaded with ignorance and contradiction could not well be conceived than this, to create a power for placing the Monarch under limitations, and then to enable

him to intimidate and influence it,—to convert despotism into freedom, and then to clothe the Executive with the means of controlling the only things which can restrain it from being a practical despotism.

The founders of British liberty were not only far more knowing, but infinitely more honest, in such matters, than their descendants are; therefore, every sentence of the hallowed creed they formed, and every portion of the magnificent fabric they reared, display and enforce the maxim—Compel the Executive to govern as much as possible by the instrumentality of law alone, and as little as possible by the use of physical power; keep the things, through which only it can be duly restricted, sacred from its influence. The wholesome jealousy of the army, which they made a leading constitutional feeling, related as much to the nature of its employment as to its strength. It was to be not only confined to the lowest number admitted of by public safety, but prohibited from being used by the Executive, save against the foreign foe, or the open rebel. Its presence was not even to be tolerated when the people were exercising their privileges, and it was only to be employed to repress commotion in extreme cases, and under the direction and responsibility of independent magistrates. While the Executive was thus to be prohibited, as far as possible, from using the army as a means of governing, it was also to be prohibited from having any influence over the physical force requisite for preserving peace and order. The people themselves were to supply, select, and employ this force, under due responsibility.

This was, until recently, held to be so true and essential, that it was kept sacred from the feuds of party; Whig and Tory vied with each other in maintaining it, and even the government professed for it the highest reverence. In a few short years, without struggle or debate, and by general consent, it has been abandoned for the reverse.

The police officer is really a soldier in disguise; in some respects he is a more dangerous character than the soldier. What difference does it make in the eye of the constitution,

whether his coat be a blue or a red one; or whether he be armed with a staff or a firelock? He is as much the mercenary and slave of the Executive, as the soldier; and the latter is always in readiness to assist him, if the firelock and bayonet be necessary.

Certain of his duties are of the most detestable description; one is, he is to make himself a general spy. It is no defence of this to say, it is necessary for enabling him to know and trace bad characters. No great abuse might flow from it, if he acted solely under the direction of independent magistrates; because they would have no interest in wishing him to obtain improper knowledge. But he is the menial of the Ministry, which, through his superior, can at pleasure make him a political spy, and employ him in the worst kinds of espionage.

Such a spy must of course be a finished tool of corruption. Knowing, in conjunction with his brethren, every one's person and character, he is exactly the man to form the Ministry's acting or directing agent, for spreading amidst the people, in their political proceedings, disunion, treachery, and profligacy,—for bribing and intimidating electors, dividing and swaying public meetings, &c. &c. Through him a Ministry may generally have the rabble and its leaders in its pay, and use them for rendering the exercise of popular rights and liberties a nullity; it will be remembered that this has been, to a certain extent, practised in late years by men in power.

Another of his duties is to disperse assemblages, however small, peaceable, and innocent they may be. If two or three friends be merely at mid-day standing near the door of one of them he possesses the power, and has been known to exercise it, of ordering them to "move on." No sanction of the magistrate, or call of the citizen, or breach of the peace, or danger of any kind, is requisite as his authority; but at his own will and caprice he can, if half-a-dozen people be conversing quietly on the street, command them into motion; and disobedience to him, is guilt to be punished on his own evidence. Thus, at an election, when the constitution will not suffer a soldier to

shew himself, the police-officer, on the pretence of preventing tumult, can prohibit the people from holding the public converse and discussion, and exercising other rights, which, on such an occasion, are of high importance. In case of illegal and arbitrary conduct in the government, he can prevent that communication amidst the people which is essential for enabling them to do their duty to themselves. He, therefore, is armed with despotic power against the preparatory and accompanying matters which are of the first consequence for giving to elections, public meetings, &c., their proper character.

He farther possesses the power of dragging any person he may meet before a magistrate on charges of his own invention, and sustained only by his own evidence. It is sufficiently known how shamefully this shameful power has been abused; but we may mention, that instances have occurred in which men of respectability have been tried for high crimes solely on his evidence. His powers virtually make the liberty of the subject little better than a name.

These powers enable him to be a general robber. Almost any man, however innocent he may be, will rather pay a sum of money than incur the loss of time, and shame of being carried before a magistrate, particularly if he can produce no witness of his innocence. The officer, therefore, has only to provoke a few angry words, magnify any trifle into a charge, or utter a causeless threat, and it will be pretty sure to extort for him the bribe. There is every reason to believe that this system prevails to a large extent.

He is surrounded with every thing that can destroy his morals. He no longer belongs to, or can mix with, society. His regular pay is scarcely sufficient for his subsistence; and he is instructed to look on reward and extortion as the only means of adding to it: it is made his interest to provoke offences, increase guilt, invent charges against the innocent, and commit general plunder through false accusation and perjury. All other things operate with interest to stimulate him to do this; opportunities continually force themselves on him; he has brethren to give him counsel and assistance in it as a calling; the

arts and stratagems imposed on him by duty, habituate him to disregard of truth; he is brought into contact with the vile, and communication with iniquity of every description; through the night he is exposed to the society and bribes of prostitutes. It is notorious that in general the old police-officers were men of most depraved character, who prowled about in all quarters to get up litigation and charges in utter disregard of truth, and solely for their own pecuniary benefit; yet their incitements and means were nothing, compared with those of the new officers.

The only effectual restraint on him against abuse of power and villainy, must be found in the discontent and animosity of the people. In proportion as the latter are submissive, he must, in the nature of things, tyrannize over the exercise of popular right, and coin the liberty, property, and fame of the subject into criminal profit for himself. Thus he must always be a source of either disaffection, or tyranny and robbery.

If the spirit of the people be broken into passive submission to his monstrous power, it must be broken not only into utter incompetency for the exercise of popular rights and the defence of national freedom, but also into all the profligacy requisite for enabling the Executive to make the people instruments in their own wrong and oppression.

When the system reaches completion, the Executive will have a regular standing army, consisting of perhaps twenty or thirty thousand of these disguised soldiers—these mercenaries, who must be, in many respects, infinitely worse than soldiers—distributed through, and doing duty day and night in, those places in which alone public spirit and privilege can operate with any material effect against it. This army it can afterwards double in number, without the consent of parliament; and it can tax the community for its maintenance without such consent. This immense army, when generally established, will be, in both numbers and taxation for its support, above the regular and effective control of parliament; it will be employed in watching the political, as well as other conduct of the community; and it will really form, so far as re-

gards domestic uses, an addition to the undisguised soldiers.

Let the system of stipendiary magistrates be carried to perfection, and the case will stand thus. The blue army, almost unlimited in numbers and powers, will be the servile instruments of the Executive; it will continually increase its encroachments on popular rights and the liberty of the subject; if it be unable to trample on the people to the desired extent, or if it by instruction goad them into resistance for the sake of pretext, the red army will always be in readiness to assist it. The stipendiary magistrates will readily combine the regular army with the police, and make both the instruments of the Executive. To the latter they will practically destroy the prohibition which has hitherto prevented it from employing the military against the people, and give it despotic control over both the police and the army.

It must be observed that the military force of the empire cannot be reduced by the creation and multiplication of the police; the latter, therefore, forms a means of increasing the standing army to an unlimited extent. It is idle to speak of the responsibility of the Executive in the absence of restriction and the teeth of law: such responsibility in these days is only a mockery and delusion. In addition to its usual command over the Legislature, the Executive is to possess legal means of filling the land with any number of its mercenaries, overawing and corrupting the people to any extent, and having at its nod the whole military and civil force of the empire. Where, then, are we to find its responsibility?

Let all this be contrasted with what it has replaced. In the first place, there were the beadles and street-keepers—a few straggling individuals employed by the people, and having no power to act save in manifest violations of law, or from the request of competent witnesses. Then there were the regular constables—men employed by, and selected from, the people, who only held their office for a short period, and who, while holding it, never acted save when called on by proper evidence, but followed their regular

trades and occupations. Then there were the special constables taken from the people, and employed only for the moment, under independent magistrates, to keep the peace on particular occasions. Then there were the watchmen, taken from and employed by the people, having nightly duty alone, following during the day their respective callings, and armed only with legal powers against direct outrage. And then there were a few police-officers attached to the different offices; they were little more than the servants of the magistrates; their duty was in a great measure confined to the discovery of offenders, and in other respects they were bound from pernicious interference with public rights and liberties.

The civil force was thus not only carefully kept from the control of the Executive, but duly restricted in its powers, and as far as possible both prevented from making its offices a source of corrupt trade, and protected in its morals. Then the army, except in special cases, could not be employed against the people, save with the consent, and under the direction, of really independent magistrates; in consequence, it was properly preserved from the control of the Executive.

It will be seen that the new measures completely reverse English institutions in principle, spirit, and operation. They actually or practically throw aside sheriffs, mayors, and other independent magistrates, constables, &c., and give to the Crown despotic command over the whole military and civil force of the State. They in effect annihilate the civil force, and replace it with the menials of the Executive, and a force which in habits, character, and employment, is much worse than military. They take from the people almost wholly the constitutional power of governing themselves; although they spare the elective franchise, they expose the exercise of it to so much intimidation, corruption, and profligacy, that they make it little better than a name. When they reach maturity, any Ministry may, through them, make the King absolute.

The constitution and laws of our country—the maxims and injunctions of our fathers, insist that the Exe-

cutive cannot be trusted ; and, sanctioned by them, we protest against being thus placed at its mercy. The doctrine of such persons as Mr Hume and Sir Robert Wilson, that it ought to be armed with despotic power, because the people in these times will prevent the abuse of such power, is worthy of its parents, and of the contempt merited by every thing they teach. The turbulent, disaffected spirit of the people has, in the last fifteen years, been so far from forming a protection to public liberties, that it has produced a regular succession of legal inroads on them ; and it has supplied the pretext for these despotic measures. The people's conduct and objects are at this moment exactly calculated to destroy their independence and morals, sink them into the lowest degradation, cause the better classes to support any thing for enslaving them, render necessary the preliminaries of arbitrary government, and furnish a Ministry with reasons for establishing such government. In all countries and ages, the leaders of the populace have been the men, first to delude the people into the conduct for making tyranny necessary, and then to assist in placing them under it.

Having stated our constitutional reasons, we must now offer some of a different description against the New Police. It is infinitely more expensive than the old one, and operates as a grievous new tax. In its leading objects—the prevention of crime and protection of property—it is not more efficient than the old one ; on the contrary, it is alleged to be less so. By the exasperation it causes, it operates as a source of disorder. There are misdemeanours, crimes, tumults, and riots, because there is a Police.

And now, what overpowering state necessity, or even plausible plea of expediency, can be urged to justify these detestable changes ? “Property must be protected !” replies the sagacious Mr Hume. We say the same ; but then we are compelled to ask, Was not property protected before the New Police was established ? The inhabitants of the metropolis respond, That, while the change has not increased their protection against thieves, it has reduced it against law ; and that, in consequence of it,

their property has lost no small portion of protection.

Speaking of the metropolis during the day, we maintain, from personal observation, that no alteration was called for ; we have never met with one intelligent individual who on this point has differed from us. The populace was far more peaceable and good-humoured than that of provincial towns ; and as to thefts and burglaries, they need not be named ; the exceptions to this were confined to well-known parts, and principally to those inhabited by the Irish. The street-keepers, &c. were in general amply sufficient for the preservation of order ; if they were not so in a very few great thoroughfares, or riotous streets, they could easily have been duly strengthened. If unexpected tumult took place, both the police-officers and the military could be at once obtained. On particular occasions, the special and other constables were abundantly adequate for preserving the peace without exciting animosity. With regard to the suburbs of the metropolis, where a day police was necessary, and had not temptations and means for abusing its powers, the efficiency of the patrol excluded all pretext for change.

Touching day duty, therefore, the New Police causes enormous expense, and grievously offends national feeling, without yielding any benefit worthy of notice ; it is almost useless. Yet the idle officers swarm in every street throughout the day, as though the population consisted only of thieves and rebels ; an Englishman of the old school can scarcely look out of his dwelling, without being led by their presence to imagine he is living under martial law, amidst a people without morals. They are ostentatiously obtruded into the last of all places where we might expect to find them. If we walk across Hyde Park, from Cumberland Gate to where Achilles stands, and casts his fearful frown over the metropolis, as though he were drawing his weapon to place it for ever under military bondage, we meet two or three of them loitering about ; and as to use, it is sufficient to say, the Park is more infested with sturdy insolent beggars than it was before their introduction.

Proceeding to the night, the alleged incompetency and misconduct of watchmen formed the great pretext for establishing the Police. Admitting their incompetency and misconduct, we must still say, the watchmen were, on ordinary occasions, about as efficient in keeping order on the streets as their successors are. They were more easily found, and they were less seen conversing with prostitutes. It must be remembered, that their instructions and powers were more limited than those are of the Police. In regard to robberies, it is asserted, that the latter has not reduced their numbers; at any rate, it has produced no perceptible improvement.

The defects of the watching system could have been easily remedied. The age and pay of watchmen might have been made matter of legal regulation; government might have been safely intrusted with a limited negative on the appointment of each; and the power to dismiss them on proper grounds, in case of refusal in the parish to do so. This would have been sufficient for compelling the parish to employ none but fit men.

The great defect was, the watchmen were not under due inspection and control. They had in the night-constables confederates, and they dragged their prey to the watch-house, confident of finding there only accomplices in extortion and perjury; they therefore made an infamous trade of imprisoning the innocent for the benefit of their own pockets. That is a most hateful power, which authorizes an ignorant peace-officer to put people in prison for the night, on his own testimony, and often for alleged wrong done to himself; saying nothing of other things, it is hateful, as a sure means of destroying his morals, and making him a villain; and, at the least, it ought only to be exercised under every possible restriction.

If a number of the most respectable housekeepers of a parish had singly, in rotation, attended nightly at the watch-house, from eleven until two or three o'clock, for the purpose of being present when each prisoner was brought in, dismissing petty offenders, preventing combination and fraud amidst the watchmen,

inspecting their general conduct, hearing complaints against them, &c., this might have proved a remedy. The duty would have come seldom, and it would not have kept them later from their beds than pleasure often does. Or a magistrate, or respectable agent appointed by government, might have attended nightly for the same purpose.

But what remedy to this is supplied by the New Police? None. The officers drag their victims to the station, and there is no proper person at it to keep them from extortion and conspiracy. With wider powers, they are on duty as free from effectual inspection and check as the watchmen were.

With regard to negligence in protecting property, &c., the watchmen might, with the greatest ease, have been placed under all the inspection and stimulants which operate on the Police. In truth, for all proper purposes, they might have been, without difficulty, made infinitely more efficient than this Police is; for, notwithstanding its expensive character, it is about as destitute as it could well be of effective inspection in the discharge of its more important duties.

Before we speak farther of the pretexts for creating it, let us look at the reasons for giving England hired magistrates. The system is extending, and the wish prevails in many quarters to make it general. It is easy to see, that, if it be not checked, most populous places will soon be placed wholly, or in a large degree, under such magistrates. Let the latter be done, and it will be a matter of minor moment if country parts retain their unpaid magistracy. If the Executive get large cities and towns under the yoke of its hired magistrates and police, it need not desire to extend this yoke farther, whatever arbitrary projects it may entertain.

In duty, a magistrate differs altogether from a judge. To enable him to dispense cheap law and justice, to prevent litigation, and give it the right character, he must be invested with very large discretionary powers. In most of the cases which come before him, he must decide according to equity and circumstances, rather than law and evidence; in many, he

must disregard the latter, to redress or prevent wrong. It is, therefore, essential for him to possess a benevolent, manly heart; and to be, from experience, intimately acquainted with real life and business,—with the habits, feelings, maxims, interests, and relations of society; these form the equity-principles and precedents which ought to govern his decisions. He needs little knowledge of law, and he has the attorney, who acts as clerk to him, and his brethren, to aid him.

In reason, therefore, the man who has been extensively engaged in business, and compelled to mix largely with general society, makes the best magistrate; and this is confirmed by all experience. No better magistrates exist than the mayors and aldermen of corporations; if they do not know much of law, they know much of right and justice. The case is the same with those invaluable magistrates, the country gentlemen.

Legal education forms a great argument with the advocates of stipendiary magistrates. To give it validity, they ought to prove that the magistrate can only acquire a proper knowledge of law through such education; but no such proof can be discovered. The general knowledge of law he requires is easily gained; he has no intricate legal cases to decide; if he live in a town, he has an attorney and barrister constantly at his elbow; if he dwell in the country, he refers serious cases to the meeting of the magistrates, at which he has an attorney to advise with; and the party who applies to him frequently does it through an attorney, and can always consult one if he think justice is refused him. Speaking generally, the whole stream of evidence furnished by the most ample experiment proves these matters—1. The unpaid magistrates possess a sufficient knowledge of law. 2. Their decisions are governed by it to the utmost extent called for by right and justice. 3. They are surrounded with adequate restrictions for preventing in them pernicious violation of, and departure from, it.

Every Englishman who can speak from personal observation will join us in asserting, that frequently barristers, retired attorneys, and even clergymen, make the worst magistrates.

They follow law the most servilely, and in consequence their decisions are the most harsh, unjust, and unsatisfactory; they are the most disliked and avoided.

A stipendiary magistrate of legal education must, in general, be a man who knows nothing besides law—may be destitute of acquaintance with men and things, and moreover, little gifted with capacity. There is not in nature a more silly, mischievous animal than such a man. Even eminent lawyers, on the whole, have been always remarkable for ignorance of general life, and inability to judge of it correctly—narrow views and mistaken conclusions; and in legal matters they have afforded abundant proof that law, without sagacity and knowledge of the world to guide its application, may easily be made an engine of wrong and oppression. Such a magistrate must be destitute of most of the essentials demanded by his office; and his legal education will make him measure every thing by the severe, strained, and often perverted letter of the law, to the destruction of right and denial of justice. The unpaid magistrates now act under the direction of men of legal education as far as the good of society requires: but their benevolence and sense of equity soften and correct their legal instruction; if men of such education only are magistrates, all must be ignorant, blind, violent, unfeeling law, with nothing to temper and restrain it.

In our judgment, it would be quite as wise to insist that none but men of legal education ought to serve on juries, as that none but such men ought to act as magistrates. The magistrate has to act as juror, as well as judge; and in very many cases he is really an arbitrator, to settle them according to custom and equity, without being bound by law: yet we are gravely assured that he alone is qualified to be one, whose life has been spent in schools and law-courts, and who is acquainted with nothing else, saving perhaps a newspaper-office. It will have small weight with those who think with the constitution, that even an experienced, able, upright judge ought, in the trial of causes, only to be intrusted with the power to state law and sum up evidence, and that their merits ought to be de-

cided on by men destitute of legal education and connexion.

Farther, divers of the magistrate's duties have nothing to do with law, and his discharge of them must be governed by his discretion. He has the power to prevent the holding of public meetings—in case of apprehended or actual disturbance, he has under his command both the civil power and the military; therefore, he possesses the means of suppressing all manifestation of popular feeling—the exercise of popular rights is, to a large extent, under his control—he reports on the state of public feeling to government—and in several cases he forms a court of appeal against the agents of the Executive. Without mentioning other matters, it is very evident that other essentials ought to be found in him than legal education; that the latter must tend to lead him into abuse and error in the exercise of his discretionary powers; and that a briefless barrister or unsuccessful attorney is about the very last person who ought to be made a magistrate.

The unpaid magistrates are so numerous, that every village has one in or near it; their time is so little occupied, that they can mix largely with society, and in emergencies they act in bodies, which has the best effects in regard to both counsel and influence. Stipendiary magistrates would be far less numerous, because the country could not afford to have men to do nothing the greater part of their time. These would be some of the consequences—most parts of the country would be many miles distant from a magistrate—the benefits drawn from law and order would be greatly reduced—the magistrate would be constantly confined to his office, and have no leisure for acquiring the information and spirit called for by many of his duties, and in emergencies he would have to act almost alone on his own judgment and without moral weight.

The unpaid magistrates are men of great political influence; they have a deep stake in the public weal and the preservation of popular liberties; they are divided into opposite political parties; and they expect to draw no promotion from their office. All this, combined with their num-

bers and connexion, places them rather above, than under the Executive. While it is their personal interest to exercise their discretionary powers in the best manner, it is hopeless for the Executive to attempt to intimidate or corrupt them in it. But stipendiary magistrates would have no stake in the country, and every thing in interest and circumstance would combine to make them the tools of the Ministry; they would servilely follow the commands of the latter in all things relating to national liberties and privileges. The unpaid ones, in habits, feelings, intercourse, and interest, really form part of the people; but stipendiary ones would be an essential part of the Executive, as opposed to the people. The latter is now restrained and influenced by the magistrates; but the stipendiary system would make it a despot over them.

Unprejudiced people will find in all this abundant cause for believing the outcry to be ludicrously preposterous, that penniless, place-hunting, mercenary, ignorant, and shallow lawyers, are the only persons who ought to be magistrates; the more especially when they know, that it is chiefly raised by the lawyers themselves. The world proclaims custom to be second nature; a man's heart and principles must take their character in a large degree from his daily occupation. The lawyers' trade is, for hire, to support law and wrong against justice and right, to argue on the false and oppressive side, to quirk, misrepresent, intrigue, overreach, and take unjust advantage, to maintain falsehood and fraud against truth and honesty. All history and experience assert the principle—Keep political trust and power from lawyers.

But it is urged, that there is a growing reluctance in country gentlemen to enter the magistracy, and that in some places men cannot be found to act as unpaid magistrates. The country gentlemen, in plain terms, entertain this reluctance from sheer cowardice, flowing from the war waged against them in certain newspapers by barristers and attorneys, Scotch, Irish, and English. In it, they are making a dastardly surrender to the lawyers, not only of their own interests, but of those of the commu-

nity, of the constitution in both principle and institution. This forms but a miserable pretext for the stipendiary system.

The alleged inability to find men willing to act as unpaid magistrates, is confined to populous places. If these had each a corporation, they would always have excellent unpaid magistrates; and what is there to prevent it?

A corporation often has privileges which are injurious to the public, but these have so little to do with its welfare, that they are generally useless to it. Considered apart from them, it is of the highest value as a local and subsidiary government. It gives to the inhabitants of a place the selection of their magistrates; it secures to them an abundance of magistrates who are men of business, perfectly independent, identified with them in feeling and interest, and possessed of the greatest moral influence in character, fortune, and connexions. They draw from it general guardians, and promoters of every thing that can benefit them. It is of the greatest national value, in causing the people to confide in, and combining them with, the magistracy. Some idea of the advantages it yields may be gained by contrasting the government of the city of London with that of Westminster.

It could not be a difficult matter to found corporations, free from the defects and errors of the old ones, in the populous places which are now nearly destitute of local government. If the name be obnoxious, such government might be established under a new one, and limited in its objects to the creation of a proper magistracy, ready and cheap law, and efficient guardians of the peace. If this were done, it would not only remove all necessity for stipendiary magistrates, by providing different ones of far better character, but yield other great advantages.

The very heavy expense which stipendiary magistrates would impose on the community, not only in salary, but also in increase of litigation, is a matter not to be overlooked.

These hateful changes are defended on the ground, that the fearful extension of vice, crime, turbulence, and disorder amidst the people, makes them

necessary. It is one of the worst signs of the times, that while the conduct of the people is exactly calculated to supply bad rulers with pretexts for establishing arbitrary government, nothing but such government is thought of as a means of correcting it. The two evils have continually enlarged each other—popular misconduct has been met with despotic law, and despotic law has increased popular misconduct, until it has become a question, whether the freedom of the empire can be longer preserved. Before the last plunge into tyranny is taken, it may be as well to suspend this savage cry for coercion and punishment; and enquire whether better means of ruling cannot be employed than the iron arm of the law and the brute force of hired mercenaries.

Self-government in the people—meaning by the latter term not the lower orders only, but the population at large—forms the end and essence of national freedom. The great fathers of English liberty had too much knowledge and wisdom to content themselves with merely establishing a representative form of government; independently of this, they secured to the people the right to govern themselves to the farthest point, without the use of delegated authority; and then to do it by means of functionaries of their own selecting, armed only with powers of their own defining. They studiously laboured to make the people, and not only the Legislature, but also the general Executive, one in feeling, interest, and even person—to connect the whole in both deliberation and action—to incorporate the Executive with the people in every thing. The English monarchy, in its best days, was, much more than many republics ever were—a popular government.

Without this, there can be no national freedom, either really or nominally. If the people be thrown out of the government, despotism—no matter what forms of freedom may be retained—is practically established; and they must be thrown out of it, if they be not combined with the Executive as well as the Legislature. Separate them from the former in sentiment and functionary, and they will be arrayed against it as an ene-

my; nothing but brute force, or their proper spiritual and bodily incorporation with it, can keep them from waging against it regular warfare. Such warfare must fill them with the worst feelings, and make the command of the Legislature a matter of eternal contention between them and the Executive. They will use the elective franchise to return unprincipled demagogues, merely on the ground of their being enemies to the latter, and then it will buy up the demagogues, who are always the most easy of purchase, or adopt their destructive doctrines. The Legislature must either, in corrupt alliance with the Executive, fiercely oppose national feeling, or, in destructive obedience to such feeling, incapacitate the Executive for the discharge of its duties. A wicked, imbecile, revolutionary, denationalized, anti-popular Legislature—one, in respect of honour and patriotism, drawn from the scum of society—must inevitably flow from the warfare we have named: and whether it support the people or the Executive, it must, combined with such warfare, insure arbitrary government.

It has been the system in late years to throw the general population out of the government. Public meetings and petitions have been wholly disregarded, and they have nearly fallen into disuse. A greater mockery could hardly be conceived than to call that a popular government, the functionaries of which, without distinction or discrimination, treat with contempt the sentiments and feelings of the body of the people. While the Executive has thus been separated from the people in opinion and spirit, it has been continually engrossing their right of self-rule in regard to person; and thus the separation has been extended to every thing. The consequences are before the eyes of all.

By the laws of nature, therefore, tranquillity and freedom cannot exist if the people at large and the Executive be not combined as we have stated; and, in order to produce and maintain the combination in its proper character, it is essential to keep the people under the influence of right principles and feelings. To keep them thus, it is evidently essential:—1. To promote morals to the

utmost; 2. To preserve the sources of public opinion free from error and impurity; and, 3. To make local government as perfect and as independent of the Executive as possible. These three matters form the root of free government; they must give to a representative system its value, and prevent it from being a plague.

It is of the first importance that these matters should be especially attended to in the metropolis. While it is peculiarly exposed to every thing which can operate against them, it exercises overpowering influence over the country at large, and the government. There is, perhaps, no other place in which they are so much neglected.

With regard to morals, they are pre-eminently bad in the metropolis. In looking first at the great source—violation of the Sabbath—we will observe, that, putting a future state wholly out of the question, there is nothing in the social system of more value to the body of the people, than a due observance of this day. Neither body nor mind can bear continual toil, and both require a seventh day of rest to keep them in health and vigour: the abolition of it would considerably reduce the demand for labour, and a vast portion of the working classes would have to labour seven days instead of six for the wages they now receive: to this must be added, the loss these classes would sustain, in respect of cleanliness, intercourse with friends, and the means of instruction. Looking beyond its religious objects, the Sabbath may be regarded as a merciful concession to human nature, an invaluable boon to the poor—a divine interposition to give that protection to the health, comforts, and privileges of the mass of mankind, which, perhaps, nothing else could bestow. The workman who establishes the precedent for making it a day of labour, attacks the best temporal interests of himself and his brethren.

The violation of the Sabbath begins with the great. Giving to Royalty its due precedence, it, in times much too recent, has given its magnificent Sunday dinners. Ministers have given theirs, and besides, have had their Sunday Cabinet meetings—and to these must be added, the Sunday entertainments of the nobility in

general. This in rulers—in the official guardians of religion and morals—in those who stand at the head of society as models of conduct, is bad enough in the way of example, but this is not the whole of its evil operation. If the King give a grand Sunday dinner, it may only cause him and his guests to feast, but it compels his domestics and tradesmen to toil. Thus these Sunday entertainments of the great, collectively, bind a vast portion of the trading and labouring orders to regular Sunday trade and labour.

Much is justly said in favour of giving religious instruction to the young. Let the children, who at charity schools receive it, and are taught to keep the Sabbath sacred, enter the service of the great, or their tradesmen, and what follows? It is made their duty to disregard what they have been taught; they are in a large degree prohibited from attending divine worship, and compelled to make the Sunday as much a day of labour as the rest of the week; thus their religious instruction is rendered useless. We need not say how this must operate when they become heads of families.

Independently of this great cause, the labouring classes of the metropolis violate the Sabbath in the most appalling manner. The lower of them, who cannot follow their respective callings on it, spend it in drunkenness, which they commence before, or immediately after, breakfast. A man cannot go to divine service in the morning, without seeing numbers of them reeling about the streets in the different stages of intoxication. Mechanics and artisans work as regularly at their respective trades, on at least great part of the Sunday, as they do on any other day; their masters' shops are closed, but they do it at their lodgings. Their wives are of course made to share the guilt, and their children are reared in it.

Let this be looked at also, with reference to the religious instruction of youth. If the children of these classes be put to charitable schools, what they see, hear, and are made to do at home, renders the instruction they receive almost ineffectual. If they be put to labour in the lower callings, as apprentices, or otherwise,

they are incited to abandon their religious principles. Young men just out of their apprenticeship, labourers, &c., whose morals in the country have been well protected, continually pour into London in search of employment; and as soon as they enter it, they are not only led by example, but almost compelled by their brother workmen, to make the Sabbath a day of vice or labour. Thus the religious instruction of youth is, in general deprived of value by the irreligion of adults.

Speaking merely as men of the world, and as infidels would speak, what flows from this conduct in the labouring classes? Those who spend the Sabbath in drinking, spend it in qualifying both themselves and their families for every kind of vice and crime; they make themselves brutal husbands, unnatural fathers, rioters, and robbers; they starve their wives into prostitution, and their children into begging and stealing. Those who spend it in labour do the same, more effectually. Nature, as we have said, requires a seventh day of rest, and because they work on Sunday, they do nothing on Monday. The latter is their day of drunkenness, when there is no religious restraint, and when the stimulants to general profligacy are the most numerous and powerful. Because these classes, as a whole, do not employ the Sabbath in acquiring moral principles and habits, they employ it in acquiring the contrary; to the use they make of it, may be clearly traced their general bad morals; and the latter form the great cause of their hatred of the better part of society, hostility to public institutions, love of demagogues, insubordination and disaffection.

With regard to remedy, the great, at any rate, are not above the reach of reproof. If one prelate be insufficient for giving it, let all unite; and if this will not do, let the parochial clergy combine with them. Every prelate has a deep interest in supporting the morals of London. If a strong remonstrance, signed by every prelate, and the whole London clergy, were presented, not generally, but to every offender, without sparing the Legislature, the Cabinet, or the Throne, it would have the best ef-

fects. The great, both in authority and out of it, have now melancholy proof before them, that none have so deep a stake in the preservation of morals, as themselves.

No valid reason can be urged why gin and beer-shops should be open on the Sunday before one o'clock. If they were closed until this hour, it would narrow Sunday drunkenness greatly. At present, they are compelled to close at eleven, and during divine service; and in consequence, the better part of society, in proceeding to the latter, has its religious feelings shocked at every step, by the sight of individuals and groups half drunk, or wholly so, just turned out of them. If, in addition, these places were prohibited from selling any liquor on the Sunday, to be drank in them, it would operate mightily against drunkenness, without encroaching on the just needs of society. Exceptions might be made on proper grounds.

The custom of making Monday a holyday, is the great cause of voluntary Sunday labour amidst mechanics and artisans. It not only gives them the bodily rest, which otherwise they would be compelled to take on the Sunday; but it necessitates them to make the latter a day of toil, by expense and loss of wages. And it is a prolific source of general profligacy. A greater benefit could hardly be conferred on the working orders, than the suppression of this idle, vicious, and destructive custom. Very much might be done by masters, who are great sufferers from it, if they would, as far as possible, employ none but workmen willing to labour regularly on the Monday.

A powerful cause of Sabbath-breaking, and general immorality amidst the lower orders of the metropolis, is to be found in their separation from not only the church and the clergy, but also the chapel and the dissenting minister. We have heretofore adverted to this, and we will do it again and again, until we see something attempted in the way of remedy. If a mechanic or labourer never enter the church, or see a clergyman, save in the streets, he naturally thinks he has nothing to do with either. This is the case with the mass of the lower orders in question; they are practically as much divided

and estranged from both as the inhabitants of the other hemisphere; and in consequence they are ready to believe every thing they hear against them. The political evil of this, great as it is, is not the worst. Man has been truly called a religious animal, and the Englishman is peculiarly one; the latter has not the mercurial spirits of the Frenchman, or the crazy resolution of the Irishman, or the unconquerable self-approbation of the Scotchman, to sustain him in his guilt; but remorse tortures him at every step, and he is enabled to persevere, mainly because the voice of religion cannot reach him. Let the most depraved of men attend divine worship regularly, or be acted upon in any other way by spiritual admonition; and in most cases they will soon be reclaimed. In general, perseverance in vice, guilt, irreligion, and infidelity, is only made practicable by voluntary or compulsory separation from both the sight and hearing of religion.

Boys, on being put to many trades—young men on the expiration of their apprenticeship—servants of both sexes to a large extent—young men from the country—both sexes in humble life on marrying—have no place of worship to go to. They may individually gain occasional admission into one or another; but they have none they can go to regularly. In consequence, the mass of them absent themselves wholly from divine service, and awful are both the political and the moral fruits.

New churches are built, but they are in a great measure monopolized by the wealthy; the free seats in them are totally inadequate for the accommodation of the lower orders. There is another great defect in them—not only free seats, but *cheap* ones, and particularly *cheap pews*, are wanted; there are none.

Build, in proper situations, plain, neat chapels, and place in them pious and reasonably eloquent clergymen. In each, confine the pews for the rich, and even the free seats, to a small number; devote the principal part to pews capable of holding three adults, or a man, his wife, and two children; and do not let the yearly rent of each pew rise above from twenty shillings to forty; to a certain

extent, let them in single sittings, at from two to four shillings per quarter each. An organ probably cannot be afforded; therefore, instead, let a certain number of singers be hired amidst the lower orders; plenty could be found who would attend for a trifle. Our conviction is, that every pew would be constantly let. Many mechanics, labourers, domestic servants, &c., would much rather pay for pews or sittings which they could call their own and constantly occupy, than use the free seats. To make people regular church-goers, it is essential for them to know they have seats of their own to go to.

The chapels, in our judgment, would pay all their expenses, including the support of their ministers; we speak less from conjecture than from what we have seen of actual trial in country places, where the preposterous rule is unknown of compelling people to choose between free seats, and such exorbitant pew rents as only the wealthy can pay. But where is the money to be found for erecting them? Could the Church do nothing? We are speaking only of the metropolis, therefore could no contribution be gained from St Paul's and Westminster Abbey? If the comparatively poor Dissenters can rear such superb chapels as they do, it cannot be impossible for opulent churchmen to imitate them. Suppose the King, and also the Queen—for the matter concerns the fair sex as well as the other—were to nobly subscribe £10,000 each, to be paid in five or ten annual portions—the Cabinet Ministers, prelates, and beneficed clergy, were to subscribe in proportion—and the appeal were thus made to the nobility and opulent classes generally—there would be no lack of money for supplying the poor with places of worship.

But in regard to religion and morals, as well as other things, much depends on keeping on the right side the guides of public opinion. These in the main are the press—the legislature—and, in respect of example, the court and aristocracy. The first governs the others in these times, although it is largely influenced by them. Including in the term both newspapers and periodi-

cals, the press is decidedly vicious in its construction, and its bonds and temptations are almost all on the side of evil. A publication is carried on solely or chiefly for the sake of pecuniary profit; and it must depend for this on either the bribes of party or sale. If it accept the former, it of course sacrifices public to party interests; if it have only the latter to look to, it takes the side which will bring the most, without regard to merits. The gigantic revolution, from which in late years scarcely any thing has escaped, has had extraordinary effects on the mechanism of the London press.

Previously, it was the policy of every Ministry to have its newspapers—to correct the press by means of the press. Such a statesman as Mr Pitt would almost as soon have thought of carrying on the government without a majority in Parliament, as without the aid of this mighty engine. The connexion of the Ministry with its newspapers was known, therefore it made itself responsible for their general contents, and it bound them to the advocacy of loyalty and order. Their exclusive information, their talent, and the party spirit of the Ministry's supporters, gave them very large circulation and influence.

It necessarily followed that the Opposition also had its newspapers, which, by their connexion with it, were at least bound from revolutionary doctrines. They, also, possessed the means of securing great circulation and influence.

These two descriptions of newspapers naturally bore down all competitors; others could gain no weight with the respectable part of society, and, in general, could scarcely keep themselves in being. The "reading public," then, had little to do with the lower orders, and this operated greatly both to give them the lead, and to keep them from improper conduct.

The Liverpool Ministry, by its intestine divisions and contempt of literary talent, almost destroyed the Treasury press, and then, as its only means of retaining place, it apostatized to the Opposition. In late years, the Ministry has had no press under its control; instead of commanding, it has been the slave of its

newspapers; its wretched system has been to bribe and supplicate the Opposition ones to support it personally, and yet give them liberty to write down its policy and principles. Thus we have seen the depraved sycophant laud the Duke of Wellington as a god, and attack the aristocracy, church, corn law, and all besides on which the Wellington Ministry could stand, in the same article. It has followed, that the Opposition has, in a great measure, ceased to control its newspapers; all have been voluntarily fighting its battles.

The immense increase of readers amidst the lower orders has operated largely both to emancipate the press from the control of public men, and to range it on the wrong side. The patronage of gin, beer, and coffee-shops, and eating-houses, is now more safe and lucrative than that of the Ministry or Opposition; if a publication enjoy the latter, it must labour to gain the former also as far as possible; if the Ministry and Opposition will have nothing to do with it, the patronage of gin-shops, &c., is almost essential for keeping it in being. The doctrine that the press is the source of public opinion contains more error than truth. The press, amidst the intelligent classes, has great effect in guiding opinion; but amidst the lower ones, it must follow them in opinion to be read; it may in many things even give them new opinion, but this it must borrow from their interests and prejudices.

Thus in losing, or casting off the control of the two great constitutional parties of the state, the London press placed itself under the control of the populace. The sale to the private dwelling and the counting-house was comparatively nothing without that to the liquor shop and eating-house. If we grant that it did this honestly, it is of small moment, because, with an exception or two, the journals which did not do it could not be kept in being. But the honesty of the matter is very questionable. Any man who has noticed the conduct of those daily papers which have the largest circulation, must have seen that on every subject they have consulted nothing, saving the dictates of their own rivalry and the bribes of parties, but

the passions and prejudices of the multitude. The proprietors of certain of them have gone almost from door to door, amidst the gin and coffee-shops, to solicit orders; of course, they have done this with the knowledge that only opinions of a particular kind would be vendible in such places. One of the reviews has used even lower arts than the lowest newspaper ever stooped to, in order to force itself into the gin and coffee-shops, and pick up filthy pence at the cost of truth and independence. Various papers which have been commenced in late years on right principles, have glided into mob politics, as the only means of escaping ruin, or at least of making profit. The two or three which have not espoused the popular cause have little sale in London, save to the aristocracy.

Unhappily, therefore, the case now stands thus. Newspapers cannot gain a living circulation, or any influence of moment, amidst the inhabitants of London, unless they take the popular side; therefore, they are necessarily about all on this side. In supporting it, they must be the most abject slaves that ever wore the chains of slavery. Driven along like brutes in harness, the least act of disobedience to their mob drivers receives a flogging in the shape of loss of circulation quite intolerable; bound to the loathsome toil of pandering to the interests and passions of the multitude, their competition cannot go beyond efforts to outstrip each other in dishonest subserviency to them. What could be more impossible than for the popular London newspapers and periodicals to discuss great national questions—reform, the corn laws, taxes and retrenchment, with truth and impartiality, when they dare not, under penalty of heavy fine and ruin, say any thing that may displease the populace?

Various matters conspire to give these the worst operation. The doctrines which suit the palate of the populace are also relished by that of the middle classes. The press is chiefly in the hands of Scotchmen and Irishmen, whose feelings of nationality are hostile to England, and cause them to regard her as little better than a victim for barbarous experiments. The population of the

metropolis consists, to a vast extent, of Scotchmen and Irishmen, and to these must be added a very large number of foreigners.

Liberal opinions, as they are called, confessedly strike at the obligations of religion and morals; and the press must necessarily sink in immorality with the populace. A few years since, it was the fashion to give a religious tone to popular literature, and, looking no farther, this had excellent effect in keeping the press from irreligion. This fashion has been reversed; the literary mechanics, who at present carry on the low and depraved trade of criticism, declare religion shall have no place in such literature; and every writer to whom character is dear, must now, when he touches on morals, carefully protest against being thought "a saint" or "straitlaced;" and also interlard his composition with the expletives of the coalheaver. It is extraordinary that, after the vulgar and odious vice of swearing had been banished from every grade of society save the lowest, it is adopted by gifted writers; and genius in cool blood makes its elaborate displays of "What the d—l!"—"By G—d!"—"D—n!" &c. We feel assured that the genius which does this, never in conversation heard a swearer without disgust, even when his oaths had the best elocution, and the warmth of passion, to soften their repulsive character. Will taste, keeping better things from the critical seat, slumber for ever?

In late years the London press has, with little exception, opposed itself to religion and morals. A part of it openly teaches infidelity, but it is the least mischievous one. Another influential part, under the pretence of attacking what it calls evangelism and puritanism, furiously writes down religious feeling and practice. A third part, under the name of sporting papers, teaches gaming, drunkenness, and every kind of depravity. These papers, in a great measure, form the Sunday reading of the godless lower orders; they are almost the only ones which find their way on the Sabbath into the lower eating-houses and liquor-shops. It is a melancholy singularity that many of the London Sunday papers are, in one way or another, far more hostile

to religion and morals than the daily ones. Then the general press opposes religious societies, and throws its shield over every source of immorality.

The London press, no matter what may govern it, must always, to a vast extent, govern the Legislature; and, in its influential part, it must be ruled by, or rule the Executive. Its "independence" makes it the tyrant over both, and in late years it has ranged both on the side of irreligion and immorality. It generates in them evil feelings and conduct, and then this stimulates it to farther profligacy.

We who write have always belonged to the Church of England, and in communion with her we hope to die; but we have never spared the transgressions of her clergy, or been tardy in defending the Dissenters. In that spirit of impartial justice which has ever animated us, we must say, that in latter times the Dissenters have had a gigantic share in placing both the press and the Legislature on the side of irreligion and immorality, and that in this their ministers have taken the lead. To which political party do the Protestant Dissenters attach themselves? That which not only comprehends the avowed infidel and profligate, but boasts of its godless character, and makes a virtue of defending licentiousness. What newspapers do these Dissenters support? Those which teach Sabbath-breaking, and attack every source of morals. Whom do these Dissenters vote for as members of the Legislature? Freethinkers, gamblers, men stained with every vice, and whose creed strikes at the foundations of religion. The Dissenting ministers of the metropolis must have a university, not only destitute of religion, but supported and governed by its avowed enemies; rather than one tainted with the heresies of the Church. The Dissenters of Southwark, Leeds, and other places, must be represented in Parliament by any mountebank who will spread infidelity and vice by law, rather than by the conscientious friend of the national religion. The preaching minister and the scoffing Atheist, the praying convert and the swearing drunkard, draw side by side, in brotherly affection, to array both the

press and the Legislature against religion and morals. It is a most deplorable fact, that in late years the portion of the House of Commons which has been the most irreligious in private life, and the most bold and active on the side of infidelity and vice, has owed its election chiefly to the preaching and praying Protestant Dissenters.

Farther, the latter have done prodigious injury to religion, by connecting it with politics. In regard to the slavery question,* their ministers enter the political arena to utter the most gross untruths, and advocate the most unjust spoliation: it is no defence to say they do this from ignorance, for they, of all men, should not speak without knowledge. What follows from their guilty labours to place their fanaticism above both the Scriptures and the laws of the realm, and to usurp the functions of Government? A vast portion of the population is led to regard religion as an enemy of law, right, and property; and to seek its practical suppression as a matter of personal and national safety.

The Dissenters have long rendered the greatest service to religion and morals amidst the lower orders; but this, in the last few years, has been more than counterbalanced by the injury they have inflicted on them in regard to the press and the Legislature. They have done more than any other men in the empire to secure their overthrow. Those who think that religion is on the point of being extinguished for a season, may see abundant cause for holding their opinion; and they may also see that her peril has been mainly created by her misguided professors. To the bigoted, fanatical part of the Dissenters, we speak not; but to the very many excellent and sensible people numbered among them, we

say, What have you to gain from this conduct? Granting that times have been when it was necessary for you to place politics above religion, have they undergone no change? What have you now in honesty to hope, or to fear, from the Church and Government? You have zealously assisted in producing the fearful dangers you are at this moment calling on Heaven in your chapels to remove,—you confess they threaten you as much as the national religion,—you see that with the latter you must fall, and yet from hostility to it, alike unprovoked and wicked, you combat for the Liberals, to whom it is less an object of contempt and enmity than your own. You are practically using your tremendous power for the overthrow of all religion; and if you proceed a little farther, dreadful will be the penalty exacted from you for the heinous iniquity.

The Court and Aristocracy have much in habit, and more in circumstance, to tempt them to immorality; and at all times it depends largely on the press, whether they are to be licentious, or the contrary.

But in other matters, as well as religion and morals, the press to a great extent governs the Legislature and the upper classes, as guides of public opinion; and if it be not kept from error and impurity, they cannot.

At present, then, the London press is perfectly despotic over the Legislature, the Executive, and every thing besides; we do not speak too strongly, when we say, they dare not oppose or disobey it. In matters of foreign and domestic policy, its mandates alone must be listened to; at its nod, the empire must have its interest sacrificed both at home and abroad; the voice of the people at large must be treated with scorn, and all the realities of national freedom

* We appeal to every friend of freedom and right, whether societies ought to be tolerated by law, which, by addressing inflammatory falsehood to the religious feelings of the ignorant, and other equally infamous means, attempt to form the community into an organized conspiracy, for the purpose of forcing Government to make great changes of law, which vitally affect the property and subsistence of large masses of his Majesty's subjects, as well as the best interests of the empire. We say this with reference to the Anti-Slavery Society. If any member of this pestilential nest of lawyers and religion-destroyers form part of the Ministry, either in the Cabinet or out of it, the matter ought at once to be taken up in Parliament. It seems as though the new Ministry would have difficulty in preserving itself from being assassinated by its legal members.

must be in effect annihilated. If this despotism were truly independent and upright, it would still be flatly opposed to liberty and the spirit of the constitution, which insist that there shall be no despotism of any kind—that every thing in the social system shall be duly balanced and restricted. But it is the reverse. The tyrant over the authorities of the realm, it is virtually the slave of the liquor-shops and dining-rooms, or, at the best, of these combined with the general shops and counting-houses: it avows itself to be devoted to the popular cause; thus it confesses itself to be the menial of a party, and of that which generally was against the best interests of the community. It has long been endeavouring to give this party, to wit, the populace, arbitrary control over the rest of the population. The different publications vary in character; but nearly all are on the same side: the moderate must assist the profligate ones, or be silent. Thus effective discussion is suppressed;—the Legislature is stripped of its deliberative functions, and the Executive of its powers, to be made the instruments of remorseless tyranny.

No honest man will say that this state of things ought to continue; and no intelligent one will say that it can continue, without soon producing the overthrow of the empire, and the dissolution of society. The main argument in defence of the liberty of the press, even with the Whigs, has always been that the press could be made to correct its own errors,—to balance and restrain itself; but it is at present worthless. Whatever may be the case, touching mere personal and local matters, the press now cannot be made to do this in regard to interest and class, principles and systems, of national policy.

What, then, ought to be done? Our reply is, legal measures would be useless; they could supply no remedy without destroying the freedom of the press. In a free, great, and reading nation like this, we hold it to be a matter of imperious state necessity for the Ministry to have its own newspapers, controlled in their general contents by itself, and compelled to uphold public institutions, and the interests of the upper as well as the lower classes. This will cause, which we hold to be equally necessary, the Opposition to have its pa-

pers governed in a similar manner. Farther, the aristocracy and clergy, as one of the conditions of their support, ought to bind the Ministry and Opposition to keep their papers rigidly attached to right principles. These newspapers would have great and influential circulation, and, to a certain extent, they would lead the lower orders to hear both sides. As to the popular cause, it would still have its full share of the press; saying nothing of the Opposition prints, the golden patronage of gin, beer, dinner, and coffee-shops, would have no lack of newspaper candidates.

Our decided conviction is, that nothing but this can create a divided, balanced, self-correcting press. Some years since, the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews led public opinion and the newspapers; but the latter, and the Magazines, now equal, and often surpass them in talent; and they have lost their ascendancy. The newspapers at present, in influence, form the press; and they must be divided by some such means as we have described, or be combined and omnipotent. As to their independence, it is out of the question; they cannot live if they do not accommodate their opinions to their party; and it is impossible, in the nature of things, for them to be independent. The choice lies between a united press, independent of the two great constitutional parties of the State, but the slave of the liquor and other shops, and the lower orders of London; and a divided one, governed partly by the latter, and partly by the two parties;—between a press representing the diversities of public opinion, and one representing only the opinion of the shops and lower orders we have named;—between a constitutional press, defending all interests and classes, and promoting due discussion in and out of the Legislature, and a revolutionary one, warring against the aristocracy, church, and public institutions in general, and prohibiting such discussion.

As matters are, no Ministry or Parliament can exercise its discretion, and do its duty; none has been able to do it for years. It signifies not what changes of men there may be in either; there must be no change of principles and measures, because the supreme, despotic, irresponsible Ministry and Parliament are not

changed. Let it ever be remembered, that the tyranny which makes puppets of them both, also makes puppets of the newspapers; it consists of the gin and other shops, and the motley anti-English and foreign multitude of the metropolis. These really form the source of that irresistible public opinion, of which the press is falsely called the parent; and they are the primary rulers of the British empire.

One of the many destructive consequences which flow from the present state of things, is this: The Ministry and Opposition are too happy if they can prevail on the press to puff them personally, and their measures, without suffering them to interfere with it farther; if it concede so much to them, it still must take general opinion from the multitude. It follows, that the worst doctrines are, in the public eye, circulated under their authority; the ministerial papers are also the revolutionary ones. If the prints of the Wellington Ministry attack the corn law, revile the aristocracy, and slander the throne; or if those of the Grey Ministry teach the absurdities of the economists, rail against the church, defame the magistracy, and feed the frenzy of the poor against the rich; it must have the worst effects on the general feelings of the country, and not only disable the Ministry for exercising its functions, but create the means of its certain destruction. The Wellington Ministry was, in a large degree, ruined by its newspapers; and if the Grey one do not take care, it will meet the same fate.

When all admit the stupendous power of the newspapers, and deplore the manner in which it is exercised,—when the weathercock guilt of some of them is a by-word with

every party, it is astonishing that the establishing and governing of them is left solely to men,* who do it on principles of private trade, and who cannot afford to do it on any other. The morning ones rule London; and the commencing of one on the anti-popular side, would dissipate a large fortune before it could gain a living circulation; therefore, in private individuals, it is out of the question. If the newspapers possess the power ascribed to them, nothing could be more clear than that the rulers and upper classes of the empire ought to endeavour to employ a due portion of it on the right side of things. It is obviously as essential for the opinion and reasoning of the Executive and higher ranks, to have full circulation, as it is for those of the multitude to have it; consequently, our conviction is, that in every free state, which must depend for freedom and prosperity on the due publicity and collision of opinion and reasoning, it is essential for the Executive to have its own avowed newspapers.†

If, however, nothing be done, it is demonstrable that the great sources and guides of public opinion must be restricted to the most fatal error and impurity. The press must be the slave of the multitude; and the Executive, Legislature, and Aristocracy, must be the slaves of the press.

Let us now speak of the local government of the metropolis.

It most fortunately happened, that in former times, the metropolis was divided into three great divisions, and these were subdivided into parishes, &c. Had not this been done, we are pretty sure, that at this moment it would have been regarded as one vast undivided whole, and governed, as immense undivided masses

* The public language of newspapers forms a most amusing contrast to the private language of their proprietors. The former, of course, is all public spirit, independence, and patriotism; the latter is, of necessity, all private profit and subserviency. We must take up the cause of these interests, because it will gain us their patronage. These principles will not do, because we have no sale. We must oppose this question, and support that, or be ruined. These are clever articles, and quite true; but we dare not publish them, because it would injure our circulation. In mere trading proprietors, this is perhaps venial; in the nature of things the case must be so, for private individuals cannot be expected to ruin themselves for public good; but, however, let us hear no more of newspaper disinterestedness and independence.

† If any morning paper, for instance the Morning Chronicle, were known to be in general principles, and, to a certain extent, in composition, the organ of the Ministry; and if the Morning Post, or any other, were known to be in the same respects the organ of the Opposition; this alone would give these papers very great circulation and weight in the metropolis, even amidst the lower orders.

of souls only can be, by brute force—by police, and other sub-tyrants. This is evident enough, because, notwithstanding its enormous increase of population, no effort is made to multiply its separate local governments.

Casting from us the wild and destructive generalities of the age, which are as fashionable here as in all other matters, we will look at details. In proportion as the inhabitants of the metropolis are virtuous and well affected, laws, police, and restraints on the rights and liberties of the subject must be unnecessary: to prevent crime, disaffection, and tumult, vice and immorality must be prevented. Of course, it ought to be a leading object of local government to root up the things which corrupt innocence, and supply guilt with means.

Here the metropolis exhibits the most extraordinary deficiencies. It is notorious, that all parts of it abound with houses which are kept solely for the accommodation of women of the town, and the men they pick up; and also for that of men and the young females, wives, &c., they seduce. It is a modern refinement, that servant girls and wives have now the means at hand for regularly making their secret visits to a brothel. The lower, and, of course, the chief part of these houses, are known by all to be dens of robbery, and almost every kind of crime. Their real character admits of no doubt—every respectable inhabitant of the streets in which they are situated would gladly give evidence against them: they could in every case be easily proved to be what they are, by infinitely more conclusive legal testimony than is often required for taking away life; yet they are rarely molested. Independently of the guilt they generate, these houses cause serious annoyance to the respectable part of their neighbours, and are highly injurious to the property which surrounds them.

The defective state of the law is perhaps a great cause why they flourish with impunity. Their character is in general too notorious to admit of mistake; suppose, therefore, that the magistrate had summary power to convict each, without other evidence than the depositions of a certain number of respectable housekeepers declaring it, to

the best of their knowledge and belief, to be what we have described. In regard to punishment, it ought to be the great object to reach the owner; therefore, suppose a fine were levied on the house, amounting to a year's rent, and also sufficient sureties were required that for some years to come it should be let to none but people of character;—some such plan would be effectual for putting down the worst of these houses, without invading in the least the rights of property. When we daily see men convicted in courts of justice of high crimes on slender and disputed circumstantial evidence, it is too much to tell us that the guilt of houses, which is ten thousand times more baleful to society than that of any robber, and which is known to all, cannot be reached by law.

Then there are many low public and other houses which are places of resort for thieves and gamblers. The character of these is notorious amidst their neighbours, and they could easily be put down in the same manner.

In the next place, there are the low lodging houses for beggars and the destitute. These are really public places, and none call more for proper surveillance than they do. Competent parish, or magisterial authorities, ought very frequently to inspect them throughout, rigorously examine their lodgers, and insist on due cleanliness, separation of sexes, &c. By this means many bad characters might be banished, and distressed ones assisted.

There are various streets, the inhabitants of which are of the most barbarous and riotous description. Husbands, wives, and neighbours, continually brawl and fight; and frequently a whole street engages in conflict. The men drink most of their wages, the women drink likewise all they can procure; and the children, half-naked, beg and steal, and are reared in all kinds of iniquity. These streets are well-known to all. Let a sufficiency of peace officers be constantly stationed in them, not only to preserve order, but to ascertain the character, and employment, and wages, of every inhabitant. We will never admit, that the law ought to suffer a father to starve, and make criminals of his children, by his own drunkenness; therefore, let the chil-

dren be well looked after; if they, as is now the case, ragged and barefooted, spend their time in running about town, let the parish officers be authorized to give them proper clothing and put them to school, and then to receive of their father's employer a part of his weekly wages in payment, taking care that the sum be no more than a fair proportion of his earnings. This would benefit the parents as much as the children.

We would confine this to the streets in question, and subject them in every point to the most rigorous government, in respect of both owners of the houses and occupiers. We would punish disorders and tumults with unsparing severity; and, to a large extent, make the owner responsible for the conduct of his tenants. The fact is, when these barbarians enter a street, they drive all other people out of it; the peaceable and well-disposed have no recourse but flight; they thus congregate to stimulate each other in profligacy, with nothing to instruct and restrain them save coercion. If they were compelled by such government to disperse, and seek lodgings singly in better streets, they would then be under the example and restraint of orderly neighbours and housekeepers. Every thing ought to be done to promote their dispersion, even for their own benefit.

These are the streets which supply the worst of the mobs—provide the mobs with blackguards and ruffians, and fill the metropolis with boys and girls, young men and women, of the most infamous character.

Sunday labour ought, to the farthest point, to be vigilantly prevented by law. We have already recommended that liquor-shops should not be opened before one o'clock on the Sunday, and that they should not be suffered to sell any thing on the same day to be consumed in them, save in special cases.

Our general objects in all this are—1. The suppression of the houses which form the schools and bulwarks of vice and crime. 2. The severe, incessant watching of the barbarous, demoralized houses and streets, for the purpose of improving the character of, and duly dispersing, their inhabitants. And, 3. The prohibition of drinking and working on the Sabbath, as a great means, amidst

other things, of promoting religion, morals, and order. What is the existing system? An unconstitutional, despotic police, which endangers public freedom, and invades the rights and liberties of the subject, overruns the metropolis; and yet the great sources of guilt, barbarism, and tumult, are not reached by it. While it spares, it is to a large degree in league with, and protects, much more than injures, them,—it places the moral and peaceable under detestable espionage, insult, and oppression.

In recommending proper laws, let us say a word touching enforcing them. The clergyman is the especial guardian of religion and morals in his parish; and he is the most fitting man to keep it free from brothels, gaming-houses, and profanation of the Sabbath. If the duty were specially imposed on him by law—it is already imposed on him by a much higher authority—of watching it carefully on these matters; and if, on his information, the magistrate were required to collect evidence, and put the law in operation, this would be highly effectual. The London clergy are in general excellent men, and yet we never hear of them taking a single step against the sinks of debauchery and licentiousness which flourish in their parishes. This cannot at any rate flow from conscience.

The religious people of the metropolis—Churchmen and Dissenters—are extremely active and liberal. Let them form themselves into a society, subdivided into branch parochial ones, for putting down the receptacles of iniquity, and preserving the Sabbath from violation. Let their appeals to law be cautious and sparing; and their great means be, friendly exhortation and assistance. Let them go from house to house amidst the lower orders, to reclaim the drunkard, reform the Sunday-labourer, and civilize the barbarous family. Let them freely give charitable aid when necessary, and strain every nerve, both by providing seats, and all other means, to induce the lower classes to attend divine worship. We tell them, the aspect of the times demands that they should provide, not only schools for children, but churches and chapels for adults—not only distribute Bibles,

but cause them to be read—think less of the ignorant heathen abroad, and more of the debauched heathen at home—labour less to convert foreigners, and more to civilize their own countrymen.

There is a matter which we would strongly press on the attention of the exalted and opulent part of our lovely countrywomen. Very many servant girls are annually driven to prostitution in the metropolis by want. They lose their places, perhaps, from no fault of their own—they are often refused characters, when those who ought to give them are more blameable than themselves—they have no friends—they go into lodgings, pawn their clothes, get into debt, and are then forced on the town. We speak of that which is not rare, but which occurs continually. It is useless to say they have parishes, because they will not, and often cannot, go to them. If the ladies, to whom we speak, would form an establishment for providing female servants out of place with board, lodging, and needlework, on their producing reasonable evidence of their virtue and honesty, we are sure it would be highly beneficial to society. It would be the more beneficial, if open to all young females of such character in want of employment.

To a large extent, marriage is now dispensed with among the lower orders of the metropolis. The mechanic must have his mistress as well as the gentleman; and great numbers live together as man and wife without being married. We mention the evil, and leave it to others to provide a remedy.

With regard to the attendance of these orders at divine service, much might be done by the following means:—1. Masters might stipulate for it with their workmen; a man thinks it necessary to send his domestic servants regularly to church, although their general conduct is always under his eye; but he makes no effort whatever to send his workmen and their families thither, although a large part of their conduct is free from his inspection. This gross inconsistency ought to be abandoned.

2. Benevolent assistance to individuals and families, might be given on the express condition, that those re-

ceiving it, should regularly attend some place of worship.

3. Regular attendance at divine service, might most properly be required of all persons receiving parish relief. This would be highly instrumental in making such attendance habitual among the lower orders.

If ladies of rank and opulence were to form themselves into societies, for the purpose of distributing twice, or only once, in the year, articles of clothing to the wives and children of the more needy labourers, it would be highly beneficial. They might restrict their bounty to women of good morals, and regular attendants at a place of worship. Such ladies are extremely charitable, but they do not use their gifts as a means of promoting morals. To a large extent, the wives of the labouring classes in the metropolis are about as partial to liquor, and as irreligious, as their husbands. When this is looked at, with reference to the charge which rests on them in regard to their children, every one will admit that it calls loudly for remedy. Who is so fitting to administer such remedy as the more exalted part of their own sex?

In all this, do not look at the metropolis as a huge undivided whole. If the magistrates of Westminster be in many respects grossly inefficient, why not give it a corporation, on a proper model, for the purpose of supplying it with competent ones? If need be, why not do the same in Southwark? After giving to each grand division a local government, strong in both physical and moral power, give one to each parish; and where the parishes are too large, divide them into districts, and give one to each of the latter.

Nothing is of greater importance to society than good parish government, and few things are more neglected. Select vestries have been in many matters beneficial, but they have become such a source of division and contention, that they perhaps now produce more evil than good. A few active executory officers, invested with proper powers, seem preferable to a parochial parliament. The great deficiency of parish government at present is, it pays scarcely any attention to morals. If each church had a certain

number of surrounding streets assigned it as a district, and it were made the duty of the clergyman, and a few individuals appointed to act with him, to keep the district free from low brothels, &c.—enforce proper conduct in places of public resort—watch the morals of the barbarous streets—repress drunkenness and Sunday labour—cause the lower orders to attend divine worship, &c. &c., this would yield the greatest advantages. The latter would be largely increased, if the wealthy inhabitants of the district would combine for the purposes we have described. By thus breaking the population into small parts, it might, as a whole, be kept in the best state of moral and political feeling, and also in the best circumstances.

This would be highly serviceable in procuring the requisite knowledge of applicants for parish relief, although the large parishes should not be thus divided in respect of the Poor-rates: it would give to every parish full knowledge of the character and circumstances of its poorer inhabitants individually, and thereby prevent much imposition and abuse. Our conviction is, that it would diminish the Poor-rates materially.

In thus giving to the clergyman powers and duties in all things relating to religion and morals, it would be better to separate him from other parts of parish government.

What we have said touching the metropolis, is equally applicable to all large places. Great manufacturing and trading towns have sprung up in all directions since the founding of corporations ceased; and they have nothing worthy of being called local government. On the one hand, there are vast combined masses of the working classes in a great measure independent of their employers; and, on the other, a high constable or bailiff, a few magistrates, perhaps hired ones, and a police, destitute of moral weight, and ruling only by coercion; religion and morals are disregarded—the mass of the poor cannot enter a church—private charity is little attended to—revolutionary newspapers are about the only sources of political instruction—Sunday labour is made almost necessary by hunger—the lower orders are separated and estranged from the better ones—and peace,

saying nothing of order, is only maintained by brute force. This is a local tyranny; its fruits are vice, demoralization, turbulence, barbarism, disaffection, and every thing that can produce a general tyranny.

With regard to country places, we will only say a word. In the North of England the unmarried servants board and lodge, and the married ones board, in the house of the farmer. This is invaluable, in the first place, for giving them instruction; in the second, for placing their moral and general conduct under proper control; and, in the third, for uniting them with their betters. What flows from it? A virtuous, peaceable, well-affected, and, to a very large extent, religious peasantry. In the South of England, the servants, single and married, do not board and lodge with the farmer; they never enter his house to gain knowledge, and they are, saving what relates to their labour, independent of him in conduct. What is the fruit? A vicious, barbarous, disloyal, and criminal peasantry. We need not dwell on the lesson this supplies; but we will say, it proves abundantly, that if there be not moral, there must be tyrannical, government.

The country is now called on to decide between popular government and the contrary—between self-government, and a virtually independent Executive—between the government of opinion, feeling, habit, and influence, and that of flinty law and hired mercenaries. Let it be assured, that if it select the new system, the local tyranny will very speedily create a general despotism. The trusting of every thing to restrictive law and police, must, in the nature of things, separate the lower classes still more from their superiors, and sink them deeper in irreligion and barbarism. Bad as the present generation of them has become, it was reared in better times, and it received instruction and feelings which it cannot wholly get rid of; but what is to be expected from the next? The question, what kind of men and women will the children of these classes be? ought to make every friend of the empire tremble.

Let us, then, like our fathers, live without this disguised martial law, these spies, informers, and sub-ty-

rants. Like them, let us be ruled by morals and feelings, by the virtues of all classes, and by keeping the poor in friendly communication and union with their superiors.

But where is the ground for hope? Previously to late years, when the government was really a popular one, a new law was at once repealed, if it were injurious or distasteful to public feeling; in proof, we may point to a new marriage law, and to many others. But the laws fabricated in these days, are declared to be, like those of the Medes and Persians, unalterable. A new system or statute operates destructively, and is condemned by the mass of the population; but no matter, Parliament has adopted it, therefore it must be preserved. The main defence of all pernicious legislation now is, Parliament voted certain resolutions in one year, and sanctioned certain principles in another; the public interests and feelings must be disregarded. Public men and Parliaments are now in their own eyes infallible; and one of them must not, if even the salvation of the empire depends on it, undo what another has done. This is one of the most despotic and detested violations of the spirit of the constitution which modern times have seen; and it is absurd to say, that where it prevails, there is popular government. Of course, the establishment of the New Police will, we imagine, be pronounced a sufficient reason for retaining it.

Yet, if the Whig doctrines touching a standing army—the employment of the military—public opinion—popular rights, privileges, and government—and the power of the Crown, be not wholly fable;—if the Whigs have not abandoned the essence of Whiggism for the reverse; the Whig Ministry is bound to suppress the New Police and stipendiary magistrates, and to restore to England her popular government.

But who can trust a Whig Ministry?

It is not from hostility to the present Cabinet, that we put the question. We, at least, think it the best amidst the bad, and more trustworthy than any other party. Far be from us the folly of believing that public distress flows from a deficiency of the precious metals,

when the country has for years had an unexampled excess of them; and far be from us the greater folly of believing that the corn law is an evil, and that the taxes form the only obstacle to a free trade in corn; and far be from us the worse than folly of leaping, in the course of a few months, from one set of opinions to another. Judging from the debate on Lord Wynford's motion for enquiry, the present Ministry is now the only party of character willing to save what is left of property and subsistence.

We say, who can trust a Whig Ministry? because the past affords no ground for trust—because the Whigs have a bad character to get rid of, and a good one to establish. We tell the new Ministers that they are not trusted; and yet that all men are anxious to trust them, provided they will prove by their conduct that they deserve it. In this anxiety we share, and grieved shall we be, if they give us cause to oppose them. But to gain that confidence which the community at large wishes to bestow on them, they must look at something more than abstract doctrine. Instead of floundering about in vague generalities touching the precious metals, bank-notes, and machinery, they must go to work like men of business; they must ask the farmer separately what he finds in his market to prevent his getting proper prices, not only for his corn, but also for his cattle, wool, tallow, and other produce; in like manner, they must ask of every producer separately, what he finds in his market to cripple his trade, and grind down his prices. By this they will soon discover causes and remedies.

As friends, we tell these Ministers further, that names are now nothing—that it will do no longer to plead principles and systems, the work of predecessors, and their own past sanction—and that they must remove loss and suffering, or lose office to themselves, and the monarchy to the country. The times are perilous infinitely beyond what the Legislature seems to dream of; and, alas for all! if remedy be again refused until extorted by insurrection.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAP. VI.

The Turned Head—The Wife.

THE TURNED HEAD.

HYPOCHONDRIASIS,* Janus-like, has two faces—a melancholy and a laughable one. The former, though oftener seen in actual life, does not present itself so frequently to the notice of the medical practitioner as the latter; though, in point of fact, one as imperatively calls for his interference as the other. It may be safely asserted, that a permanently morbid mood of mind invariably indicates a disordered state of some part or other of the physical system; and which of the two forms of hypochondria will manifest itself in a particular case, depends altogether upon the mental idiosyncrasy of the patient. Those of a dull, phlegmatic temperament, unstirred by intermixture and collision with the bustling activities of life, addicted to sombrous trains of reflection, and, by a kind of sympathy, always looking on the gloomy side of things, generally sink, at some period or other of their lives, into the “slough of despond”—as old Bunyan significantly terms it—from whence they are seldom altogether extricated. Religious enthusiasts constitute by far the largest portion of those afflicted with this species of hypochondria—instance the wretched Cowper; and such I have never known entirely disabused of these dreadful fantasies. Those, again, of a gay and lively fancy, ardent temperament, and droll, grotesque appetencies, exhibit the laughable aspect of hypochondriasis. In such, you may expect conceits of the most astounding absurdity that could possibly take possession of the topsyturvied intellects of a confirmed lunatic; and persisted in with a pertinacity—a dogged defiance of evidence to the contrary—which is itself as exquisitely ludicrous, as distressing and provoking. There is generally preserved an amazing con-

sistency in the delusion, in spite of the incipient rebuttals of sensation. In short, when once a crotchet, of such a sort as that hereafter mentioned, is fairly entertained in the fancy, the patient *will* not let it go! It is cases of this kind which baffle the adroitest medical tactician. For my own part, I have had to deal with several during the course of my practice, which, if described coolly and faithfully on paper, would appear preposterously incredible to a non-professional reader. Such may possibly be the fate of the following. I have given it with a minuteness of detail, in several parts, which I think is warranted, by the interesting nature of the case, by the rarity of such narratives,—and, above all, by the peculiar character and talents of the well-known individual who is the patient; and I am convinced that no one would laugh more heartily over it than he himself—had he not long lain quiet in his grave!

You could scarcely look on N— without laughing. There was a sorry sort of humorous expression in his odd and ugly features, which suggested to you the idea that he was always struggling to repel some joyous emotion or other, with painful effort. There was the rich light of intellect in his eye, which was dark and full—you *felt* when its glance was settled upon you;—and there it remained concentrated, at the expense of all the other features;—in the clumsy osseous ridge of eye-bone impeding sullenly over his eyes—the Pitt-like nose, looking like a finger and thumb full of dough drawn out from the plastic mass, with two ill-formed holes inserted in the bulbous extremity—and his large liquorish, shapeless lips—looked altogether anything but refined or intellectual. He was a man of fortune—an obstinate bachelor—and was educated at Cambridge, where he attained considerable dis-

* Arising, as its name imports, from disease in the *hypo-chondres* (*ὑπὸ χόνδρος*) i.e. the viscera lying under the cartilage of the breast-bone and false ribs, the liver, spleen, &c.

tion; and at the period of his introduction to the reader, was in his thirty-eighth or fortieth year. If I were to mention his name, it would recall to the literary reader many excellent, and some admirable portions of literature, for the perusal of which he has to thank N—. The prevailing complexion of his mind was sombrous—but played on, occasionally, by an arch-humorous fancy, flinging its rays of fun and drollery over the dark surface, like moonbeams on midnight waters. I do believe he considered it sinful to smile! There was a puckering up of the corner of the mouth, and a forced corrugation of the eyebrows—the expression of which was set at nought by the conviviality—the solemn drollery of the eyes. You saw Momus leering out of every glance of them! He said many very witty things in conversation, and had a knack of uttering the quaintest conceits with something like a whine of compunction in his tone, which ensured him roars of laughter. As for his own laugh—when he *did* laugh—there is no describing it—short, sudden, unexpected was it, like a flash of powder in the dark. Not a trace of real merriment lingered on his features an instant after the noise had ceased. You began to doubt whether he had laughed at all, and to look about to see where the explosion came from. Except on such rare occasions of forgetfulness on his part, his demeanour was very calm and quiet. He loved to get a man who would come and sit with him all the evening, smoking, and sipping wine in cloudy silence. He could not endure bustle or obstreperousness; and when he did unfortunately fall foul of a son of noise, as soon as he had had “a sample of his quality,” he would abruptly rise and take his leave, saying, in a querulous tone, like that of a sick child, “I’ll go!” [probably these two words will at once recall him to the memory of more than one of my readers]—and he was as good as his word; for all his acquaintances—and I among the number—knew his eccentricities, and excused them.

Such was the man—at least as to the more prominent points of his character—whose chattering black servant presented himself hastily to my notice one morning, as I was

standing on my door-steps, pondering the probabilities of wet or fine for the day. He spoke in such a spluttering tone of trepidation, that it was some time before I could conjecture what was the matter. At length I distinguished something like the words, “Oh, Docta, Docta, com-a, and see-a a Massa! Com-a! Him so gashly—him so ill—ver dam bad—him say so—Oh lorra-lorra-lorra! Com see-a a Massa—him ver orrid!”

“Why, what on earth is the matter with you, you sable, eh?—Why can’t you speak slower, and tell me plainly what’s the matter?” said I, impatiently, for he seemed inclined to gabble on in that strain for some minutes longer. “*What’s the matter with your master, sirrah, eh?*” I enquired, jerking his striped morning jacket.

“Oh, Docta! Docta! Com-a—Massa d—n bad! Him say so!—Him head turned! Him head turned!”

“Him *what*, sirrah?” said I, in amazement.

“Him *head turned*, Docta—him head turned,” replied the man, slapping his fingers against his forehead.

“Oh, I see how it is, I see; ah, yes,” I replied, pointing to my forehead in turn, wishing him to see that I understood him to say his master had been seized with a fit of insanity.

“Iss, iss, Docta—him Massa *head turned*—him head turned!—d—n bad!”

“Where is Mr N—, Nambo, eh?”

“Him lying all ’long in him bed, Massa—him d—n bad. But him ’tickler quiet—him head turned!”

“Why, Nambo, what makes *you* say your master’s head’s turned, eh? What d’ye mean?”

“Him, Massa, self say so—him did—him head turned—d—n.” I felt as much at a loss as ever; it was so odd for a gentleman to acknowledge to his negro-servant that his *head was turned*.

“Ah! he’s gone *mad*, you mean, eh—is that it? Hem! *Mad*—is it so?” said I, pointing, with a wink, to my forehead. “No, no, doctor—him head turned!—him *head*,” replied Nambo; and raising both his hands to his head, he seemed trying to twist it round! I could make nothing of his gesticulations, so I dismissed him,

telling him to take word, that I should make his master's my first call. I may as well say, that I was on terms of friendly familiarity with Mr N—, and puzzled myself all the way I went, with attempting to conjecture what *new* crotchet he had taken into his odd—and, latterly, I began to suspect, half-addled—head. He had never disclosed symptoms of what is generally understood by the word *hypochondriasis*; but I often thought there was not a likelier subject in the world for it. At length I found myself knocking at my friend's door, fully prepared for some specimen of amusing eccentricity—for the thought now crossed my mind, that he might be really ill. Nambo instantly answered my summons, and, in a twinkling, conducted me to his master's bed-room. It was partially darkened, but there was light enough for me to discern, that there was nothing unusual in his appearance. The bed was much tossed, to be sure, as if with the restlessness of the recumbent, who lay on his back, with his head turned on one side, and buried deep in the pillow, and his arms folded together outside the counterpane. His features certainly wore an air of exhaustion and dejection, and his eye settled on me with an alarmed expression from the moment that he perceived my entrance.

"Oh, dear doctor!—Isn't this frightful!—Isn't it a dreadful piece of business?"

"Frightful!—dreadful business!" I repeated, with much surprise. "What is frightful? Are you ill—have you had an accident, eh?"

"Ah—ah!—you may well ask that!" he replied; adding, after a pause, "it took place this morning about two hours ago!"

"You speak in parables, Mr N—! Why, what in the world is the matter with you?"

"About two hours ago—yes," he muttered, as if he had not heard me. "Doctor, do tell me truly now, for the curiosity of the thing, what did you think of me on first entering the room?—Eh?—Feel inclined to laugh, or be shocked—which?"

"Mr N—, I really have no time for trifling, as I am particularly busy to-day. Do, I beg, be a little more explicit! Why have you sent for me?—What is the matter with you?"

"Why, God bless me, doctor!" he replied, with an air of angry surprise in his manner which I never saw before, "I think, indeed, it's *you* who are trifling! Have you lost your eye-sight this morning? Do you pretend to say you do not see I have undergone one of the most extraordinary alterations in appearance, that the body of man is capable of—such as never was heard or read of before?"

"Once more, Mr N—," I repeated, in a tone of calm astonishment, "be so good as to be explicit. What are you raving about?"

"Raving!—Egad, I think it's *you* who are raving, doctor!" he answered; "or you must wish to insult me! Do you pretend to tell me you do not see that *my head is turned?*"—and he looked me in the face steadily and sternly.

"Ha—ha—ha!—Upon my honour, N—, I've been suspecting as much for this last five or ten minutes! I don't think a patient ever described his disease more accurately before!"

"Don't mock me, Doctor —," replied N—, sternly. "By G—, I can't bear it! It's enough for me to endure the horrid sensations I do!"

"Mr N—, what do you?"

"Why, d—n, Doctor —! you'll drive me mad!—Can't you see that the back of my head is in front, and my face looking backwards? Horrible!" I burst into loud laughter.

"Doctor —, it's time for you and me to part—high time," said he, turning his face away from me. "I'll let you know that I'll stand your nonsense no longer! I called you in to give me your advice, not to sit grinning like a baboon by my bedside! Once more,—finally: Doctor —, are you disposed to be serious and rational? If you are not, my man shall shew you to the door the moment you please." He said this in such a sober earnest tone of indignation, that I saw he was fully prepared to carry his threat into execution. I determined, therefore, to humour him a little, shrewdly suspecting some temporary suspension of his sanity—not exactly *madness*—but at least some extraordinary hallucination. To adopt an expression which I have several times heard him use—"I saw what o'clock it was, and set my watch to the time."

"Oh—well!—I see now how matters stand!—The fact is, I *did* observe the extraordinary posture of affairs you complain of—immediately I entered the room—but supposed you were joking with me, and twisting your head round in that odd way for the purpose of hoaxing me; so I resolved to wait and see which of us could play our parts in the farce longest!—Why, good God! how's all this, Mr N——?—Is it then *really* the case?—Are you—in—in earnest—in having your head turned?"—*"In earnest, doctor!"* replied Mr N——, in amazement. "Why, do you suppose this happened by my own will and agency?—Absurd!"—"Oh, no, no—most assuredly not—it is a phenomenon—hem! hem!—a phenomenon—not unfrequently attending on the *nightmare*," I answered, with as good a grace as possible.

"Pho, pho, doctor!—Nonsense!—You must really think me a child, to try to mislead me with such stuff as that! I tell you again, I am in as sober possession of my senses as ever I was in my life; and, once more, I assure you, that, in truth and reality, my head is turned—literally so."

"Well, well!—So I see!—It is, indeed, a very extraordinary case—a very unusual one; but I don't, by any means, despair of bringing all things round again!—Pray tell me how this singular and afflicting accident happened to you?"

"Certainly," said he, despondingly. "Last night, or rather this morning, I dreamed that I had got to the West Indies—to Barbadoes, an island where I have, as you know, a little estate left me by my uncle, C——; and that, a few moments after I had entered the plantation, for the purpose of seeing the slaves at work, there came a sudden hurricane, a more tremendous one than ever was known in those parts;—trees—canes—huts—all were swept before it! Even the very ground on which we stood seemed whirled away beneath us! I turned my head a moment to look at the direction in which things were going, when, in the very act of turning, the blast suddenly caught my head, and—oh, my God!—blew it completely round on my shoulders, till my face looked quite—directly behind me—

over my back! In vain did I almost wrench my head off my shoulders, in attempting to twist it round again; and what with horror, and—and—altogether—in short, I awoke—and found the frightful reality of my situation!—Oh, gracious Heaven!" continued Mr N——, clasping his hands, and looking upwards, "what have I done to deserve such a horrible visitation as this?"

Humph! it is quite clear what is the matter *here*, thought I; so assuming an air of becoming professional gravity, I felt his pulse, begged him to let me see his tongue, made many enquiries about his general health, and then proceeded to subject all parts of his neck to a most rigorous examination; before, behind, on each side, over every natural elevation and depression, if such the usual varieties of surface may be termed, did my fingers pass; he, all the while sighing, and cursing his evil stars, and wondering how it was that he had not been killed by the "dislocation!" This little farce over, I continued silent for some moments, scarcely able, the while, to control my inclination to burst into fits of laughter, as if pondering the possibility of being able to devise some means of cure.

"Ah,—thank God!—I have it—I have it!"—

"What!—what—eh?—what is it?"

"I've thought of a remedy, which, if—if—if any thing in the world can bring it about, will set matters right again—will bring back your head to its former position."

"Oh, God be praised!—Dear—dear doctor!—if you do but succeed, I shall consider a thousand pounds but the earnest of what I *will* do to evince my gratitude!" he exclaimed, squeezing my hand fervently. "But I am not absolutely certain that we shall succeed," said I cautiously. "We will, however, give the medicine a twenty-four hours' trial; during all which time you must be in perfect repose, and consent to lie in utter darkness. Will you abide by my directions?"

"Oh, yes—yes—yes!—dear doctor!—What is the inestimable remedy? Tell me—tell me the name of my ransom. I'll never divulge it—never!"

"That is not consistent with my plans at present, Mr N——," I replied, seriously; "but, if successful—of which I own I have *very sanguine* expectations—I pledge my honour to reveal the secret to you." "Well—but—at least you'll explain the nature of its operation—eh? Is it internal—external—what?" The remedy, I told him, would be of both forms; the latter, however, the more immediate agent of his recovery; the former, preparatory—predisposing. I may tell the reader simply what my physic was to be: three *bread-pills* (the ordinary *placebo* in such cases) every hour; a strong *laudanum* draught in the evening; and a huge bread-and-waterpoultice for his neck, with which it was to be environed till the parts were sufficiently *mollified* to admit of the neck's being twisted back again into its former position; and, when that was the case—why—to ensure its permanency, he was to wear a broad band of strengthening plaster for a week!! This was the bright device, struck out by me—all at a heat; and, explained to the poor victim with the utmost solemnity and deliberation of manner—all the wise winks and knowing nods, and hesitating "hems" and "has" of professional usage—sufficed to inspire him with some confidence as to the results. I confess I shared the most confident expectations of success. A sound night's rest—hourly pill-taking—and the clammy saturating sensation round about his neck, I fully believed would bring him round:—and, in the full anticipation of seeing him disabused of the ridiculous notion he had taken into his head, I promised to see him the first thing in the morning, and took my departure. After quitting the house, I could not help laughing immoderately at the recollection of the scene I had just witnessed; and Mrs M——, who happened to be passing on the other side of the street, and observed my involuntary risibility, took occasion to spread an ill-natured rumour, that I was in the habit of "making myself merry at the expense of my patients!"—I foresaw, that should this "crick in the neck" prove permanent, I stood a chance of listening to innumerable conceits of the most whimsical and paradoxical kind imaginable—for I

knew N——'s natural turn to humour. It was inconceivable to me how such an extraordinary delusion could bear the blush of daylight, resist the evidence of his senses, and the unanimous simultaneous assurances of all who beheld him. Though it is little credit to me, and tells but small things for my self-control—I cannot help acknowledging, that at the bedside of my next patient, who was within two or three hours of her end, the surpassing absurdity of the "turned head" notions glared in such ludicrous extremes before me, that I was nearly bursting a blood-vessel with endeavours to suppress a perfect peal of laughter!

About eleven o'clock the next morning, I paid N—— a second visit. The door was opened as usual by his black servant, Nambo; by whose demeanour I saw that something or other extraordinary awaited me. His sable swollen features, and dancing white eye-balls, shewed that he was nearly bursting with laughter. "He—he—he!" he chuckled, in a sort of *sotto voce*, "him massa head turned!—him back in front! him waddle!—he—he—he!"—and he twitched his clothes—jerked his jacket, and pointing to his breeches, in a way that I did not understand. On entering the room where N——, with one of his favourite silent smoking friends, (M——, the late well-known counsel,) were sitting at breakfast, I encountered a spectacle which nearly made me expire with laughter. It is almost useless to attempt describing it on paper—yet I will try. Two gentlemen sat opposite each other at the breakfast table, by the fire: the one with his face to me was Mr M——; and N—— sat with his back towards the door by which I entered. A glance at the former sufficed to shew me, that he was sitting in tortures of suppressed risibility. He was quite red in the face—his features were swelled and puffy—and his eyes fixed strainingly on the fire, as though in fear of encountering the ludicrous figure of his friend. They were averted from the fire, for a moment, to welcome my entrance—and then re-directed thither with such a painful effort—such a comical air of compulsory seriousness—as, added to the preposterous fashion

after which poor N—— had chosen to dress himself—completely overcame me. The thing was irresistible; and my utterance of that peculiar choking sound, which indicates the most strenuous efforts to suppress one's risible emotions, was the unwitting signal for each of us bursting into a long and loud shout of laughter. It was in vain that I bit my under lip almost till it brought blood, and that my eyes strained till the sparks flashed from them, in the vain attempt to cease laughing; in full before me sate the exciting cause of it, in the shape of N——, his head supported by the palm of his left hand, with his elbow propped against the side of the arm-chair. The knot of his neck-kerchief was tied, with its customary formal precision, back at the nape of his neck; his coat and waistcoat were buttoned down his back;—and his trowsers, moreover, to match the novel fashion, buttoned behind, and, of course, the hinder parts of them bulged out ridiculously in front!—Only to look at the coat-collar fitting under the chin, like a stiff military stock—the four tail buttons of brass glistening conspicuously before, and the front parts of the coat buttoned carefully over his back—the compulsory handiwork of poor Nambo!

N——, perfectly astounded at our successive shouts of laughter—for we found it impossible to stop—suddenly rose up in his chair, and, almost inarticulate with fury, demanded what we meant by such extraordinary behaviour. This fury, however, was all lost on *me*; I could only point, in an ecstasy of laughter, almost bordering on frenzy, to his novel mode of dress—as my apology. He stamped his foot, uttered volleys of imprecations against us, and then ringing his bell, ordered the servant to shew us both to the door. The most violent emotions, however, must in time expend their violence, though in the presence of the same exciting cause; and so it was with Mr M—— and myself. On seeing how seriously affronted N—— was, we both sat down, and I entered into examination, my whole frame aching with the prolonged convulsive fits of irrepressible laughter.

—It would be in vain to attempt a recital of one of the drollest conver-

sations in which I ever bore part. N——'s temper was thoroughly soured for some time. He declared that my physic was all a humbug, and a piece of quackery; and the “d—d *pudding* round his neck,” the absurdest farce he ever heard of; he had a great mind to make Nambo eat it, for the pains he had taken in making it, and fastening it on—poor fellow!

Presently he lapsed into a melancholy reflective mood. He protested that the laws of locomotion were utterly inexplicable to him—a practical paradox; that his volitions as to progressive and retrogressive motion neutralized each other; and the necessary result was, a cursed circumgyratory motion—for all the world like that of a hen that had lost one of its wings! That henceforward he should be compelled to crawl, crab-like, through life, all ways at once, and none in particular. He could not conceive, he said, which was the nearest way from one given point to another; in short, that all his sensations and perceptions were disordered and confounded. His situation, he said, was an admirable commentary on the words of St Paul—“But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind.” He could not conceive how the arteries and veins of the neck could carry and return the blood, after being so shockingly twisted—or “how the wind-pipe went in,” affording a free course to the air through its distorted passage. In short, he said, he was a walking lie! Curious to ascertain the *consistency* of this anomalous state of feeling, I endeavoured once more to bring his delusion to the test of simple sensation, by placing one hand on his nose, and the other on his breast, and asking him which was which, and whether both did not lie in the same direction; he wished to know why I persisted in making myself merry at his expense. I repeated the question, still keeping my hands in the same position; but he suddenly pushed them off, and asked me, with indignation, if I was not ashamed to keep his head looking over his shoulder in that way—accompanying the words with a shake of the head, and a sigh of exhaustion, as if it had really been twisted round

into the wrong direction. "Ah!" he exclaimed, after a pause, "if this unnatural state of affairs should prove permanent—hem!—I'll put an end to the chapter! He—he—he! He—he—he!" he continued, bursting suddenly into one of those short abrupt laughs, which I have before attempted to describe, "He—he—he! how d—d odd!" We both asked him, in surprise, what he meant, for his eyes were fixed on the fire in apparently a melancholy mood.

"He—he—he! exquisitely odd, by G—! He—he—he!" After repeated enquiries, he disclosed the occasion of his unusual cackinnations.

"I've just been thinking," said he, "suppose—He, he, he!—suppose it was to come to pass that I should be *hanged*—he, he, he! God forbid, by the way; but, suppose I should, how old Ketch would be puzzled!—my face looking one way, and my tied hands and arms pointing another! How the crowd would stare! He, he, he! And suppose," pursuing the train of thought, "I were to be publicly whipped—how I could superintend operations! And how the devil am I to ride on horseback, eh? with my face to the tail, or — to the mane? In short, what is to become of me? I am, in effect, shut out from society!"

"You have only to *walk circumspectly*," said M——; "and as for *back-biters*—hem."

"That's odd—very—but impertinent," replied the hypochondriac, with a mingled expression of chagrin and humour.

"Come, come, N——, don't look so steadily on the dark side of things," said I.

"The *dark* side of things?" he enquired—"I think it is the *back*-side of things I am compelled to look at!"

"Look forward to better days," said I.

"*Look forward*, again! What nonsense!" he replied, interrupting me; "impossible! How can I *look forward*? My life will henceforth be spent in wretched *retrospectives*!" and he could not help smiling at the conceit. Having occasion during the conversation to use his pocket-handkerchief, he suddenly reached his hand behind as usual, and was a little confused to find that the usual

position of his coat-pocket required that he should take it from before! This I should have conceived enough to put an end to his delusion, but I was mistaken.

"Ah! it will take some time to reconcile me to this new order of things—but practice—practice, you know!" It was amazing to me, that his sensations, so contradictory to the absurd crotchet he had taken into his head, did not convince him of his error, especially when so frequently compelled to act in obedience to long accustomed impulses. As, for instance, on my rising to go, he suddenly started from his chair, shook my hands, and accompanied me to the door, as if nothing had been the matter.

"Well now! What do you think of that?" said I, triumphantly.

"Ah—ah!" said he, after a puzzled pause, "but you little know the effort it cost me!"

* * * * *

He did not persevere long in the absurd way of putting on his clothes which I have just described; but even after he had discontinued it, he alleged his opinion to be, that the front of his clothes ought to be with his face! I might relate many similar fooleries springing from this notion of his turned head, but sufficient has been said already to give the reader a clear idea of the general character of such delusions. My subsequent interviews with him, while under this unprecedented hallucination, were similar to the two which I have attempted to describe. The fit lasted near a month. I happened luckily to recollect a device successfully resorted to by a sagacious old English physician, in the case of a royal hypochondriac abroad, who fancied that his nose had swelled into greater dimensions than those of his whole body beside; and forthwith resolved to adopt a similar method of cure with N——. *Electricity* was to be the wonder-working talisman! I lectured him out of all opposition, silenced his scruples, and got him to fix an evening for the exorcisation of the evil spirit—as it might well be called—which had taken possession of him. Let the reader fancy, then, N——'s sitting-room, about seven o'clock in the evening, illuminated with a cheerful

fire, and four mould candles;—the awful electrifying machine duly disposed for action; Mr S—— of —— Hospital, Dr ——, and myself, all standing round it, adjusting the jars, chains, &c.; and Nambo busily engaged in laying bare his master's neck, N—— all the while eyeing our motions with excessive trepidation. I had infinite difficulty in getting his consent to one preliminary—the bandaging of his eyes. I succeeded, however, at last, in persuading him to undergo the operation blindfolded, in assuring him that it was essential to success; for that if he was allowed to see the application of the conductor to the precise spot requisite, he might start, and occasion its apposition to a wrong place! The *real* reason will be seen presently; the great manœuvre could not have been practised but on such terms; for how could I give his head a sudden twist round at the instant of his receiving the shock, if he saw what I was about? I ought to have mentioned that we also prevailed upon him to sit with his arms pinioned, so that he was completely at our mercy. None of us could refrain from an occasional titter at the absurdity of the solemn farce we were playing—fortunately, however, unheard by N——. At length, Nambo being turned out, and the doors locked, lest, seeing the trick, he might disclose it subsequently to his master, we commenced operations. S—— worked the machine—round, and round, and round, whizzing—sparkling—crackling—till the jar was moderately charged: it was then conveyed to N——'s neck, Dr —— using the conductor. N——, on receiving a tolerably smart shock, started out of his chair, and I had not time to give him the twist I had intended. After a few moments, however, he protested that he felt “something loosened” about his neck, and was easily induced to submit to another shock considerably stronger than the former. The instant the rod was applied to his neck, I gave the head a sudden excruciating wrench towards the left shoulder; S—— striking him, at the same moment, a smart blow on the crown. Poor N——!—“Thank God!” we all exclaimed, as if panting for breath.

“I—i—s it all over?” stam-

mered N—— faintly—quite confounded with the effects of the three-fold remedy we had adopted.

“Yes—thank God, we have at last brought your head round again, and your face looks forward now as heretofore!” said I.

“O, remove the bandage—remove it! Let my own eyesight behold it!—Bring me a glass!”

“As soon as the proper bandages have been applied to your neck, Mr N——.”

“What, eh—a *second* pudding, eh?”

“No, merely a broad band of dyachlym plaster, to prevent—hem—the contraction of the skin,” said I. As soon as that was done, we removed the handkerchiefs from his eyes and arms.

“Oh, my God, how delightful!” he exclaimed, rising and walking up to the mirror over the mantel-piece.

“Ecstasy! All really right again!”

“My dear N——, do not, I beg, do not work your neck about in that way, or the most serious disarrangement of the—the parts,” said I—

“Oh, it's so, is it? Then I'd better get into bed at once, I think, and you'll call in the morning.”

I did, and found him in bed. “Well, how does all go on this morning?” I enquired.

“Pretty well—middling,” he replied, with some embarrassment of manner. “Do you know, Doctor, I've been thinking about it all night long—and I strongly suspect”—His serious air alarmed me—I began to fear that he had discovered the trick. “I strongly suspect—hem—hem”—he continued.

“*What?*” I enquired, rather sheepishly.

“Why, that it was my *brains* only that were turned—and—that—that—most ridiculous piece of business!”—

“Why, to be sure, Mr N——” * * and he was so ashamed about it, that he set off for the country immediately, and among the glens and mountains of Scotland, endeavoured to forget that ever he dreamed that HIS HEAD WAS TURNED.

THE WIFE.

Monday Evening, 25th July, 18—.
—Well! the poor martyr has at last been released from her sufferings,

and her wasted remains now lie hid in the kindly gloom of the grave. Yes, sweet, abused, forgiving Mrs T——! I this morning attended your funeral, and let fall a tear of unavailing regret! Shall I tell your sad story all in one word or two? The blow that broke your heart, was struck by YOUR HUSBAND!

Heaven grant me calmness in recording your wrongs! Let not the feelings of outraged humanity prompt me to "set down aught in malice;" may I be dispassionately enough disposed to say but the *half*, nay even the hundredth part only, of what I know, and my conscience will stand acquitted! Let not him who shall read these pages anticipate any thing of romance, of high-flown rhodomontade, in what follows. It is all about a poor, ill-used, heart-broken WIFE: and such a one is, alas! too often met with in all classes of society, to attract, in an ordinary case, any thing of public notice. The ensuing narration will not, however, be found an ordinary case. It is fraught with circumstances of such peculiar aggravation, and exhibits such a moving picture of the tenderness and unrepining fortitude of woman, that I am tempted to give it at some length. Its general accuracy may be relied upon, for I succeeded in wringing it from the reluctant lips of the poor sufferer herself. I must, however, be allowed to give it in my own way; though at the risk of its being thereby divested of much of that sorrowful simplicity and energy—that touching *naïveté*, which characterised its utterance. I shall conclude with extracting some portions of my notes of visits made in a professional capacity.

Miss Jane C—— had as numerous a retinue of suitors as a pretty person, well-known sweetness of disposition, considerable accomplishments, and £10,000 in the funds, could not fail of procuring to the possessor of so many charms. She was an orphan, and was left absolute mistress of her property on attaining her twenty-first year. All the members of her own family most strenuously backed the pretensions of the Curate of the parish—a young man of ascertained respectability of character and family, with a snug sti-

pend, and fair prospects of preferment. His person and manners were agreeable and engaging; and he could not conceal his inclination to fling them both at Miss C——'s feet. All who knew the parties, said it would be an excellent match in all respects, and a happy couple they would make. Miss C—— herself could not look at the Curate with indifference—at least if any inference might be drawn from an occasional flushing of her features at church, whenever the eyes of the clergyman happened to glance at her—which was much oftener than his duty required. In short, the motherly gossips of the place all looked upon it as a settled thing, and had pitched upon an admirable house for the future couple. They owned unanimously that "the girl *might* have gone further and fared worse," and so forth; which is a great deal for such people to say about such matters.

There happened, however, to be given a great ball, by the lady of the Ex-Mayor, where Miss C—— was one of the stars of the evening; and at this party there chanced to be a young Londoner, who had just come down on a three-weeks' holyday. He was training for the law, in a solicitor's office, and was within six or seven months of the expiration of his articles. He was a personable sort of fellow to look at—a spice of a dandy—and had that kind of air about him which tells *of town*—if not of the blandness, ease, and elegance of the West, still *of town*—which contrasted favourably with the comparative ungainliness of provincials. He was, in a word, a sort of small star; a triton among the minnows; and whatever he said or did *took* infallibly. Apprised by some judicious relations of the united charms of Miss C——'s purse and person, he took care to pay her the most conspicuous attentions. Alas! the quiet claims of the Curate were soon silenced by his bustling rival. This young spark chattered Miss C—— out of her calm senses. Wherever she went, he followed; whatever she said or did, he applauded. He put into requisition all his small acquirements—he sung a little, danced more, and talked an infinity. To be brief, he determined on carrying the fort with a *coup de*

main; and he succeeded. The poor Curate was forgotten for ever! Before the enterprising young lawyer left —, he was an accepted suitor of Miss C——'s. The coldness of all her friends and acquaintances signified nothing to her; her lover had, by some means or other, obtained so powerful a hold of her affections, that sneers, reproaches, remonstrances, threats on the part of all who had previously betrothed her to the Curate, "passed by her as the idle wind, which she regarded not." She promised to become his wife as soon as his articles should have expired, and to live in London.

In due time, as matters approached a crisis, friends called in to talk over preliminaries. Mr T—— proved to be comparatively penniless; but what was that? Miss C—— acted with very unusual generosity. She insisted on settling only half her fortune—and left the other half entirely at his disposal. On receiving this intelligence from her own lips, the young man uttered the most frantic expressions of gratitude—promised her eternal love and faithfulness—protested that he idolized her—and took her at her word. It was in vain that cautious relations stepped in to tender their remonstrances to Miss C—— on the imprudent extent to which she was placing her fortune beyond her own control. Opposition only consolidates the resolutions of a woman whose mind is once made up. The generous creature believed implicitly every word that her lover poured into her delighted ear; and was not startled into any thing like distrust, even when she found that her young husband had expended, at one fell swoop, nearly £3000 of the £5000 she had so imprudently placed at his disposal, in "establishing themselves in London," as he termed it. He commenced a rate of living which it required an income of at least L.1000 a-year to support; and when an uncle of his wife's took upon him to represent to Mr T—— the ruinous extravagance—the profligate expenditure of his wife's funds—which all their mutual friends were lamenting and reprobating, he was treated with an insolence which for ever put an end to his interference, and effectually prevented that of any other party.

All, however, might yet have gone

right, had Mr T—— paid but a moderate attention to business; for his father had the command of an excellent town connexion, which soon put enough into his son's hands to keep two clerks in regular employment. His wife was soon shocked by hearing her husband make incessant complaints of the drudgery of the office, though he did not devote, on an average, more than two or three hours a-day to it. He was always proposing some new party, some delightful drive, some enchanting excursion, to her, and she dared not refuse, for he had, already, once disclosed symptoms of a most imperious temper whenever his will was interfered with. She began to grow very uneasy, as she saw him drawing cheque after cheque on the banker, without once replacing a single sum! Good God, what was to become of them? He complained of the tardy return of business; and yet he left it altogether to the management of two hired clerks! He was beginning also to grow irregular in his hours; reiteratedly kept her waiting hours expecting his return to dinner in vain; filled his table with frequent drafts from the gayest and most dissipated of his professional acquaintance, whose uproar, night after night, alarmed every one in the house, and disturbed the neighbours. Then he took to billiard-playing, and its invariable concomitants—drinking and late hours;—the theatres, frequented alone, for the purpose—alas! too notorious to escape even the chaste ears of his unfortunate and insulted wife—of mingling with the low wretches—the harpies—who frequent the slips and saloons;—then "drinking-bouts" at taverns—and midnight "larks"—in company with a set of vulgar, ignorant young fellows, who always left him to settle the reckoning. He sent one of the clerks to his banker's, with a cheque for £10 one morning; which proved to be the exact amount by which he had "overdrawn" his account—and worse—returned without the usual accommodation afforded. He was a little dismayed at finding such to be the state of things, and went up stairs to his wife to tell her, with a curse, of the "meanness"—the "d——d stinginess," of Messrs —.

"What! Is it *all* spent, George?"

she enquired, in a gentle and very faint tone of voice.

"Every rap—d—ee, Jane!" was the reply. She turned pale, and trembled, while her husband, putting his hands in his pockets, walked suddenly to and fro about the parlour. With trembling hesitation, Mrs T— alluded to the near approach of her confinement, and asked, almost inaudible with agitation, and the fear of offending him, whether he had made *any* provision for the necessary expenses attending it—had laid up *any thing*. He replied in the negative, in a very petulant tone. She could not refrain from shedding tears.

"Your crying can't mend matters," said he rudely, walking to the window, and humming the words of some popular air.

"Dear, dear George, have you seen any thing in my conduct to displease you?" she enquired, wiping her eyes.

"Why do you ask me that, Mrs T—?" said he, walking slowly towards her, and eyeing her very sternly. She trembled, and had scarcely breath enough to answer, that she had feared such might have been the case, because he had become *rather* cool towards her of late.

"D'ye mean to say, ma'am, that I have used you ill, eh? Because if you do, it's a d—"

"Oh, no, no, George, I did not mean any thing of the kind; but— but—kiss me, and say you have forgiven me—do!" and she rose and stepped towards him with a forced smile. He gave her his cheek with an air of sullen indifference, and said, "It's no use blubbering about misfortunes, and all that sort of thing. The fact is, something must be done, or, d—ee! *I'm* done!—Look, here I am! Bring your chair here, do!—What do you say to these?" He pulled out of his pocket a crumpled mass of papers—bills which had been sent in during the week,—some of them of several months' standing. L.70 were due for wine and spirits; L.90 for articles of his dress; L.35 for the use of a horse and tilbury; L.10 for cigars and snuffs; and, in short, the above are a sample of the items which swelled into the gross amount of

nearly L.300—all due—all from creditors who refused him longer credit, and all for articles which had ministered *nothing* to his poor wife's comforts or necessities. She burst into tears, as she looked over the bills scattered on the table, and flinging her arms round her husband's neck, implored him to pay more attention to business.

"I tell you I *do*," he replied, impatiently, suffering, not returning, her affectionate embrace.

"Well, dearest George! I don't mean to blame you"—

"You had better not, indeed!" he replied coldly; "but what's to be done, eh?—That's what we ought to be considering. Do you think—hem!—I am—Could you, do you think—" He paused, and seemed embarrassed.

"Could I *what*, dear George?" she enquired, squeezing his hands.

"D'ye think—D—ee!—no—I'll ask you some other day!" and he rose from his chair. What will be imagined was his request?—She learnt some days afterwards, that it was for her to use her influence with her aunt, an old widow lady, to lend him L.500!—To return, however.

He was standing opposite the fire, in moody contemplation, when a rude puppy, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, with three different-coloured waistcoats on, burst unceremoniously into the parlour, and disturbed the sorrowful *tête-à-tête* of T— and his wife, by rushing up to the former, shaking his hands, and exclaiming boisterously—"Ah! T—, how d'ye do, d—ee? Bill Bunce's *chaffer* has beat —; he has, by —! I've won L.15 on it! Oh, a thousand pardons, ma'am—I didn't see you; but there's been a great dog fight, you see, and I have been luckier than what Mr T— here has, for I've won L.15, and he has lost L.20!"

This precious puppy was one of T—'s bosom friends! Aye, incredible as it may seem, it was for such worthless fellows, such despicable blockheads as these, that Mr T— had squandered his generous wife's property, and forsaken her company! On the present occasion—a sample of what had occurred so often as to cause no surprise—nothing but a

gush of bitter tears after he was gone—T—— civilly bade her good morning, and departed arm-in-arm with his “friend,” and did not return till past two o’clock in the morning, almost dead drunk. Had he seen how the remainder of the day was spent by his poor wife—in tears and terror—unsoothed by the thought that her husband was absent on errands of honourable employment—content with making a scanty dinner of that at which the servant “turned up her nose,” as the phrase is—and sitting the rest of the evening sewing, and shedding tears by turns, till the hour of midnight warned her to retire to a sleepless bed: could he have felt the hurried beatings of the heart whenever her wakeful ear fancied she heard the sound of his approaching footsteps on the pavement beneath: could he have done this, he might not, *possibly*, on waking in the morning, have called her a ——, nor STRUCK HER on the mouth till her under-lip was half cut through, for presuming to rouse him before he had slept off the fumes of the brandy, and all he had drunk over night—in order that he might be in trim for a consultation appointed for eleven o’clock. *He did do this*; and I was the first person on earth to whom she reluctantly told it—on her deathbed!

Though her delicate and interesting situation—within a very few weeks of her accouchement—might have kindled a spark of tenderness and pride in the bosom of any husband, who had not lost all the feelings of honour and manliness, it sufficed, apparently, to inspire T—— with a determination to treat her more unkindly and neglectfully than ever. She scarcely ever saw him during the day; and when he came home at night—more than once conducted by the watchman—he was almost invariably stupified with liquor; and if he had the power of utterance, he seemed to take a demoniacal pleasure in venting upon her the foulest expressions which he could recollect being used by the rif-raff of the taverns where he spent his time. More than once was she so horrified with what he said, that, at the peril of her life, she insisted on leaving him, and sharing the bed

of the servant! Her wretched looks might have broken a heart of stone; yet it affected not that of the wretch who called her his wife!

A few days after the occurrence above related, the maid-servant put a twopenny post letter into her mistress’s hands; and fortunate it was for Mrs T—— that the girl happened to be in the room while she read it, awaiting orders for dinner. The note was in these words, written in a feigned, but still a lady’s hand:—

“UNFORTUNATE MADAM!

“I feel it my duty to acquaint you, that your husband, Mr T——, is pursuing quite disgraceful courses all night and day, squandering away his money among sharpers and black-legs, and that he is persuaded to back one of the boxers in a great fight that is to be; and above all, and what I blush to tell you,—but it is fitting Mrs T—— should know it,—in my opinion, Mr T—— is notoriously keeping a woman of infamous character, with whom he is constantly seen at the theatres and most other public places, and she passes as his *cousin*. Hoping that you will have prudence and spirit to act in this distressing business as becomes a lady and a wife, I am,

Madam,

With the truest respect and sympathy,

“A REAL FRIEND.”

Mrs T—— read this cruel letter in silence—motionless—and with a face that whitened sensibly as she proceeded; till, at the disgraceful fact mentioned in the concluding part, she dropped the paper from her hands—and the servant ran to her in time to prevent her falling from her chair, for she had swooned! It was long before she came to; and, when that was the case, it was only that she might be carried to her bed—and she was confined that evening. The child was still-born! All this came on the husband like a thunder-stroke, and shocked him for a time into something like sobriety and compunction. The admirable qualities of his wife—her virtues and her meekness—shone before his startled eyes in angel hues. He forsook the scenes, a constant frequent-

ing of which had rendered him unworthy to live under the same roof with her, and betook himself to the regular pursuits of business with great earnestness. He soon found out what arduous up-hill work it was to bring again under his control affairs which had been so long and shamefully neglected. He felt several times disposed to throw it all over in disgust; for, alas! he had lost almost every vestige of the patience and accuracy of business-habits. He succeeded, with great difficulty, in appeasing the more clamorous of his creditors, and, in a word, he once more stood a chance of clearing his way before him. His poor wife, however, was brought several times to the very verge of the grave, and was destined for months to the monotonous hours of a bed of sickness. For nearly a month, she experienced the most affectionate attentions from her husband, that were consistent with a due attention to the business of his office. She felt revived and cheered by the prospect of his renewed attachment, and trusted in its permanency. But, alas! her husband was not made of such materials as warranted her expectations; he was little else than a compound of weakness, vanity, ignorance, and ill-temper; and for such a one, the sober loveliness and attractiveness of domestic life had no charms. He had no sooner got his affairs a little into train, and succeeded in reviving the confidence of some of his principal clients, than he began to relax his efforts. One by one his old associates drew around him, and re-entangled him in the toils of dissipation. The first time that poor ill-fated Mrs T—— came down into the parlour to dinner, after a three-months' absence in her sick-chamber, she was doomed to dine alone—disappointed of the promised presence of her husband to welcome her—for the same low, contemptible coxcomb, formerly introduced to the reader as one of her husband's most intimate friends, had called in the course of the morning, and succeeded in enticing him away to a tavern-dinner with a "set of good ones," who were afterwards to adjourn to one of the minor theatres. In vain was the little fillet of veal, ordered by her husband himself, placed on the

table before his deserted wife; she could not taste it, nor had strength enough to carve a piece for the nurse! Mr T—— had had the grace to send her a note of apology, alleging that his absence was occasioned by "an affair of business!" This cruel and perfidious conduct, however, met with its due punishment. One of his principal creditors—his tailor—happened to be swallowing a hasty dinner in a box adjoining the one in which T—— and his boisterous associates were dining, and accidentally cast eyes on his debtor T——. He saw and heard enough to fill him with fury; for he heard his own name mentioned by the half-inebriated debtor, as one of the "*served-out snips*" whom he intended to "*do*"—an annunciation which was received by the gentlemanly young men who were dining with him, with cries of "Bravo, T——, do! D——ee, I—and I—and I—have done it before this!"

The next morning he was arrested for a debt of L.110, at the suit of the very "*snip*" whom he intended, in his own witty way, to "*do*," and carried off to a spunging-house in Chancery Lane. There he lay for two days without his wife's knowing any thing of the true state of things. He could get no one to stand bail for him, till one of his wife's insulted friends, and his own brother-in-law, came forward reluctantly for that purpose, in order to calm her dreadful agitation, which had flung her again on a sick-bed. Her husband wrote her a most penitential letter from the spunging-house, imploring her forgiveness of his misconduct, and promising amendment. Again she believed him, and welcomed him home with enthusiastic demonstrations of fondness. He himself could not refrain from weeping; he sobbed and cried like a child; for his feelings—what with the most pungent sense of disgrace, and remorse, and conscious unworthiness of the sweet creature, whose affections no misconduct of his seemed capable of alienating—were quite overcome. Three of his largest creditors commenced actions against him, and nothing seemed capable of arresting the ruin now impending over him. Where was he to find the means of satisfying their claims? He was in

despair, and had sullenly and stupidly come to a resolution to let things take their course, when, as if Providence had determined to afford him one chance more of retrieving his circumstances, the sudden death of his father put him in possession of L.300 in ready cash; and this sum, added to L.200 advanced him by two of his wife's friends, who could not resist her agonizing supplications, once more set matters to rights.

* * * * *

Passing over an interval of four years, spent with disgrace to himself, and anguish to his wife, similar to that described above, they must now be presented to the reader occupying, alas! a lowered station of society. They had been compelled to relinquish an airy, respectable, and commodious residence, for a small, bad house, in a worse neighbourhood. His business had dwindled down to what was insufficient to occupy the time of one solitary clerk, whom he was scarcely able to pay regularly—and the more respectable of his friends had deserted him in disgust. The most rigorous—nay almost starving—economy on the part of his wife, barely sufficed to make both ends meet. She abridged herself of almost every domestic comfort, of all those little elegancies which a well-bred woman loves to keep about her, and did so without a murmur. The little income arising from the L.5000, her settlement-money, might surely of itself, with only ordinary prudence on his part, have enabled them to maintain their ground with something like respectability, especially if he had attended to what remained of his business. But, alas! alas! T——'s temper had by this time been thoroughly and permanently soured. He hated his good wife—his business—his family—himself—every thing except liquor and low company! His features bore testimony to the sort of life he led—swelled, bloated, and his eyes languid and bloodshot. Mrs T—— saw less of him than ever; for not far from his house there was a small tavern, frequented by not the most respectable sort of people; and there was T—— to be found, evening after evening, smoking and drinking himself into a state of stu-

pid insensibility, till he would return home redolent of the insufferable stench and fumes of tobacco-smoke and brandy-and-water! In the daytime he was often to be found for hours together at an adjoining billiard-room, where he sometimes lost sums of money, which his poor wife was obliged to make up for by parting, one by one, with her little trinkets and jewellery! What could have infatuated him to pursue such a line of conduct? it may be asked. Why, as if of set purpose, to ruin the peace of mind of one of the fondest and most amiable wives that ever man was blessed with? A vulgar but forcible expression may explain all,—it was “the nature of the beast.” He had no intellectual pleasures—no taste for the quiet enjoyments of home; and had, above all, in his wife, too sweet, confiding, and unresisting a creature! Had she proved a termagant, the aspect of things might have been very different; *she* might have *bullied* him into something like a sense of propriety. But here, however, he had it all his own way—a poor creature, who allowed him to break her heart without remonstrance or reproach; for the first she *dared* not—the second she could not! It would have melted a heart of stone to see her! She was wasted to a skeleton, and in such a weak, declining state of health, that she could scarcely stir out of doors. Her appetite was almost entirely gone; her spirits all fled long ago! Now, shall I tell the reader *one* immediate cause of such physical exhaustion? I will, and truly. Mr T—— had still a tolerable share of business, but he could scarcely be brought to give more than two hours' attendance in his office a-day, and sometimes not even that. He therefore imprudently left almost every thing to the management of his clerk, a worthy young man, but wholly incompetent to such a charge. He had extorted from even his idle and unworthy master, frequent acknowledgments of his obligations for the punctuality with which he transacted all that was intrusted to him, and, in particular, for the neatness, accuracy, and celerity with which he copied drafts of pleadings, leases, agreements, &c. His master often hiccupped to him his astonishment

at the rapidity with which he "turned them out of hand." Little did the unworthy fellow imagine that in saying all this, he was uttering, not his clerk's, but his wife's praises! For *she* it was, poor creature! who, having taken the pains to learn a lawyer's hand, engrossing, &c. from the clerk, actually sate up almost regularly till two or three o'clock in the morning, plodding occasionally through papers and parchments—making long and laborious abstracts—engrossing settlements, indentures, &c. and copying pleadings, till her wearied eyes, and her little hands, could no longer perform their office! I could at this moment lay my hands on a certain legal instrument of tiresome prolixity, which was engrossed, every word, by Mrs T——! *This* was the way in which his wife spent the hours of midnight, to enable him to squander away his time and money in the unworthy, the infamous manner above related!

Was it wonderful that her health and spirits were wholly borne down by the pressure of so many accumulated ills? Had not her husband's eye been dulled, and his perceptions deadened, by the perpetual stupors of intoxication, he might have discerned the hectic flush—the coming fever—the blood-spitting, which foretold—consumption! But that was too much to be expected. As for the evenings—that part of his day was invariably spent at his favourite tavern, sitting hour after hour among its lowest frequenters; and as for her night-cough and blood-spitting, he was lulled by liquor into too profound a repose to be roused by the sounds which were, in effect, his martyred wife's death-knell! If, during the daytime, he was, in a manner, forced to notice her languor—her drooping spirits—the only notice, the only sympathy it called forth on his part, was a cold and careless enquiry, why she did not call in a medical man! I shall conclude this portion of my narrative, with barely reciting four instances of that conduct on the part of Mrs T——'s husband, which at last succeeded in breaking her heart; and which, with many other similar vices, were communicated to me with tears of tortured sensibility.

I. Half-drunk, half-sober, he one evening introduced to her, at tea, a female "friend," whose questionable appearance might, at first sight, have justified his wife's refusal to receive her. Her conversation soon disclosed her real character; and the insulted wife abruptly retired from the room that was polluted by the presence of the infamous creature, whom he avowed to be *his mistress*! He sprang after her to the door, for the purpose of dragging her back; but her sudden paleness, and the faint tones in which she whispered—"Don't stop me—don't—or I shall die!" so shocked him, that he allowed her to retire, and immediately dismissed the wretch, whom he could have brought thither for no other purpose than to insult his wife! Poor creature! did a portion of her midnight earnings go towards the support of the wretch who was kept by her husband? Was not such a consideration sufficient to stab her to the heart?

II. Having occasion, late one evening, to rummage among her husband's office-papers, in search of something which was to be engrossed that night, her eye happened to light on a document, with a pencil superscription—"Copy, case for counsel, concerning Mrs T——'s marriage settlement." A very excusable curiosity prompted her to peruse what proved to be a series of queries submitted to counsel, on the following points, among others: What present powers he had under her marriage-settlement;—whether her own interest in it could be legally made over to another, with her consent, during her life-time, and if so, how;—whether or not he could part with the reversion, provided she did not exercise her power of willing it away elsewhere?—From all this, was it possible for her not to see how heartlessly he was calculating on the best method of obtaining possession of the remnant of her fortune?

"Oh, cruel—cruel—cruel George! So impatient!—Could you not wait a month or two? I'm sure I shall not keep you out of it long! I always intended to leave it you, and I won't let this alter my mind, though it is cruel of you!" sobbed Mrs T——, till her heart seemed break-

ing. At that moment she heard her husband's loud obstreperous knock at the door, and hastily crumpling up the paper into the drawer of the desk from which she had taken it, she put out the candle, and leaving her midnight labours, flew up stairs to bed—to a wretched and sleepless one!

III. Mrs T——'s child, which was about three years and a half old, was suddenly seized with convulsive fits, as she was one evening undressing it for bed. Fit after fit followed in such rapid succession, that the medical man who was summoned in, prepared her to expect the worst. The distraction of her feelings may be easier conceived than described, as she held on her knee the little creature on whose life were centred all the proud and fond feelings of a mother's love, deepened into exclusive intensity—for it seemed the only object on earth to return her love;—as she held it, I say, but with great difficulty, for its tiny limbs were struggling and plunging about in a dreadful manner. And then the frightful rolling of the eyes! They were endeavouring to pour a teaspoonful of Dalby's carminative, or some such medicine, through the closed teeth, when the room door was suddenly thrown open, and in reeled Mr T——, more than half-seas over with liquor, and in a merrier mood than usual, for he had been successful at billiards! He had entered unobserved through the street-door, which had been left ajar by the distracted servant girl, and hearing a bustle in the room, he had entered, for the purpose of seeing what was the matter.

"Wh—wh—what is the matter, good fo—olks, eh?" he stammered, reeling towards where Mrs T—— was sitting, almost fainting with terror at seeing the frightful contortions of her infant's countenance. She saw him not, for her eyes were fixed in agony on the features of her suffering babe.

"What the—the—the d—l is the matter with all of you here, eh?" he enquired, chucking the servant girl under the chin, who, much agitated, and shedding tears, had approached to beg he would leave the room. He tried to kiss her, and in the presence

of the medical man—who sternly rebuked him for his monstrous conduct.

"D—n you, sir—who the d—l are you?" he said, putting his arms a-kimbo—"I will know what's the matter!" He came near—he saw all!—the leaden-hand, quivering features, the limbs now rigid, and struggling violently, the starting eye-balls.

"Why, for God's sake, what's the matter, eh?" he stammered, almost inaudibly, while the colour fled from his face, and the perspiration started upon his forehead. He strove to steady himself, but that was impossible. He had drunk too deeply.

"What are you doing to the child—what—what?" he again enquired, in a feeble and faltering voice, interrupted by a hiccough. No notice whatever was taken of him by —, who did not seem to see or hear him.—"Jane, tell me," addressing his wife, "has the child had"—hiccough—"an—an—ac—ci—dent?" The infant that moment gave a sudden and final plunge; and Mrs T——'s faint shriek, and the servant girl's wringing of the hands, announced that all was over! The little thing lay dead in the arms of its mother.

"Sir, your child is dead," said the apothecary, somewhat sternly, shaking Mr T—— by the arm—for he stood gazing on the scene with a sullen, vacant stare, scarcely able to steady himself.

"Wh—wh—at! D—e—a—d!" he muttered.

"Oh, George, my darling is—dead!" groaned the afflicted mother, for the first time looking at and addressing her husband. The word seemed to sober him in an instant.

"What!—Dead! And I DRUNK!"

The medical man, who stood by, told me he could never forget the scenes of that evening! When Mrs T—— discovered, by his manner, his disgraceful condition, she was so utterly overcome with her feelings of mingled grief, shame, and horror, that she fell into violent hysterics, which lasted almost all night long. As for T——, he seemed palsied all the next day. He sat alone during the whole of the next morning, in the room where the dead infant lay, gazing upon it with emotions which may be imagined, but not described!

IV. Almost the only piece of ornamental furniture, her last remaining means of amusement and consolation, was her piano. She played with great taste and feeling, and many a time contrived to make sweet sounds pour an oblivious charm over her sorrows and sufferings, by wandering over the airs which she had loved in happier days. Thus was she engaged one afternoon with one of Dr Arne's exquisite compositions, the air beginning, "Blow, blow, thou bitter wind." She made several attempts to accompany the music with her voice—for she had a very sweet one, and *could* sing—but, whenever she attempted, the words seemed to choke her. There was a sorrowful appropriateness in them, a touching echo of her own feelings, which dissolved her very spirit within her. Her only child had died, as the reader was informed, about six months before, and her husband had resumed his ill courses, becoming more and more stern and sullen in his demeanour—more unreasonable in his requirements. The words of the air, as may be easily conceived, were painfully appropriate to her situation, and she could not help shedding tears. At that moment her husband entered the room, with his hat on, and stood for some moments before the fire in silence.

"Mrs T——!" said he, as soon as she had concluded the last stanza.

"Well, George?" said she, in a mild tone.

"I—I must *sell that piano*, ma'am—I must!" said he.

"What!" exclaimed his wife, in a low whisper, turning round on the music-stool, and looking him in the face with an air of sorrowful surprise. "Oh, you cannot be in earnest, George!"

"Pon my life, ma'am, but I am—I can't afford you superfluities while we can hardly afford the means of keeping body and soul together."

"George—dear George—do forgive me, but I—I—I *cannot* part with my poor piano!" said she.

"Why not, ma'am, when I say you *MUST*?"

"Oh, because it was the gift of my poor mother!" she replied, bursting into tears.

"Can't help that, ma'am—not I. It must go. I hate to hear its cursed

noise in the house—it makes me melancholy—it does, ma'am—you're always playing such gloomy music," replied her husband, in a severe and less decisive tone.

"Well, well! if that's all, I'll play any thing you like—only tell me, dear George! what shall I play for you, now?" said she, rising from the music-stool, and approaching him.

"Play a farewell to the piano, for it *must* go, and it shall!"

"Dear, kind George! let me keep it a little longer," said she, looking him beseechingly in the face—"a little—a *little* longer"——

"Well, ma'am, sit down and play away till I come in again, any thing you like."

He left the room; and in less than half an hour—oh, hardness of heart unheard of!—returned with a stranger, who proved to be a furniture broker, come to value the instrument! That evening it was sold to him for L.15; and it was carried away the first thing in the morning, before his wife came down stairs! What will be supposed the cause of this cruelty? It was to furnish Mr T—— with money to pay a bill of the infamous creature more than once alluded to, and who had obtained a complete ascendancy over him!

It was a long-continued course of such treatment as this, that called *me* upon the scene, in a professional capacity, merely, at first; till the mournful countenance of my patient inspired me with feelings of concern and friendly sympathy, which eventually led to an entire confidence. She came to me in the unostentatious character of a morning patient, in a hackney coach, with an elderly female friend. She looked quite the lady, though her dress was of but an ordinary quality, yet exquisitely neat and clean; and she had still a very interesting and somewhat pretty face, though long-continued sorrow had made sad havoc with her features! These visits, at intervals of a week, she paid me, and compelled me to take my fee of one guinea, on each occasion—though I would have given *two* to be enabled to decline it without hurting her delicacy. Though her general health had suffered severely, still I thought that matters had not gone quite so far as to destroy all hopes of reco-

very, with due attention;—though her cheeks disclosed, almost every evening, the death-rose, the grave-flowers of hectic, and night-sweats, and a faint cough, were painfully regular in their recurrence, still I saw nothing, for a long time, to warrant me in warning her of serious danger. I insisted on her allowing me to visit her at her own house, and she at last permitted me, on condition that I would receive at least half-a-guinea—poor creature!—for every visit. That, however, I soon dropped; and I saw her almost every day gratuitously, whenever any temporary aggravations of her symptoms required my attendance. The first time I saw her husband, I could not help taking a prejudice against him, though she had never breathed a syllable to me of his ill conduct. He was apparently about forty years old, though his real age was not more than two or three-and-thirty. His manners and habits had left a sufficiently strong impress upon him, to enable a casual beholder to form a shrewd conjecture as to his character. His features, once rather handsome than otherwise, were now reddened and swollen with long-continued excess; and there was altogether an air of truculence—of vulgar assurance and stupid sullenness, about him, which prepossessed me strongly against him. When, long afterwards, Mrs T—— gave me that description of his appearance and manners under which he is first placed before the reader of this narrative, I could not help frequently interrupting her with expressions of incredulity, and reminding her of his present ill-favoured looks: but as she went on with her sad story, my scepticism vanished. Personal deterioration was no incredible attendant on moral declension!

March 28th, 18—.—There can be no longer any doubt as to the nature of Mrs T——'s symptoms. She is the destined victim of consumption. The oftener I go to her house, the stronger are my suspicions that she is an unhappy woman, and that her husband ill-uses her. I have many times tried to hint my suspicions to her, but she will declare nothing. She *will* not understand me. Her settled despondency, however, accompanied with an undue current of

feverish nervous trepidation, which she cannot satisfactorily explain, convinces me something or other is wrong. I see very little of her husband, for he is scarcely ever in her company when I call. Though his business is that of an attorney, and his house and office are one, I see scarcely any indications of business stirring. I am afraid they are in sinking circumstances. I am *sure* that she, at least, was born and bred for a higher station than she now occupies. Her manners have that simplicity, ease, and elegance, which tell of a higher rank in society. I often detect her alone in tears, over a low fire. In a word, I am sure she is wretched, and that her husband is the cause of it. That he keeps late hours, I *know*—for she happened to let slip as much one day to me, when I was making enquiries about the time of her retiring to sleep. I feel a great interest in her; for, whenever I see her, her appearance reminds me of “Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief,”—

“Sorrow deck’d

In the poor faded garb of tarnish’d joy,
Ill fitting to her wasted form.”

April 5th.—To day I found them both together—sitting one on each side of the fire-place, he smoking—in the parlour,—and she, with a little flowering-work in her lap. I thought he seemed somewhat embarrassed at my entrance; which probably had put an end to some scene of unpleasantness, for her face was suffused with crimson. *It* soon retired, however, and left the wanness to which I had been accustomed in her.

“So my wife’s ill, sir, it seems,” said Mr T——, putting his pipe on the hob, and addressing me. “I’m sorry to say she *is*, Mr T——,” I replied, “and that she is worse to-day than she has been for some time.”

Mrs T—— let fall tears.

“Sorry to hear you say so, doctor; I’ve just been telling her it’s all owing to her own *obstinacy* in not calling entirely on —.”

“I think you might have used a milder word, sir,” said I, with involuntary sternness, at the same time directing my attention exclusively to his wife—as if for the purpose of hinting the propriety of his retiring.

“What’s the matter with her, sir?”

he enquired, in a more respectful tone than he had hitherto assumed.

"General debility, sir, and occasional pain," said I coldly.

"What's it owing to?"

I looked suddenly at Mrs T—; our eyes met—and hers had an expression of apprehension. I determined, however, to give a hint that I suspected all was not right, and replied—"I fear she does not take suitable nourishment—keeps irregular hours—and has something or other in her mind which harasses her." The latter words I accompanied with a steady look into his face. He seemed a little flushed.

"You're mistaken, sir," said he with a *brusque* air; "she may eat what she likes—that I can afford—may go to bed at what hour she likes—and it's all her own fault that she will sit moping over the fire night after night, and week after week—waiting for my return—till two or three o'clock in the morning."

"That is, of itself, sufficient to account for her illness," said I, pointedly. He began to lose his temper, for he saw the shameful acknowledgment he had unwittingly made. "Pray, Mrs T—," he enquired, looking angrily at his wife, who sat pale and trembling by my side,—"*Have* you any thing on your mind—eh?—If so—why—speak out—no sneaking?"

"No!" she stammered; "and I never said I had—I assure you. Did I ever give you even the most distant hint of the kind, doctor?" she continued, appealing to me.

"By no means, madam,—not in the slightest, on any occasion," I replied; "it was only a conjecture—a suspicion of my own." I thought he looked as if he would have made some instant reply, for his eye glared furiously on me. He bit his lips, however, and continued silent. His conscience "pricked him." I began to feel uneasy about the future quiet of Mrs T—, lest any observations of mine should have excited her husband's suspicions that she made disclosures to me of family matters.

"What would you advise for her, sir?" he asked coldly.

"Removal, for a few weeks, to the sea-side; a liberal diet, and lively society."

"Very well, sir," said he, after a

puzzled pause; "very good, sir—very; it shall be attended to.—Perhaps you want to be alone—eh?—So I'll leave you!" and directing a peculiar look towards his wife, as if warning her against something or other, he left the room. She burst into tears directly he was gone.

"My dear madam, forgive me for saying that I suspect your husband's behaviour towards you is somewhat harsh, and, perhaps, *unkind*," said I, in as soothing a tone as I could command, and pressing her hand kindly into mine.

"Oh no, doctor,—no!" she replied, adding in an altered manner, indicating displeasure, "what makes you think so, sir?"

"Why, madam, simply because I cannot shut my eyes or my ears to what passes even while I am here—as for instance—only just now, madam—just now."

She sighed, and made me no reply. I told her I was in earnest in recommending the course I had mentioned to her husband.

"Oh dear, doctor, no, no,—we could not afford it," said she, with a sigh. At that moment her husband returned,—and resumed his former seat in sullen silence. I soon after took my departure.

April 7th.—Does not the following make one blush for one's species?—I give it merely as I received it from the lips of Mrs T—. Inestimable woman! why are you fated to endure such pangs?—

About twelve o'clock at noon, hearing her husband come in, and thinking, from his looks, of which she caught a casual and hasty glance through the window, that he was fatigued, and stood in need of some refreshment, she poured out a glass of port wine, almost the last in a solitary bottle which she had purchased, under my directions, for medicinal purposes, and, with a biscuit, brought it herself down stairs—though the effort so exhausted her feeble frame, that she was obliged to sit down for several moments on the last stair to recover her breath. At last she ventured to knock at the door of the little back-office where he was sitting, holding the little waiter with the glass of wine and the biscuit in her left hand.

"Who's there?" enquired the gruff voice of T—.

"It's only I, my dear. May I come in, please?" replied the gentle voice of his wife.

"What brings you here, eh?—What the d—l do you want with me now?" said he, surlily.

"I've brought you something, my dear," she replied, and ventured to open the door. T—— was sitting before some papers or parchments, alone, and his countenance shewed that he was in a worse humour than usual. So soon as he saw her errand, he suddenly rose from his chair, and exclaiming in an angry tone—"What the — brings you here in this way, plaguing me while engaged at business, you —! Eh, woman?" Oh, my God! In a sudden fit of fury, he struck the waiter, wine, biscuit and all, out of her trembling hands to the floor, rudely pushed her out of the room, and slammed the door violently in her face. He did not re-open it, though he could not but have heard her fall upon the floor, the shock was so sudden and violent.

There, stretched across the mat, at the bottom of the staircase, lay that suffering creature, unable to rise, till her stifled sobbings brought the servant girl to her assistance.

"I can't help saying it's most abominable usage of you, ma'am; it is—and I don't care if master hears me say so neither," said the girl, herself crying; "for I'm sure he isn't worthy of the very shoes you wear—he isn't." She was endeavouring to lift her mistress, when Mrs T—— suddenly burst into a loud unnatural laugh, and went off into violent hysterics. Mr T——, hearing the noise of talking and laughing, sprung to the door, threw it open, and shouted to them to be "off with their noise—disturbing business!"—but the piteous spectacle of his prostrate wife stopped him—and, almost petrified with horror, he knelt down for the purpose of assisting her all he could. *

About an hour after this occurrence I happened to call—and found her lying in bed, alone—her husband having left her on business. When the servant told me—and her mistress reluctantly corroborated what she said—the circumstances above related, I felt such indignation swelling my whole frame, that had he

been within reach, I could not have resisted caning the scoundrel within an inch of his unworthy life! The recollection of this occurrence tortures me even now, and I can hardly believe that such brutality as T——'s could have been shewn by man!—

Mrs T—— kept her room from that hour, and never left it, till she was carried out for burial!—But this is anticipating.

April 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th.—I see clearly that poor Mrs T—— will never rise from her bed again. She has drained the bitter cup of grief to the dregs!—She is one of the meekest sufferers I ever had for a patient. She says little to me, or to any one; and shews a regard—a love for her unworthy husband, which, I think, can be called by no other name than absolute infatuation. I have never yet heard her breathe a hint to his disadvantage. He is not much with her; and from what little I have seen, feel convinced that his eyes are opening to a sense of the flagrant iniquity of his past conduct. And what are the effects produced by his feelings of shame and remorse? He endeavours to forget all in the continual stupor induced by liquor!

April 12th.—Mrs T—— delirious. Raved while I was there about her child—convulsions—said something about "cruel of Mr T—— to be drunk while his child lay dying,"—and said many other things which shocked me unutterably, and convinced me that her primary disorder was—a broken heart. I am sure she must have endured a series of brutal usage from her husband!

—13th.—The whole house upside down—in disorder and confusion from the top to the bottom—for there is an *execution* in it, and the officers and an appraiser are making an inventory of the furniture;—poor—poor—poor Mrs T—— lying all the while on her death-bed!—The servant told me afterwards, that her mistress, hearing strange steps and voices, called what was the matter; and on receiving word of the real state of matters, lifted up her hands, burst into an agony of weeping, and prayed that the Almighty would be pleased to remove her from such a scene of wretchedness. T—— himself, I learnt, was

sitting cowering over the kitchen fire, crying like a child!—Brute! coward! fool!—Such was the state of things at the time of my arrival. I was inconceivably shocked, and hurried to Mrs T——’s room, with unusual haste and trepidation. I found her in tears—sobbing, and exclaiming, “Why won’t they let us rest a little?—why strip the house before I am gone?—can they not wait a little?—where, where is Mr T——?”

I could not for several minutes speak myself,—for tears. At length I succeeded in allaying her excitement and agitation. At her request, I sent for the appraiser into her room. He came—and seemed a respectable and feeling man.

“Were you bent upon stripping the house, sir, while this lady is lying in her present dangerous state?”

“Indeed, sir, indeed, sir,” replied the man, with considerable emotion—“I’m sorry for it—very—but it is my duty—duty—ordered—” he continued, composedly; “if I had my own way, sir”——

“But at least you need not approach this chamber, sir,” said I, rather sternly. He stammered something like the words, “obliged—sorry—court of law,” &c. &c. Mrs T—— again burst into an agony of tears.

“Retire, sir, for the present,” said I, in an authoritative tone, “and we will send for you soon.” I then entered into a conversation with my poor persecuted patient, and she told me of the L.5000 settled to her separate use, and which she intended, under a power in the deed of settlement, to will to her husband. I spontaneously promised to stand security for the satisfaction of the execution, provided the creditors would defer proceedings for three months. She blessed me for it!—This, however, I afterwards learned would be illegal, at least so I was told; and I therefore wrote a cheque on my banker for the amount awarded by the court, and thus put an end to distress from that quarter. At Mrs T——’s urgent request, I returned to her bedside that evening. I found a table, with writing materials placed before a chair, in which she begged me to be seated. She then dictated to me her will—in which, after de-

ducting the sum I had advanced in satisfaction of the execution, and leaving me, in addition, sufficient to purchase a plain mourning ring, she bequeathed the whole absolutely and unreservedly to her husband; and added, my hand shaking while I wrote it down, “hoping that he will use it prudently, and not entirely forget me when I am gone. And if he should—if he should—” her utterance was choked—“and if he should—*marry again*—” again she paused.

“Dear, dear madam! compose yourself! Take time! This dreadful agitation will accelerate the event we are all dreading!” said I.

“No—don’t fear. I beg you will go on! If he should marry again, may he use her—use her—No, no, no!—strike all the last clause out! Give me the pen!” I did as she directed me—struck out from the words, “and if he should,” &c., and put the pen into her hand. With trembling fingers she traced the letters of her name; I witnessed it, and she said, “Now, is all right?”—“Yes, madam,” I replied. She then burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming, “Oh, George! George! this will shew you that, however tired you may have grown of *me*, I have loved you to the end—I have—I have!” She burst into louder weeping.

“Oh, it’s hard, it’s hard to part with him, though he *might*—he *might* have used me—No!” she paused. I suffered her excited feelings to grow calm; and after some time spent in endeavouring to soothe her, I took my departure from witnessing one of the most heart-breaking scenes I have ever encountered. Her husband could not be prevailed on to enter her room that day; but all night long, I was told, he sate outside the door, on one of the steps of the stairs, and more than once startled her with his sighs.

April 14th to May 6th.—Sinking rapidly. I shall be astonished if she survive a week. She is comparatively in a happy frame of mind, and has availed herself of the consolations of religion to some purpose. On this day (May 6th) I succeeded in extracting from her the facts which compose the former part of this narrative. Her gentle, palliating way of telling it, divested the conduct of

her husband of almost all blame-worthiness! She could not allow me to make a harsh or condemnatory comment all the way through! She blamed herself as she went on; accused herself of want of firmness; said she was afraid Mr T—— had been disappointed in her disposition; said that if he had done anything wrong, it was owing to the bad companions who had enticed him from the path of duty into that of dissipation; that he had not exactly *neglected* her, or wilfully ill-used her; but—but—she could say nothing to extenuate his guilt, and I begged her not! I left her in tears myself.

O woman! woman! woman! "We had been brutes without you," and the mean and miserable T—— was a brute *with* you!

May 8th.—Mrs T—— wasted to a shadow: all the horrors of consumption! Her husband, though apparently broken-hearted, cannot, though probably no one will believe it—he *cannot* refrain from frequenting the—public-house! He pretends that his spirits are so low, so oppressed, that he requires the use of stimulating liquors! Mrs T—— made me promise this morning that I would see her coffin closed; and a small locket, containing a portion of her child's and husband's hair, placed next her heart. I nodded acquiescence, for my tongue refused me words!

10th.—I was summoned this evening to witness the exit from our world of one of the sweetest, loveliest spirits, that it was, and is, unworthy of! I was not sent for under the apprehension that her end was at hand, but on account of some painful symptoms which had manifested themselves since my visit in the morning. It was about nine o'clock when I arrived, and found her in a flow of spirits, very unexpected and unusual in her situation. Her eye was bright, and she could talk with a clearness and rapidity of utterance, to which she had long been a stranger. She told me that she had been awakened from sleep by hearing the sound of sweet singing—which, I need hardly say, was wholly imaginary. She was in a very happy frame of mind; but evidently in a state of dangerous excitement. Her sottish

husband was sitting opposite the fire, his face entirely hid in his hands; and he maintained a stupid silence, undisturbed even by my entrance. Mrs T—— thanked me, in almost enthusiastic terms, for my attention to her throughout her illness, and regretted that I would not allow her to testify her sense of it, by leaving me a trifling legacy.

"George—George!" she exclaimed, with sudden and startling energy—an inspiration of tone which brought him in an instant, with an affrighted air, to the foot of the bed.

"George, I've a message from Heaven for you! Listen—God will never bless you, unless you alter your courses!" The man shrunk and trembled under the scorching, burning, overpowering glance of her eye. "Come, dearest, come—Doctor—— will let you sit beside me for a few moments!" I removed, and made way for him. She clasped his hand in hers.

"Well, George, we must part!" said she, closing her eyes, and breathing fast. The husband sobbed like a child, with his face buried in his handkerchief.—"Do you forgive me?" he murmured, half choked with emotion.

"Yes, God knows I do, from my heart! I forgive all the little you have ever grieved me about!"

"Oh, Jane—Jane—Jane!" groaned the man, suddenly stooping over the bed, and kissing her lips in an apparent ecstasy. He fell down on his knees, and cried bitterly.

"Rise, George, rise," said his wife, faintly. He obeyed her, and she again clasped his hand in hers.

"George, are you there—are you?" she enquired, in a voice fainter and fainter.

"Here I am, love!—oh, look on me!—look on me!" he sobbed, gazing steadily on her features. "Say once more that you forgive me! Let me hear your dear, blessed voice once again—or—or!"

"I do! Kiss me—kiss me," she murmured, almost inaudibly; and her unworthy husband kissed away the last expiring breath of one of the loveliest and most injured women, whose hearts have been broken by a husband's brutality!

12th.—This evening I looked in at the house where my late patient lay

dead, for the purpose of fulfilling my promise, and seeing her locket placed near her heart, and the coffin closed. I then went into the parlour, where sat the bereaved husband, in company with his clerk, who had, ever since his engagement, shewed a deep regard and respect for Mrs T——. After I had sat some moments in their company,—

“I’ve something on my mind, Mr T——,” said the young man with emotion, “which I shall not be happy till I’ve told you.”

“What is it?” enquired his master, languidly.

“Do you recollect how often you used to praise my draft-copying, and wondered how I got through so much work?”

“Why, yes, d—n you, yes!” replied his master angrily; “what have you brought *that* up for now, eh?”

“To tell you, sir, that I did not deserve your praises”——

“Well—well—no more,” interrupted his master, impatiently.

“But I must, and *will* tell you, that it was all done by poor Mrs T——, who learnt engrossing, and sat up whole nights together writing, that you might not lose your business, till she was nearly blinded. poor dear lady! and she would not even let me tell you! And I shall make free to tell you,” continued the young man, rising, and bursting into tears,—“I shall make free to tell you, that you have behaved shamefully—brutally to her, and have broken her poor heart—you have—and God will remember you for it!”—And he left the room, and never again entered the house, the scene of his beloved mistress’s martyrdom.

Mr T—— listened to all this without uttering a word—his eyes dilated—and he presently burst into a fit of loud and lamentable weeping, which lasted long after I left; and that evening he attempted to commit *suicide*, unable, like one before him, to endure the heavy smittings of a guilty conscience.

THOMSON'S BIRTH-PLACE.

BY DELTA.

“Is Ednam, then, so near me? I must gaze
On Thomson’s cradle-spot,—as sweet a bard
As ever graced the name,—and on the scenes
That first to poesy awoke his soul.”
So saying to myself, with eager step,
Down through the avenues of Sydenham,
The birth-house of the being with whose fate
Mine own is sweetly mingled, on I stray’d
In a perplexity of pleasing thoughts,
Amid the perfume of blown eglantine,
And hedge-row wild-flowers, memory conjuring up
The bright and soul-subduing lays of him,
Whose fame is with his country’s being mix’d,
And cannot die;—until at length I gain’d
An opening in the road, between the stems
Of two green sycamores,—and lo! at once,
The downward country like a map unfurl’d
Before me,—pastures green,—and forests dark,—
And, in its simple quietude reveal’d,
Ednam—no more a visionary scene!

A rural church,—some scatter’d cottage roofs,
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke,
Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,
Ascended, mingling with the summer sky—
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stain’d—

A fairy streamlet, singing to itself—
 And here and there a venerable tree
 In foliated beauty:—of these elements,
 And only these, the simple scene was form'd.

Oft had I dream'd of Ednam, of the spot
 Where, to the light of life, the infant eye
 Of Thomson open'd; till the syllables
 Brought to my heart a vista of delight,
 A soft Elysian picture, dipp'd in hues
 Of pastoral loveliness—an atmosphere,
 Such as the wizard's wand has charm'd around
 The realm of Indolence, where every sight,
 And every sound, unto tranquillity
 Smooth'd down the ever-swelling waves of thought;—
 And oft, while o'er the Bard's harmonious page,
 Nature's reflected picture, I have hung
 Enchanted, wondering thoughts have cross'd my mind,
 Of his lone boyhood, and the eager thirst
 With which his opening spirit must have drank
 The shews of earth and heaven, till I have wish'd
 That on his birth-place I could gaze, and tread
 The pathways hallow'd by the feet of him
 Whose inspiration sang the Vernal morn
 With its refulgent brow; the Summer day
 Glowing and endless; the Autumnal eve
 Of mellow dye; and Winter's midnight arch
 Unclouded, paved with multitudinous stars.

Now Ednam was before me—but the thought
 Of Thomson vanish'd, nor would coalesce
 And mingle with the landscape, as the stream
 Loses itself within the summer sea;
 For why? a spell was broken; it was not
 My vision shadow'd by reality
 In lineaments harmonious, it was not
 The poet's birth-place,—earth etherealized
 And spiritual,—but quite an alien scene,
 Fair in itself, and only for itself
 To seek our praises or regard; the clue
 Of old associations was destroy'd,—
 A leaf from Fancy's volume was torn out,—
 And, as the fairy frost-work leaves the grass,
 A tract of mental Eden was laid waste,
 Never to blossom more!

Alone I stood,
 Gazing around me in the glowing light
 Of noon, while, overhead, the rapturous lark
 Soar'd as she sang, less and less visible,
 Till but a voice mid Heaven's engulfing blue.—
 Yet though the tones and smiles of Nature bade
 The heart rejoice, a shadow overspread
 My musings, and the fairy-land of thought
 “Melted into the light of common day.”
 A moment's look had disenchant'd years
 Of cherish'd vision; Ednam, which before
 Spoke to my spirit as a spell, was now
 The index to a code of other thoughts;
 And turning on my heel, I sigh'd to think
 How oft our joys depend on ignorance.

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

BY MRS HEMANS.

What is Poesy, but to create
 From overfeeling, good or ill, and aim
 At an external life beyond our fate?
 Bestowing fire from Heaven, and then, too late,
 Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain!
 And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
 Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
 Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea shore.

BYRON'S *Prophecy of Dante*.

SOUND on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
 My dirge is in thy moan;
 My spirit finds response in thee,
 To its own ceaseless cry—"Alone, alone!"

Yet send me back one other word,
 Ye tones that never cease!
 Oh! let your hidden leaves be stirr'd,
 And say, deep waters! can you give me peace?

Away!—my weary soul hath sought
 In vain one echoing sigh,
 One answer to consuming thought
 In human breasts—and will the *wave* reply?

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
 Sound in thy scorn and pride!
 I ask not, alien world! from *thee*,
 What my own kindred earth hath still denied!

And yet I loved that earth so well,
 With all its lovely things!
 Was it for *this* the death-wind fell
 On my rich lyre, and quench'd its living strings?

Let them lie silent at my feet!
 Since, broken even as they,
 The heart, whose music made them sweet,
 Hath pour'd on desert sands its wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,
 The laurel wreath is mine—
 With a worn heart, a weary frame,
 O! restless Deep! I come to make them thine!

Give to that crown, that burning crown,
 Place in thy darkest hold!
 Bury my anguish, my renown,
 With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold!

Thou sea-bird, on the billow's crest,
 Thou hast thy love, thy home!
 They wait thee in the quiet nest—
 And I—unsought, unwatch'd for—I too come!

I, with this winged nature fraught,
 These visions, brightly free,
 This boundless love, this fiery thought—
 Alone, I come! O! give me peace, dark Sea!

THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Can guilt or misery ever enter here ?
 Ah ! no, the spirit of domestic peace,
 Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,
 And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,
 Guards, powerful as the sword of Cherubim,
 The hallow'd Porch. She hath a heavenly smile,
 That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,
 And wins him o'er to virtue.

WILSON.

My father's house once more,
 In its own moonlight beauty ! Yet around,
 Something, amidst the dewy calm profound,
 Broods, never mark'd before !

Is it the brooding night ?
 Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
 That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,
 O'erwhelming to my sight ?

All solemnized it seems,
 And still'd, and darken'd in each time-worn hue,
 Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
 As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
 I stood and linger'd—where my sisters made
 Our mother's bower—I deem'd not that it cast
 So far and dark a shade !

How spirit-like a tone
 Sighs through yon tree ! My father's place was there
 At evening-hours, while soft winds waved his hair !
 Now those grey locks are gone !

My soul grows faint with fear !
 Even as if angel-steps had mark'd the sod.
 I tremble where I move—the voice of God
 Is in the foliage here !

Is it indeed the night
 That makes my home so awful ? Faithless hearted !
 'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed
 The in-born gladdening light !

No outward thing is changed ;
 Only the joy of purity is fled,
 And, long from Nature's melodies estranged,
 Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode
 By thy dark spirit is o'erhung with shade,
 And, therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
 Makes thy sick heart afraid !

The night-flowers round that door,
 Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air ;
 Thou, thou alone, art worthy now no more
 To pass, and rest thee there !

And must I turn away ?
 —Hark, hark !—it is my mother's voice I hear,
 Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft and clear—
 Doth she not seem to pray ?

My name !—I caught the sound !
 Oh ! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—
 Mother, my mother ! Now receive thy child,
 Take back the Lost and Found !

REMEMBRANCE.

MINE, Mary, thou canst never be,
 But kindly will I think of thee.
 The memory of the past shall fling
 A balm upon each bitter thought,
 And soften with its shadowy wing
 The agonies which grief hath wrought.
 I cannot, though I would, forget
 The beauty of thy youthful years,
 Ere Sorrow's bitter fountains wet
 Mine eyes with unavailing tears.
Then we were happy ; and thy heart,
 Unused to play the mourner's part,
 Responded with a throb divine
 To each enraptured pulse of mine.

Even when upon the boundless deep,
 My thoughts were ever turn'd on thee ;
 In vision, I beheld thee weep
 As when thou bad'st adieu to me.
 Thy form has haunted still my heart,
 By starry night and gaudy day ;
 I see it in the moonbeam's start,
 I see it in the morning grey.
 Time cannot from my mind erase
 The memory of that angel face,
 Nor the corroding hand of Care
 Sweep out the thoughts imprinted there.

Let years pass on of earthly woe,
 Still thou wilt be to me for ever,
 As if Fate doom'd our barks to go
 United down Life's stormy river.
 To blot thy memory from my breast,
 Absence and Time alike hath striven ;
 Alas ! who calm on earth can rest,
 That once hath had a glimpse of Heaven !

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

PARLIAMENTARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE business of the Houses, since the appointment of the new Ministry, has been rather of a rambling and conversational character. The Government has been wisely cautious of precipitating itself upon the important measures which it is pledged to bring forward and to support; and waits to consolidate itself before it proceeds to unsettle existing systems, in which the most important interests are concerned. There have, however, been some measures gravely proposed in the Upper House, and many matters slightly discussed in the House of Commons, upon which some remarks may not be uninteresting nor unuseful at the present moment. We shall, therefore, take a rapid glance at the more prominent matters which have occupied Parliament during the present month; and we may take this opportunity of stating, that during the current session, when parliamentary business may be expected to be of such vivid and paramount interest, we shall take a regular and methodical view of it, not only with reference to the debates, but the papers laid before the House, which frequently contain a vast quantity of important information that the kingdom in general knows nothing about, though the public pays a swinging sum for the preparation and printing of the documents.

Two parliamentary commissions, and three members of the House of Lords, are now busily employed with schemes for the reformation of the administration of the law; and it is to be hoped (unless, according to the old adage, too many cooks should spoil the broth) that we may ere long obtain some amendment of rules of law and practice so obviously contradictory to common sense, so plainly a hinderance in the way of justice, that it is only amazing that habit should have so long induced men to shut their eyes to such monstrous absurdity. We may boast of the principles of British law as much as we will; but in its details, and in its practice, it is, and must be, in the view of every man who loves truth, and plainness, and simplicity, the most revolting and ridiculous thing that can possibly be imagined. The simplest action at law is a course of lie upon lie, and fiction

upon fiction, the expense enormous, and the result doubtful to the end, although the truth may be as obvious as the sun at noonday. If you go into the King's Bench with a common action, the very right of the court to try it is founded upon an assumption of that which the court knows not to be true. The declaration with which you commence must be full of lies; and when you know right well that a man has craftily and fraudulently obtained your goods, and will not give them back unless forced by the law, you are obliged to aver that you lost these goods, and that he (the defendant) casually found the same. This is only a taste of the quality of all legal proceedings. An indictment where a man is, or rather should be, solemnly charged with taking away the life of another, must, of necessity, be a hideous jargon, stuffed with gross and trifling absurdities, and altogether unintelligible to a plain English scholar. It is, therefore, no wonder that people are at last thinking of reform in the administration of the law. The difficulty of real reform, however, lies in this, that lawyers, from long habit, and because the law's intricacies put money in their pockets, are not sharp to see the absurdities which ought to be remedied; and yet none but lawyers can be intrusted to prepare the bills for the amendment of the administration of the law, because none but they can see his way through such a matter. If one unlearned in the law, should be rash enough to attempt such an amendment, he would be apt to fare no better than the sage on ship-board, who made a hole in the ship's bottom to let out the bilge water, and had the satisfaction of being drowned in clear water immediately after.

On the first of the month, Lord Wynford brought forward his bill for amending the practice of pleading—for lessening the expense of witnesses, by allowing written interrogatories to be used in law courts as they already are in courts of equity—and for giving power to judges to make security be entered into in certain cases for costs. The special pleaders say, that the bill is nonsense; but they have an interest in keeping up the abuse which the

bill seeks to remedy. It is left over for future discussion, and at another time we may have something to say about it.

On the second, Lord Brougham brought forward his very important bill, for the establishment of local courts. He carefully stated, however, that it was no government measure, but one emanating from himself, as an individual member of Parliament. This was a prudent declaration, for it is the next thing to impossible that the bill, in its present state at all events, should pass into a law. Like many other of Lord Brougham's projects, the plan is bold, and the intention good, but the practical part of the matter has not been looked to with sufficient closeness, and we believe that every practical man who has examined the project, has decided that such a scheme is fit only for the imagination. That much may, and ought to be done, to reduce the wasteful and ridiculous excess of expense in law proceedings, is quite certain; but a regiment of flying courts like those proposed by Lord Brougham, is almost as wild a notion as the flying men and women of Peter Wilkins's celebrated narrative, which entertained our marvellous boyhood. Lord Brougham should have experience enough to know, that what might be a very good scheme if he had to build society anew, may be a very bad one for a community whose habits are formed, and arrangements made, in such a manner that the scheme would not fit them, unless they were totally altered. It is wise to undertake the alteration of our institutions, (so as it be done cautiously and soberly,) in order to adapt them to an altered state of society, because the matter is within our view and our power of management; but it is not within our power to alter society, so as to suit it to new institutions, which appear, to our abstract reasonings, better than those we have. In former days, when people were thinly scattered, when they themselves, as well as their laws, were more simple and natural, and when a plain story was told in a plain way, and decided without the aid of hundreds of books of law, and thousands of books of commentaries upon the law, county courts were fit for the people, and were used, but even then they did

not fly about from place to place. In the present day, people are so closely locked together—everything being done by societies rather than by individuals, the various descriptions of property so much increased, and so much more difficult of definition—the quantity of rules touching the legal distribution of property in various cases increased a thousand-fold, and not possible to be known except by those who make it the study of their lives; and in addition to all this, a description of people having grown up, whose interest, and whose constant practice it is, to entangle and perplex every dispute by the application of an intricate system of laws to the circumstances of the controversy, it is supposed that none but the first judges of the land can satisfactorily preside over even the least important cause, and it is considered especially beneficial to remove it out of the way of local interests and local prepossessions, which continually operate more or less against strict justice. The people would not be satisfied with a flying tribunal, and a jury of their next door neighbours to decide their causes; nor is it likely that so very difficult a thing as the administration of our laws in civil actions, could be properly accomplished by itinerant local judges, even though a spring van were appointed to travel about with the library of the court, and lawyers should ride post, with volumes of reports and decisions stuffed in their saddle-bags.

Those who had not read the Report of the Common Law Commission would doubtless be surprised to see, by Lord Brougham's statement, how much of the litigation of the country was about paltry sums. He said, that at the Lancaster Spring Assizes of 1826, when fifty-two verdicts were given in civil cases, the average amount of each verdict was only £14, 15s. In the year 1829, out of the causes tried by the Lord Chief-Justice in London, one hundred and eighty-four were for sums under £20; three hundred and nine for sums under £50; and four hundred and six for sums under £100. In Middlesex, in the same year, three hundred and thirty-two were for sums under £20; five hundred and eighteen for sums under £50; and one third of the whole number in Lon-

don and Middlesex was for sums under L.100. Now, what does all this prove? Not certainly that itinerant courts are necessary, but that there is a premium upon, an inducement to, litigation somewhere, that ought to be sought out and cut away; for who can believe that many persons, left to the calm exercise of their own judgment as men of business, would, for the settlement of a sum under L.20 or L.50, travel into Court, subject themselves to the loss of time, and the risk of defeat, and the certainty of costs beyond the amount in dispute? They do not follow their own judgment, but they are artfully led along step by step, by those persons to whom lawsuits give an inordinate profit. No doubt in many cases where the sum involved is nominally small, the interest at stake is great, and the sum put in issue, is only a criterion for the settlement of a much larger sum; and this circumstance Lord Brougham does not seem to have noticed; but still many of the actions—the greater proportion of them—are actually for small sums, and over and over again is the trite but true fable illustrated, of the disputants about the oyster, whose controversy was settled by a lawyer gobbling up the fish, and handing an empty shell to each of the parties litigant. What is required then, we humbly apprehend, is not a carrying about of our involved, intricate, twisted, unintelligible forms of enquiry and decision from door to door; but a thorough reform and simplification of the legal means of obtaining redress in WESTMINSTER HALL AND ON THE CIRCUITS; at least this is what should first be done. How disgusting it is to remember, that an attorney is permitted to charge in proportion to the number of sheets, lines, words, that his ingenuity can thrust into the papers in a cause! Which of our readers has been happy enough not to have seen an attorney's bill of costs for an action in an English court? Was there ever seen such a jargon of things unintelligible save in their expense? What a multiplicity of fees of which no plain suitor can tell the meaning or the reason! What reasonable person that has ever looked at the brief in a plain two and two affair, but must have been struck with the nonsense of so much paper, and so many

words, to a matter so simple? The reason is, that the man who prepared the brief is paid according to its prolixity and consequent complexity. Then the barrister's speeches! Heaven defend us, and bless Lord Brougham for endeavouring to put some check upon this enormity! Let any one who has learned mathematics or logic, listen to any barrister making a three-hours' speech, and note down the propositions he has enunciated bearing upon the matter in hand, and compare the number of words they require, with the mass which has been uttered, making due allowance at the same time for a proper sprinkling of rhetorical flourish, and then he will see, how capitally thirty-five minutes might have done the business. By some it is contended, that a long speech is but the "menstruum," in which the precious pearl of argument is dissolved, in order that it may properly soak and saturate the minds of the judge and jury; or, that as an hostler puts chopped hay into the oats of horses who swallow too fast, this verbiage is necessary along with the argument, that the judge may leisurely chew and digest it; but this is not complimentary to the judges, and we dismiss the excuse at once. But one very principal cause of the expense is the delay. Why is this delay after the cause is ripe for trial? Because the King's Bench has more to do than it can dispatch. What is the Exchequer doing? Nothing: Why not then take your cause there? Oh! because the King's Bench is the "favourite court;" and having commenced our proceedings there, the forms of the other court are so different, that in order to get into it, we should commence *de novo*. How absurd is all this! Here is the evil to be remedied. Let no judges be appointed to any court, who are not competent, and then make it imperative on every suitor to have his cause tried by whatever judge of the land is at leisure to try it. When proper reforms are made in the law itself, or rather in legal practice in the highest courts, then it will be time enough to see whether tribunals must be sent round from town to town. As to sums under L.10, we see no reason why a simple and summary jurisdiction might not be given to the Court of Quarter Sessions, assisted, as in Ireland, by a

barrister who might attend periodically for the purpose, and who would be well enough paid for his temporary absences from the metropolis by six or seven hundred a-year. Lord Brougham wisely proposes to try the experiment of his bill in two counties, before he carries it further. We very much doubt that his system will ever reach those two counties, and we feel quite sure that it will never go beyond them.

On the 3d, the Duke of Newcastle rose in his place, to complain to the House of the intemperate language used respecting himself by the King's Attorney-General, at an election in the principal town of the county, in which he (the Duke) is the King's Lieutenant. It is a strange thing that a man of Sir Thomas Denman's years, and experience, and character, should be so forgetful of himself, and the office which his Majesty, no doubt with some reliance on his discretion, intrusted to him, as to allow a vulgar desire of mob applause to bear him away into expressions so unbecoming and so dangerous to the public peace. We cannot help regretting that the Duke did not bring forward his complaint in the form of a motion, which would have compelled the Attorney-General to resort to a defence different in manner from that which he is stated to have used in reply to the personal application for explanation. It may belong to a man's infirmity to be easily hurried away into passionate language, but when cooler judgment returns, candour and fairness should induce the promptest and fullest reparation. The Duke of Newcastle, however, informed the House, that "when he called for an explanation, the answer from the King's Attorney-General was neither explicit nor distinct; that he made use of all the legal sinuosities, twistings, and turnings, that could be made use of; but though it was hard to know what was meant in the answer, it was sufficient to identify the speech of the learned gentleman with the report." It does not mend the matter, that the Attorney-General put it in the power of the Lord Chancellor to make, on his part, a more explicit denial of the offensive expressions than he himself would make when applied to, nor does the excuse put forward by Earl Grey appear at all satisfactory. He stated, that "all he could then say

was, that his Majesty's Attorney-General was a man who stood not only high in his estimation, but in the estimation of the whole country, as a man of great acquirements, great talent, and of the soundest principles. It was to be observed that he was at Nottingham not as an Attorney-General, but as a candidate for an election, and it was probable that he expressed himself in a manner that he thought most conducive to that end." We submit to the noble Premier, that when he next condescends to defend his Majesty's Attorney-General, something a little less resembling special pleading would be more suitable to the order to which he belongs. Sir Thomas Denman escaped for this time without any other censure than that which public opinion gives, but the lesson to observe more temperate behaviour we trust will not be lost upon him.

On the 6th, the Lord Chancellor was extremely erudite on the subject of the Regency Bill, and displayed a minute acquaintance with a portion of family history full six hundred years old. The Lords "marked, learned, and inwardly digested," but no one opened his mouth, so the House adjourned. In the Commons, the question of the ballot was introduced upon the occasion of a petition from Armagh. This is a very important question, to which an incidental notice can by no means do justice; but we may be permitted briefly to observe, that notwithstanding the refinement of argument which some able journalists have used in favour of the ballot, and which, as an abstract argument, it is not easy satisfactorily to answer, the common sense and feeling of the middle orders seem to be against its use in political matters. We think they have decided that practically the ballot would not be a good thing, and their judgment about the matter (assuming that such is their judgment) is, in our view, of more importance than the conclusion drawn from any subtle argument, which treats matters touching mind and morals, as it would matters coming within the scope of the exact sciences. There was a great deal of sound practical sense in the observation of Lord Acheson, and with that observation we shall leave the subject for the present.

"Undue influence at elections may be gradually diminished, the evil may, to a certain extent, be remedied, but how it is to be totally eradicated, I know not. I am told that vote by ballot would effect all this, for that it would establish secrecy and security to the voter. In considering this subject, my first enquiry naturally was, how this could be proved? I must confess that I have not succeeded in this enquiry at all to my satisfaction. The assertion is everywhere made, arguments are founded upon it, but I find nothing to satisfy me that the assertion itself is well founded. The voter may conceal the actual fact of his vote at the time of delivering it, but of what avail is this secrecy, unless it be followed by security afterwards? For I can hardly call that a state of security in which a man *lives as if he were by a perpetual falsehood*, and in continued fear, lest by a breach of confidence in some friend to whom in an unguarded moment he may have disclosed the truth, or by some other chance, the whole should come to the ear of the landlord, and his total ruin should ensue."

On the same evening was presented in the House, two scenes from a rather trifling farce, the plot of which turns upon the rival claims of the in and the ex-government, to the credit of abolishing the office of Postmaster in Ireland. It is pleasant to see Mr George Dawson and Mr Goulburn shining in a performance of this sort, so well fitted to their abilities. Seriously, we wish the House some better employment than debating upon whether one statesman or another decided upon so magnificent an act of executive authority as the abolition of a manifestly useless office which costs a few thousand pounds a-year. If the late government have no other act of economy than this to shew for themselves, it is hardly worth their while contending for it; if they have many more, they may leave this act of grace as the commencement of a stock in trade for their successors: the main thing that concerns the public is the abolition of the office, and that, it appears, at all events, is done.

On the 8th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice of his intention to move for a select committee to enquire whether any, and what,

reductions ought to be made in the salaries of persons holding office under the crown, and being at the same time members of either House of Parliament. This is a matter of more importance to the Ministers themselves than to the public. It is not the salaries of ministers who really do some work for the monies they receive, that the public complains of, but it is the multiplicity of boards and offices, and the superannuations and pensions held by ignorant insolent persons, who have neither brains nor manual dexterity to transact any business, and are therefore not worth the wages of ordinary clerks. Such places are made the resource of imbecility, or the reward of infamy, more often than they are bestowed from any worthy motive, and their pride is generally in direct proportion to their helpless incapacity. But ministers say, we shall have it in our power to reduce others, when we can point to ourselves as having suffered reduction already. Be it so; we are willing to give ministers credit for their self-denying ordinances, unless, indeed, they expect to go out very soon, and wish to make these reductions for the benefit of their successors. But, after all, this rather too much resembles Mr Goulburn's fine reason for mixing up large sums with the civil list grant which did not belong to it, in order that it might not be seen how much was spent by the King. This is no time for mere prettinesses in politics: let it be plainly avowed, that those who do not work will no longer be paid; but let those whose abilities fit them for the discharge of important affairs, and who may possibly not have the advantage of a private fortune besides, be adequately paid for their services.

In a conversation which followed the notice given by Lord Althorpe, Mr John Wood of Preston, who has lately taken upon him to censure and to praise, as if he were a person of some consideration, indulged in a little severity upon Sir Robert Peel, and the right honourable baronet seemed to be perfectly astounded by the magnitude of his audacity. "That he should presume to lecture ME!" said the ex-secretary. Now, there was Sir Robert's besetting sin again breaking forth. Was there

any thing peculiarly atrocious in Mr John Wood lecturing Sir Robert, more than any other member? And if there was, was Sir Robert himself to be the man to put the *gravamen* of the offence upon that point? Could he not make little of Mr John Wood of Preston without placing the colossus of his own dignity beside him, and calling upon the House to "look on this picture, and on this?" It is a very unfortunate and provoking thing that Sir Robert Peel, with his considerable abilities and fluent habits of discourse, will not lay aside this self-complacent manner, which is the more unpleasant from its very smoothness.

On the 8th, the Duke of Wellington in the Lords called the attention of the House to the procession of the trades, which had taken place that day, to the King's palace. The Duke appears to have considered that there was something alarming in the procession of so large a body of the common people bearing "flags and other ensigns." The Secretary of State for the Home Department, and the Lord Chancellor, whose nerves are perhaps not so sensitive as those of the Duke, though we would think the sight of masses of men bearing flags and other ensigns rather more familiar to his Grace than to the others, made rather light of the matter. The most curious thing in this affair is, that the law, as laid down from the Woolsack, was most unceremoniously contradicted by ministers in the House of Commons, who do not pretend to be lawyers at all.

The Lord Chancellor says, "Your Lordships cannot prevent people from walking in the streets; and though processions are not convenient things, you cannot prevent processions even with banners,—for processions are but long lines of people walking in one direction. The law gives you no power of prevention until there is an actual breach of the peace, or a most imminent risk of its being broken."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer says, "I am ready to admit that the procession was not strictly legal, according to the letter of the act; but the question is, whether it would not have been imprudent, rash, and ill-advised, to have prevented such a

procession under such circumstances, and when the government had reason to believe that it would be conducted orderly? I know that such addresses are illegal, but the law is frequently violated with impunity."

Now, in whom are the simple to place their belief touching the law of this land? Is it possible that the Lord Chancellor of England publicly misrepresented the law in the House of Lords? And if he did not, how much is the Chancellor of the Exchequer to blame for being so positive in his error in the House of Commons?

On the 9th, Lord Wynford brought forward his important motion for a committee to enquire into the causes of the existing general distress, and to consider how far a remedy could be provided for it. At a period when the distress and discontent of the agricultural labourers of this country is so great, that outrage, unheard-of for its violence and universality, is going on, and sober-minded men seriously fear a violent breaking up of the established rights of property and relations of society, it does seem unaccountable that the government should deem it expedient, or even safe, to set their faces against such an enquiry. Yet, after hearing not only the motion, but all that was so ably urged in support of it, the Premier replied, that "in every respect he felt a great objection to the enquiry proposed, and he would not give his individual assent to it; if he opposed the proposed measure, it was solely from a sincere conviction that it could produce no good. It was acknowledged on all hands that the country presented a scene of great difficulty—how the difficulty had been produced it was not for him to say, for he was more inclined to look forward to correct the faults, than to look back to the manner in which they had been produced." Let us consider, for a moment, this language of the Prime Minister of England, and ask ourselves how it is possible that a reasonable man in such a situation could so speak. Let us put his matter into a methodical arrangement of propositions, and it will stand thus. It is acknowledged on all hands that the country presents a scene of great difficulty. How the difficulty has been produced it is not for me to say,—that

is, I cannot say how it has been produced. I will not give my individual assent to an enquiry to ascertain how it has been produced. I am more inclined to look forward to correct the faults, than to look back to the manner in which they have been produced.

Surely such a series of propositions as this, would seem to be unworthy of any man who had sufficient sense to button on his own clothes; yet they are those of the minister, allowed on all hands to be a man of first-rate ability. It is to be observed, that, in refusing to go into an enquiry of this description, Lord Grey follows the example of the Duke of Wellington, who similarly refused last session. On the present occasion, the Duke avowed his dissent from the motion, because from the extent and importance of the subjects which would have to be enquired into, it would be impossible to have such an enquiry without exciting expectations, and involving the country in difficulties and dangers ten times greater than those under which it at present suffers. This is very plain, blunt talk, and makes the Duke's opinion obvious enough; but we are at a loss for the reason that enquiry concerning the cause of the people's distress, and consideration of the best means of alleviating it, would make the difficulties and dangers ten times greater. As to "expectations," why should the people not expect? Does the Duke of Wellington or Lord Grey think that despair is preferable to expectation? Is it not monstrous, that, in a country teeming with abundance, where over-production is the cry of economists themselves, and where every man of sense and observation knows, that with our soil, rivers, seas, mines, machinery, and shipping, all the people, and twice that number, might live in comfort, not labouring above half their time—is it not monstrous, that, in consequence of some dreadful defect in our political or social arrangements, half the population is half starved, and great numbers of them roaming about like beasts of prey to take food by violence? Are we not to enquire into the cause of this shocking evil; are we not to consider the means of remedying it, lest haply expectations might be created? Will the hereditary legislators of

Great Britain shut their eyes in timorous hope that the danger will pass by, instead of looking at it in the face like men, and doing what is needful? Will they listen to one man telling them of the danger of examining what is the matter, and another voiding his presumptuous folly in the affected phraseology of a misnamed science, while the people are maddening around them, and while advantage is taken of their hunger by incendiary villains to drive them into open insurrection? How long will men be blind to the plain state of things? The time was when the owners of land and the manufacturers could not do without the labourers, because their assistance was necessary to obtain the produce of the ground, and to turn the raw material into manufactured goods. The labourers then had their sure hold, as well as any other class. True, all the property was in the hands of others; but then others could not use that property without the labourer's assistance; therefore they were sure of a share. In the present time, labourers have so much increased, and so much work can be done by machinery, that a large portion of them are not required by those who possess land and raw material, and such working people are left without any hold upon society at all. But is it because men of property can do without them, that they are to cast them off to perish? No. They are still a part of the society, and ought to be supported while the country affords the means. It is true, the capitalist cannot turn their labour to profitable account; but why should they therefore stand idle and starve? Their labour would support themselves if they had something upon which to apply it; and there is scarcely an acre of cultivated ground in England upon which additional labour might not be employed to a certain extent, which would produce food equal to the support of that labour. Besides, there is a vast quantity of ground not cultivated at all to which this surplus labour might be applied; and if machines have been invented, and things desirable to have can be made easier and more abundantly than before, why should it not be contrived that the people should get the benefit of such improvements, and have more than they had before, instead

of wearing rags, and eating only half enough? As it is, the foreigner gets the benefit of our machinery; but our own people do not. For half the quantity of wine, or gold, or spices, or fruits, the foreigner can and does obtain as much British cotton goods as he used to do, but the man at home has nothing but his labour to give, which is rendered of no value by the very machines which make the cottons cheap, and therefore he cannot get them. Is machinery, then, to be done away with? By no means; but if we will not give the people clothing for their labour, let us give them machines to make clothing for themselves. If the means be in existence to make them comfortable, why should they not be made comfortable?

The Duke of Richmond appeared to considerable disadvantage in the debate on Lord Wynford's motion; he may shift about as he will, but if he would call to his aid the plain straight-forward honesty that he displayed last session, and the manly feeling for the suffering peasantry of England that he evinced then, he would not be driven to manœuvre his way out of such a motion as Lord Wynford's; vainly endeavouring to bear aloft the flag of consistency, while he retreated from a measure so similar to one proposed by himself last year.

In the House of Commons some questions were asked respecting the removal of the Irish Chancellor. The question had been mooted the preceding evening in the other House by Lord Farnham, when Lord Brougham, in reply, entered, for the first time, upon that style of oratory which consists in the uttering of words without saying any thing. Lord Althorpe was on this occasion rather more explicit as to the facts both of the appointment and the non-increase of expense in consequence of it, but he did not condescend to explain by what adroitness he was to pension off Sir A. Hart, at no cost to the country. The whole of the Irish legal arrangements appear to be rather disgraceful to the new ministry, and the matter has been made worse by the shuffling, undecided way in which the ministers have spoken of them in Parliament. If they must have their job, they may at least talk manfully about it, and

confess they have an object in view, more important than the money which it will cost. It is ridiculous to mince and shuffle about a matter which must, sooner or later, come before the public exactly as it is.

The next evening the Lord Chancellor indulged himself in some facetiousness at the expense of Earl Stanhope. The strain in which his lordship spoke would have been more appropriate in the Lower House; and was less becoming in the Lord Chancellor, than it would have been in any other noble lord.

In the House of Commons Lord Althorpe intimated that the partnership hitherto subsisting between the Government and the Bank of England, was likely to be dissolved.

On Saturday the 11th, the House of Commons, contrary to custom, assembled, but to what good purpose did not distinctly appear. There was another conversational discussion on the Irish Union Repeal question, in favour of which, not ten men of common sense in the three kingdoms would be found to say a word. All the persons who petition about it, are poor ignorant people, whom Mr O'Connell can lead by the nose, into that or any other absurd mischievous notion, in which it is his fancy for the time to indulge.

Lord Althorpe moved for returns, which it is understood are to be used as the basis of the scheme of Parliamentary Reform which Government has in view. The returns related to the amount of population in various places. We shall say no more upon this question at present, than that the notion of founding a scale of representation upon numbers merely, is one of the most fallacious things in the world. If numbers were made the sole criterion, the three counties of Middlesex, York, and Lancaster, would return a third of the parliamentary representation of all England. There are not above half-a-dozen cities in the empire containing as many inhabitants as the single parish of Saint Mary-le-bone in Middlesex.

On the 13th, there was a very great quantity said in both Houses of Parliament. The new appointments, the pensions granted by the late government after their resignation, and various other matters interesting to the parties concerned, were dis-

cussed in the Lords. Lord Grey, with that humbleness of phraseology which aristocracy sometimes affects, alluded to a stipulation that his son should be immediately "discharged," if he did not shew himself diligent and capable in the office to which he was appointed. We have no doubt Lord Howick is quite capable of discharging the duties lately confided to Mr Horace Twiss. We have heard him, three years ago, lecture Mr Canning in the House of Commons; and as to his diligence, his sense of honesty will of course prevent him from taking a salary, if he does not go through the work, for which it is understood to be the remuneration.

In the Commons, the proceedings were of a very miscellaneous as well as important character; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer must have found his repose on Monday night particularly pleasant, after such an evening's "badgering." He was on his legs at least a dozen times, making statements and giving explanations, and as he is not a very facile speaker, the trouble to him must be the greater. A brief commentary on this evening's proceedings, would require a paper to itself. We can only say a word or two on the most prominent matters: the affairs of the West India planters underwent a discussion of some length; Mr Macauley was as usual flippant in his style, and talked considerably about the "periodicals." One would think he has enough of them, without troubling the House of Commons with them, which has not the same reason to take a lively interest in periodicals that Mr Macauley has. Sir George Murray's speech was altogether admirable;—whether we regard the soundness of the matter, or the natural and forcible eloquence of this most able man, we must always look upon him as a great credit to the representation of Scotland.

Lord Althorpe spoke decisively of the Government's intention to do nothing about the currency. Undoubtedly it is *for the present* the easiest course to do nothing, but how is Sir James Graham, a Cabinet Minister

now, to preserve his consistency? If ever any man was pledged to try to remedy that which he has denounced as a most serious evil, Sir James is bound to do his best to overturn Sir Robert Peel's currency measures. Lord Althorpe thought proper to speak in rather a contemptuous manner of "the vague, general, and intangible allegations, of those who advocate the expediency of a small note currency." Epithets more diametrically opposite to those which truth would dictate as applicable to the arguments of those who support a well-secured paper currency, could hardly be devised.

On the 14th, the subject of tithes was discussed in the Lords, and the following remarkable avowal fell from the Bishop of London at the close of a very able speech. Speaking of the Church property he said, "that these funds might be more equally divided, he was the last man to deny, and he agreed that so far as it was consistent with the safety and stability of the Church, *some such arrangement might be made*. If the subject were taken up in time, with due consideration for vested rights, he was sure that the Church of England would stand, as it had stood, the admiration of Protestant Europe, and the pride of great England." Such words as these from an English Bishop—the metropolitan Bishop too! Verily these are days of Reform!

We have now arrived at the end of the Record for this month. The recess will give us time to bring up arrears, and to attend to the documents laid upon the tables of the Houses, which in this paper we have not had room nor time to consider. Never was Parliamentary business so important, or the course it will take more difficult to be anticipated. Mr Robert Grant already complains of the "premature distrust" of the new Ministers—they have indeed an unruly House to deal with, and their pledges towards popular measures, instead of being a shelter, will only make their difficulties greater. They have themselves set the tide in motion; let them stop it, if they can.

L'Envoy.

WE are sick and surly—and no wonder. The Whigs are In; and “Who, pray,” we ask ourselves in soliloquy, “brought them In?” A well-known voice replies, “Even We—Christopher North.” Yes—true it is, and of verity, that We drove that apostate and renegade Ministry Out—We—Christopher North—taking that Proper Name in its largest sense as designating all the True Tories of Great Britain. “See how Kit will trim?” (taking that Proper Name in its narrowest sense as designating the old man with the crutch) exclaimed, from a hundred holes, the Sneakers, and the Shufflers, and the Snokers, and the Scoffers, at the unhallowed hour when Wellington ordered Peel to sacrifice his principles, and was obeyed—aye to sacrifice—as the Tyrant afterwards insolently said—his political existence—which no man, we should think, can do without having previously sacrificed his personal honour. Kit did trim. He trimmed the Frigate of Athole Fir, no whit inferior to Norwood Oak, in which, for some dozen years, he had “braved the battle and the breeze;” and scorningly to take in an inch of canvass, though the currents were cross, and the winds baffling, and the breakers surfing on a lee-shore, he laid the head of the *NIL TIMEO* right in the storm’s eye, with “the silver cross to Scotland dear” flying at the main—and now, while the *craft*, in ludicrous alarm, are seen scudding, under bare poles, helter-skelter, for any haven, lo!

“SHE walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife!”

We are sick and surly—and no wonder. The Whigs are In. But “yet there is *ae* comfort left”—the Traitor-Tories are Out. On the whole, therefore, sick and surly though we be, we are in better health and spirits—and more amiable—than we were a month ago; our face and forehead, our Physiognomical and Craniological Development is like a majestic pile of frowning clouds fitfully illuminated by smiling sunshine. They lower but to lighten; and ere long our Countenance and Temples will be as the untroubled sky.

We know and feel our strength. It lies not, like Samson’s, in our hair—for we are bald—but in our brain, and in our bosom. There it burns and beats, and will henceforth, as heretofore, speak “with most miraculous organ.” Apostasy has not palsied our tongue, nor padlock’d our lips. Our garb is homely, but we are no turncoat—

“An honest man, close button’d to the chin;
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within;”

on our *pou* a sort of half-shovel, half-quaker hat, a bold but not a braggart beaver, and in our *paw*, still pointed Whigward,

“A staff that makes them skip.”

“There is too much politics in Blackwood”—mutters some numskull. No. There has been too little—but there shall be more. All the most sacred blessings of freemen are now at stake—in danger of being beaten down by bestial feet. That many-mouthed Monster, the Swinish Multitude, erects its bristles, and grunts fiercely in the sty, pretending to be the People. The People indeed! Blaspheme them not—

“They are sprung
From earth’s first blood—have titles manifold.”

And we, the Friends of the People, will uphold those titles—even while they “imagine a vain thing”—and assert—not with a sword, but a pen of steel

—their true liberty and independence. The great engine now of peace and of war—of good and of evil—is the Press, and we know how to work it.

“ FALSE TRAITORS, avaunt ! We have marshall'd our clan—
Their pens are a thousand—their bosoms are one ! ”

The First of February shall see a Double Number of Two Hundred and Eighty victorious Pages—one half of which shall be devoted to Liberty, and one half to Literature. Not such Liberty as *ye* would give us—not such Literature ; but both native to our own soil and sky—*racy*—and to endure, like Trees, at once Forest and Fruit-Trees, after the rootless stumps *ye* would plant have rotted in their own fungous poison.

Ha ! *Maga* is neither sick nor surly—but healthy as *Hebe* still—and sweet as all the *Muses*. She rejoices loyally to stoop—but scorns slavishly to prostrate herself before a Hereditary and Constitutional Throne. She pays obeisance due to a time-honoured and time-honouring Nobility, but star and garter glitter in her eyes, only because they are emblems of good or great deeds done for the Land of Liberty. She venerates the Priesthood—because they being by nature but frail as their flocks—do, nevertheless, minister well at the altars of a pure religion. She admires the “Gentlemen of England,” because they care for the People whom she loves—and she loves that People because it is writ in their annals that they have been good men and true—impatient unto the death of foreign or domestic tyranny—and the only People worthy to be called—and may they never be deluded into forgetfulness, or ingratitude to Heaven for that blessing—because they are the only People now worthy to be called—FREE.

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PART I.

THE PRESENT CABINET IN RELATION TO THE TIMES.

At length, then, we have lived to see a Cabinet of Reformers! Forty years of opposition to Reform, as a fantastic speculation, through every organ of the state; and, until lately, through every mode—shape—and function of the national property; opposition, therefore, which (if any ever did) expressed the language of the national will, has at last given way. It has sunk under the combined assaults of design, concurring with accident, and the temper of the times. Yes: Reform has triumphed! and the very dust of some great statesmen, whom England once venerated, might be supposed to suffer agitation in the grave, in sympathy with this great event. Three different agencies have co-operated to so unexpected a result; the pestilent perseverance of the sincere reformers, which, by pressing the subject, has at length reached, penetrated, and mastered the passive or the neutral part of the public mind; secondly, the factious necessities of false or pretended reformers; and lastly, the quickening excitement of the late French Revolution. Messrs Hunt, Cobbett, and many others of a more literary order, who have either spoken or written with the same violence, and the same pertinacity, could not fail, at length, by mere dint of iteration, to produce some impression upon the many in every community who are nerveless in will, or unsettled in opinion. The seed sowed by them germinated powerfully under the French Revolution.

And at length the accidental position of the party opposed to government, which stood greatly in need of some popular *occasion* for elevating them into power, concurred, for a moment, with the purposes of these real reformers. The indiscretion of the military Premier, who solemnly threw down the gauntlet, proclaiming as the watchword of his future government, *no reform!* threw open to the antagonist faction, under the temper of the times, a sudden avenue to power; but under one manifest condition—that they should adopt, as their badge and cognizance, that cause which had lent them so seasonable an aid. The existing passions of democracy adopted the *soi-disant* Whigs, on the understanding that the Whigs adopted *them*. That compact was well apprehended, and upon that the Whigs vaulted into power.

The foolish many are weak enough to imagine that Lord Grey's cabinet are unaffectedly and cordially reformers. Those who are in the secret, or have discernment enough to read what passes before their eyes, know that they would make any conceivable sacrifices to escape from their pledges. Reform they must. To that, under some interpretation, and for some extent, they are sold irretrievably. Escape, loophole, absolute evasion, they have none. Something in the shape of reform, some one or two of those changes which are within the meaning of that jealous, watching, suspecting

party, which, for the moment, have lent them the popular countenance of their name and doctrine, they are under a twofold necessity to grant; the necessity of character, such character as they have, and the necessity of immediate interest. Their word is pledged on the one hand; and on the other, the storm of democratic vengeance would be far heavier upon the fraudulent traitor, than upon the frank avowed opponent. The reaction of public feeling would be tremendous against Lord Grey and his colleagues, if they were to shew any disposition to evade their engagements. And yet how, or under what modifications, is it possible that they should observe them? The contest has already become—how much shall be demanded, how little shall be conceded? The party within the Cabinet know that they are suspected; they know that the whole world of the discerning understand their situation, and are smiling at the perplexities in which a feeble instinct of conscience, and a strong one of self-interest, have concurred to involve them. Their language confesses their sense of the public suspicions; they keep exclaiming that they will convince the world that they are in earnest; knowing how ruefully they would desire to be tolerated in being in joke. Tentatively seeking to find out the very *minimum* of compromise which will be accepted, they would wish to disarm their vigilant overseers with a clamorous outcry that they are ready to go along with them to extremities. Almost we could pity their dilemma, were pity for the distresses of the unprincipled an allowable infirmity; for they have to deal with a faction, that, beyond all others, *n'entendent pas la raillerie*, gloomily and sternly keeping watch upon them, precisely understanding what they want, resolute to accept of nothing less, absolutely inaccessible to all cajolery; and upon any attempt in that direction armed and competent to let loose a storm of popular fury upon Lord Grey and his party, such as no administration has yet experienced. It is past doubting, that, by accepting a momentary strength from the reformers, Lord Grey has for ever communicated strength to them. The monstrous alliance between the government and

the very refuse of the jacobin gang, may supply a momentary force to either; but in the end, and for permanent effects, it can elevate only the last. A minister who stoops to court aid from such an association, may and will give the elevating strength of respectability to them, but inevitably by degrading his ministry.

In such a contest, in such a competition for overreaching each other, between the king's ministers and a faction of disorganizers, are we the men to abet and befriend these last? We hope not. And yet, by comparison, if respect were not out of the question for either, we readily confess, that we could grant it more cheerfully to the frank and undissembling patrons of disorder, than to those who have adopted an alien cause,—fearing, hating, loathing it,—as the one sole means of scrambling into power.

Is it then certain that the present Ministers *do* fear, hate, and loathe the cause of reform? And secondly, is it certain that this cause is the cause of social disorganizers? We shall answer both questions firmly and distinctly.

First, for the *personal* question,—laying aside the general merits of reform,—are we sure, and have we convincing evidence that Lord Grey's Cabinet is only by compulsion the patron of that measure, as applied to the constitution of parliament? Is it not upon record, that, in very early life, Lord Grey himself was the originator, and even intemperate champion, of some such scheme, differing, perhaps, in its details, but going upon the same grounds, assuming the same abuses, providing the same remedies in substance, as Major Cartwright, or any later politician who has moved in that cause? The Major, no doubt, being a thoroughly honest, zealous, incorrupt man, (however wrong-headed,) and more unchecked by aristocratic prejudices, was disposed to go somewhat farther: he would wholly have annihilated the influences of property; and he would have gone the full length of universal suffrage, and even of annual parliaments. But Mr Grey, of the year 1792, was not very far from Major Cartwright's standard. Whatsoever he narrowed in the Major's sweeping plans, would very soon (and *that* he

could not disguise from himself) have been enlarged to the most liberal expansion by a parliament framed upon *his* democratic constitution. Two sessions of such a Parliament would have annihilated the distinctions between him and the most revolutionary of his rivals. How, then, it will be demanded of us, should it seem so clear a certainty that Lord Grey, the peer of 1830, may not be as sincere as Mr Grey, the aristocratic commoner of 1792? *As* sincere, by possibility; *that* we can believe, though age is found to modify a man's views upon such questions. The simple and child-like Major Cartwright might be an exception; but, generally speaking, there is a wide difference between the theories of a man at the age of twenty-nine, and the same man at the age of sixty-seven, on questions affecting popular privileges. But what reason is there, we demand, in our turn, for presuming Mr Grey to have been sincere in 1792? It is a most obvious policy for a young man to court popularity for himself, and to sustain the interests of opposition for his party, by patronising measures of reform, which he is absolutely certain have no chance for success. Firmly secured in the privileges of his "order,"* those interests placed beyond hazard, he could well afford (as others have often done before and since) to offer ideal concessions, and to parade a spirit of self-sacrifice, which was sure of being called to no practical test. In reality, the Whig leaders of that day, and in particular Mr Grey, and his principal, Mr Fox, were notoriously more aristocratic, and, by temper and in manners, at least, more jealous of their patrician pretensions than Mr Pitt, the tutelar support and patron minister of the aristocracy; a spirit which, perhaps, they derived in part from their position throwing them more frequently upon the necessity of courting plebeian favour, and in part perhaps from the novelty of their own family claims. Mr Grey relied, at that era, upon three mighty antagonists, which were these, Mr Pitt, the King, and the Nation. There

was no prospect at all that his own party could come into power; none therefore that they could be summoned to give effect to their theories. England was for them a pure Utopia or Laputa, in which they might safely indulge any excess of speculation, because their chance was so little of having any opportunity, in that reign, for acting or legislating upon the wild schemes they threw out, that it was hardly possible to charge them even with exciting unreasonable expectations. None at all were excited in any quarter; their own exclusion from office seemed very probably commensurate with that reign and that war. Secondly, even on the slender contingency of their acceding to office, the sovereign was known to be of a temper that would tolerate no innovations in that direction. And lastly, which was a barrier still more insurmountable, the spirit of the nation, in those years, and the all but universal hostility to innovating doctrines, was an absolute guarantee that the constitution of the House of Commons would remain unaltered. With this triple security, fenced in this impregnable manner by his very antagonists, Mr Grey might safely indulge himself in a young man's license; nor was it even necessary that he should question his conscience very severely upon the exact measure of his own sincerity.

That was the state of things in 1792. At present, how immeasurable are the changes that have been wrought in the whole condition of society; and, above all, in such of its aspects as bear upon this particular question! What was then the most romantic of chimeras, is now bare fact, and matter of absolute practice. What was pure jest, has become the most earnest of realities. And the mere vision of youthful speculators, indulged by the minister with one night's discussion in each lustrum, as a theme for academic rhetoric, is now entered upon the minister's note-book, as the most imperative, and the most immediate of the necessities which he has to meet in the public service. Trifling is

* Mr Grey's family did not then belong to the peerage, but was sure of rising to it on a favourable position of parties.

past—the dallying and toying of youthful fancy is at an end. Instant ratification of engagements, absolute performance, *that* is now demanded loudly—sternly—inexorably. And what is Lord Grey's present disposition? It is possible that, in 1792, he was cordial with respect to reform, for the very reason, that circumstances made it impossible for him to be entirely sincere; now, the case is exactly reversed—circumstances oblige him to be sincere; and for that very reason, if there were no other, it is impossible that he should be cordial. A proposition, which cannot be other than a fanciful exercise for the talents, it is very natural that an advocate should seriously take to his heart. That same proposition, when it is extorted from the mere necessity of his situation, it is not possible but he must abhor, if otherwise even he were disposed to it. But we know that Lord Grey is *not* favourably disposed to it. Upon this there can be no deception, except for those who wilfully court it. We all know, that he has stood forward as the volunteer champion of his "order." The occasions on which he has done this are memorable. And what measure is there, which, by a thousand degrees, could so much affect his order as a measure of reform in the structure of the House of Commons—that sort of reform which is contemplated, less than which will not be accepted by the people, under the guidance which has now gained the mastery? Extensive changes might be borne in the composition of the House—they might leave the aristocratic influence unaffected for the present—and would be chiefly ominous, as paving the way for other changes, by increasing the popular infusion into the deliberations of the House, and throwing an overbalance into the democratic scale. For example, the thirty-six new members for the leading commercial towns would so far present neither an unbecoming nor a dangerous innovation, except in as far as this addition gave a precedent of revolution, and as one means, amongst others, of securing its democratic tendency in future; the commercial and moneyed interest being naturally opposed to the territorial and aristocratic. But thus

far the effect would be limited; and *that* change, therefore, is the least of what is meditated. Violent and radical alteration in the electoral body, sweeping changes in the very constitution of the elective franchise, these are what the reformers demand; these are what Lord Grey and his cabinet are understood, and secretly understand themselves, to be pledged to; these are what, under the sheltering ambiguities of language, they have for the occasion countenanced; and these are what, in the end, they will seek to evade, or will most reluctantly fulfil. To a man who has not considered the subject, it may seem but a trivial or merely personal change, that borough influence should be abolished. The highest effect that it can work, may seem, probably, to him no more than the destruction of some family importance, or perhaps (in the event of no adequate indemnification being yielded by the nation) the sudden dissolution of some fluctuating wealth. But Lord Grey knows better than that. He is aware that every part of his order—those who have, and those who have not, borough property; nay, the whole of the landed aristocracy, and eventually, we may add, the whole property of the kingdom, will be neutralized as political powers in the state, by the abolition of borough influence. It matters not, for this view of the case, that no more than a couple of hundreds, suppose, of aristocratic proprietors, were the actual depositaries and virtual exercisers of the elective privileges which determined the composition of a large proportion of the House of Commons. They were in the nature of trustees for their whole body; for they could not wield their privilege so as not to favour the influence of property.

Property, and the aristocracy as the fixed and abiding possessors of property, and as the representative guardians of the stationary and conservative interest in each nation, in opposition to the *terra filii* and the innovating interest,—through Parliament only—through the legislation of the land—and by no imaginable substitution for that mode of influence upon the national counsels, obtain their legitimate political weight. Deny to property this sort of weight,

and, for any thing that appears, this degree, and there needs no Harrington to shew us that the natural political balance is overthrown. That wise speculator has demonstrated, (if such a word can enter into politics,) that naturally and regularly the balance of power must follow the balance of permanent and abiding property; that the institutions of a country should, therefore, be so framed as to provide an opening for its influence, and to favour its natural functions; and that, wheresoever this object has been lost sight of, and the laws or political institutions have taken the course of thwarting this original function and tendency of property, in that case the true equipoise of power is disturbed, and civil dangers and irregularities without end are invited, in order to retrieve indirectly what has been lost by positive ordinance. The British aristocracy have hitherto secured their just weight in the country, by such an influence in the House of Commons, as, whilst nominally irregular, opened a channel for the healthy (and virtually constitutional) functions of property. The change which is contemplated in borough property, will apply a remedy to a mere ideal grievance, an irregularity which existed only in the name, whilst it will and must inflict the deadliest wound upon the spirit of the constitution, by defeating the natural influences of property. This, of itself, would be to offer a bounty upon some irregular erection of an extra-parliamentary influence, which, in *any* shape which it can take, must involve the anarchy of rival powers struggling for supremacy. But if we suppose a state of things in which the property of the land would quietly retire from the contest, a result would follow even more terrific. People are apt to imagine to themselves a reformed House of Commons, exhibiting the same dispassionate temperance, good sense, and sobriety, as that which we have at present, and differing only by reflecting more powerfully and sensibly the state of feeling and opinion in the respectable middle classes. "*Middle classes*" is a vague and most latitudinarian term: what are called the *middle classes* of society, comprehend orders of people that

differ most essentially in manners, education, political sympathies, and the power of self-control. Under any of the schemes now contemplated for giving effect to reform, the House of Commons would be elected chiefly by a class much below what is often understood by the middle rank: and in that class, moving upon their own interest, and controlled by no interest of property, hardly any qualifications in a candidate would be regarded for a moment but those for conciliating immediate effect to the instructions (whatever they might be) of his constituents. For be it recollected by the way, that when the strong resistance of property was withdrawn, the relations of dependency between the constituency as master in the last resort, and the representative as servile agent, or attorney, would be drawn continually sharper and more defined. It demands a virtuous and self-controlling electoral body, spontaneously to concede a liberal indulgence to conscientious scruples, and to forego the power which is theirs in possession. The lower orders, therefore, the democratic part *κατ' ἐξοχήν* of the democracy, will, upon *this* ground, speak directly through their organs in the House, with an overwhelming authority of voice. But were it otherwise, and supposing the old relations of independence and a liberal discretion of judgment maintained between the electors and their representatives, still—considering the sort of qualities which would guide their choice, the showy revolutionary kind of merit which would ensure their preference, and the entire absence of a controlling, thwarting, or balancing influence in the Legislative Body, from any of the old combinations of hereditary wealth, we may rest satisfied of this—that the composition of the House itself, apart from all undue influence of the electors (which yet in a reformed House of Commons, and biennial or even triennial parliaments, could not fail to be excessive), would ensure the prevalence of a most revolutionary temper. All those phenomena would develop themselves in such a senate, which are found to characterise mobs. Servile as it must be by interest to the mob, why should it not

reflect as in a mirror the qualities and habits of a mob? Sudden and hasty resolutions, violent resolutions, judgments formed upon first appearances or the fallacious surface of the case, consequently abrupt changes of policy, contradictory measures, and reckless abandonments of pledges—[for in all extended bases of popular rule, where personal guarantees are out of the question, and disgrace is annihilated by infinite subdivision, measures are abandoned without shame, as they were undertaken without responsibility]—such are the features of mob counsels, and these would be the earliest characteristics of a House of Commons modelled upon the popular taste. For what qualities would it be chosen? For talent, and for effective violence; talent of a peculiar and exclusive kind, rarely found in connexion with legislative wisdom, and violence that acknowledges no restraint of decorum, justice, moderation, or modest doubt? What were the qualifications which lately pointed out Mr Brougham to the popular favour, and recommended him to the plebeian majority amongst the Yorkshire electors? Not the fine understanding, expansive statesmanship, and gorgeous eloquence of an Edmund Burke—no, but far cheaper, commoner, and more apprehensible qualities; his sycophants, and many of his feeble opponents, styled them *transcendent*: since Mr Pitt's time, that has been the Parliamentary word; but, properly speaking, they were these—a plain, but, for its range, a vigorous understanding, that bred no refinements, nor much apprehended them; an ornamented but forcible delivery; great fluency, and an impressive utterance; moral courage that shrank from no odium, welcomed opposition, and for a sufficient interest defied public opinion; arrogance, wherever arrogance was likely to be tolerated; humility, where humility could be useful; and finally, which more than all beside armed him for the service of a populace, a natural infirmity of overmastering violence of temper, womanish weakness, that for *his* purposes was often a crown of strength, and whilst it called burning blushes upon the cheeks of his judicious

friends, met the cravings of plebeian malice with the most abundant gratification. This was what drew honour and support to Mr Brougham from the lowest of the middle classes. Confidence he had not: too often he had forsaken the expectations of his natural party by sudden and astounding acts of desertion; and therefore, in the classification of reformers, when characterising the quality and tendencies of the politics professed by public men, he was noted as "*inexpressible*," "*doubtful*," "*not to be counted on*." But for one thing he *was* relied on: the virulence of public feeling, and the positions of party questions, occasionally demanded that some great man should "have a dressing" (to use a slang phrase); and in such cases the passions of the democracy turned with eager expectation to Mr Brougham. He was their *licitor*—their scourge-bearer: and whether it were a foreign king, some autocrat of Russia or the Peninsula, who had made himself a mark for the hatred of liberals by the austerity with which he supported the privileges of monarchs against republican innovations; or were it a king at home, who kindled the fury of his plebeian subjects by claiming that right which the very lowest arrogated amongst themselves, of exposing or putting away a most profligate wife when she had wilfully refused the merciful compromise which was proposed to her; or were it an honest prince, who gave an extended credit to the charges against this modern Messalina, by the frank expression of his manly and impartial opinion; or the same prince who offered a centre, in his own person, to the struggles of a constitutional party against the pro-Catholic violators of those sacred pledges, in which our ancestors had been sponsors for their posterity; or were it a lord steward of the king's household, who had failed to render homage to the majesty of the Commons, simply through the necessities of his office; in any of these cases, where, to a generous or high-bred man, there would have been a protection almost insurmountable in that elevation of rank which denied the possibility of retort, or of notice upon equal terms, Mr

Brougham sprang forward, with a chivalrous malignity, to the service of plebeian wrath. The hoarded spite which, in so large a multitude of minds, hungered and thirsted for utterance, but either wanted the gift of adequate expression, (as in most cases,) or, at any rate, wanted the vantage ground of commanding station to make itself audible through the empire, (as in all cases,) found in him an organ that corresponded to the fulness of its demands. One might see the brooding vulgar, on such occasions, anticipating their gratification; and, when it arrived, absolutely writhing with ecstasy, as this faithful servant of their vindictive appetites put in his blows, and following, with gestures of triumphant sympathy, "the hits—the palpable hits," which he delivered.

These outlines of a character somewhat singular, as regards the generation that is past, would cease to be so for the next. Mr Brougham, we must recollect, Mohawk as he shewed himself upon suitable excitement, was still modified and checked, unconsciously to himself, by the spirit of the assembly in which he acted. The present constitution of that body secures a very preponderating infusion of the high-bred courtesies and the sobriety of demeanour which distinguish British gentlemen. But, on its new model, adjusted to a democratic standard of plain-speaking and ferocious insolence, these temperaments and restraints would disappear; the very rules of the House would bend to the altered spirit of the members; and a Kentucky violence, and savage license of tongue, would mark the character of debate.

In these "reforms" of the House of Commons, the electors and the elected would act and react upon each other. Property having once retired, or being forcibly repelled, from its appropriate and constitutional influence, the very widest basis of democracy having succeeded to that presiding authority, those qualities would be invited to the representation (as we have now been attempting to illustrate) which would minister in the *second* place to the supposed interest of the people, but, in the *first* place, to its passions. Talent, therefore, of a particular de-

scription, would be all in all; talent for public speaking and for managing a debate, of course, but *that* would not be enough; talent for exciting, training, governing, and serving the mob appetites of revenge, cupidity, and levelling spoliation, now turned loose upon the field of national property, would be the paramount qualification for public service. Needy men, with this one accomplishment, in connexion with that of ready rhetoric, profligate fortune-hunters with these shewy pretensions in their hands, would then domineer upon the hustings. But why? it may be asked. If property *as* property, if birth *as* birth, would no longer avail their possessors, still, in combination with the requisite talents, would they not have, at least, a parity of advantage? We answer—*No*; because, to an excited state of the democratic spirit, all aristocratic privileges are offensive; because, with an equal relative amount of talent amongst the rich and high-born, the positive amount must be far less in classes comparatively so narrow; but, lastly, upon the much more powerful argument of the *inertia*, which, in all communities, is associated with hereditary right, and with property protected by law, matched against the vivacity and the subtle activities of needy talent, needing to be protected by itself. Everywhere, in this world, the instincts of preservation are weak compared with those of creation. Hence, it will follow, that men of the conservative interest will be almost excluded from the hustings. They will come forward with too many inherent disadvantages, as the party who have every thing to fear, and very little to hope; with too many public discouragements, as a class envied and hated; and in too helpless a minority to redress themselves by combination.

Indigent talent, thus giving the tone within the senate and to the legislation of the country, lending and receiving democratic excitement, will reciprocally encourage their constituents to new manifestations of revolutionary audacity. No man can even calculate the steps by which this spirit will develope itself, or the rapidity of its growth; for at the end of one five years, the very same man would look back upon that as a timid

expression of innovating desires, which, at its beginning, he would have pronounced impossible. The old sentiment of "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*," true for every kind of vicious progress, is never more true than when applied to the advancement of political disorganization. Men know not of what they are capable—changing with the changes of all about them, they are carried forward from stage to stage, until, by a succession of ascents imperceptible in its several moments, (to use the mechanical term,) they take their station of survey from a level at which those very objects seem near and accessible to their grasp, which once were seen at an aerial altitude above them. The extinction of the national debt, the confiscation of church property, the abolition of the hereditary branch of the legislature, with other measures of sweeping spoliation and revolution—these are not meditated at this hour except by some ultra reformers, nor amongst those even are they avowed distinctly; and in public it would be most premature to hint at such things. As yet the ice has hardly been broken on those speculations; and to the general mind they are still entirely unfamiliarized by the press. But we have memorable and urgent evidences before us—that the transition is accomplished, in no very formidable lapse of time, from utter and contemptuous abhorrence to a consecrated place amongst the privileged opinions of the state. Not many years are gone, those were then amongst the living who are yet but children, when such was the credit of reformers, that if, by accident, a person of that description called at the house of a gentleman, his butler failed not to count the spoons upon his departure. Now we all see him sitting on the Treasury bench; and the best of us would do well to revise his words in speaking of so respectable a personage. Not to look so far from home as the course of the early French revolution, which in three years advanced to a stage of exalted frenzy that was at first quite as little within the contemplation of the guilty actors as of the innocent victims, we have an instance in the successive pretensions of the Irish

Papists—how inevitably people are carried forward by those very successes, which (as redressing their original complaints) should naturally have brought them to a pause. Whatever may be thought of some one or two far-looking intriguers, it is certain that the great body of the Papists are not to be regarded as prudentially keeping back their claims, and developing them by fine degrees according to the advantages of their situation, but as sincerely and unconsciously enlarging their horizon upon each successive ascent which they attained. To keep a school, to inherit property, to sit upon juries, to give a vote for members of parliament—these concessions for many years bounded their ambition. But at length, so much had these changes altered the level from which they took their estimate of things, that they seriously looked upon all they had gained as trivial advances—they claimed universal liberation from civil restrictions and disabilities; and instead of suing for license to participate as electors of the legislative body, demanded to be themselves elected as legislators. Successive enlargements of privilege, indeed, or of unprincipled license, operate not merely upon the conscious policy and cunning of the party interested as so many evidences and exponents of the yielding temper and facility of the conceder, but still more extensively, and even unconsciously to himself, they operate upon his own appreciation of himself, and upon his private standard of right. He finds himself, at the end of a few brief years, contemplating a class of questions with calmness or complacency, which, in the commencement of that era, he had either looked down upon with pity as visionary, or had looked away from with horror as detestable. This has happened even in cases left to their own unassisted operation upon the mind; much more in those pushed on by the furious agitation of the press. For this tremendous instrument has a double action in such situations, not merely by argument, which may chance to weigh only with the friendly or the neutral; but also by the moulding of habits, and by familiarizing the mind with the daily prospect of the last extre-

mities, in which view it includes within its agency even the resisting and the hostile.

With so many examples of the changes, sensible or insensible, wrought in men's minds, or in the attitude of particular questions; with this near remembrance also of so inconceivable a change wrought in behalf of the Reformers themselves; no prudent man will venture to predict the extent of changes which might be expected to follow in every member, organ, function of the state, instantly or derivatively, upon a reform in the constitution of Parliament. Changes will follow that are not so much as dreamed of yet, in addition to others that are not yet openly avowed. What limit, indeed, will a wise man assign to a career of revolution, whose very overture commences with a measure liable to this brief analysis—an analysis that we challenge all reformers collectively to shake—that in one single act [the abolition of borough influence] it transfers the power of legislation, total, unbroken, undivided, into the hands of the democracy? Differences of opinion have prevailed as to the amount of power constitutionally due to the aristocracy, or actually possessed by the aristocracy. But we presume that nobody will justify, upon principle, the stripping that body of *all* power—direct or indirect, formal or virtual. Yet this is the inevitable result of the measure patronised by Lord Grey, if it is to realize the expectations he has encouraged. His own order will be the very earliest sacrifice. *Ipsò facto*, indeed, it is sacrificed substantially by any measure which robs that order of its influence in the effective chamber of the legislature; but what we mean in this particular sentence is—that Lord Grey's order will be sacrificed also, formally, and as a separate branch of the legislature. The very same preliminary step will be taken in this respect by the new-modelled House of Commons, as by the House of Commons of the period of 1650, and for the very same reason—viz. to rid themselves, when substantially possessed of the entire political power, of the formal encumbrance involved in so dilatory and superfluous a machinery.

Can it be supposed that Lord Grey is unaware of these probable results? We must distinguish. He trusts, in the first place, to time, which may give him the benefit of some plausible pretext for entire evasion. If none should offer, he then relies upon a fraudulent performance of his contract—which, by some specious concessions of form, may stop short of the actual surrender which is understood, meant, and demanded. Nominal and formal concessions, involving no real transfer of power, like all hollow substitutions of words for things, will satisfy ninety-nine men in a hundred; but the hundredth will detect the fallacy, and then expose it to the foolish ninety-and-nine. Thus far there can be no doubt that Lord Grey understands his situation and its difficulties. That he does not understand the total tendency of reform, we think equally probable. The very men, now walking about amongst us as quiet fellow-citizens, who will compose that “reformed” House of Commons, do not themselves foresee or understand, nor would they at present own as possible developments in their own capacities of evil, those fierce appetites of disorganizing fury which the actual possession of the disorganizing power will first engender within them. Not a man of them but would smile, as at a romantic extravaganza or malignant caricature, could any power of anticipation present him with his own faithful portrait as an acting senator under his revolutionary commission. As yet he is not incarnated, as it were, in the fleshly robe of his new functions; and he knows not the amount of temptation to which that flesh is heir. People confide in the sobriety of the national character. But no guarantee of that sort, liable, besides, to continual over-rulings of individual temperament, can, in any number of men, avail against strong temptation and permanent opportunities.

No man ever yet was, no man ever will be, faithful to a trust imposing obligations so imperfectly determined as all political obligations must be, in their very nature under the large latitude of human opinions in those matters, after an immoderate

access of power has been thrown into the class which he represents, and when a sort of bribe is held out to revolutionary movements as the best chance for forestalling a movement of the same character upon a more destructive scale. For it is the prevailing doctrine at this moment, that what is called *reform*, which, in the shape chiefly designed, is the most fundamental revolution that could be comprehended in any one act, is at this moment necessary to prevent the more open and flagrant revolution that manifests itself by sanguinary civil confusions. "Reform," says the fashionable slang, "that we may prevent a revolution." And reform is to effect this in two ways: by strengthening the weak parts of the constitution, and by conciliating its enemies. As if (for the first purpose) the way to restore a function, lost or impaired, were—to annihilate an organ; or (for the second), in order to conciliate the enemies of the constitution, that is, we presume, the enemies of the aristocracy, the natural and reasonable course were—to load them with power, and violently to tempt them to its abuse. But such is the doctrine: and there is no reason to think that Lord Grey violently regrets it. Not only does every man seek to reconcile his necessities with his choice, to find a motive of civil prudence for doing that which, after all, he *must* do; but, for Lord Grey in particular, *he* has a separate and peculiar reason, available even if he were not in office, for seeking the countenance of sober discretion, and of disinterested wisdom, to some practicable scheme of reform in Parliament. That reason arises out of his past life. The most conspicuous act (as an independent act) of his long political career, though moving in such eventful times, has been a proposition of that nature. Nothing more important will be recorded of him through a period of forty years. Now, on principles of human nature, from weakness not more than from the aspirations of an honourable ambition, it must be desirable for Lord Grey that a justification for himself in this particular, should be found in the circumstances of the times, beyond what a mere partisan would

require. He must wish to set himself right with posterity as, in this celebrated proposition of his youth, a discerning patriot; as one who saw, at a very early period, the tendencies of things, and sought to control them into a constitutional direction, by meeting them from afar with anticipating provisions, rather than as one distinguished for his zealotry in the cause of Whiggism, and who aimed at no capital object beyond that of harassing or annoying a hostile minister. Hence, and not merely for the sake of consistency, but to reflect back upon his whole life a new interpretation, and to give to its principal act a sagacious meaning, pointing to aspects which are only now evolving themselves, Lord Grey would be delighted to devise a scheme of reform that, in the latest measures of his political life, should recall, with slight differences, the earliest, and should thus harmonize the close and the commencement of his course.

For such reasons, and with so strong temptation, gladly would Lord Grey find that repose and hope, or even those corrigible tendencies, in the ascendant plans of reform—which (as we repeat) he all but knows to be impossible. Knowing that, or but suspecting it, why did he accept power? This question we shall answer very briefly. Perhaps he was aware that, in contempt of *him* or any other individual whatever, so headlong is the present tendency of society in England under the combined efforts of a traitorous press and a band of reformers, who, by comparison with that press, must almost appear honest patriots; and (speaking to the accidents of the immediate year) under the overwhelming irritation of the stupendous convulsions on the continent, so perfect and mature is the understanding amongst the moving forces of the democracy,—so mighty their means, so peremptory and absolute their demand, that reform—and of a desperate nature—cannot long be evaded. True; thinking thus, much we fear that he thought rightly; he discerned the awful temper of the times, and did justice to the impending fatality. Reform, and of that character which the radical

reformers call for, *will be had*; this most unwillingly we believe. Our faith is—that, under a prince of perhaps little personal determination of character, and those parties dissolved by Mr Canning's fatal intrigues, which were indispensable for the support even of a much firmer sovereign; with all domestic barriers shattered; and from abroad, in every quarter of the compass,—east and west, north and south,—one whirlwind of tempestuous anarchy wrapping us around in a cloud of contagious sympathy, personal checks are become ridiculous; even the formidable name of Mr Pitt would be but as a bulrush against a monsoon: and England, it is fated, shall be given up at last to the experiments of those jacobinical innovators whom for forty years she had succeeded in baffling. Such is our faith: and *that* will acquit Lord Grey of having substantially caused the crisis which he has sanctioned. By this monstrous alliance of the government with the cause and interests of the reformers, we believe that he has, after all, done no more than accelerate a movement which the tide of affairs was but too vehemently hurrying forward. Yet, with this equity of allowance for Lord Grey, can any candour exculpate him in thus impressing the official countersign and seal of the British government, and the attestation (though a subordinate matter) even of his own venerable age and respectable character, upon the general name—cause—and doctrine of reform,—without distinction of modes, plans, purposes, or political alliances? Decorum even forbade this in any case; and supposing the creeds and motives of reformers to be all pure and without alloy, surely it is not becoming in the executive authority of a state to proclaim the practical constitution which it administers, and has long administered, as essentially corrupt. But a far higher principle of action than any which decorum can furnish, forbids us to sanction innovations which we do not approve—(especially of so indiscriminate a character)—even under a more absolute assurance that these innovations must at all events take effect, than any which Lord Grey can

plead. That plea, therefore, cannot be received as valid, which would rest the Premier's defence upon this total independency of reform upon *his* concurrence. Perhaps then, secondly, his friends will do well to rely upon a more human and less pretending apology, viz. that he felt his right, after a long life with few of the ordinary rewards from place or power, to make good his title and his sudden opportunity as a candidate of old standing, and foremost pretensions for the dignity of Prime Minister;—that, in giving effect to this title, he found himself thwarted, and the duration of his power, for so much as a single week, endangered by the unprincipled menaces of a first-rate intriguer; and that he yielded the cause of reform, not to the party outside, but to the aspiring candidate within; and that upon that intriguer devolves the entire burden of the responsibility which settles so heavily upon that head which first made Reform a Cabinet concern.

So be it! and this draws off our attention from Lord Grey to Lord Brougham. If the first, as we began by arguing, be an insincere friend to Reform, surely (it will be said) the other is not: One real patron of that measure, at least, will vindicate the Cabinet from absolute hypocrisy. So it is thought. And, as we are now considering the Cabinet simply in relation to the times, and to that one absorbing interest of the times which allows no account or place to any other, we shall wind up our present survey with one overwhelming statement, to which no attention has been drawn, and which places Lord Brougham's character, and the sincerity of the existing administration, so far as it may be gathered from the position of its presiding members, beyond all further question. The memorable intrigue of Lord Brougham for securing the triumph of his personal ambition, and for visiting with condign punishment the insult offered to him in pressing upon his acceptance places below that which he now holds, all this has been amply exposed in the journals of the day. Justice has been done also to the character of this Cabinet, as beyond comparison, and amongst multiplied pro-

fessions (partly volunteer, partly extorted) of economy, retrenchment, and pure hands, the most distinguished dealer in jobs upon record. * But what we are now going to call forward into public notice, has totally escaped animadversion: and we shall not weaken the impression of our statement by one word of comment: the memorable fact we would recommend to our readers' attention is this:

Lord Brougham took up the question of Reform in Parliament on a sort of compulsion, after long dallying throughout his political life, and (as we have good reason for believing) with great reluctance, and with as hollow a spirit of insincerity in taking it up as in laying it down. He took it up from the necessities of his Yorkshire connexion; and in submission to the pledges which were then racked out of him. He declared that he would never renounce it; and in any case, to have slipped out of his obligation by delegating it to others, would have been a jesuitical evasion. A conscientious delegation cannot be executed in a sudden verbal conveyance of such a trust to another, or others, who have themselves no security that they shall ever be in a situation to do it justice. He, the original undertaker, was solemnly retiring for ever from that House in which only he ever could discharge his engagement. So much has been noticed by the journals.

What we would now bring forward to light is this:—On accepting the seals, Lord Brougham declared, and he has reduplicated this assurance, that he had not taken office, or countenanced any belief that he ever *would* take office, until after a most solemn condition yielded by the Premier that his Cabinet should apply their united strength and influence to this measure. Reform, in short, that measure which Mr Brougham twice opened in the House of Commons, *that* measure, we repeat, and not some one of a thousand possible schemes pretending to the same verbal title, was secured, pledged, fastened upon the Cabinet. Now, hear; two days after this, Lord Grey declared in the House of Lords, that

a measure of Reform, *some* measure or *other* was determined on; but so far from this being *the* measure, that identical scheme, or necessarily any likeness of that scheme meditated by Mr H. Brougham on the two memorable days of Nov. 1830, that Lord Grey begged he might not be pressed upon the nature of the scheme, on this particular ground—that none at all was yet arranged; no scheme of reform had been yet distinctly contemplated; nor any outline of it adopted by the New Cabinet, or so much as proposed!

Yes! the die is cast! Great times are at hand, times of confusion, which hereafter may leave any of us but little leisure or motive to enquire after the individual defaulter whose criminal intrigues have precipitated, if they have not occasioned, the revolutions which impend. The King's government have adopted the reformers; and upon that rock the reformers will build their church. Their cause is now safe, placed beyond the possibilities of final defeat, liable no longer to the fears of the desponding, and transcending even the recent hopes of the visionary. Things have remotely and indistinctly tended to this issue for some few rapid years: private ambition has concurred in a most remarkable manner with great national events: tendencies have been suddenly developed in the composition of society, and the temper of the public mind, which have latterly left few doubts for the discerning that all things, whether in the chapter of accident or design, were gradually co-operating to the ultimate triumph of reform: of that cause, in short, which, through the entire last generation, and so long as war presided over the prospects of mankind, was of all political speculations the lowest, least hopeful, most abject, and disreputable. Under what necessity of party purposes, sudden—instant—critical—these tendencies have been ripened or crudely forced into maturity, and by *whom*, may, in a few short years, by comparison with the tumultuous interests that are on the point of unfolding themselves, become a very

* See note on the Bishop of Exeter, p. 157.

secondary question. For us, of this day, among personal questions, it is not so. It is singular and memorable, that two individuals, among the shewy intriguers of the day, two Parliamentary leaders, differing much in the quality of their accomplishments, and agreeing in little else than laxity of principle, have become unintentionally the two main personal instruments; whilst looking only to their private ambition for hastening forward the present unparalleled crisis, and maturing the preparatory stage which we have reached already. These two persons were Mr Canning and Mr Brougham. Both were accidentally reduced to the dire alternative of sacrificing their honour and professions on the one hand, or their dearest ambition on the other. For both there was the same appalling dilemma; for both the same exquisite temptation. Mr Canning in one hour renounced the principles of his whole life, and for the sake of a glittering distinction, (which he was destined to hold only for a few weeks,) descended to one of the worst of coalitions, actually courting the alliance of that man who had prayed that he might be known to posterity as the enemy of the great anti-jacobin minister, whom Mr Canning himself almost literally worshipped as his guide and patron. By this act he dissolved, or confounded all party divisions; and by this first and general apostacy, annihilated all those bulwarks which might else have availed us against the second, and more special apostacy, in the matter of the Catholic relief bill. These great scenes of trial and temptation ended in shaking most public men, both in their party connexions and in their political principles; and furnished, undoubtedly, the first great stage of preparation for the present reforming (or, strictly speaking, revolutionary) frenzy. In Mr Canning, the dereliction of principle was more marked and noticed, simply because he had, and was reputed to have, more principle. Mr Brougham had always made it understood that his opinions and his party adhesions were fluctuating and uncertain. Else, for the individual question at issue—for its extent and for the degree which it was certain

of suffering by Mr Brougham's virtual renunciation of it at that crisis, under those circumstances, and above all, in its first agonies of parliamentary birth,—there can be no doubt that the perfidy of Mr Brougham is greater—more unequivocal—and more redundantly hypocritical, than that of Mr Canning. This latter was accustomed to say, that not himself went over to the Anti-Pitt faction, but that faction to him. And perhaps the profligacy of any possible alliance being once allowed for, that was in some measure true. But for Lord Brougham, the betrayer of Mr Brougham's pledges, there exists no such palliation. Mr Brougham, twice, and with circumstances of memorable solemnity, bound himself under the eyes of the whole nation, looking on with attention, to the zealous prosecution of a known public question. Lord Brougham renounced the *personal* support of that same question, upon this ground, that all his demands on behalf of the people were conceded by the king's official advisers; that the question was now in hands the very same as his own, for its particular shape and management, but in hands far stronger than his own for its prospects of success. No part of this was true: No shadow of this could, by Lord Brougham, be believed to be true. Government, having told the public, could not have concealed from him—their colleague—that they had as yet framed no plan at all. Consequently, whether any, which eventually they designed to frame, would in one atom of its provisions approximate to that plan of Mr Brougham's, which was so solemnly adjourned in the House of Commons to the 25th of November, and afterwards so perfidiously abandoned,—this question no human being could at that time answer, or can yet answer. What was Mr Brougham's own plan for *that*, Lord Brougham was a satisfactory guarantee. What *will* be Lord Grey's plan, whose vicarious merits were at once to indemnify the nation—to reconcile Mr Brougham's Yorkshire constituents—and to justify Lord Brougham's secession from the arena of his volunteer engagements, Lord Grey must naturally be the first man to know; and as yet he has declared himself ignorant.

This astonishing self-contradiction on the part of Lord Brougham has not been noticed by any body.* The mere blank impossibility that he could have made over his popular schemes to government, reposing upon substitutions of theirs which are not yet developed even to themselves, seems to have escaped every man. One senator has, however, animadverted with egregious severity upon the *general* air of bad faith, recklessness, and indecorum, which lies upon the face of Lord Brougham's conduct. Mr Croker delivered one of the most stinging reproofs ever heard within the walls of Parliament, upon occasion of the new writ being moved for Knaresborough by Mr Spring Rice. That it was felt keenly and deeply, that right honourable gentleman may be well satisfied from the abuse it has drawn upon him. Having obliquely suggested as possible motives for Lord Brougham's conduct, whatever are most shrewdly suspected to have been the actual motives, Mr Croker concluded thus:—"Until such an explanation," as he had described, "is afforded, I must take the liberty of saying, that the character of the noble Lord is under a cloud, which nothing but an explanation of a satisfactory nature can dispel or remove." Yes!—and that explanation never will or can be offered. The noble Lord who bartered for the "whistling of a name," and for the bauble of a title, a popular

station, which never can be retrieved, has manifested but a vulgar quality of ambition: that is *his* concern. But he has conducted his barter in a spirit of perfidy: that is *ours*. Had Lord Grey's scheme been even sufficiently matured to have warranted his delegation of confidence, still, (as one of Mr Brougham's brother representatives for York observed,) he could not, as a Peer, give that support to the measure which he had promised as a Commoner.

He, therefore, is under a cloud, from which he never *can* emerge. And a Cabinet that either could be duped by him in so capital a point, or would surrender their own free choice in a matter of that moment to a bold intriguer,—a Cabinet that would suffer any man's promised co-operation to weigh with them in a question really so transcendent for this period,—they also are, and will continue to be, under a cloud. They proclaim too much conscious weakness for the respect of the politic; too much time-serving duplicity for the confidence of the upright. That Cabinet, if otherwise not liable to speedy dissolution, by the advanced age of its chief, can have no root in the reverence of the nation. That Cabinet, having made a way for the inroads of revolution, will fall, and will be remembered only for the intrigues in which they arose, or, more lamentably by far, for the confusions which they introduced.

* How very prone is the public mind to this oversight, may be seen in one of the party tricks now commonly pressed upon the reforming meetings by the friends of the new ministry. "Call for Reform," it is said, "but leave the details" [details, in this case, meaning the whole substance and extent of the measure] "to ministers." Strange that so obvious a sophism should escape any man's detection.

NOTE ON THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

EVEN the affair of the Bishop of Exeter is a job of the most scandalous kind; it is swindling in the first place—and, secondly, it is swindling for a vindictive purpose. We, with our well-known views on the Catholic bill, shall not need to clear ourselves from the odium of undue favour to Dr Phillpotts. For his own sake, we shall never cease to lament, that a champion so powerful should, for any earthly consideration that princes or courts could offer, have listened to the overtures of the enemy, and have cancelled the services of so honourable a warfare, by his ominous silence on that memorable catastrophe of the cause. From people in *our* situation as to politics, the language of reproach would have a natural propriety. But to those who justify Sir Robert Peel and *his* set, we hardly concede the same license. A privilege, wide enough to shelter Sir Robert and Mr Derry Dawson, might, we should suppose, be available to Dr Phillpotts. We see no difference in their situations, except perhaps this—that the plea of expedience, urged in bar of acknowledged principles—policy put forward as paramount to conscience, sad and grievous as it is for *any* man's character, does certainly sit less unbecomingly on the confessed worldling than on a member of a consecrated profession. But this one difference allowed for, in other respects the case of both parties seems to be the same. And, if not, that could in no degree affect the claims of Dr Phillpotts in the present instance. Having done wrong, he did not, therefore, forfeit his title to bare justice. Now, it is upon record, from the statement of Sir H. Hardinge, that his present Majesty's government (in the persons of a ministry now dissolved) entered into a negotiation with Dr Phillpotts, and acceded to a most distinct stipulation, about which there was no mistake, that in any case Stanhope was to be held *in commendam* with the see of Exeter. In reality, no stipulation could be more reasonable or proper, and there never has been any difference of opinion on that matter till the present occasion. But were it otherwise, a bargain is a bargain; and none could honestly seek to evade it. Farther, the obligations of such a bargain are trebly binding, when one party has done *that* upon the faith of its provisions, which, in the first place, upon any less consideration, he never would have done, and which, secondly, cannot be undone. It can make no difference at all in this case, that his Majesty's government was then administered by the Duke of Wellington, and at present by Lord Grey. Every administration succeeds to the absolute engagements of its predecessor, and inherits all its contracts, unless where they are merely personal. But, in the present case, we request the reader's attention to this plain distinction, that though a promise may originally have been merely the minister's, yet when ratified and carried into effect by pledging the party interested to corresponding acts, which else he would notoriously have declined, and, above all, by the king's *congé d'élire*, it is no longer the minister's but the king's engagement. It is the king's faith that is now pledged to the fulfilment of its entire stipulations—it is the KING'S honour which is at stake; and the minister who dares to violate such a compact, is, in fact, sporting with the royal word, and pursuing the vengeance of his faction at the price of the royal honour. The hollow pretence of the ministry is, that, in deference to public opinion so loudly expressed, they had advised his Majesty not to complete the engagement. No, no; say not so, my Lord Althorpe! Not in deference to public opinion, but in deference to the hoarded and accumulated malice of your faction—now seeking a poor pretext for a mean, ungentlemanly revenge. The fact is, many have joined in this clamour, who, if asked their exquisite reason, would have no more to say, than that, upon principle, they were hostile to pluralities. That may be; but what justice is there in applying a general principle thus invidiously to the oppression of an individual? Deal with pluralities as you like; but take up the question in an honourable way, upon public grounds, and without distinction of persons; not for a base and cruel purpose of crushing an individual, and, at any rate, not at the price of the king's honour. For it is as evident as any

one fact in politics, that the king's government (no matter by whom administered) has tricked Dr Phillpotts as shamefully as any of the swindling gentlemen who are daily "pulled up" to Bow Street for ring-dropping; and that they have made their sovereign a cat's paw in this base intrigue.

So much for the enemies of the Bishop of Exeter. But now, at parting, we turn to the Bishop himself, and take the liberty of saying one word to *him*. His Lordship, on one occasion, did this journal the honour of selecting it for the channel by which he wished to convey to the public the correction of some misstatements of his enemies. This gives us an interest in his character, which we shall most unwillingly resign; and upon the footing of that friendly interest, we may almost plead a title to come forward as the public spokesmen, in stating what seems to be the Bishop's present position in respect to public opinion. Sir Henry Hardinge, in his place in Parliament, has assured us, that it is a complete delusion (propagated, in fact, originally by the press) to suppose that Dr Phillpotts approved of the Catholic bill. He retained, it seems, his old sentiments; and in heart, at least, was faithful to the old cause. Such is the statement of the gallant officer: and what *he* asserts, as a matter of fact within his own personal knowledge, there can be no pretence for doubting. It is undeniable, then, that all of us were grossly misled; and Dr Phillpotts himself in effect aided our error, by refusing to notice it—a policy which seems to us perfectly erroneous. We grant that a dignified clergyman ought not, upon light causes, to notice newspaper attacks: but for his character, for all that was most dear to him, and when the mistake by which he suffered had become national, surely it was allowing a most disproportionate weight to the restraints of etiquette—to grant them a *paramount* voice in opposition to the clamours, and, we may say, *passionate* pleadings of his own character. An Irish Archbishop came forward, within these last ten years, in the newspapers, to rebut the unsupported slanders of a mob orator, upon an occasion no higher than the terms asked for renewing a lease. That *might* be undignified and unclerical. We do not wholly defend it. But in a question so critical, so urgent as that which affected Dr Phillpotts, the simple but awful question—Had he, or had he not, behaved like an honest man? no earthly punctilios or scruples ought to have interfered with his earliest and frankest answer. One word was sufficient: no call for details. Breach of etiquette, we contend, under such an overwhelming justification, there could have been none: but, had there been, will Dr Phillpotts say, that it is not better to suffer for a moment in the opinion of his order, as a violator of ceremonial observances, than for ever in the opinion of all his countrymen, as a man who bartered his conscience for preferment? By his silence, he has allowed that construction of his conduct to travel far and wide: by a word, as it now appears, he could have arrested it. The past, however, is past. That explanation which he would not make for himself, Sir H. Hardinge has made for him; but, alas! too late for correcting the false impression which had settled into the public mind. One thing still remains, which the Bishop of Exeter can and ought to do for himself; and it is our main object in what we are now saying. We have a pretty distinct remembrance, that, on the first notification of the Duke of Wellington's measure of relief to the Catholics, in a letter to the President and Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, or some similar document, he delivered himself to this effect:—that as yet he was not fully acquainted with the purposes and provisions of the bill, but that, as soon as he should be so, he would discharge his conscience by a public declaration of his opinion upon its merits and tendency. This he promised: this, so far as we could ever learn, he has not performed. The question is—*Why?* upon what circumstances arose this breach of his volunteer engagement? The public, the friends of Dr Phillpotts, the many who admire the vigour of his talents, and thank him for his services, earnestly unite in this question; not as a question of curiosity, but for the satisfaction, and in right, of that just interest which they take in the public character of one whom they had long valued as an efficient servant of the times—a man of honour, of great ability, and (as they still venture to hope) of untarnished integrity.

THE SOUTH STACK.

He who, within the last few years, has quitted the Irish coast, at night-fall, for Holyhead, may have remarked, after the progress of a few miles, as he paced the deck, a speck of light glimmering in the east, on the very verge of the horizon, now dipping below it, now emerging above it, as the vessel, breasting her way, rises or falls upon the wave. On a nearer approach, he will perceive this apparently insignificant star slowly and regularly assuming the form and brilliancy of the brightest planet; and then again receding, or dying away, as if gradually absorbed in surrounding darkness.

The traveller by day, on the other hand, who, in his passage up or down channel, nears the eastern shores, must have observed a white tower, posted, like a sentinel, on the brow of a low hummock, apparently forming a projecting ledge from the seaward base of *Caer gybi*, or the mountain of Holyhead. On approaching still nearer, he will perceive that this hummock is, in fact, an island, torn from the main mass, but connected therewith by a link, at a distance resembling the gauze-work of a gossamer, which, in its fall, had accidentally caught upon the corresponding projections of the disjointed rocks.

Let him look a little longer, and he will now and then detect minute objects passing to and fro, and come to the obvious conclusion, that this aerial pathway is neither more nor less than a connecting ladder of accommodation formed by the hand of man.

The speck by night, the white tower by day, with its hummock and fairy bridge, comprise what is called the South Stack; and, taken altogether, it forms a prominent feature in the bold, romantic scenery of this iron-bound coast, and combines so many objects worthy of notice, natural and artificial, that, be the observer what he may, poet, philosopher, mechanist, or naturalist, he will find wherewithal to excite his curiosity, and reward his labour, in visiting a spot which has not many rivals in its kind in the wide world. I am not aware that its annals have hitherto been recorded. In consideration of the many hours I have strolled upon its rocks and pry'd into

its recesses, I will, therefore, assume the office of its chronicler.

Equally attractive by sea and land, the visitor, who would fully satisfy his curiosity, should so arrange matters as to go by the one and return by the other; in failure of which, he may rest assured, that if he has any taste for the sublime or beautiful, he will lose much which he ought to see.

Some preliminary cautions are, however, necessary, in the marine department of the expedition. In the first place, the day must be calm and the sea unruffled, or, if it does blow, that it is with due moderation from the east; for this being an offshore wind, in a great degree tends to counteract the heavy swell, which, rolling in from the westward, renders a passage by water either impracticable, or, if practicable, disagreeable. In the next place, if choice of season is available, a preference should be given to the early part of June, when the sea-birds are assembled in congress for the important business of nidification and incubation, when every tenantable cranny in the rocks is occupied, and the whole shore re-echoes with wild cries, "their waste of music in their voice of love."

The tides also should be consulted, for if unfavourable, it will require a stout and sturdy crew to contend with its influence, in addition to the "race," a certain confluence of eddies, which, under peculiar circumstances, has been known to act a part not much inferior to its worthy congener, the Norwegian Maelstrom. There is evidence of its having once swallowed up an entire brig, with all her masts, yards, canvass, and cordage; the luckless vessel got, by some means, entangled in the vortex, and, after a brief struggle, yielded to her fate, foundering in a sea of foam, before the eyes of a spectator on the heights. It may be feared, indeed, that feats of this appalling nature are not infrequent in the long dark nights of winter, as scarcely a year passes without the melancholy sight of broken spars and lacerated rigging, from time to time thrown up from its fretful cauldron.

We will suppose our traveller, with every favourable requisite, on his way to join the boat waiting for him at

the pier-head. Ere he reaches it, he will first pass the bridge connecting this fine pile of masonry with the town, over what is called the Sound, a narrow passage, even now of no great width, but much more formidable before it was smoothed down by chisel and gunpowder, through which, on a memorable occasion, Captain Skinner stemmed his way during a heavy gale of wind. On his passage from Dublin, an Irishman's carriage contrived to get rid of its lashings, and vaulting through his mainsail, bounded into the sea, leaving the vessel disabled by such an untoward exploit, and incompetent to adopt the then hazardous step of running for a crowded harbour's mouth, and already exhibiting the wreck of a vessel or two knocking their bottoms out on its rocks immediately to leeward. A few yards farther will conduct him under a very handsome triumphal arch of dark Anglesey marble, erected to commemorate the landing of his late Majesty on the island, when the royal squadron remained wind-bound in the bay, mourning, with half-mast pendants and ensigns, the loss of Caroline, his Queen. On its frieze is the following inscription, with its counterpart in Welsh on the corresponding side:—

GEO. 4. REX,
Monam invisens, huc appulit,
Aug. VII. A. D. 1821.

Cŏf—Adail . I. Ymweliad.
y. Brenin . sior . y . IV. ág . ynys
Fôn . Awst . VII. MDCCCXXI.

Finally embarked, a westerly course is steered, usually leaving on the right a villainous nest of invisible rocks, called the Platters; which, if stones had tongues, could tell many a dismal tale of misery and mischief of their own production. If the tide admits, a shorter cut is practicable, by passing between the mainland and a ragged-looking, little, rocky island, called Ynys y welt; of this island and its adjacent rocks, a pair or two of oyster catchers (*hæmatopus ostralegus*) seemed to have taken possession, exhibiting, as they ran along or flew from point to point, their smart, pieballed, glossy coats, in full contrast with their long, bright, orange beaks and legs, and crimson irides. Beautiful, and easily domesticated as these birds are, it is surprising they are not more fre-

quently introduced in our pleasure-grounds. Those who have visited Brighton within a few years, may remember the numbers running about, without alarm, on the lawn of the Pavilion. For a short distance beyond this island, the scenery is tame and insipid. As we advance, however, the rocks assume a bolder and more precipitous front; and in a few minutes, when the small insulated rock, called the North Stack, detaches itself, a magnificent picture appears through the fissure; and from this point may be said to commence a series of splendid scenery, continuing, without intermission or diminution, for the remainder of the voyage.

Here, too, as in the case of Ynys y welt, there is a passage between the rock and the main, but so narrow, that, unless the water is perfectly smooth, an inexperienced navigator might hesitate to attempt it, even in a boat; and yet through this channel, flanked and fringed as it is with bristling rocks, starting, like sharks' teeth, from its yawning sides, it is on record that a large cutter passed, in a heavy sea. The event took place some fifty or sixty years ago, and the particulars are fresh in the memories of many still living. She was one of the post-office packets, conveying the mail from Dublin to the Head. The wind was blowing tremendously, and a thick mist had, for a time, concealed the land. At a moment of extreme anxiety—the Captain being well aware of his proximity to the coast—it cleared up, revealing as fearful a situation as any in which mortal men could well be placed; an overpowering sea rolling before the gale, was hurrying the vessel onwards to a fate which seemed inevitable, imprisoned, as she was now discovered to be, in a sort of bay of precipices, lashed by sheets of foam, bursting not only at their bases, but breaking over the ledges of rocks, which here and there reared themselves above the swell. Letting go an anchor would have been useless, had it held the ground, the strongest tackle must have instantly yielded before the pressure of such a sea. To beat out was equally hopeless, for the North Stack projected so far into the offing, as to afford no chance whatever of weathering it. At this awful and critical juncture, an experienced sailor stepped forward, and urged the possibility of escape.

"It is high water," said he to the captain, "but there is a channel between that island and the main, and I think we may push her through"—hidden as it was behind the rocks of the Stack, over which the waves were frightfully breaking. To hesitate was death—the forlorn hope was decided upon; and with that ready confidence, so peculiar to British seamen in the hour of peril, the order was given—"Up with the helm—haul taught the sheets;" and away luffing to the wind, the bounding vessel flew towards the terrific chasm, on which every eye was riveted. Had the helmsman relaxed in nerve but an iota, had the swell interrupted the action of the tiller, though but for an instant, had she swerved but a foot from her course, her planking must have been rifted from her ribs by the grim range of serrated rocks, on which a biscuit might have been thrown with ease, as she floundered through the foam, and shot by them like an arrow from a bow. For a minute, their fate hung upon a hair; in another, they were in safety; and within an hour, firmly moored in the harbour.

On passing through this opening, the eye rests on pile above pile of stupendous rocks; the lower range broken into fissures, forming natural vaults and caverns of the most magnificent and picturesque description. Immediately on the left, one called *Ogo vaur*, (or the large cavern,) actually perforates the base of the high headland, called *Morva llwm*, or the bare headland of the boundless sea—from *Morva*, boundless sea, and *llwm*, bare, exposed, naked. It is, I believe, only at low water or half-tide, that a landing can be effected, on a rough shingly beach, mingled with broken masses of rock in a spacious portal, forming, when the spectator looks towards the sea from the interior, a suitable frame-work to as fine a marine view as can be imagined; the perforation is perfect, and accessible to those who think it worth their while to clamber over broken fragments in the dark, with the chance or the certainty of slipping over tresses of sea-weed into puddles of water left by the tide. Not far from it, there is another called the *Parliament-house*, far more worthy of inspection, and which will amply reward the candidate ambitious of taking a seat within its

walls; compared with which, its namesake in St Stephen's chapel, in all its glory, must hide its diminished head. If it is in the breeding season, let a gun be fired on entering by all means, and mark the effect—for lo! from every chink, and crevice, and chasm, as if shovelled out or exploded from a cask,—for I know not by what apter comparison I can convey an idea of the effect,—down tumble shower upon shower, and pack after pack, of guillemots and razor-bills,—their snow-white breasts and dark velvet backs forming a beautiful contrast with the back-ground gloom, as they dart through the aperture; while above, below, and round about, gulls glide or hover, screaming and wailing at this ill-timed intrusion on their privacy. Here the empire of birds commences, and is continued with little interruption, though with singular selection and variety, for a considerable distance along the more inaccessible heights of the coast. The claimants for the undivided possession of this empire of air and water, are divided into four classes, who occasionally contest possession of certain spots and allotments. Of these, the most numerous are the gulls and guillemots, with their congeners, or cousin-germans, the razor-bills; but of them I shall speak more at large when we set foot on their favourite haunts in the South Stack, merely noticing them at present, as forming a conspicuous feature in this part of the scenery; dotting in fixed or movable patches, the rocks, the sky, or the sea, according to their immediate occupation of nursing, flying, or feeding. But though fewer in number, perhaps the most attractive and characteristic are the gloomy ominous forms of the shags and cormorants, and the stately, grave, and sedate figures of the herons. On the lower rocks, forming sunken ledges, with pinnacles just level with the water, or a few feet above, may be seen small assemblages of the former. Milton, though an excellent poet, makes but an indifferent remark for an ornithologist; he, I suspect, being the first who ever saw one of this sable tribe sitting on a

"Tree, and highest there that grew;" but he is truth itself, when he describes the foul fiend

"Like a cormorant."

Observe the slouching form, the wet and vapid wings dangling from her sides to catch the breeze, while his weird and wildly staring eye scans and scowls about in all directions. Surfeited with his morning's meal, the filthy gormandizer reposes, gaping his naked yellow-skinned mouth, from whence in loose folds hangs a distended flap, big enough to form the floating bladder of a Greenlander's fishing tackle; while a greasy imp or two sits waiting for a fermented portion of food from the parental pouch. Higher up behold the heronry; from little jutting shelves or corners, a few sticks project, slightly covered with a scattering of withered sea tang; these are the nests, on which the mother may be seen sitting, or near which, if the season be further advanced, the young brood stand, patiently expecting the return of their parents from the marshes and shallows, with a wonted supply of small fish. One of the most singular circumstances connected with this associated location, is the absolute line of demarcation and boundary observed on both sides; each species taking a separate site, and never intruding on the appropriated districts of a neighbouring tribe. The guillemots and razor-bills nestle for the most part in their holes and corners; the gulls are scattered with rather a more latitudinarian spirit over the whole surface; while the cormorants usually sojourn on a somewhat lower range, as if more suitable to their heavy awkward flight. But most select and ascetic, as far as communication with others is concerned, are the herons. Simon Stylites, on his column, could not have more effectually secluded himself from the world, than one of these long-legged birds upon his solitary ledge.

Having left the caves of the North Stack some distance, a perpendicular wall of rock presents itself, of which the herons have taken exclusive possession, reminding me, from the peculiar positions of their nests, of the hermits of Montocvrat, who, by a refinement on solitude, and stretch of self-denying ingenuity, have so contrived their dwellings, that the door of one may be placed within a few yards of another, without the possibility of the tenants holding the slightest converse or communication. Thus, if a square foot of insulated space can be found, there one of these staid and

melancholy birds is sure to be found posted like a warder on a watch-tower—motionless, grey as the rock itself, he might be mistaken for a piece of sculpture, but for the harsh cry ever and anon uttered, or by his now and then drawing back his neck and burying his head between the shoulders; and then stretching out his long legs far behind, in lieu of a tail, to act as a rudder, he launches himself silently from his resting place, and floats away, slowly flapping his wide-spreading pair of flagging wings. A colony of about twenty or thirty appear to have monopolized this dreary façade, and year after year, at the appointed time, their rude eyries are refitted, for the reception and perpetuation of this lonely tribe.

This rugged amphitheatre affords other features also of considerable interest; the eye is, in its progress, attracted by an extensive surface of recently exposed rock, evincing the incalculable powers of electric fluid, which in an instant severed an enormous superficies, and shattering thousands of loosened fragments, hurled them like pebbles to the bottom, where they remain, the everlasting record of an event, occurring on the 29th December, 1823; further particulars of which will be reserved till we come to speak of the signal station on the mountain, where its effects were, if not so powerfully, at least more singularly exhibited. About midway, in crossing the bay, there is a chasm so uniformly regular and direct, that its formation can scarcely be accounted for by any other theory than an actual recession of the originally united parts forming the line of precipice,—a phenomenon not unfrequent in several similar mountain ranges, and peculiarly applicable to this, which bears throughout unquestionable marks of having been exposed to upheavings and concussions fully sufficient to rend in twain far mightier mounds. This singular fissure, cleaved in so direct a line from the summit to the base, forms, or rather did form, a passage of communication, of no small celebrity in ancient days, and retaining its odour of sanctity till a very recent date. It is known by the name of Ogo Lochwydd, Ogo, as before mentioned, signifying a cave. Respecting the word Lochwydd, there is some difference of opinion; by persons of

high authority it has been explained to mean a place of meeting and assembling together—an interpretation perfectly satisfactory, if accurate; if, however, it may be supposed a compound of the words *Lloc* and *wd*, it will admit of a different meaning, *Lloc* signifying a mound, a fold or confined place, and *wd* something that is extended or stretched out; which might lead to the conclusion, that it was named from its obvious peculiarity, viz. a confined place extended in length, which, whether right or wrong, at all events most accurately defines this remarkable spot.

The particulars connected with its past and present notoriety deserve a moment's interruption to the thread of our narrative. A spring of crystal water, filtering through the deep strata, formed a small well at the bottom, which, in all probability, at a very early period attracted that notice which, in all times, and in all countries, wells and fountains in singular situations, particularly if difficult of access, from Delphos downwards, have invariably received. The next step, and the natural consequence in dark ages, was a chapel for the accommodation of pilgrims; and here, accordingly, the well at the bottom was in due time supported by its necessary appendage, a chapel at the top, called *Capel Llochwydd*, which name a considerable remnant of ruins, situated just at the higher opening of the gorge, still retains. What was the nature of its early virtues, tradition has not handed down; but till within sixty years, for time unknown the lonely chapel and its well were the resort of the lads and lasses of the island, who, at a certain annual festival called *sillia mic rariah*, corresponding to the wakes of the northern counties of England, and held during three successive Sundays in July, assembled in troops to ascertain the matrimonial contingencies awaiting them. Each diviner into futurity of either sex descended the chasm to the well, and there, if after having filled the mouth with holy water, and grasped two handfuls of sand from the brink of the charmed font, he or she could accomplish the re-ascent without squirting out the one or scattering the other, each might look forward with a fair hope of becoming bride or bridegroom before the close of the year. About sixty years ago, however a reverend

Mr Ellis, the worthy incumbent of the parish, duly abhorring all superstitious rites and ceremonies, alike associated with paganism and popery, opposed himself with the zeal of a John Knox to all such unhallowed assemblages, and, as the surest mode of cutting them up root and branch, he forthwith reduced the chapel to ruins, and concealed the well, by filling it up with rubbish. But, notwithstanding the truly orthodox exertions of this modern reformer, till within twenty years or thereabouts, walls, to the height of seven or eight feet, remained sufficiently entire to convey a tolerable idea of the perfect building, which is represented to have been a substantial, though rude and simple edifice, composed of unhewn stones cemented with mortar, the window and door-frames excepted, which were well wrought by the chisel, with considerable labour, from very obdurate materials; the whole consisting apparently of one chamber of an oblong form, not exceeding a few yards in length. Of the well, however, not a trace was left, though its existence was proved beyond the shadow of doubt very few years ago, by a party who landed, and at length succeeded in detecting the spot, from which, after removing a quantity of sand and loose stones, again gushed the fountain of pure water, in all its pristine vigour, and doubtless, inherent virtues; but time, that "edax rerum," has pressed with so relentless a hand on the long neglected pathway, that I fear few candidates, under any circumstances, much less with watertight mouths and unclenching hands, would now venture with a prospect of success to ascend the precipitous pass of *Ogo Llochwydd*.

At no great distance, there is a solitary escarpment, for it deserves not the name of a landing-place, on which, during a tempestuous night in the beginning of March 1808, a luckless sloop, driving before a snow-storm, strewed her broken timbers; it was no subject of congratulation, that the ill-fated crew reached the land in safety, doomed as they were to suffer a protracted and more bitter fate; for when the morning dawned, they were discovered frozen in the attitudes in which death had assailed them. The captain seemed to have patiently resigned himself to what was irremediable. He was found stretched at the

foot of a rock, under which he vainly sought a remnant of shelter, his head resting on his hands, having breathed his last in a frozen sleep. Of his companions, some had struggled more, some less, wandering amidst the snow, or in vainly attempting to reach the summit. One poor fellow had nearly succeeded; he must, it was evident, have persevered gallantly through the night, but human efforts were of no avail; he too was doomed to follow the fortunes of his messmates, leaving his remains within a few yards of a place of safety, which he was destined never to attain.

This interesting amphitheatre, beginning with the North and terminating with the South Stack, embraces something more than a mile, being flanked on its southern extremity by the leading object of this article. A glimpse or two might have been caught previous to passing the North Stack, according to the course steered, whether closing with the land or keeping more to seaward. But it is not till the bay is fairly entered, that it stands out, in all its details. As few visitors approach it before the sun has gained the meridian, and therefore long after the eastern rays are withdrawn, the island usually appears of a gloomy, sombre hue, approximating to black, its dingy uniformity broken only by the indented sinuosities and irregularities of its surface; whereas the mainland, either from being somewhat less assailable by the sea, or more exposed to the air and sun, and also from the operations of the artificers employed in forming the communication, presents a variety of shades, in which, however, a dull red is predominant. On a nearer approach, every part assumes more importance and interest. On the left, the headland precipices rise abruptly from the water's edge. In front, the light and airy bridge springs from rock to rock, while on the right, a dark deep cavern forms the aperture of another natural tunnel, similar to that of Ogo-vawr, penetrating through the north-eastern side, and curving in a south-easterly direction, where it opens on a little gulf, the sea rolling through it, I believe, without interruption, at low as well as high water.

It is at the mouth of this cavern, alongside a shelving rock, that the boat is laid; and by means of a rude

flight of steps to a certain point, a tolerably commodious and easy ascent is practicable to the summit level of the island, near to the spot on which the suspension bridge terminates. The histories of the island, bridge, &c., from the causes which first brought them into notice, to their present state, are well deserving of attention.

On casting an eye over the map, it will be seen that every vessel, in her passage up St George's Channel for any ports to the eastward of her course, (such as Liverpool, &c.) after taking a departure from the Smalls light, off Milford Haven, must steer in nearly a direct line for the Skerries, on the N.W. coast of the island of Anglesey, which line must of necessity bring her almost in contact with the western extremity of the projecting range of this and neighbouring rocks; and that in consequence of the whole flood-tide setting into Carnarvon bay, a vessel, even with due allowance for keeping clear of Bardsey Island, must be seriously affected by an inland draft; but should she by good management avoid this danger, and have run the greater part of the chord of which the bight of Carnarvon bay is the curve, another assault is made upon her, when within about three leagues of the Head, by the reflux of an ebb-tide also making into the bay. These contending currents are probably the predominant causes of that dangerous "race" already alluded to, whose influence in gales of wind is by no means confined to the immediate point of collision between counter currents, but extends far out to sea over a considerable space. Those who have experienced eddies of this description can alone appreciate their overwhelming powers: the swallowing up of a brig has been already noticed. It is stated in a paper published by Captain Evans, the present harbour-master of Holyhead, to whose representations the chief merit of this establishment is due, after a long list of shipwrecks in the vicinity, that scarcely a winter passed, previous to the exhibition of this light, in which the neighbouring peasantry and fishermen have not fallen in with floating fragments, or various articles of merchandise, belonging to vessels which had gone down in the race unseen, unpitied, and unaccounted for. The dead set of the currents up channel was not long ago verified by a curious

incident. It was known that a homeward bound ship, wine laden, had gone to pieces off the Scilly islands, when to the surprise of all, in about a fortnight, several butts of sherry, forming part of her cargo, made their appearance, and drifted ashore on various parts of this coast. There are many anecdotes of hair-breadth escapes to confirm the danger of this indraft. During an intense fog, and light breeze from the S.E. a fisherman in a skiff, close in shore, examining some lobster baskets, was surprised by the sound of voices; and on looking up, was still more astonished by seeing the looming of a large square-rigged vessel almost on board of him. On his loudly hailing, she steered clear, and he immediately pulled alongside, conveying the unexpected information to the captain, that, if he persevered on that course but a few minutes longer, he would bring himself upon a parcel of rocks almost under his bows. Measures were of course instantly taken, and a danger easily avoided, which, but for this timely notice, must inevitably have been fatal. The fisherman was requested to remain on the look-out, as several other vessels were supposed to be not far astern. And so it proved; for on the fog's clearing up, a little fleet was discovered standing on steadily and unconsciously to certain destruction. One other anecdote may be mentioned, which, though it terminated, as far as the vessel was concerned, less fortunately, was certainly one of the narrowest escapes in one of the most critical situations in the annals of shipwrecks.

I shall give it nearly in the words of an observer on the spot: Soon after dusk, in the beginning of April, 1826, a fine new brig, named the *Alexander*, on her voyage from Jamaica to Liverpool, made Bardsey light, and shaped her course for the Skerries, with a strong breeze at S.W., weather hazy. At ten o'clock she shortened sail; soon after which a rock was observed close on her larboard bow, and breakers right a-head: the alarm was given, and the affrighted passengers hastily dressing themselves, and collecting their valuables, prepared for the worst. In a few minutes, the master came down, announcing the grateful intelligence that the danger was over, and they again retired in confidence to rest; but they had scarcely done so,

when the vessel struck violently abaft, and the cabin was almost immediately filled with such a rush of water, that they were compelled to seek instant safety on the quarter-deck. The brig, when the first alarm was given, had been hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, with the intention of laying her along the land till an offing was gained; but as in the confusion they omitted to brace up her yards, on coming to the wind the sails were taken aback, and getting stern way, she grounded on the cliff: after a few heavy blows, she swung round in a line parallel to the shore, and there remained, beating violently, with her masts and yards entangled in the projecting rocks, which snapping and shattering with the repeated shocks, fell down on the deck, and added to the danger and confusion. By this time, the passengers had assembled round the master, who stood irresolute, until the chief mate assured them that the spritsail-yard lay upon a low table rock, upon which he thought it possible to conduct the women and children, if they made haste; a young lady from Kingston was the first to offer, and with much difficulty reached the rock in safety; when the gallant mate returned to the wreck, and finally succeeded in landing two other ladies, three children, and a Spanish and English merchant. The master and crew then followed, and just as the last man landed, the yard was carried away, and all communication with the wreck cut off. Nineteen persons were thus huddled together at midnight on a ledge of rock just sufficient to hold them, but compelled to remain in the exact position in which they were first landed, lest by the slightest movement, they should precipitate the person before them into the sea. The night was dark and cold, and no one but the watch on deck had any covering beyond their night-clothes. But all their miseries were trifling compared with the terrible anxiety with which they watched the flowing tide, with an apparently inaccessible cliff behind them, and the water even then curling round their feet; each wave evidently reached a higher mark than its predecessor, and it was too clear that another half hour's flood must sweep them all into the sea. At length, when the dead level of the water was only a foot and

a half below them, with inexpressible joy and thankfulness they observed it first to pause, and then gradually but perceptibly recede. Just before dawn, the chief mate and a boy, with great difficulty, scaled the cliff, and calling up the country people, obtained ropes, by which the whole party were successively drawn up in safety, with the exception of one individual, whose thigh was fractured by a splinter from the rock.

The next day the wind changed, and blew hard, breaking up the unfortunate vessel, from which little of the cargo was saved; but her boat drifted safely on shore from the booms, with three small goats, which long survived the miseries of that eventful night.

Under such circumstances, to all vessels, but more especially the post-office packets, the necessity of a light became of paramount importance, compelled as their commanders were by the nature of the service, when exposed to thick weather, or particular winds, (knowing full well the character of the coast right a-head,) to make the Skerries, or at other times to land their mail and passengers at the back of the Head.

Impressed at length with the obvious advantages, not to say necessity of the case, the Trinity-House finally entered into the views of Captain Evans, and decided upon adopting his suggestions, assigning to his superintendence the preparatory operations, which were commenced in May 1808, when temporary shelter was erected, and a cook's galley set up for the accommodation of 70 men, who were only allowed to absent themselves, when weather permitted, from the Saturday evening till the Sunday morning.

At this period, it should be observed, that the present landing-place, on the north side, indifferent as it still is, at certain times of tide, was then altogether impracticable; and that on the south-east alone, where at all times more or less there is a considerable swell, a precarious footing was attainable. The difficulties of landing being thus so great, and the power of supplying this large population so precarious, particularly with water, there being none on the island, it was found absolutely necessary to provide against this inconvenience. Accord-

ingly a canvass hose, 900 feet in length, was made to communicate with a small tarn, about 800 feet from the summit of the nearest headland, descending thence at a sharp angle the remaining 100 feet, till it reached the island; in connexion with this hose, a stay and traveller were rigged out, by which milk, instruments, and a variety of other articles, were safely and commodiously passed to and fro. On one occasion, a passenger of a very different description attempted this fearful communication in the person of an active young man, one of the workmen. Having received intimation of his mother's sudden illness, he resolved, as the surf was too high to admit of the usual egress by water, to trust himself to this aerial conveyance. Accordingly, firmly grasping the hose and tackling, he slowly but steadily made his way good, with every eye intently fixed upon him, and trembling for his safety, up this terrific pathway, and safely landed himself on the mountain's brow. This hazardous adventure took place without the superintendent's knowledge, who very properly, upon hearing of it, issued a positive order, that it should on no account whatever be repeated.

As the works proceeded, the necessity of a more frequent and certain communication naturally increased. Accordingly an ingenious old millwright, in conjunction with Captain Evans, set their heads together for the accomplishment of this desirable object, the fruits of which appeared in the course of the summer, in the form of a small box or cradle, suspended on two strong stays, running through sheaves, and swung across the chasm, a distance of 150 feet, (a space 30 feet wider than the present bridge and subsequent cradle passage,) being made fast to the nearest projecting point of the mainland rocks, from whence an ascent was practicable. We would request the light-headed and nervous portion of the community, who may chance to visit the South Stack, to have pointed out to them the precise point on the mainland rocks, from whence this first and original cradle took its departure; and thence to trace clearly and distinctly the goat-like ascent up and down, which all who, whether from business or curiosity, visited the island, were necessitated to clamber and crawl.

The cradle itself, moreover, in its infant state, was by no means a bed of roses, before experience and practice had vouched for its security; and it is but fair to allow to Captain Evans, who was the first to embark and ferry himself over, something of the "*robur et æs triplex*," assigned by Horace to the man who first ventured his person on the wide seas, in the crazy barks of ancient times.

Confidence in its stability, however, soon removed all reasonable fears; and as one of the passengers who tried it in this its early day, I can perfectly recollect that even the first moment of its launching from terra firma, was a change much for the better, compared with the headlong scramble down certain parts of the precipice leading to its point of suspension. In the meantime, workmen, lowered by ropes, were constantly employed in forming a more commodious staircase on the broad face of the rock, from which, in January 1809, a shorter passage, 120 feet in length, was effected. Still, however, by means of a cradle, though of a somewhat improved structure, which remained as the sole direct mode of communication for five years, during which time no accident occurred to any living being, Captain Evans' dog excepted, who one day, in his haste to secure a passage, at the moment of the cradle's departure, sprung forward unsuccessfully, and was precipitated into the waters below, from whence, as the sea was comparatively smooth, he was rescued without receiving the slightest injury. Two passengers were the legal complement of the limited dimensions of this carriage; but occasionally three, if not four, contrived to pack themselves on board. It was on one of these occasions, the inmates being all females, during a heavy gale of wind, what with the lateral pressure of the whirling eddies, combined with the extra gravitating weight of the overloaded vehicle, it so happened that the workmen were for a time unable to haul it forward on the strained cordage, leaving the ladies for a time to enjoy their leisure, and meditate upon the scenery, heightened by the howling of the wind, the vibratory motion of the cordage, and the roaring of the waves below them.

To this cradle, at the expiration of five years, succeeded a regular foot

bridge, of the most simple, primitive, and picturesque construction. Strong cables were thrown across, over which planks were laid, and on either side a light balustrade of stout net-work was raised, the whole secured, and the vibratory motion in part counteracted, by long guys, made fast to appropriate points on either side. Over this, those possessing tolerable nerves might trip comfortably enough, for there was no real danger, though to some the passage was still a matter of hesitation. But whether from the march of intellect wishing to meet the advancement of the times, or whether to rival in its way the gigantic undertaking over the Menai on the opposite side of the island, the bridge which succeeded the primitive cradle has itself been superseded by an elegant structure on the true scientific principles of permanent suspension bridges, over which a regiment of horse might pass.

But to return to the light-house. The preparatory operations having, as has been stated, commenced in May, 1808, and the foundation of the building laid in the following August, so rapidly were the works carried on, that, on the evening of the 9th February, 1809, the light was exhibited for the first time. The lantern, in which it is placed, is elevated above the sea about 200 feet, the summit level of the island being 140 feet. The reflectors cover three triangular surfaces, which revolve by clock-work machinery, wound up every nine hours, giving, in order to distinguish the light from that of the Skerries, a full face every two minutes, which may be distinctly seen from a ship's deck, at the distance of about nine leagues. The tower is a substantial stone-building, with walls at the lower part five feet thick; but, solid as was this foundation, it was found on trial not to be sufficiently dense to keep out the pelting of the winter gales, when the waves bursting upwards, dashed their spray with such inconceivable force, that the water actually filtered through, and kept the interior in a constant state of moisture; so much so, as to excite an apprehension that it might seriously injure the masonry. A variety of remedies were suggested, and the most experienced opinions taken; copper bolts were inserted, on which a casing was to be made fast. Persons were dispatched from Lon-

don with a mixture of pulverised iron, Parker's cement, ashes, and sand. With this composition, every crevice and interstice was carefully filled, and the whole smoothed down to an uniform surface, which set, and became firm as stone itself; but all to no purpose, for, to the general astonishment, water was still forced through, and the interior walls were as damp and trickling as ever. Captain Evans went to London, and reported the case to the Trinity-house Board; small slates were then recommended, as an additional casing; but the blast of the first hurricane ripped them away like shreds. In this dilemma, when, in the multitude of counsellors, no wisdom had been found, an old carpenter, employed in repairing a window-frame and door-case, which he knew to have been set up above 40 years, at a mansion-house in the neighbourhood, remarked that every part of the casing below ground was in a state of decay, whereas the other parts, which had been coated with a mixture of painting oil, white lead, and sand, remained as sound as ever. Happening at this juncture to meet Captain Evans, he mentioned the fact, which thus accidentally suggested a similar application at the light-house.

Accordingly, a mixture was prepared, consisting of sand from Port Davaich, free from sea-water, which, after being thoroughly dried in an oven, was well sifted. Two men were then employed to paint as far as they could reach, with a mixture of white lead and oil; and then over this glutinous surface, the sand was dashed on, and left to dry and harden for five or six days, after which the process was repeated; when, to the surprise of all, two coats were found fully to answer the purpose; for since that time, the water has been effectually excluded, and not a drop of moisture ever penetrating within.

Exclusive of this tower, there are two dwellings for the accommodation of the light-keepers and their families, and another, on a small scale, fitted up by Captain Evans for his own use, when detained by business on his frequent visits to the island. And thus a spot, hitherto rented at L.1, 1s. for the summer-pasture of a few sheep, on its scanty patches of grass and thrift, became at once an object of interest and importance to

the public in general. To the geologist and naturalist, it must, indeed, have been always so.

The whole coast partakes more or less of a micaceous schistose character, traversed here and there, as may be seen at Port Davaich, about three miles east of the South Stack, by a vein of trap, in itself a sufficient indication, that indirect igneous, if not immediate volcanic causes, have been no slumbering agents in the formation of this range of coast. Of its having been upheaved or severely compressed by some adequate force from an original position in the earth's crust, a glance upon the precipice fronting the island, affords undisputable proof; and that a great portion of this stratification was at one period in a semi-fluid or pliant state, must be admitted to be equally unquestionable. I can nowhere recollect such a series of fantastic festoonings and twistings, as the face of the rock presents, a few yards on the right of the mainland gateway, opening upon the suspension bridge. I can compare it to nothing more analogous than rolls of ribbon uniformly plaited, resting on an uneven irregular foundation. A little further, on the other hand, the rock changes not only its integral character, but its stratification; assuming, instead of the horizontal, a perpendicular form, exhibiting finer and bolder, though perhaps less curious, features, than its intimate neighbour, on which it immediately impinges. Thus, the Parliament-house cavern seems to have been formed by the falling in of fragments disturbed and disjointed by a sudden change from a horizontal to a perpendicular stratification; when, at the period of its rising, it shoved aside and elbowed away the more yielding masses of the tortuous schist. An additional proof that this unbending obdurate mass was the aggressor, may, I think, be inferred from the shattered face of the elevated surface, forming the highest peak of the mountain, rising far above the surrounding and more decidedly micaceous schistose beds, exhibiting a dismal scene of fraction, dislocation, and of trituration, (if the term may be applied to fragments of many tons in weight,) as if the cumulus had contended with sturdy obstacles in its process of elevation. An experienced observer will require no directions to detect various points of

contact between rival masses; but there is one within a few yards of the spot on which he first treads upon the island, after crossing the bridge, so well adapted for observation, that it may be allowable to point it out. On proceeding towards the light-house, he will perceive a deep indenture very conspicuous on the south-east side, where the sea rolls in, forming the gulf before mentioned, into which the natural tunnel opens; proceeding to the extremity of the promontory, immediately fronting the abrupt face of the opposite side of this gulf, he will trace a marked difference in the texture of the arm on which he stands, and that directly facing him; the one being in part more massive, while the other inclines to the micaceous schistose form—and on following the two curves of the gulf to their point of junction, he will readily remark, that, although in very close contact, they are, nevertheless, not identically the same stratum; and possibly the intermediate chasm may have been occasioned by the rupture which took place in their component parts at the moment (and if it was the work of a moment—what a moment!) of collision—when these mighty rocks rose from the sea, grinding and grating the one against the other.

Thus much of the geological attractions. As for the naturalist, in the scene which appears in all its feathered glory before him, he will find certain species, which can nowhere be contemplated with such ease and satisfaction, as at the points of this projecting promontory. There have I sat, and could have remained for hours, watching these sea-birds, and listening to their wild cry, mingling with the hoarse roar of the waves lashing the rocks below. The perpendicular faces of this little gulf are intersected by innumerable fissures, crevices, ledges, and shelves, admirably adapted for birds requiring these accommodations; and here accordingly an army of razor-bills (*alea torda*) and guillemots (*colymbus troile*) had taken up their position, almost, though not entirely, to the exclusion of the gulls. And therein, as if conscious of their safety, it being an inviolable rule never to disturb them, they were carrying on their usual occupations with the most perfect unconcern, permitting one to enter fully into their domestic arrange-

ments. Closely jammed in a lateral niche, just opposite, sat 72 guillemots, all bowing their heads at each other, with a gravity and solemnity unaccountable. On they went for above a quarter of an hour, without intermission, each nodding slowly to his neighbour, who, with equal composure, nodded as slowly in return. Now and then, from another ledge, one or two would come in from a short excursion, and, jostling the whole line, send a dozen or two backwards over the edge, croaking disapprobation at the intruders, who took the vacant places, utterly disregarding the confusion they had caused. It was impossible at first to divest oneself of an involuntary shudder, as they slid headlong or backwards into the abyss, their squab plump bodies supported by such comparatively disproportioned wings. I felt at every moment a sort of rising cry, "Ah, poor bird, nothing can save him! he must be killed." When flapping his little pinions, away he went, cleaving the air, making his circuit of a mile, skimming now and then over the sea, but not touching the waves, and then returning to his friends. Amidst the myriads of old ones, I looked in vain for any thing like a corresponding number of young; I could scarcely see a single individual. It is true, that the females only produce one egg; but still that could not account for the paucity of progeny. I suspect from certain sympathetic croakings uttered by the old ones, when turning their heads towards little chinks, the recesses of which were invisible, that the infant birds were kept in the background; and well they are so, or otherwise, in the constant disturbances, and tumbings over, that take place, they must inevitably break their necks in the confusion.

But a greater surprise was excited by perceiving in the midst of the bustle a solitary egg here and there lying on the bare rock, within a few inches of the edge. By what care or instinct is it preserved from falling? It has been said, that if they are removed by the human hand, it is impossible, or at least extremely difficult, to replace them in their former steady situation; whence it has been inferred that they are glued by some secreted liquid to the rock. One of our best ornithologists, Montagu, on good evidence, doubts the

fact, but still the mystery is great, if not greater; there they are in a most hazardous situation, but they are preserved—by what means? How many are the things which our philosophy cannot fathom! The razor-bills were by no means so numerous as the guillemots, and, generally speaking, did not mingle with them; they seemed to hold themselves apart as the better bird of the two, peering at one another, and pluming their coats with a sort of dandy consciousness of their superior brilliancy and glossiness. But both agreed in keeping aloof from me; there was nothing like intrusion on the spot I had selected for observing them. Not so the gulls, at least the *Larus canus*, or common gull. They were all familiarity; some flew so near, that I could almost feel the fanning of their wings; while others settled within a few yards, cønning me over with a vacant simple stare, uttering their plaintive, melancholy, imploring sort of note. While on the other hand, a pair or two of the large black-beaked gulls (*Larus marinus*) now and then sailed by, and then alighting on an inaccessible ledge, reconnoitred me with a scrutinizing look from their keen, suspicious, penetrating eye, expressing a very different language. The former, barely opening their slender beaks sufficiently to give vent to a gentle cry, seemed to say, "We are poor harmless creatures, do not hurt us." The latter, on the other hand, the moment they had perched, opened theirs as wide as possible, uttering, at the same time, a loud hearty scream, *ab imo pectore*, as much as to say, "This is our territory; you have no business here; we wish you would go away." Not far from the resting-place of this pair of black-beaked gulls, a pair of the common sort had established themselves on a bit of a plateau that made one giddy to look at, and quite tremble for the fate of their sole offspring, a little grey down-covered toddler, with about half an inch between his toes and destruction, for a breath would have blown him over; but there he stood quite at his ease, so well tutored apparently, that when the old ones successively returned with food, he was indifference itself. No tremulous movement of his flappers, no impatient stretchings of neck, or gaping of mouth, like other young birds. I cannot conceive a more melancholy advance from infancy to maturity, than this youngster's; it

being evident, from the moment of his quitting his egg-shell to the present hour, the choice of standing on his right or left leg, or a cautious putting of one before the other, to the extent of a few inches, was the only source of amusement or variety within his reach. It was curious to observe the proceedings of many of the older birds. The din was incessant, and some seemed quite exhausted with screaming, or hearing others scream; for I could perceive them retiring from the main body to rest a while in perfect silence. Now and then, indeed, as if by mutual consent, the uproar entirely ceased, and the whole body settled on a rocky inclined plain, interspersed with grass, of some extent, just below the light-keepers' dwellings, which formed their grand nursery establishment; for there, in every stage of growth, hundreds of young ones were moving about; I conclude that each parent had a perfect knowledge of its own nestlings, though, generally speaking, there were no striking symptoms of recognition; apparently, old and young seemed to mingle without much reference to relationship, and a stranger might have supposed that there was a community of offspring. The only sign of attachment I remarked, was, that an old bird would now and then fix its eye in a more pointed manner on some one of these movable puff-balls of downy feathers, and then suddenly opening its mouth, deposit at the feet of the fledgling, a crawful of half-digested shrimps or soft crabs. Numerous as they are even now, before the erection of the light-house and bridge, these assemblages in the breeding season were tenfold greater. When the works were commenced in the spring of 1808, the unusual appearance of persons on the island, with their operations of blasting, &c. so disturbed the proceedings of the birds who had recently arrived, that with the exception of one solitary pair of gulls, the whole body, including guillemots and razor-bills, took to flight, leaving the intruders in full possession of a spot which they, from time unknown, had occupied by a sort of prescriptive right, although occasionally annoyed by other birds, as well as accidental visitors from the mainland. This solitary pair had taken post on that inaccessible plateau of bare rock where I noticed the single young gull, and seemed to be aware that nothing but shot or

stones could dislodge them. Their determined confidence in the security of their stronghold met with its due reward, orders being issued that none should molest them. The consequence was, that in a short time they became quite familiarized to the noise and bustle, and remained until their young were reared, and in a condition to shift for themselves.

In the ensuing spring, the same pair, as was supposed, retook possession of their old post, and strict orders, as before, were given, on no account to disturb them, and as a further protection, no fire-arms were allowed to be used, and any strangers disregarding these rules were not to be admitted again on the island. In consequence of a rigid attention to these humane regulations the same pair continued for five successive years to visit the same ledge, and rear their young, consisting generally of two, and never exceeding three in number. But although only this single pair were observed to breed on the island, a considerable number at times, as if aware of their security, sought shelter, denied them on the mainland, where, notwithstanding the bare and perpendicular character of the precipices, there was scarcely a spot among the clefts and hollows to which the young men and boys of the neighbourhood did not find their way in search of eggs, for which they found a ready demand.

The main body of gulls at length, finding that these wonted haunts no longer afforded security, and whether taught by the experience of the above pair, or from their own observation, in the spring of the sixth year took refuge in the island, chiefly on the south side, and on the inclined plain before mentioned, where they have remained during the breeding season ever since, and on this spot, in particular, their artless nests are spread in such numbers, that it is difficult at times to avoid treading upon them. It is remarkable, however, that only two pair of the black-beaked gulls returned, and these, according to their usual habits, not only build apart, but never herd with the rest. Neither have the razor-bills and guillemots re-established themselves in the same abundance, or with the same apparent confidence, which may in some degree be accounted for by the parts of the rock most suited to their habits having been more or less used as landing-places.

But although these poor birds have, contrary to the general rule, found a protector in man, they are not entirely without their troubles and annoyances. Certain crows, the light-keepers say, a pair only of one particular species, come at the same time, and build their nest just opposite the Stack, as if for the express purpose of harassing and stealing their eggs. For no sooner do the gulls begin to lay, than these two crows are perpetually on the look-out, frequently hovering over and watching for an opportunity to carry off a prize. The moment the thieves appear, the whole gull colony is in a state of commotion and consternation; those on their nests cowering over their new-laid treasures, while the others, by their screams and menacing attitudes, do their best to frighten and drive the marauders away; but the cunning crows usually gain their point. Watching an opportunity, down they pounce, pierce an egg with their sharp beak, and fly off with it in a trice. The light-keepers assert, that these crows are of a species known only in Ireland, and never, with the exception of these two individuals, seen in Anglesey; from their description, I have, however, no doubt of its being the hooded or Royston crow (*corvus cornix*), well known in many parts of England, and in the north, very destructive to the eggs and young of the red grouse. A curious circumstance fell under the observation of the light-keeper: a pair of these birds had for some years frequented the same spot, when one season the female was shot, and the male almost immediately disappeared, remaining absent for the space of three or four days, when he returned with another partner, and the business of nidification was carried on as before.

The gulls, at this season so numerous on the island and adjacent coast, disperse themselves for half the year, and are never seen congregated in great numbers, except when attracted by shoals of herrings, or some similar cause; but it is positively asserted by the light-keepers, as a very extraordinary fact, that they all instinctively return to the South Stack on the same night, viz. the 10th February, and retire, with the exception of those that, having been robbed on the main, had resorted to the island to renew the labours of incubation on the night of the 12th August. The keepers state that, in the middle of the former

night, they are warned of their arrival by a great noise, as it were a mutual greeting and cheering, adding, that they look to their return as that of so many old acquaintances after a long absence, announcing the winter to be over, and spring approaching. For a time they appear to congregate together without any order whatever; but in the course of a month, begin to pair, and getting their nests in readiness, proceed to lay their eggs. On a lonely spot, facing the South Stack, a couple, of what are familiarly here termed mountain hawks, but which I ascertained to be the peregrine falcon (*falco peregrinus*), annually build; and as they occasionally give chase to the sea-birds, they are frequently brought under the notice of the light-keepers. One day the hawk was seen pursuing a razor-bill, but aware probably of the toughness of its skin, instead of assaulting his prey with the usual death-pounce from the beak, he seized the unfortunate bird by the head with both his claws, and made towards the land, his prisoner croaking, screaming, and struggling lustily. Being a heavy bird, he so far incommoded or overbalanced his aggressor, that both descended fast towards the sea; when just as they touched the water, the falcon let go his hold and ascended, the razor-bill as instantaneously diving below.

About sixty years ago, an American ship was lost near the sound between the South Stack and the Main, when a great number of rats, described to be of a very large size, probably the Norway rat (*mus decumanus*), landed upon the island, where their descendants remained until about six years ago, to the great annoyance of the light-keepers, who adopted every possible means to get rid of them, by poison, guns, dogs, and traps; a considerable number were at length killed, and probably this incessant warfare decided them upon decamping, which they did, it is supposed, in a body, at the same time, for not one has been ever seen on the island since a particular night. There is, moreover, good reason for believing that they not only went off in a body, but to the same identical spot, as immediately afterwards the nearest farm-yard at Tymaur, about a mile from the head of the Stairs inland, was found to be overrun with them; and in one rick of corn, which was nearly half consumed, no less than eighty were kill-

ed in making their escape. I believe no other wild quadrupeds breed on the island; but stoats and weasels frequently destroy tame rabbits kept near the dwelling-houses; and that they come from the mainland cannot be doubted, half-consumed dead rabbits having been found on the bridge, evidently the prey of these animals endeavouring to carry them off. In endeavouring to collect any particulars tending to throw light upon the mysterious subject of migration, I ascertained that five woodcocks, and several small birds, such as thrushes, &c. had flown against the plate-glass reflectors with such force as to kill themselves, not always coming from seaward, but often from the land; and I was further assured, that they invariably, in these cases, came from leeward, flying against the wind.

On crossing the bridge, the visitor will find a commodious ascent up a steep zig-zag flight of 374 steps, hewn out of the rock, commanding, at its various angles and windings, a near and picturesque view of precipices on every side; and if he is fortunate, he may peradventure have an opportunity of witnessing the frightful risks to which human beings will fearlessly expose themselves in search of eggs, or samphire (*crithmum maritimum*), equally "dreadful trade." The latter however, I believe, is chiefly found on the precipitous rocks to the eastward. That nine-tenths of these adventurers do not come to untimely ends, must be matter of astonishment to all who see on what apparently rotten or slender tackling their existence depends. Held on by an urchin or two, heedless of consequences, and often inefficient in bodily strength, a lad will lower himself with perfect *sang froid* down the face of a precipice, enough to curdle one's blood to look upon, and on reaching a ledge, barely wide enough to admit the foot of a goat, away will he scramble with or without the rope, according to circumstances, to pillage the nest of a gull, which, if aware of its own powers, might not only baffle his attempt, but flap him headlong to the bottom. Wonderful, however, to say, very few fatal slips are on record; but narrow escapes naturally enough occur frequently. A lady living near this part of the coast, dispatched a boy in search of samphire, with a trusty servant to hold the rope at the top; while the

boy was dangling in her service midway between sky and water, whether unused to his situation, a sudden dizziness from looking downwards at the boy's motions, or misgivings as to his own powers of holding him up, I cannot say, but it so happened that the servant felt a cold sickly shivering creeping over him, accompanied with a certainty that he was about to faint, the inevitable consequence of which, he had sense enough left to know, would be the unavoidable death of the boy, and the probability of his own, as in the act of swooning, it was most likely he would fall forward, and follow the rope. In this dilemma he uttered a loud despairing scream—by good fortune a woman working in an adjoining field heard him, ran up just in time, and caught the rope as the fainting man fell senseless at her feet.

On reaching the summit of the headland, a walk of about a mile to the left leads to the signal station, an establishment connected with two different departments, one belonging to government, to report the arrival of the packets, and other information connected with the public service; the other under the control of individuals, for the purpose of conveying, by telegraphic signals, to Liverpool, notices of homeward or outward bound vessels. This was the station which so severely felt the effects of the lightning alluded to before, when we passed the avalanche of fragments shattered from their primeval resting-place, and forming part of the surface of rock near the North Stack. It was soon after midnight on that dreadful night, when the electric fluid seemed to be in action over the whole body of the mountain, from its apex to its base, that a servant girl, sleeping with two children in the signal cottage, was roused to a sense of her danger, by a crash which shook the house to its foundation. The lightning stripping the shutters, and displacing a large bow-window, entered the bedroom of the signal-man, who was asleep with his two other children, one of whom and the father were scorched, the latter from the middle of the thigh, in a spiral form up to his neck, burning several holes in his flannel waistcoat, which, with the shock, rendered him some time senseless. On examining the room, it was found that the bed-posts were all broken, the curtain rods melted, the pillow of the bed ripped

up in all directions, the clock-case and the bell shivered to atoms, the wainscot, and the dresser behind it, cut to pieces, the front door forced some yards out, a large shelf above the kitchen fire-place forced through the front window, and three of the beams that supported the deck roof broken, forcing all the others out of their sockets. It then tore a hole through a twenty-inch stone-wall, and made its way into another bedroom, where it shivered to pieces all the furniture, iron pots, earthenware, &c., also the wainscoting of the bedroom in which the servant maid and children lay, but without doing them material injury. It then made its way through another twenty-inch stone-wall, into the store-room, where it wrenched from the wall a large cupboard, shivering to pieces its front, shelves, and all the paint-pots, glass, &c. that it contained; then through the foundation of the building, and destroying large stones, it finally furrowed up the pavement, and disappeared through a potato clump twenty yards off. It is a singular fact, that the only article untouched, was a chest containing some dozen cartridges used for signal guns, which, had they exploded, would have blown up the building, and destroyed every individual in it. A brass pan was also blown from a shelf, bottom upwards, upon a turf fire, blazing on the hearth-stone, thereby preventing that destructive element from doing further mischief. The servant, after recovering from her fright, called to her master, but receiving no answer, scrambled over the wreck, and succeeded in taking him out, placed him under a wall some yards from the place, and then carried two of the children, and led the other two, all with scarcely any clothing, to a house at the foot of the mountain, full half a mile distant. Then returning to her master, she found him still senseless in the place where she had deposited him; by proper treatment he was gradually restored, though, for a time, it was feared he would lose his sight; this, however, he at length recovered, with the exception of an occasional weakness, which still remains.

The summit of the mountain not far distant, is in the centre of a very extensive area, surrounded by a rude stone-wall, usually assigned to the Romans, though probably of much more remote antiquity. That the Romans

may have occupied it as a post, there can, indeed, be no doubt, as seven very fine coins, of the date of Constantine, were lately found on the mountain; and a small inlet and island, about four miles S.E. of Holyhead, still bear the name of Porth and Ynys Diana, (Port and Island of Diana.) Near this latter spot, is a small sandy bay, called Porth y Capel, (Port of the Chapel,) on the borders of which a tumulus of considerable elevation is surmounted by the ruins of a chapel, much resembling, in size, construction, and form, Capel Llochwydd on the mountains. Of late years, the sea has made extensive encroachments on the shores of this bay, and almost entirely laid bare the seaward face of the mound, and strewed the whole surface with human bones, evidently shewing that it was of artificial origin, erected over the remains of a considerable number of bodies. The spot deserves the minute attention of the antiquarian. From an examination of the lower strata, and, indeed, the occasional heterogeneous manner of many of the upper deposits, it would seem that they are the remains of bodies collected after a battle, and thrown together without reference to order; but in other places, entire skeletons are deposited in rude graves, formed of, and covered in with, small laminar slabs. On a slight search, I discovered the entire remains of an infant, as well as others of full-grown persons; and about a year ago, a small tin box was picked out of one of these graves, containing ornaments, which, from all that now can be collected, (for the boys who discovered them threw them away as valueless,) were probably necklaces and ear-rings; the box, however, which I saw, was in too perfect a state to have been of Roman manufacture, and rather inclined me to conclude that, as was often the case, this sepulchral monument, be its antiquity what it may, acquired a sanctity which rendered it a favourite depository for the dead, till much later times.

One thing I must remark, which, though possibly accidental, may be of importance in establishing, if not the exact date, at least the race of people by whom it was originally formed. I observed that most, rather, I should

say, all those rude graves, whose directions I could accurately ascertain, as well as the position of some of the lower skeletons, were placed north and south. And I further ascertained, from an intelligent friend, that some skeletons discovered in forming a road in the island, not many years ago, were also laid in the same direction. It would be far too wide a field, in an article like the present, to enter into the manifold, and, I think, convincing proofs, that the early Northern and Indian nations were of one and the same stock, and to trace, from a knowledge of the latter, their mysterious veneration for the north. Suffice it to say, that as the main front and gateways of the great Jain temple at Ajmir were due north, so do we find that the passages of some of the most celebrated of the ancient temples of the sun-worshippers, who originally peopled this country, invariably, for some equally mysterious cause, were also north and south; for example, that of Grian-an (signifying literally the place of the sun, or appertaining unto the sun,) on Greenan mountain, in Donegal; and it may be observed, that this and many similar ruins have, by antiquarians, been compared and classed with the circular erections on the mountain of Holyhead.—Time warns me to conclude, or I might say a few words upon the holy legends of this sacred mountain. I might speak of the discourses held by its patron saint, the holy Gybi, with his brethren, on the isle of Baedrey, or enquire into the possible causes which prompt him at daily dawn, as the chronicles have it, to walk forth upon the waters to meet the patron saint of the Ormshead, and then having met and spoken, why each turns upon his heel, and retires by the way he came; thus, by Gybi's morning course being ever towards the east, and his evening towards the west, and the sun's rays thus ever falling upon his face, his countenance is described to be dark and sunburnt; whereas that of his companion being ever in a counter direction, beholdeth not the sunbeam, and is, therefore, fair and comely to look upon. But upon matters of such high import, I feel some hesitation in speaking without more consideration and deliberation than are now at my command.

ON THE LATE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. II.

ERROR is never so dangerous as when it is involved in propositions containing a large intermixture of truth. The shades of difference between what is just and what is erroneous in human affairs, are so evanescent; the distinction on which they are founded so subtle, that they entirely escape the observation of the generality of mankind; and entire generations, deceived by the obvious truth with which the falsehood is blended, implicitly adopt the whole, and rush on their own destruction, in the sincere belief that they are adopting the only means capable of averting it.

It is thus that the empiric deceives so large a portion of mankind in private life. He adopts a bold and hazardous course, well adapted for most cases, utterly ruinous in others. Ignorant of the symptoms which distinguish the situations where it should, from those where it should not, be applied, he practises in the same way in all. The public, deceived by the undoubted cures which he effects in the first class of cases, never anticipate the danger to be incurred in the last; and unfortunate victims are sent to their graves, from no bad intention on any part, but from not accurately distinguishing the circumstances in which the practice is safe, from those in which it is dangerous, and yielding implicit confidence where experience proves it is misapplied.

National diseases have their empirics, as well as those of individuals: whole generations are seized with fatal prepossessions, as well as high-born dames: the ablest and wisest men are misled by the intermixture of error with truth, as well as the thoughtless votaries of fashion.

In no instance is the truth of these principles more obvious, than in the opinions now generally received as to the expedience of concession to the demands of the people, in periods of great political excitement.

Timely concession, it is said, is the only way to prevent disaster. The disturbances which afflict society are almost all to be ascribed to the ob-

stinate adherence to old institutions, in circumstances where the state of society requires their modification. Change, in time, is reformation; when too late, revolution.

The observation is perfectly just in one sense, and when applied to trouble springing from one cause; and perfectly erroneous in another, and when applied to discontent springing from a different source. It is only by attending to the distinction between the two great objects of popular ambition, that the different practice to be adopted in different situations can be distinguished: and the means attained of allaying public discontent, without unhinging the frame of society.

There is, in the first place, the love of freedom, properly so called, that is, of immunity from restriction, oppression, or injury. This principle is perfectly innocent, and is the spring of all elevation of individual character, and all improvement of political condition. Every concession which is calculated to increase this species of liberty, is safe in all ages and in all places. No matter how strong political excitement may be, if it is directed towards the redress of practical grievances, it cannot be too soon allayed by their removal.

But there is another and a different principle, strong at all times, but particularly to be dreaded in moments of agitation. This is the principle of democratic ambition; the desire on the part of the lower orders of exercising the power of sovereignty, of usurping the government of the state. This is the dangerous principle; the desire, not of exercising industry without molestation, but power without control.

Such is the intermixture of good and evil which is contained in the cup of liberty, as in every other part of human affairs. From the first principle have sprung the greatest and most glorious effects in the history of the world; the arts of Greece, the arms of Rome, the taste of Italy, and the navy of England. From the last, the most dreadful disasters which

have ever afflicted humanity; the factions of Athens, the proscriptions of Rome, the discord of the Italian commonwealth, the bloody sway of the French republic.

But the dangers of the democratic spirit, great in all circumstances, and such as they have been in all ages where freedom has existed, are nothing to what may be anticipated, and have been experienced in modern times. The republics of antiquity, and of the middle ages, were confined to mere towns: Freedom was experienced only by their citizens, the storms of faction were limited to the discussions in the forum. But the discovery of printing, amidst its other incalculable consequences, has spread the means of thinking and acting on political subjects among the whole community. Journals have assumed the place of orators and demagogues: the influence of the editors of newspapers almost superseded that of parliamentary leaders. The storms of faction are not now confined to the forum of Rome, the Place of St Marc at Venice, or the market-place at Ghent; they are diffused over immense nations, and embrace millions of mankind. They are not, as Voltaire said of the factions at Geneva, "storms in a teacup," but the vast swell of the Atlantic, wafted from distant lands, and heaved on the bosom of an insurgent ocean.

The first principle, the love of real freedom, will only produce disturbances where actual evils have been felt; and with their removal, the restoration of tranquillity may be anticipated. The second, or the passion for power, frequently occasions convulsions, independent of any real cause of complaint; or, if they have been excited by such, they continue after the grievance has been removed. The first never spreads by mere contagion; the second is frequently most virulent when the disease has been contracted in this manner.

The love of freedom may always be distinguished from the passion for power. The one is directed to objects of practical importance, and the redress of experienced wrongs: the other aims at visionary improvement, and the increase of democratic influence. The one com-

plains of what has been felt, the other anticipates what may be gained. Disturbances arising from the first, subside when the evils from which they sprung are removed. Troubles originating in the second, magnify with every victory which is achieved. Experienced evil is the cause of agitation from the first: anticipated power the source of convulsion from the last. Reform and concession are the remedies appropriate to the former: steadiness and resistance, the means of extinguishing the flame originating in the latter.

The greatest political errors which have ever desolated the world, have arisen from confounding these opposite principles. They produce the same effects, popular complaint, and disaffection: but the modes of allaying them are as opposite as light and darkness. The concession which is calculated to allay the discontent arising from real suffering, adds fuel to the flame of democratic ambition. The more the latter gains, the more it desires: so long as power or influence are in the hands of their superiors, so long will it never cease to envy and assail them.

In moments of political agitation, it should be the object of the statesman to remove all real causes of complaint, but firmly resist the encroachments of popular ambition. All restrictions upon personal liberty, all oppressive taxes, all odious civil distinctions should be abandoned; all prosecutions calculated to inflame the passions, and convert a demagogue into a martyr, should be avoided. If punishment is required, the mildest which the case will admit, should be selected; in choosing the species of prosecution, the least vindictive should be preferred. The inflicting of death should, above all things, be avoided, unless for crimes which public feeling has stigmatized as worthy of that penalty. But having conceded thus much to the principles of justice, and the growth of freedom, all measures calculated suddenly to augment the power of the people, should be firmly resisted, and nothing yielded likely to inflame the passion of democracy. During the flames of a fever, it is not the moment to stimulate the frame by ardent spirits.

The expansion of popular power

should be left for cooler moments, and made to take place by insensible additions. It is thus that all the great changes of nature are effected. The darkness of winter melts into the light of summer, without any day being sensibly longer than the one which preceded it. All violent and sudden accessions of power are dangerous to society,—ruinous to those who receive them. The riches of harvest are gradually ripened by the increasing warmth of summer; but what would be the consequence if the sun of July were suddenly to succeed the chill of February?

Reflections of this sort are naturally produced, upon comparing the present state of public feeling in Great Britain with that which preceded in France the first Revolution. They cannot be useless at this moment. Past experience is the best guide to future safety.

For some years previous to the first Revolution, a vague feeling of disquietude pervaded France. The weight of the public debt was excessive, and totally disproportioned to the revenues of the state; increasing burdens, and diminishing income, daily augmented the embarrassments of the financiers; the Parliament of Paris and the provinces were refractory, and refused to register the edicts of taxation, or sanction the loans that had been contracted by the royal authority; the people groaned beneath the weight of feudal servitude and oppressive taxation; the middling ranks were impatient under the invidious distinctions between them and the privileged classes. A general cry for Reformation pervaded the nation; from the peasants, for liberation from their burdens; among the burghers, for extension of their civil rights.*

No administration, in such arduous times, was able, for any length of time, to maintain its place at the head of affairs. It was in vain that the old courtier, Maurepas, called to his aid the enlightened Turgot, and the virtuous Malesherbes, to combine the favour of the people with the support of the court. The reform which they attempted, excited the jealousy of the noblesse, and

they were overturned. Calonne next endeavoured, by a profuse expenditure, to increase the public activity, and put in practice his favourite maxim, that “prodigality is a large economy;” but the contraction of new debt soon brought matters to a crisis, and the discovery of an annual deficit of L.7,000,000, overthrew his administration. The Archbishop of Sens then succeeded, and, yielding to the increasing clamour of the nation, agreed to convoke the States-General in 1789; but being unable to avert a national bankruptcy, or provide funds for the public creditors, he, too, was compelled to yield, and Neckar, the idol of the populace, was recalled.

Two courses to alleviate the public suffering, presented themselves to the Swiss minister. The first was to redress the real and experienced grievances of the people: the second, to seek their favour by the concession of political power. Turgot had been the great advocate of the former: he himself had always espoused the latter. In an evil hour he made his election for the adoption of his favourite democratic principles, yielding to the following considerations:—

“It is in vain,” it was said, “to argue that the representation, as it stood on the last convocation of the States General, in 1614, is to regulate the National Assembly in 1789. New cities have arisen, new districts have been covered with inhabitants: the relative importance of the nobility and the commons, have been totally changed by the lapse of time.† Something is necessary to tranquilize the public mind: the only way to prevent a revolution, is to remove the causes of popular complaint.”

These considerations prevailed with the liberal administration of France; and Neckar, to tranquillize the country, and gain the discontented party to his side, obtained an ordinance of the king, increasing to a considerable degree the number of popular representatives in the approaching States General. Tranquillity, gratitude, and peace were anticipated from this liberal concession to the popular party; and

* Mignet, Introduction.

† Bailly's Memoirs, i. 364.

what was the consequence? Did it satisfy the public mind; did it put a stop to the clamour for innovation; did it avert the horrors of the revolution? The answer will be found in the words of the man in existence who gained most by the revolution, Napoleon Bonaparte. "The concessions of Neckar, were the work of a man ignorant of the first principles of the government of mankind. It was he who overturned the monarchy, and brought Louis XVI. to the scaffold. Marat, Danton, Robespierre himself, have done less mischief to France than Neckar: It was he that brought about the revolution. I have lived through it. I have witnessed those days of disaster and public mourning; but be assured, while I live, they shall never return. Such reformers as M. Neckar, such framers of Utopian plans of government, do incredible mischief. The weak read their works; the populace are carried away by them. The public happiness is in every mouth, and soon after, the people find themselves without bread; they revolt, and that is all that is gained by such theories. Neckar was the author of all the evils which have desolated France during the revolution: all the blood shed during it rests on his head."*

In truth, it is not difficult to perceive that nothing can be so dangerous as to give any considerable accession to the power of the people, during a period of public excitement. It is an equal error to augment their power, in such circumstances, as to repress it with undue severity in prior periods of tranquillity. Neckar granted to the *tiers etat*, a great accession of numbers; he gave representatives to many places which had previously possessed none, and by these liberal concessions, he hoped to have allayed the public discontents. Immediately after the meeting of the States General, viz. on 23d June, 1789, the king published an ordinance, which, even according to the admission of the republicans, redressed all the real evils of France.† Thus the people had obtained parliamentary reform, and all their practical causes of com-

plaint were removed. And what was the consequence? Were the commons satisfied with the advantages they had gained? Were the new representatives inclined to support the cause of order? Their conduct was diametrically the reverse. No sooner had they obtained real freedom, no sooner had they got quit of the feudal fetters, than they were seized with the passion for political power: their very first act was an usurpation of the rights of sovereignty; they subverted the constitution of the monarchy, by compelling the other orders to form one assembly with them, instead of voting according to immemorial usage in separate houses; and then, by the force of numerical majorities, confiscated the whole property of the church; struck off two-thirds of the national debt; abolished titles of dignity, and the right of primogeniture; and established the most thorough democracy which the world had ever beheld.

Nor was the fate of this popular minister—this champion of the commons of France—this leader of Parliamentary Reform, less remarkable than the consequences of the measure which he introduced. For a few weeks, he was hailed by the shouts of the multitude; and when the king, acting under the influence of other councils, dismissed him from the ministry, he was brought back from Coppet, in Switzerland, by the popular voice, in triumph, equalled only by the return of Napoleon from Elba. But, from that day, his popularity declined. The popular party having gained their object of augmenting their own forces in the constituent assembly, speedily abandoned the minister who had conceded that great addition to their power; dismissed by the assembly, who now adopted other leaders, more audacious and less honest than himself, he was arrested by the populace on the very road which he had recently traversed in triumph, and compelled to sue for permission to leave France, from that very assembly which owed its elevation to his concessions.

There can be no greater error than to suppose, that because the conces-

* Bourrienne, viii. 109.

† Mignet, i. 37.

sion to popular desire for power is supported by many of the wisest and most generous men,—because it can boast of partisans among the most enlightened of the nobility,—because it seems to be almost the unanimous wish of the whole writers and orators of the day, that therefore it is not fraught, in periods of excitement, with the utmost danger. It is chiefly to be dreaded, because it is introduced under such auspices: and men of inferior weight could not let loose, though they might flow with the current. The duplication of the *tiers état* in France—that fatal measure which brought on the Revolution—was supported by the greatest statesmen of the day. There are, doubtless, many great and good men, who now support the cause of Parliamentary Reform; but they are neither more virtuous than Turgot and Neckar, nor abler than Mirabeau and Bailly. Yet the concessions of these great men are now universally admitted to have been the immediate cause of the Revolution. “No revolution,” says Madame de Stael, “can succeed in a great country, unless it is commenced by the aristocratical class; the people afterwards get possession of it, but they cannot strike the first blow. When I recollect that it was the Parliament, the nobles, the clergy, who first strove to extend the power of the people in France, I am far from intending to insinuate that their design in doing so was culpable; a sincere enthusiasm then animated all ranks of Frenchmen; public spirit had spread universally; and among the higher ranks, the most enlightened and generous were those who most ardently desired that public opinion should have its due weight in the direction of affairs. But can the privileged ranks who commence a revolution accuse those who carry it on? Some will say, we wished only to go a certain length, others, a step farther; but who can regulate the impulse of a great people when the torrent is once let loose?”* These are the words of M. Neckar’s daughter, the intrepid defender and faithful worshipper of her father’s memory; herself one of the greatest characters of the age, and the warm-

est friend of the cause of freedom. She had lived to see the consequences of those concessions to the people, which her father was the first to support.

We are not in the least moved by the great names who now, seriously and conscientiously, support the extension of the popular representatives. We have seen many delusions as great, universally prevalent; we have seen the whole public press of the country unanimous one year in support of opinions, which in the next were universally abandoned. The existence of a general clamour in newspapers, orators, and public meetings, proves that the passions are afloat, not that reason is predominant.

During the whole of 1828, the journals, not only of England, but of Europe, were unanimous in maintaining that the Russian arms had experienced the greatest disasters. No one ventured to assert that the Ottoman forces would not be triumphant. “The Sultan has saved himself by his firmness, and Europe by his example,” was the language universally used by all the writers, orators, and popular men in Europe. The retreat of the Russians, on the close of the campaign, was hailed with almost as much exultation as the flight of Napoleon from Moscow. It was in vain that a few individuals, who attended to the facts, observed that the Russians had conquered in that campaign half the Turkish empire in Europe; that the loss of the Danube deprived the Ottomans of their chief source of revenue; and the possession of Varna gave their enemies a seaport, the key to the Balkan, and the outwork of Constantinople. All such opinions were treated with utter disdain.

A year passed over: the Russian soldiers, issuing from the stronghold of Varna, captured Silistria, defeated the Grand Vizier on June 11, crossed the Balkan, took Adrianople, and dictated peace almost within sight of the seraglio. Confounded and perplexed by such events, the journals of Europe were silenced, and the unanimous opinion of 1828 was, in 1829, unanimously abandoned.

Concession to the Catholics, it was universally said by the ablest men in Britain, would extinguish the jealousies and animosities of Ireland. Religious rancour would no longer distract that beautiful island: the great military force hitherto maintained in it would be withdrawn for the protection of the rest of the empire, and instead of a focus of sedition it would become a fortress of loyalty. This measure, in itself just and reasonable, was carried by a great exertion of ministerial vigour and capacity; and what was the consequence? Is Ireland less formidable to Britain, her peasantry less discontented, her Members of Parliament more grateful than before? Have any of the troops who compose her garrisons been withdrawn to protect the south of England from violence and conflagration? The fact is notoriously the reverse, the democratic spirit has come instead of religious fervour; Repeal of the Union has become the war-cry instead of Catholic emancipation; and the bitterest enemies of the late ministry, have been those very men who owed their seat in the Legislature to their exertions.

The great error of the friends of order in the present time, consists in not attending to the ultimate consequences of the concessions to the democratic part of the constitution, which are now proposed. They see it brought forward by able and enlightened men; splendid orators and gifted statesmen; supported by those who have a great stake in the country, and whose interests are decidedly adverse to popular violence. Nothing brought forward by such men, it is thought, can have a revolutionary tendency. This is perfectly true with reference to the measures which will be proposed by them. But the question is, if they give an impulse to democratic ambition by conceding one point, will the government be hereafter able to resist additional concession, when demanded by an inferior class, roused to revolutionary energy by the hopes and ambition which the first great victory of the people will infallibly excite?

Democratic ambition, it is always to be recollected, is *insatiable*; it will never rest satisfied till all the power of government is at the immediate disposal of the people. It is totally unlike the discontent arising from oppression; like all other passions, it is repressed by the absence, and increased by the revival of hope. It is never so strong as when it has the nearest prospect of complete gratification.

A signal proof of the truth of these observations occurred in both the French revolutions. The revolutionary energy of France was quadrupled by the duplication of the *tiers etats*; it multiplied an hundred-fold with the Tennis Court oath. "The Commission proposed by the King on 23d June, 1789," said Mirabeau, "would have been hailed with transport two years ago; now it is too late."* Why was it too late? Because in the interval Neckar had yielded to popular clamour; because he had doubled the number of the Commons and excited the revolutionary ardour of all classes by this extraordinary addition to the power of the people.

"The consequences of the revolt of July 14th and the capture of the Bastille," says Mignet, "were immense. Half a million of National Guards immediately rose into action; the movement of the Revolution became irresistible."† This is the language of the ablest of the republican historians—this was the consequence of the next victory of the people. So far from inspiring moderation, it increased audacity; because the spirit which got possession of the nation was not the desire of freedom, but the passion for power.

Twenty pieces of cannon, guided by a Ney, a Davoust, or a Murat, placed in battery at the Louvre, on July 28, 1830, would have changed the destinies of France. They would have crushed a hydra which five hundred thousand brave men now could not overcome. Such are the consequences of irresolution and imbecility, in resisting the first attacks of revolutionary aggression.

Napoleon knew well how to act against popular insurrections—no

* Mignet, i. 4.

† Ibid. i. 69.

man understood better that the way to quiet the people was not to yield to their demands. On the 2d October, 1795, all Paris was in insurrection against the government of the Convention; 40,000 National Guards, well armed and disciplined, and animated by the utmost enthusiasm, advanced against the Tuileries, defended only by five thousand regular troops and a train of heavy artillery. But these troops were commanded by Napoleon. Menou had nearly ruined the government by his irresolution on the preceding day—the committees of government—the Convention were trembling; proposals of capitulation to the insurgent capital were openly made in the Assembly. But Napoleon was immovable. A few discharges of grape-shot from his powerful batteries dispersed the dense columns of the assailants; and a revolt which, if successful, would have changed the destinies of the world, was extinguished in three hours.

On July 28, 1830, the same posts at the Tuileries were attacked by a mob, not exceeding 6000 men, imperfectly armed, and totally undisciplined; but they were not met by Napoleon. The whole effective regular forces in the city did not then amount to 5000 men; they had only eight pieces of cannon, and only four rounds of grape were discharged in the whole three days' conflict.* The consequence was, the Tuileries were forced, the government overturned, the disaffected over all France roused into action, revolutionary hopes universally diffused, the dynasty of Belgium overthrown, and Europe threatened with a general war.

Such are the different effects of steady resistance, and imbecile submission to popular clamour.

Where was it that the Revolutionary spirit so powerfully excited by these memorable events was arrested? Was it by the system of concession and temporization which went on at Brussels at the commencement of the revolt, or the feeble and dastardly attack of the Dutch troops? It was by the fire of the citadel of Antwerp:

Had General Chasse commanded at Paris, the approaching devastation of Europe would have been averted.

We do not make these remarks in order to recommend any illegal or violent acts on the part of government. We have an utter horror for all *coups d'état*, especially when supported by five thousand men, and four rounds of grape shot. The steadiest adherence to existing law, the most rigid observance of the Rights of the People, should form the leading principle of every administration: nay, the existence of public excitement is a sufficient reason for selecting this as the period for the most anxious examination into any real grievances that may oppress the people, and the immediate repeal of all restrictions on, or unnecessary burdens on, public industry. But while all this is conceded, the question still remains, is this the time for a great and unprecedented addition to the powers of the people? When the democratic spirit has been every where set afloat by the extraordinary success of the Belgian and French Revolutions; when the daring, the reckless, the desperate, are only waiting the commencement of any considerable change to work upon the people by their ambitious projects; is it a fitting season to give a greater increase to the popular part of the constitution than it has received since the Norman Conquest? is there no danger that if the relative strength of the opposing forces in the machine is so suddenly changed, its balance may be subverted, and the flywheel become incapable of regulating its movements?

There is a principle in the constitution which admits of a progressive and gradual addition to the democratic part of the state; and we deeply lament that it has not been matured into a regular system. This is in the disfranchisement of such boroughs as are convicted of corruption, and the transference of their right of electing to the most considerable manufacturing cities. Such a system would produce that gradual addition to the democratic power in the constitution, which is consistent

* Military Events of the late Revolution, p. 32.

with the equilibrium of the whole. Were it fixed by act of Parliament, that as soon as any borough is disfranchised for corruption, its member should be returned by the unrepresented town, containing the greatest population, a clear inlet would be opened for the gradual extension of popular power. It is just because we feel strongly the benefit of any such progressive change that we deprecate the introduction of any sudden and general measure at this juncture.

The Duke of Wellington's declaration against Reform in the House of Lords has been more the subject of obloquy than any statement by a minister in the recollection of any man living. So also was the battle of Navarino: the most glorious event almost that ever graced the annals of Britain, the justest and "bravest deed" ever done by a Christian power. Yet who now concurs in the vituperation that was once lavished on that heroic achievement? We are proud to take the lead in dissenting from the clamour; and in recording the assertion on Feb. 1, 1831, that, situated as the country was, assailed by domestic incendiaries, and convulsed by foreign revolutionary example, it was the wisest statement that could then have been made by a Prime Minister. General dissent will probably be expressed against this opinion: and it will be said, timely concession was the only way to avert a revolution. We shall see, when it becomes matter of history, to which side the verdict of reason will incline.

From the language and conduct of all parties at the present crisis, one would imagine that the lessons of experience have been forgotten by the young, the experience of years by the old. The 13th Charles II. c. 32, enacts, "That no person or persons shall repair to his Majesty, or both or either Houses of Parliament upon pretence of presenting or delivering any petition, complaint, remonstrance, declaration, or other addresses, accompanied with excessive numbers of persons, nor at any one time *with above the number of ten persons*, under the penalty of L.100 in money and three months' imprisonment." In the case of Lord George Gordon's riot in 1781, it was

determined by Lord Mansfield, that this act *was in full force*. Nevertheless, in December 1830, a deputation of the trades of London, attended by 8000 persons bearing a tri-color flag, presented a congratulatory address to the sovereign.

We acquit all concerned in this measure of the remotest bad intention. We know the demeanour of the trades in the procession was perfectly becoming; and we have no doubt that the Government conscientiously believed, that contesting the point would have been productive of worse effects than conceding it to the people. But still the propriety of the measure remains a question, and it is material to attend to the consequences of the practice in the neighbouring kingdom.

Early in the revolution, the custom was introduced of presenting addresses to the French king by numerous deputations from different bodies, and for some time without any bad consequences. But what was conceded to one set of petitioners could not be refused to another; and what was yielded in periods of tranquillity as a measure of prudence, came to be demanded in moments of agitation as a matter of right. At length, on October 5, 1789, four months after the meeting of the States General, the scarcity of provisions in Paris, the natural consequence of a revolution, produced an unusual degree of excitement among the labouring classes. They set off in a body, 30,000 strong, to present their petitions to the king. La Fayette in vain endeavoured to induce the National Guard to resist the tumult: after labouring for five hours without intermission, he was obliged to yield to the torrent. A furious multitude of drunken men and abandoned women proceeded to Versailles, where they insulted the King, broke at midnight into the palace, ransacked the royal apartments, and pierced the bed of the Queen with their bayonets in spite at the escape of their victim. On the following day, the royal family were brought captives in mournful procession to Paris. "Two of the Body Guard, with all the parade of the execution of justice, were cruelly and publicly dragged to the block,

their heads stuck upon spears, and led in the procession; while the royal captives, who followed in the train, were slowly moved along, amidst the horrid yells and thrilling screams, and frantic dances, and infamous contumelies of furies of hell in the abused shape of the vilest of women. After they had been made to taste drop by drop more than the bitterness of death in the slow torture of a journey of twelve miles, protracted to six hours, they were, under a guard composed of those very soldiers who had thus conducted them through this mournful triumph, lodged in the old palace of the Tuileries, now become a Bastille for kings.*

On June 20, 1792, when the passions of the people were wrought up to the highest pitch by the refusal of the king to sanction the inhuman laws against the nonjuring priests and emigrant nobility, an immense body of workmen proceeded from the Fauxbourg St Antoine to present a petition to the king, praying him to withdraw the *veto*. The unruly torrent first approached the National Assembly, and tumultuous bands defiled through the Hall of the Deputies, amidst the shouts of the Jacobins. Next, they inundated the Tuileries, filled every apartment of the palace, insulted the royal family, surrounded the king for hours with vociferous threats, and compelled him to put on, in derision, the red cap of liberty. The smallest accident on that day would have exposed to destruction the whole royal family.

On 2d June, 1793, forty thousand armed men proceeded to present a petition to the National Convention, that very democratic assembly which had so recently beheaded the king, praying for the immediate impeachment of six of its members. Beset on all sides, the deputies in vain endeavoured to impose on the people by the majesty of the legislature, and force a passage through the columns of the assailants; the insurgents pointed their cannons against the Assembly, and drove them back in dismay to their seat of deliberation. "Retire, deliberate, and OBEY!" said

Marat, and the trembling legislators, in momentary expectation of death, yielded to the demands of the sovereign multitude, and gave up the thirty-one illustrious leaders of the Gironde, the bravest and noblest republicans, to captivity and death. With the presenting of *that petition* commenced the Reign of Terror in France.

On the 20th May, 1795, an assemblage of the populace of Paris surrounded the Hall of the Convention to present a petition, praying for "bread and the constitution 1793." Unable to resist such formidable supplicants, the Convention were compelled to admit them to the bar of the Assembly. Vociferous multitudes defiled in their presence, exclaiming, "Bread and the constitution 1793!" Pikes and pistols were presented to the breast of the president, the deputy Feraud, who, with generous devotion, interposed his body, received a fatal stroke, and was seized by the mob. His body was dragged out and beheaded in the lobby; and the murderers returned with the head on a pike, and presented it to Boissy d'Anglas, the president of the Assembly. With Roman constancy he bowed before the lifeless remains of duty and devotion, and was at length dragged by his friends from the jaws of destruction.

All these petitioners founded their right to be received *en masse* upon the practice of such petitions having been admitted in the commencement of the revolution. They were all preceded by the tri-color flag.

And, on the 7th December, 1830, a petition was presented to the King of England by eight thousand persons, bearing, amongst other banners, the tri-color flag.

Was the flag of England, that which waved at Cressy, and Blenheim, and Waterloo, then not sufficient? Were the citizens of London driven to seek devices from the French republic in consequence of the absence of any heart-stirring emblems in the records of their own city? Truly, the present generation of English seem to have forgot the ancient glories of their race.

The danger to be apprehended, we

repeat, is not from the present administration, or the immediate and foreseen consequences of any measure which they may bring forward. Neither was the danger to France, from the anticipated effects of the increase of the Commons by Neckar. Yet that fatal measure immediately brought on the Revolution. It is the ultimate consequences of the concessions to the people now so much the object of encomium, which are to be dreaded. It is the spirit which they will excite, the hopes they will revive, the passions they will awaken. The spirit which revolutionized France was excited by sudden additions to the popular representations brought forward by men as great, supported by arguments as plausible as those which are now arrayed on the side of reform. But these great and good men were speedily overthrown by the democratic energy which they had excited; the idols of the people one day, they became the objects of universal execration the next, the moment they strove to moderate the fury on which they had risen to eminence. The present administration, like Lafayette, Mirabeau, and Bailly, will maintain their popularity as long as they concede to the demands of the people; the moment they oppose them, they will, like him, become the objects of popular detestation—and lament, when too late, the growth of a revolutionary spirit, which all the might of England will, perhaps, be unable to subdue.

The growth of this spirit has already been frightfully rapid. Since it was announced that reform was to be made a Cabinet measure, it has augmented tenfold—the vehemence of its partisans has increased in that short period to a degree unprecedented in the memory of man. Universal suffrage, vote by ballot, are talked of by the people as inevitable acquisitions. The addition of a hundred new members to the House of Commons from the commercial cities is spoken of as certain—an addition which will render the democratic party irresistible. “Were opinion,” says the *Atlas*, “not so strong and irresistible, the weakness or wickedness of nature might come in to delay the consummation of the great national events which are now in

progress. The Minister is now, he cannot help it, impelled by the *vox populi*. He is carried on with the tide, and although he may be the very last convert in the kingdom, he has no time to wait for conviction. The question of reform has advanced with inconceivable rapidity even since the date of our last.” Such is one of the consequences already produced by concession even on the admission of the very party in whose favour it is made. Reform has made inconceivable progress “since the date of our last;” the minister has now “no time for conviction,” “he is impelled by the *vox populi*.” A graver and more serious question than any which has been agitated since the revolution; one on which the future destinies of Britain hinge, is hastened on in this manner. How clearly does this indicate the presence of the “passion for democracy!” How exactly does it resemble the fatal precipitance of the Constituent Assembly!

Objects of real practical importance are now disregarded—a sure proof that it is the desire of power, not the love of freedom, which is agitating the country. The repeal of the assessed taxes, the reformation of the poor-laws, the limitation of corporeal punishment in the army; the mitigation of the criminal code; the amelioration of Ireland; the employment of the poor, occupy no portion of the public attention. No public meetings are called on such subjects—no journals think them worthy of discussion. When passion is awakened, the voice of reason becomes inaudible—real benefits are overlooked in the struggle for political supremacy.

Mr Stanley, one of the most gifted men in Parliament, of an old and illustrious Whig family, himself one of the most able advocates of popular reform, has been thrown out, and Mr Hunt is elected Member for Preston! This is exactly what might have been expected; it is an example of what may be generally anticipated from a sudden extension of the elective franchise to the great manufacturing cities. The high-minded and upright Whigs will be immediately discarded, as the Constitutionalists and Girondists were in the French Revolution. To be a reformer and

a patriot, will no longer be a recommendation with the populace—stronger popular flattery will be required—more extravagant professions of zeal for the majesty of the people demanded—those who headed the movement will speedily be supplanted by those who have adopted it.

We devoutly hope the returning good sense of the nation may avert the calamities we apprehend; but should a convulsion arise, it will be very different from any which have preceded it in this country. The next revolution which Great Britain undergoes, if so deplorable an event should ever occur, will not be long headed by the higher orders; it will not follow the guidance of the Lords and Commons—it will not be directed to the establishment of any civil immunities. Power, not freedom, will be its object; it will be directed against both Lords and Commons—it will aim at the destruction of all influence save that which emanates from the lower orders of society. It will be a general insurrection of the lower orders against the higher; an effort of the populace to take the powers of sovereignty into their own hands, and divide among themselves all that is now enjoyed by their superiors. It will be followed by the consequences which attended a similar effort in the neighbouring kingdom. It will, in the first instance, be loudly praised, and it will excite the most extravagant expectations; it will be headed by many good men, warm in their hopes of human felicity, ardent in their expectation of the regeneration of society. Speedily their ascendant will be at an end; vice, reckless ambition, daring selfishness, will rise from the lower classes of society; philosophic enthusiasm will instantly be annihilated by

vulgar ambition. The property of the church will be the first victim; the regenerators of society will declare, that they take the public worship under the safeguard of the state, and they will perform their promises by giving its ministers L.40 a-year each. The national debt will be the next object of attack; the people will find it intolerable to pay the interest of burdens which they had no hand in imposing; the public creditors will be swept off, and the industry of the people relieved by destroying the accumulation of a thousand years. The estates of the nobility will then become an eyesore to the purifiers of society; land will be viewed as the people's farm; the public miseries will be imputed to the extortions of these unjust stewards, and a division of the great properties, will be the consequence. In the consternation occasioned by these violent changes, commercial industry will come to a stand—agricultural produce will be diminished—the employment of capital will be withdrawn—famine, distress, and want of employment, will ensue—the people will revolt against their seducers—more violent remedies will be proposed—stronger principles of democracy maintained. In the struggle of these desperate factions, blood will be profusely shed. Terror, that destroyer of all virtuous feeling, will rule triumphant. Another Danton, a second Robespierre, will arise; another Reign of Terror will expiate the sins of a new Revolution; and Military Despotism close the scene.

Should we be accused of gloomy predictions, we ask our readers to study the History of the French Revolution; they will find that what in this country is Anticipation for ourselves or our children, is there History.

THE BRITISH COLONIES—ANTI-COLONISTS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL GREY, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following letter, forming the fourth of a series, addressed to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, your predecessor in office, upon a subject of vital importance to the British empire, was written out and ready for the press at the time when the political change took place, which brought your Lordship into a station which has placed the destinies of the British Colonial empire, together with the naval preponderance of this country, entirely in your hands; but, as connecting itself with the other letters on the same subject, the address to his Grace is retained. Permit me to draw the attention of your Lordship to the facts which it contains regarding the colonies, and the great Colonial question, which at present agitates this country. The passages relating to myself, rendered necessary for the vindication of my character and my labours in the controversy with the Anti-colonial calumniators with whom I have to deal, are not of material consequence to the statesman, except in so far as these afford remarkable examples of that total disregard for truth which directs and impels my reckless adversaries in their unconstitutional, their unrighteous, and their ruinous course.

To you, my Lord, the British colonies now look for protection and for justice—that protection and that justice which has so long been denied them, but which, as British possessions and British subjects, they are entitled to expect, to receive, and to demand, from the rulers of their country. Your Lordship cannot forget that they are possessions which NAPOLEON, in the plenitude of his power, coveted; and that which he, as a politician and a statesman, coveted, your Lordship, as a British minister, will most assuredly neither endanger nor throw away.

One hundred and fifty millions of British property in the colonies, a trade giving annually *ten* millions of imports, and *five* millions of exports, and employment, in the direct trade with the mother country, to 260,000 tons of shipping, and 17,000 British seamen, depend upon the solution of the Colonial question—depend upon the judgment, firmness, and discretion of your Lordship; and it is scarcely necessary to remark, that upon the protection or the destruction of all the vast interests just alluded to, the interests of the landed proprietor, and, consequently, the interests of the aristocracy of this country, are deeply, most deeply, connected and involved.

The question before your Lordship is not a political party question, but a question relating exclusively to property—to the property of men of all parties,—a question whether TWO HUNDRED millions of British property and capital, and the existence and support of millions of individuals dependent upon these, shall be protected and preserved, or abandoned and destroyed. This is the real point at issue; nor is the question confined to the state of things in the Charalibbean Archipelago. No! it extends to Hindostan; and, if carried and enforced, as the anti-colonists proclaim they mean to do, throughout *all* the British dominions, it will convulse that vast peninsula to its centre, and be the means of driving every Briton far from its shores. An awful responsibility, therefore, rests on your Lordship's head, while you have it in your power at this moment, by acting as a statesman, and not as a schoolboy, to do more good, or more evil to your country—to her empire, to her resources, and to her power—than any statesman who has gone before you ever had; and your Lordship has, I feel assured, had too much experience in human affairs, to make me doubt about the proper and the favourable result.

I am, &c.

JAMES MACQUEEN.

Glasgow, January 4th, 1831.

LETTER FOURTH.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, &c. &c.

FROM JAMES MACQUEEN, ESQ.

MY LORD DUKE,

YOUR Grace has had numerous opportunities to learn that there are many inconsistent and turbulent characters in the world, and how far these, in order to gain any particular object, will depart from the truth. This being the case, I may perhaps stand excused for bringing, in vindication of myself, the following collection to the notice of your Grace, and to the notice of the public.

First in the list, and "the Goliath" of the band, I must mention JAMES STEPHEN, Esq. Master in Chancery.* This gentleman, thinking he had, by his customary way of classing things, a fine opportunity to do me an injury with the powers that be, tells the world in his new anti-colonial volume, p. 197, and after garbling a silly and malicious statement in a Jamaica journal, in order to help out his case, that my labours in defence of the colonies, had been extended to "the Glasgow Courier, Blackwood's Magazine, the *Morning Journal*, and other ordinary vehicles of his mercenary labours."

Your Whig Attorney-General having, for reasons best known to himself, extinguished the *Morning Journal*, Mr Stephen conceived it would be a good opportunity, judging of your Grace's feelings and ideas by his own, to win your ear, and to attach odium to me, by coupling my name and labours with that journal. In this way I appreciate the attack. On this account I notice and reply to it shortly thus: In or for "the *Morning Journal*, or other ordinary vehicles of mercenary labours," I never wrote a line at any time, nor on any subject; and in the face of the British Empire, I brand the dastardly accusation as a falsehood, a deliberate falsehood. The volume to which I refer, so far as I have yet been able to glance into it, is made up of similar repre-

hensible, disingenuous, and disgraceful accusations and matter.

At a meeting of "the Dublin Anti-slavery Society," held (see *Dublin Morning Post*, April 14th) in that city on the 8th of April last, an individual named "JOSHUA ABELL," secretary, after adverting to a new establishment "for the culture of potatoes and tobacco in the moon," the only place where African free labour has yet succeeded, proceeded thus:—"But let it be remembered that this same Mr Macqueen receives about L.3000 yearly of that which is robbed from the slaves, in order to bribe him to write against law, justice, and the rights of the British people."

It is time, my Lord Duke, that I should draw upon friend Joshua for this munificent income, which some unconscionable knave of his acquaintance has hitherto withheld from me. I do this without ceremony or courtesy, where neither are due, by branding, as I do, in the face of my country, the statement, in all its parts, as an odious and a positive falsehood, and further, that Joshua Abell, when he made it, knew it to be so.

This paragon of veracity further told his hearers, that the West India Colonies cost this country "altogether ten millions a-year!" The magnitude of this falsehood no one can better appreciate than your Grace. The gross income of Great Britain and Ireland for 1828, the year I can first lay my hands on, was in round numbers L.60,000,000. The expenditure stood thus: L.28,200,000 for the interest and management of the national debt; L.5,300,000, expense of collecting, &c.; L.8,000,000 for the army; L.5,700,000 for the navy; L.1,500,000 for the ordnance; civil list and miscellaneous, L.2,200,000; naval and military pensions, &c. L.1,700,000; miscellaneous,

* In my last letter, I shewed that this gentleman and his family and relations received above L.13,000 of the public money yearly. Hence his anger!

L.2,000,000, leaving about L.5,900,000 for the sinking fund, and to make good the reduction of taxation, and all the casualties attending the finances and the expenditure of this great country.—(See *Finance Accounts*, 1829, p. 19.)

Moreover, with regard to the existence of personal slavery in the East Indies, Joshua Abell told his meeting, "that the Anti-slavery Society never denied this point—they merely said, that no sugar was raised by slaves; and *Macqueen* does not deny this point." Now, "*Macqueen*" did, and does "deny this point." He shewed also that the Anti-slavery Society did deny it, till the production of the documents called for by themselves, and first noticed by your humble servant, destroyed all their impudent assertions. "*Macqueen*" not only shewed this, but from the report published by the East India Company regarding the cultivation and the production of sugar in India, he further shewed, that every kind of agricultural produce, sugar included, was raised in various districts in India by the labour of personal slaves.

It would be to insult the memory and the understanding of your Grace and my readers, to return even for a single moment to the official documents previously referred to and produced, in order to establish these facts, but *Abell* may do so at his leisure.

At the Dublin meeting in question, Mr O'CONNELL, after vomiting forth a prodigious quantity of blarney as senseless as the adoration of a wafer or the worship of an image, proceeded thus to demolish the anti-colonial battery which himself and friend *Abell* had raised :

"There was one thing which filled him with melancholy; it was this—the *slave owner* in the British House of Commons, was, in general, a *liberal and enlightened statesman* in all questions of general and national policy. He generally voted against every job and every oppressive law, whilst, on the contrary, the advocates of negro emancipation in that House were, IN GENERAL, THE SUPPORTERS of every bad measure of domestic policy and of ministerial profligacy!"

The records of the Treasury, and

of every other department and office and place under the British government, or within the sphere of its influence, if produced, will, I am informed, attest the fact, that there is scarcely one interested job by which influence or emolument could, during the last forty years, be wrung from the country, in which the leaders of the anti-colonial or Wilberforce party have not for themselves, or their friends and their dependents, been engaged. The fact is notorious; and the day, my Lord Duke, is not distant, when it is hoped that some honest British senator will tear to pieces the veil which has for so many years concealed the imbecility of government, and the dark doings—the boldness and the venality, and the sordid pursuits, of that "*mercenary*" party, as poor in numbers, as its members in general are deficient in honesty, in plain dealing, in justice, in judgment, and in truth.

I leave *Joshua Abell* and his anti-slavery associates to reply to, or to refute, if they can, the above statements, simply and shortly observing to "the supporters of every bad measure of domestic policy and ministerial profligacy," that no measure can be worse or so profligate as to take away by force and injustice the lawful property of "British people."

At some anti-slavery collection held about *Carshalton*, Surrey, about eighteen months ago, a reverend gentleman named *King*, told, as I am informed, his gaping hearers, that your humble servant was "*the arch-enemy of mankind*." If I was to act towards this gentleman as he has chosen to act towards me, I might recriminate by remarking, what a blockhead of a Parson he must be who could utter this as Gospel; but upon enquiry, I find that Mr *King* is an honest but hot-tempered man, and on colonial subjects misled by "the arch-enemy," therefore I leave him to ruminate upon the falsehood and the injustice of his accusation, and recommend him in future to enquire before he proceeds so rashly to asperse and to condemn.

Some months ago, this country was stunned with the annunciation of "*a glorious revolution in France*," and presently after, we saw, as notified in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 4th

August, at the head of the subscription list, by special desire, "T. P. THOMSON, Lieutenant-Colonel, half-pay, three months' half-pay," L. 52, 12s., "for the relief of those who had been murdered by the Bourbons!"

My Lord Duke, these are inquisitive times, and being so, I may be permitted to ask, is this "T. P. Thomson, Lieutenant-Colonel, half-pay," the individual who was eight years in India, "above the rank of a common soldier," and who wrote the atrocious article in the Westminster Review, recommending the robbery and massacre of his fellow-subjects in the West Indies? I have a right to make this enquiry, because the above Colonel is a portion of that "dead weight" to whom half-pay was granted, not for rearing up the tri-coloured flag, but for putting it down. Some British legislator will, I trust, enquire, if the head of his Majesty's Treasury does not, where this man earned the laurels which entitled him to receive half-pay, or any pay, and, moreover, to find out how he came to learn the principles of liberty, while engaged in enslaving Hindoos.

A very remarkable circumstance, disclosing the inconsistency and hypocritical obliquity of the human mind as connected with the subject of West India property, occurred in a neighbouring town, (Paisley,) where Mr CARLISLE, late provost of the town, and Dr BURNS, established minister of the Abbey Church there, lately figured, the former as chairman of an anti-slavery meeting, and the latter a violent speaker, each clamouring for the annihilation of colonial property in slaves, as a most sinful and criminal thing for either nations or individuals to hold or to be connected with. Some time ago, JOHN PARK and MARGARET HUTCHISON of Paisley left, as the deed of trust will shew, one West India estate, and a mortgage upon another, having on both at least 250 slaves, in legacies and endowments. Mr Carlisle and the other trustees sold the estate, the mortgage, and the slaves. Out of the proceeds Mr Carlisle got one large legacy, and Mr Ninian Hodgart, another trustee, another large legacy. Hutchison's Charity School, at present chiefly under the superintendence of the parochial clergy of Paisley, and Dr BURNS, I presume,

amongst the rest, was established and endowed with L.1500, as directed by the benevolent testators, and carried into effect by Mr Carlisle and his co-trustees from the proceeds of the sale of the estates and slaves mentioned! Mr Carlisle, therefore, should remain silent till he regorges his "LARGE LEGACY" with interest.

Has your Grace been told of the conduct of Mr Smith, a custom-house officer in Jamaica? This gentleman has an anti-colonial brother in the established church in Ireland. At the request, and from instructions furnished by the latter, Mr Smith transmitted a long account of cruelties and oppression exercised within his own knowledge upon the slaves in Jamaica. This letter the reverend clergyman receives and adds to, and interlards it with the worst passages from Mr Stephen's first volume on "*Colonial Slavery*," and prints the whole in the Irish and English journals as the letter which he had received from Jamaica! This made-up letter went to Jamaica. Astonishment and indignation filled the minds of the people of that colony. Mr Smith was called before the assembly, and on his oath declared how far the letter had been extended, and also that what he had written regarding the treatment of the slaves in Jamaica was altogether untrue! Has this officer been dismissed from the place he holds? Is such a system to be tolerated for ever?

It may be as irksome to your Grace to read, as it is to me to write, about individuals like these, but as the anti-colonial chieftains in Aldermanbury Street, employ such individuals as their tools, it becomes necessary to notice them. Leaving, however, the smaller anti-colonial fry, I proceed to notice the labours of those who, being more confident and ferocious than their fellows, think that they are beings superior to, and wiser than, the rest of mankind.

Your Grace has heard of Mr OTWAY CAVE, a fraction of those dangerous political materials which you had to watch and to manage in conducting the affairs of this country. This ex-senator was ousted at the last election for Leicester, although he was drawn into and through that town by a cavalcade of free labour Ladies, instead of horses! Mr Lovell, the mayor, informs us (see Leicester He-

rald, Sept. 1, an able and honest journal) that they were "only able to draw L.2450 from Mr Cave towards an account of *many thousands* due from him"—for "expenses incurred in taking up freedoms," that is, buying the bodies and the souls of Englishmen! The newspapers also inform us that he has lately been dismissed from the commission of the peace in a county—not surely for preaching righteousness or building churches. This Otway Cave, in his senatorial capacity in the House of Commons, June 14, (see *London Courier*,) spoke thus:—

"He called upon any lawyer, if he could, to point out to him the statute by which slavery was established in *any part of the British dominions*; it existed not by law, but by connivance."—"He maintained, that, under the existing law, the West India proprietors possessed no legal property in their slaves."—"To say that the slave had not a right to resist the man who oppressed him, was a doctrine too monstrous for any man of common sense to assert. The right was as clear as the right of resistance in the beasts of the field."—"They would be justified in the eyes of God and man in using their best efforts to shake off the yoke by which they are now oppressed."

The West India proprietors and their slaves not being either oppressors or oppressed, nor "*beasts of the field*," are guided in their relations to each other by different principles from those which animate Mr Cave, whose reasoning, if it was good for any thing, would entitle every Colonist to knock him on the head like a wild beast, in their "efforts to shake off the yoke by which they are *now* oppressed" by the real oppressor; but quitting this fiery and senseless legislator, I have to observe, that Otway's language and reasoning have become the prominent matter of every anti-colonial pamphlet since published, and of every anti-colonial meeting since held, while a stiff-necked senator in the British senate, Mr William Smith, a leading lawyer at the Scotch bar, Mr Jeffrey, and a leading divine in the Scotch church, Dr Thomson,

have condescended to preach from Otway's text, with inferences, each peculiar to himself.

In the House of Commons, June 16, (I quote from the *Mirror of Parliament*,) Mr Smith said: "It is one thing to claim a property in a man's person, and another to claim a right to his labour, enforceable by law. The first, I maintain, is FORBIDDEN ALIKE BY THE LAW OF GOD and man—by the former ever since the creation of the world." At the Edinburgh anti-slavery meeting, held in October last, Mr Jeffrey took the same course, thus: "*In the courts* both of England and Scotland, it had been ruled that man had no right in property of man;" and he confidently asked, "Had he (God) given him a right of property over his fellow man?" It is easy to ask a question with legal quibble, but not so easy or convenient to solve it. Dr Thomson, the divine, takes the same ground, and demands "immediate" emancipation, reckless of the consequences. "They were afraid," said he, "of shedding a *little blood*. He would deprecate as much as any man the shedding of blood, but he would rather that a GREAT DEAL WAS SHED, if necessary, than that 800,000 individuals should remain in the hopeless bondage of West India slavery, which was an infinitely greater evil than all that COULD BE SUFFERED by their opponents"—"he would break the fetters of the slaves; and if it should be on those who resisted their emancipation, let their blood be upon their own heads."

At a subsequent meeting, the same divine held still more bloodthirsty language; and, as it was gloried in and applauded by *ladies and gentlemen* in Edinburgh, so your Grace and the ill-fated Colonists may rest assured that the precept and the principle will be acted upon. Let "a great deal" of blood flow to accomplish our object, is the doctrine of a *Christian divine*, and the recommendation of British legislators, and no one either in the colonies or in this country can possibly misunderstand the object or the import* of such declarations.

* In his intemperate course, Dr Thomson has been followed by a minor member of the Scotch church, namely, Dr P. Macfarlane of St Enoch's Church, Glasgow. This gentleman is, I am told, setting his face upon removal to Edinburgh, by way of

The miserable quibble which Mr Smith raises about the right of property in person and the right of property in labour, as if the person could be separated from the labour, or the labour from the person, is utterly contemptible and unworthy of notice. But for the better elucidation of the points at issue, it becomes necessary to shew the course which the Anti-colonists have, during the last thirty years, pursued. *First*, they laboured to calumniate and to destroy the characters of the Colonists, by falsely charging them with general cruelty to their slaves. This effected, they, *secondly*, proceeded to inculcate the doctrine, that to be the masters of slaves was contrary to the laws of God, and a crime in his sight. This object effected amongst the credulous and unthinking, they next proceeded, *thirdly*, to maintain that, by the laws of this country, the Colonists had no right of property in their slaves, and, consequently, that these slaves might be forcibly and lawfully taken from them. This has been the course pursued against the defenceless Colonies, and with what success, let an agitated and a deluded country, and a government intimidated and trembling, as it is at this day, bear witness.

But let us proceed to bring to the test of truth and facts the assertions, that a state of personal slavery is contrary to the laws, "both of God and man," and a crime in the eyes of both.

What God it is whose laws Mr W. Smith refers to, I know not, and leave him to say. Some men never look above or beyond a Prime Minister for any Deity; but the God whose word and whose laws I am about to refer to, is THE GOD who made the world and man upon it; and although the point may not be credited in certain corners of Aldermanbury Street and Downing Street, till I must maintain that these are authorities infinitely superior to either Mr Smith, Dr Thomson, or the Anti-slavery Report.

Amongst the Hebrews, God's cho-

sen people, personal slavery always existed; while, it may be observed, that the laws of Moses merely regulated a state of society which had previously existed in every country, as may be seen by looking into the history of Abraham, and the people and princes contemporary with him. Slavery amongst the Hebrews was of two kinds, temporary and perpetual. The *first* state was the servitude of Hebrew to Hebrew, and which was limited to the year of Jubilee following the commencement of his bondage, on which year he was dismissed free; but if his master had given him a female slave to wife, he could not take this wife nor the children by her with him. They remained the property of the master. So strongly did the Hebrew legislator and law guard property in right of inheritance, that the indissoluble ceremony of marriage was, I believe, never performed to slaves: but the union which took place betwixt them was that concubinage which existed amongst the Jews, not in itself immoral, but which, in law, gave no legal right to the children to inherit any property in absolute right.

Let me quote the law, the words and command of JEHOVAH himself from Mount Sinai:—

"If thou *buy* an Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve: and in the seventh, he shall go out free for nothing. If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself: if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master have given him a wife, and she have borne him sons and daughters; the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself. And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free: Then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door-post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall, *וְעָבַד לְעַלְמֵי*—SERVE HIM, FOR EVER!" (*Exodus*, chap. xxi. ver. 2—6); that is, he shall be his bondman for ever."

Perpetual servitude amongst the Hebrews was restricted to the pur-

omotion; and, like others, he pursues the destruction of our colonies as the stepping-stone to popularity, and to Dr Thomson's favour and assistance.

chase of the heathen around them, and of the children of strangers settled under their government; and which individuals, so purchased, with all their descendants, became, by law, the master's property—"his money," in ABSOLUTE RIGHT—"for ever." Let us adduce the law itself:—

"Both thy 'עֶבֶד וְאִמָּתְךָ' *bondmen and thy bondmaids*, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be 'לְעֶלְמָם בָּהֶם' *your bondmen for ever*." (Lev. chap. xxv. v. 44—46.) On Mount Sinai, Jehovah said unto Moses, "And if a man smite 'אֶת-עֶבְדִּי' his servant—(*bondman or slave*)—or 'אֶת-אִמָּתוֹ' his maid—(*bondmaid or slave*)—with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be surely punished. Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished: for HE IS HIS 'כֶּסֶף' (*silver*) MONEY." And again, "if a man smite the eye of 'עֶבְדִּי' his servant, (*bondman*), or the eye of 'אִמָּתוֹ' his maid (*servant*), that it perish, he shall let him go FREE for his eye's sake." (*Exodus*, chap. xxi. ver. 20, 21, and 26.)

The express law of the Almighty having thus fixed the legal slave as property in *absolute right*, it follows that such a state of civil society was neither contrary to his law, nor morally wrong in his sight. The bondman thus legally constituted property, the Decalogue, eternal as its author, unchangeable as its judge, guards, along with every other species of property; and this great and unchangeable moral law applies equally to whatever the laws of any country or people, in any age, constitute property, as it did to the Jews. This law, delivered by JEHOVAH from Sinai, amidst earthquake, thunder, and flame, my Anti-colonial opponents will surely acknowledge was

given by the founder of Christianity. Its sublime introduction says so. Let us for a moment attend unto it.

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With regard to the laws of man, I observe that personal slavery exists by law in all the colonial possessions of Great Britain, of France, of Spain, of Portugal, of Holland, of Sweden, and of Denmark. In Europe, it exists by law in the dominions of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. In Asia, it exists by law in the dominions of Turkey, of Persia, of China; in all Hindostan, and in all the minor states and isles of Asia. It exists by law in ALL AFRICA; for Sierra Leone, planted to teach the rest liberty, is now engaged in carrying on the African Slave Trade! It exists by law in the dominions of the United States of America, of Columbia, and of the Brazils, and other parts of South America. And melancholy as the fact is, still it is the fact, that but a small portion of the habitable globe is free from that state of society; while it is a still more melancholy fact, that more than a moiety of the human race are unfit to be in any other state either with advan-

chase of the heathen around them, and of the children of strangers settled under their government; and which individuals, so purchased, with all their descendants, became, by law, the master's property—"his money," in ABSOLUTE RIGHT—"for ever." Let us adduce the law itself:—

"Both thy 'עֶבֶד וְאִמָּתְךָ' *bondmen and thy bondmaids*, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be 'לְעֶלְמְכֶם בָּחֶם' *LEELAM BACHAM*, 'YOUR BONDMEN FOR EVER.' (Lev. chap. xxv. v. 44—46.) On Mount Sinai, Jehovah said unto Moses, "And if a man smite 'אֶת-עֶבְדִּי' *his servant*—(*bondman or slave*)—or 'אֶת-אִמָּתוֹ' *his maid*—(*bondmaid or slave*)—with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be surely punished. Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished: for HE IS HIS 'כֶּסֶף' (*SILVER*) MONEY." And again, "if a man smite the eye of 'עֶבְדִּי' *his servant*, (*bondman*), or the eye of 'אִמָּתוֹ' *his maid* (*servant*), that it perish, he shall let him GO FREE for his eye's sake." (*Exodus*, chap. xxi. ver. 20, 21, and 26.)

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tage to themselves, or the more civilized portions of mankind.

By the act of Parliament, Geo. II. c. 7, and by the confirmed laws of Jamaica, and of every other British colony, slaves are declared assets and inheritance in like manner as real estates are by the laws of England. They are dealt with as such every day in the supreme courts of this kingdom—in the Court of Session, in the Court of Chancery, and before the Privy Council. The records of both Houses of Parliament, all the offices under the British Government at home and abroad, are filled with official acts, decrees, orders, and proclamations, both as relates to Hindostan and other British transmarine possessions, constituting slaves property in *absolute right*, while our most able lawyers, Brougham, Denman, Lushington, Bosanquet, Adam, &c. &c., have a large and most important portion of their professional labours engaged before the Court of Chancery, and before the Privy Council, in maintaining that they are so. How monstrous, therefore, is it, my Lord Duke, with all these facts before their eyes, both from divine and human records, for men like Mr Jeffrey, Dr Thomson, William Smith, Mr Buxton, and the Caves and the O'Connells of the day, to proclaim and to maintain the contrary!

I recur with reluctance to the African slave trade; but as the legal title to the right of property in the slaves is denied to the West India Colonists, because it is said that they were procured by force and violence, or, in the words of Sir GEORGE MURRAY in the House of Commons, on the 16th of July last, by "injustice and inhumanity" and this being the case, it becomes necessary to shew how these slaves were "got" by the colonists, and who they were that brought them unto them; and in doing this, I must have recourse to facts disencumbered from the veil with which feeling without judgment has concealed them.

Every dispassionate person acquainted with the history and state of Africa is aware how African slaves are procured, namely, in wars originating from similar causes to those which induce their civilized Euro-

pean brethren to quarrel with each other, and criminals condemned by the laws of their respective states for crimes, such as adultery, murder, robbery, theft, witchcraft, &c. &c. *Lander*, a late and unsophisticated traveller, tells us expressly, in this way, and in this way only, slaves for the trade carried on by Europeans are procured in Africa; and whenever those prisoners and culprits cannot be sold, they are murdered by wholesale in sacrifices to their bloody deities, or drowned in bands to get clear of them! The late *Kenneth Macquay* told us, that all those brought into Sierra Leone and liberated there, were "prisoners taken in war, or the savage natives of barbarous states enslaved for crimes." And a Report, just published by the order of the House of Commons, (Par. Pap. No. 661, Session, 1830,) tells us, that the Africans which continue to be landed there, are, upon their arrival, more like "*brute beasts*" than men! With such the people of Great Britain filled the Antilles, as KING WILLIAM said, "for the advantage of this nation;" and which refuse population, greatly improved and civilized, the penitent children of British slave-merchants seek to snatch away from those to whom they were sold under the sanction of the laws of their country!

Yes, under the sanction of the laws of their country! In the records of every office under the British Government, you will find the legal history of this trade. The Report of the proceedings of the Committee of the Privy Council in 1789, contains in *part first*, upwards of *fourteen* closely-printed folio pages, filled with the enumeration of the mere names and dates of the charters, statutes, orders, and resolutions of the Government and the Legislature, extending over a period of 200 years, establishing, encouraging, and protecting this trade; and against any monopoly of it by any particular part, the nation always fought as fiercely as our free traders of the present day do against every thing that they conceive to be monopoly.

Great Britain established the slave trade in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who personally took a share

in it. *The colonies did not then exist.* Great Britain encouraged it in the successive reigns of Charles I. Charles II. and James II. by every means that could be devised. King Charles I. in the seventh year of his reign, granted to Sir Richard Young, Sir Kenelm Digby, and sundry merchants, the sole enjoyment of the trade to Guinea, Benin, and Angola, between Cape Blanco and the Cape of Good Hope, for thirty-one years; and for that purpose erected them by charter into a company. In 1651, the Parliament granted a charter to carry on this trade for five years, TO THE EAST INDIA COMPANY, who erected two new forts. In 1662, Charles II. granted, by letters patent, an exclusive right of trade to *Queen Catherine, Mary the Queen Dowager*, the Duke of York, and several others, as a Company of royal adventurers, to supply the WEST INDIA planters with 3000 slaves annually! This Company, reduced by war and interloping traders, surrendered their charter, in 1672, for the sum of L.34,000. The last charter granted was in the 24th year of Charles II., and which charter extended to the term of 1000 years. The Company was incorporated under the name of the Royal African Company. This Company was supported, shifted, and changed in various ways till our own times, when it was abolished and swallowed by that devourer of every thing, Sierra Leone, in which the slave trade is at present revived, and carried on to a great extent!

But it was William III. who outdid them all. With Lord Somers for his minister, he declared the African slave trade "to be highly beneficial to the nation;" not merely as it connected itself with the Colonies, but as a general trade. For this purpose the *Assiento* treaty was concluded in 1713, in which Great Britain bound herself to supply the Spanish Colonies with 144,000 slaves, at the rate of 4800 per annum. With this treaty the British Colonies had nothing to do. From that period till our own times the national history is full of grants and measures for the encouragement and protection of this as a national trade, even to the regulation of the tonnage of the vessels employed in carrying it on.

During the latter part of last cen-

tury, the Colonies, both in the United States of America and in the West Indies, again and again called out for a suppression of the trade, but were, as often as they did so, told, in the most dictatorial language, that the trade, being greatly for the advantage of the nation, must be continued. The land, in almost all the West India islands, was granted by Government to be cultivated by slaves, under the penalty of forfeiture if it was not. Amongst the last acts, if not the very last act, which Mr Huskisson, as colonial secretary, did, was to settle the titles of estates in Trinidad, which was disturbed by the penalty of forfeiture having been threatened, because the terms of the grants had not been complied with, as to the number of slaves placed upon different properties, while, to this hour, the orders of the British Government to the governors of all our Colonial possessions, commanding them to protect and to encourage the slave trade, stand, I believe, unrepealed!

From 1729 to 1788, the Legislature granted L.593,113, 2s. 7d. in order to protect and to encourage this trade; and, by act 25 George II., L.112,162, 3s. 3d. additional was granted as a compensation to the old company; and the same official authority,—Report Privy Council 1789, Part First,—continues to tell us about the advantages which the nation in general derived from the trade. *John Shobred*, secretary to the African Company, informed the Lords thus: "In its immediate effect it employs about 150 sail of shipping, which carry annually from this country upwards of a million of property, the greatest part of our manufactures." The Bristol delegates, headed by Mr *Penney*, state: "The African trade constitutes a very important part of the British commerce, annually employing at least 200 ships, with valuable cargoes." The exports from Bristol to Africa were, yearly, L.240,000; the imports, L.15,000, in 30 ships, 4195 tons. According to a Liverpool advocate, the exports from Liverpool to Africa were, in 1787, L.800,000; and the value of negroes purchased by that investment amounted to one million sterling annually, yielding yearly a very large profit. General Tarlton and other Li-

Liverpool delegates stated the trade thus:—

Exports by the Custom-house books, L.390,222 0 0

Real value 436,784 0 0

Imports, exclusive of slaves to the Colonies, L.120,000, in 80 ships, 14,028 tons. Mr *Samuel Taylor*, the deputy from Manchester, stated the Manchester African trade to be: Exports, L.200,000 annually; of which L.180,000 "*are for the purpose of negroes only.*" This manufacture employs immediately about 18,000 men, women, and children." In this way, the manufacturers employ L.300,000 capital, besides a still greater capital in furnishing annually L.300,000 exports to the West Indies, which employ "a still greater number of hands" than the trade to Africa. According to the Custom-house returns, the British trade to Africa, in 1786, stood thus: Exports, in 146 ships, 21,483 tons; British manufactures, L.588,025, 12s. 7d.; India goods, L.176,076, 8s. 5d.; and foreign manufactures, L.129,609, 1s. 10d.; total, L.888,738, 14s. 4d.; Imports, L.117,683, 1s. 1d., exclusive of African produce, by way of the Colonies, and of the slaves to the Colonies.

The trade, therefore, was most unquestionably a national trade. It was, moreover, wholly British, not Colonial; and, as nations never die, so the present generation cannot justly get clear of the consequences of the legal acts of their forefathers; nor can they, without being guilty of the most wanton injustice and robbery, take away from the Colonists that property which they and their forefathers sold and guaranteed to them, until they have paid down a full and fair compensation. The quota of Manchester, which purchased about 18,000 annually, will, for a century and a half, amount to no trifle; Liverpool and Bristol still larger sums; and Buxton's purse must refund the value of those sold by Hanbury, and taken as an inheritance by his heirs after him, independent of the compensation to be given to the slaves themselves for the injury which they have sustained by the arbitrary conduct of the people of Great Britain!!

The official report of 1789, already referred to, enables us to fix the

compensation which the Colonists ought to receive. The value of Colonial property stood thus:—

450,000 slaves, at		
L.50	L.22,500,000	0 0
Lands, buildings, cattle, &c. &c.	45,000,000	0 0
Houses in towns, shops in Colonies, &c.	2,500,000	0 0
Total	L.70,000,000	0 0

Including the Cape of Good Hope and the Mauritius, and excluding India, the number of slaves now in the Colonies is nearly double, while the value of the property in buildings and machinery is greatly increased; and, therefore, the value of Colonial property now must be double, or L.140,000,000, exclusive of the British shipping employed in the trade, and which, with all property in warehouses, and buildings in harbours here, amounting to *many* millions more, must sink or swim with the fate of the Colonies. Where is the wildest Anti-colonist who will be bold enough to say, that this nation can either pay this enormous sum, or withstand the shock which would follow the destruction of it?

When the British government, after the revolts in the colonies, first purchased slaves to form the West India regiments, they paid the proprietors at the rate of L.80 sterling for each; and when our government reimbursed the people of the United States, for the slaves encouraged by our naval commanders to leave America, they paid at the rate of L.70 to L.107 sterling for their value, according to the cultivation in the state from which they had been inveigled away. The British public cannot offer to British subjects less for their slaves than the British nation paid a foreign nation for their slaves, encouraged, contrary to the laws of nations, to run away. Paid at this rate, I leave the British Treasury to calculate the cash which would be required.

We are confidently told, that the existence of personal slavery amongst any people, degrades and debases alike the nation and the individuals. Where is the understanding of my countrymen supposed to be fled to? Does history say this? Is the Creole

slave in our colonies the same stupid and rude being that the newly imported African savage was? Did possession of slaves debase Abraham, and any of the great characters which appeared in the world from his day to the day of the illustrious Washington? Did it degrade and debase the Hebrews—the Egyptians—the Babylonians—the Persians—the intelligent Greek—the manly and noble Roman? Did it degrade and debase the Saracen? Does it debase and degrade France—Great Britain—or the United States of America? History answers, No! The degradation and debasement of all the ancient nations proceeded from other causes; and if ever the degradation and debasement of Great Britain and the United States take place, these will be found to proceed from other causes also.

Naming the United States, brings me properly to notice the opinions of the legislators of that country upon this great question, for the reasoning which applies to them applies equally forcibly to the point at issue between this country and her colonies, as these were delivered by some of their ablest legislators, thus:—

MR. RANDOLPH said, “he would earnestly request, that no member south of the *Ohio*, and west of the *Mississippi*, would debate this question; that no one would deign, would condescend, to debate the point which had now arisen, whether persons can or cannot be property; or allow that the Federal Government can at any time, or under any circumstances, touch it *directly or indirectly*. It was a question with which the Federal Government had nothing to do; for the moment it lays its unhallowed hands on that ark of our safety, it ceases to be a government. The gentleman had said that this question was settled forty years ago. It was settled 200 years ago. It was settled when the first cargo of Africans was sold in our market. And what is the difference between persons and property, as if there was an incompatibility on that point? There is no difference. There can be no difference. PROPERTY IS THE CREATURE OF THE LAW. What the law makes property is property. What it does not, is not property. Here, and here alone, exists the distinction. The point was settled more than half a century ago, at the same time that we threw off our allegiance to Great Britain. Slaves are made property by law, and you can-

not make them other than property. We may quarrel about religion, but whether Jew or Gentile, we cannot interfere with this property. If ever the time should arrive when those persons shall be considered other than property, our business will not be here, but at home.”—MR. STORRS said, “The United States constitution had nothing to do with this property. We may debate as much as we please upon abstract metaphysical points, but it must at last come to this, what are the rights which the owner has in the slave? It is an *absolute* right of services, and an uncontrolled and uncontrollable custody of his person, free from all interference by individuals or by the United States government, or any other authority but that of the state on unusual occurrences. On the sacredness of this depends the security of a great portion of our union, and he who would interfere with it, is guilty of a great violation of individual rights. This government cannot touch it. It is not a question to be debated. No man of any reflection in his state, thinks for a moment that the United States government is competent to touch it.”—MR. DRAYTON, of *South Carolina*, said, “What were the doctrines? Why, that the inhabitant of any southern state holds his personal property at the will of the United States—who can take it when they please, allowing no compensation therefore! What security, then, have the inhabitants of the South, that all their property will not be taken from them—that they may not at a breath be reduced to ruin and beggary? And when the inhabitant of the South is brought to this situation, will he sit, and count and calculate whether he is to gain or lose by submission to such invasion of his rights? No, sir; he will not count and calculate upon such a question. He would rather perish, than submit to such degrading vassalage! If I know my countrymen, they would sooner perish with arms in their hands—arms dyed with the blood of those whose oppression shall have brought upon them such calamitous necessity.”

My Lord Duke, if the West Indians, at home and abroad, in Parliament and out of Parliament, had adopted similar constitutional, rational, honest, and manly language, they would not have stood in the perilous, and apparently helpless, situation that they do this day. *John Bull* despises the man who is afraid to defend his property; and when the legislators and government of Great Britain adopt the rational and statesmanlike language of Mr Ran-

dolph and his fellows, then our country and our colonies will be safe, prosperous, and happy.

Mr Brougham's speech, delivered on the 16th July last, and most extensively circulated over the country, scarcely deserves notice. It is in character—full of unconstitutional invective and forensic insolence. It is made up of falsehood, misrepresentation, and fabrication—of statements which have often been made, and often refuted, and put into his hands, cut and dry, by that great father of lies, the Anti-slavery Reporter, which, as Colonel SIBTHORPE justly observed, had “in five thousand words” hardly *one word of truth!*

According to his instructions, Mr Brougham made the most that he could of the case of Mr AND MRS Moss of the Bahama islands. This case has afforded the anti-colonists food for a considerable time. It has become one of their “stock stories,” with which they work upon the passions of the multitude. I enter upon this case with reluctance. I notice it, not to justify severity or cruelty, but to lay the simple facts concisely before the British public, free from that malignant misrepresentation and exaggeration with which anti-colonial rancour has clothed it.

Mr and Mrs Moss, of the Bahamas, were indicted for murder. The Grand Jury threw out the bill. By a bare majority they afterwards found a true bill for a misdemeanour. They were tried, and convicted, and sentenced; Mr Moss to pay a fine of £300, over and above the costs of the prosecution; and both to imprisonment for *five months* in the common jail of Nassau, amongst thieves and prostitutes of all grades and colours, but chiefly blacks. The prosecution originated in private malice on the part of a worthless, discarded black driver; and the transmission of the documents connected with the trial to this country, garbled, and mutilated, and imperfect as they are, had the same despicable and dangerous origin. There are two names which appear in the papers, as published by order of the House of Commons, and which now lie before me, namely, *John J. Forbes* and *President Mummings*, whose feelings, when they reflect upon this subject, I do not envy, and shall not

attempt to lay open. The cause of the prosecution, or, as I may call it, persecution, was this: *Mr and Mrs Moss* had a female domestic slave, named *Kate*, who having been detected in theft, was, as a punishment, sent to labour in the fields. This labour she most obstinately and positively refused to perform. She was, in consequence, ordered into confinement in the stocks, where she remained seventeen days; and though well supplied with food, no threats nor punishment could induce her, during that period, to do the work she was required to do, and which was by no means heavy, no, not even to mend her own clothes. Not even the entreaties, the commands, and punishment inflicted by her own father, could induce her to do so. During the time she was in confinement, she received at different times sixty-four stripes, “all over her clothes,” twenty-four of which were by her own father, “of his own accord!” At the end of the period mentioned she was again sent to the field—her obstinacy continued, and on the fifth day she was suddenly seized with a disease in the head, dropped down, and died. This disease was very common, and also fatal to many slaves in the Bahama islands at that time.

It does not appear from the evidence of a single witness adduced, that this woman's death was at all occasioned, or in the remotest degree occasioned, by the punishment which she had received. Nay, the evidence for the prosecution, on examination and cross-examination, decidedly proves the reverse. I shall condense a few of the leading and more material passages of it, for the consideration of your Grace and the public, as follows:—

“*Kate* was not severely flogged while in the stocks. I never heard *Kate*, says *James Spencer*, witness for the prosecution, ask to be forgiven. Witness told her that if she would mend her own clothes, she would be forgiven. She replied she would not, and did not care whether she was let out of the stocks or not. He advised *Kate* to mend her clothes! She was insolent to him for doing so. It would not have occupied her more than two hours, if she would not mend her clothes, nor do any thing,” says another witness. While her father

was punishing her 'of his own accord,' says a witness, 'Mr Moss came out and prevented him, saying it was of no use flogging her; it was better to put her in the field; and he further adds, Kate did not mind the flogging.' Once, while in confinement, she had, in order to keep her from sleeping, cayenne pepper rubbed into her eyes, a practice that Africans frequently resort to with their children; but says the witness who rubbed it, does not know whether any of the pepper got into her eyes. She shut them when he was going to do it; and another witness says, 'does not think any got in. It was done to prevent her from sleeping.' A witness for the prosecution says, 'does not think Kate could have died from any ill-treatment she received while in the stocks. Never heard any surmise that such was the case, until three weeks afterwards. Never heard any surmises that the body of Kate exhibited any marks of lashes, bruises, or injuries.' Any one could have seen the body. 'Does not think she was lacerated by the floggings. There was a fever raging at that time on the island, and particularly on Mr Moss's plantation. The fever was attended with dizziness, that made the patient spin round and fall. Every one of Mr Moss's people had had the fever in the course of two months. Kate's sister, Eliza, died of it after an illness of four days. She was five or six years old. The general conduct of Mr and Mrs Moss towards their slaves, was that of great humanity. They are particularly attentive to them in times of sickness. Mrs Moss personally attends them. He imagines many of the negroes would have fallen victims to the fever, if it had not been for the attention of Mr and Mrs Moss.' Several witnesses of great respectability, and wholly unimpeached and uncontradicted, gave Mr and Mrs Moss the highest character for humanity and attention to their negroes; and one witness, ELIZA CAMPBELL, who had known them twenty years, states, 'they are very kind to their negroes both in health and sickness; when they are ill, they are as attentive to them as if they were their own children.'

Such are the facts and real merits of the case and trial of Mr and Mrs Moss, except Kate's statement, that she had a slight fever on the day before she died, but which does not appear to have been correct, nor does any other matter elicited in the examination, or the cross-examination of the witnesses, alter the general features of the case, one way or the other; and according to the evidence,

the instrument with which Kate was punished, was the mildest in use.

A copy of the proceedings on this trial was sent to this country by VESSEY MUNNINGS, President of the Bahamas, accompanied by a letter to Lord Bathurst, in which that humane functionary informs his Lordship thus:—"I have been solicited to remit or to shorten the term of Mr and Mrs Moss's imprisonment, but I shall in no degree whatever alter the sentence of the general court, by the extension of mercy to those by whom it appears none was exercised!" This was a noble ruler for the purposes of those who, in anti-colonial phraseology, drive Downing Street! Soon after this, however, GENERAL GRANT came to the government of the Bahamas, and that gallant officer readily transmitted to Earl Bathurst two memorials addressed to him, one from Mr and Mrs Moss, and one from the principal inhabitants of New Providence, praying that the Crown would liberate Mr and Mrs Moss. On this subject General Grant, under date 3d July 1827, writes Lord Bathurst as follows:—

"I had the honour to inform your Lordship, that I had every reason to think that the case of cruelty towards Kate from Mr and Mrs Moss, was not in accordance with the general treatment, but an especial exception, which would appear to have resulted from a persevering obstinate disposition on the part of the slave Kate, and an equal determination on the part of her owners, to carry their authority into effect. This I truly believe was the case of Mr and Mrs Moss. I will be candid, and say, my Lord, that I regret the nature of the sentence which has been passed on them." And in a letter, dated 16th January, 1828, written to his friend the Honourable CHARLES GRANT, soliciting his friendship to turn aside Mr Huskisson's anger, as will presently be more particularly noticed, the governor says; "I had an opportunity, when going round the several governments of this island, to see Mr Moss's treatment of his slaves, and certainly they appeared to me to have more than ordinary indulgence, and their condition in all that met the eye, seemed particularly comfortable; he gave them as much land on their own account as they could cultivate, and he allowed them a fair proportion of time to work it. Mr Moss bestowed most praise and encouragement on those who were

most industrious; and the children, as soon as they were of an age fit to be taken from their mothers, were usually brought up about the family, and in this way acquired a degree of CIVILISATION FAR BEYOND that which is to be found on most other properties."

Such are the simple facts of this case, which the anti-colonists have so dreadfully exaggerated and misrepresented. Governor Grant, and the inhabitants of the Bahamas, considered mercy to be due. Mr Huskisson was compelled to think otherwise; and in a letter filled with special pleading, remark, and twisting, (on my conscience, I believe *Dr Lushington* and *Mr Stephen*, not Mr Huskisson, were the concocters of this letter,) severely reprimands the governor for being so stupid as to recommend a white man and woman to mercy! This letter terrified the governor more than the appearance of a regiment of Napoleon's old guard ever did or could, and in alarm he wrote his friend, the Honourable Charles Grant, as has been already adverted to, earnestly soliciting him to express to Mr Huskisson how "much he had been instructed by the contents of the dispatch, as to the manner of viewing both faults and offences," and imploring his friend to procure pardon and forgiveness for him! But had the gallant General merely returned to the jesuitical advisers of the Colonial Secretary, the calm dignified reply that, as the representative of his sovereign, he had only done his duty in recommending to mercy where he conceived mercy was due, he would have required no friend to have interceded for him, nor left himself exposed to the sarcasm and reproach which Mr Brougham, when he mentioned this case in the House of Commons, levelled against him.

When Mr and Mrs Moss were liberated, the respectable inhabitants of the Bahamas welcomed them with satisfaction. The Anti-slavery Reporter sets this conduct down as proceeding from a hardened feeling, and a love of cruelty. Charity and common sense would lead us to believe and to say that it proceeded from better motives, and from a conviction that they had been hardly dealt with. The praise which the Honourable ADMIRAL FLEMING, in his

reply to their address, 13th May last, bestows upon the inhabitants of these islands for their treatment of their slaves, bears us out in this view of the subject. He addresses them thus:—

"The local situation of these islands, and their valuable productions, will at all times render them of great importance to the British Empire; while the praiseworthy *morality, sobriety, and industry* of the inhabitants, will ensure the respect of, and endear them to, their fellow-subjects;" and "the *KIND AND HUMANE TREATMENT* of the black population, will ever be acceptable and admired by all those whose prejudices do not lead them into those errors which you have dispelled, by raising that class of the inhabitants to an *intelligence, probity, and industry*, far above that of any of their colour, and *EQUAL* to those in the same sphere in ANY COUNTRY."

Bitterly and unjustly, however, as our western colonies have been traduced, still the accusations against them have been light, compared to those which have been directed against that important and more distant colony, the Mauritius. The most savage venom of the pen of the Anti-slavery Reporter has been directed against this appendage of the British Empire. The conduct of its free population has been presented to the British public, as exceeding in wickedness and ferocity the conduct and the actions of people the most savage and barbarous. Its late governor, Sir ROBERT FARQUHAR, was long the butt of Buxtonian venom, while the official authorities, who, knowing the truth, ought to have vindicated and defended him, remained silent before his implacable foes, until the persecutions of the latter, and the labour, grief, and anxiety which these persecutions entailed upon him, brought him to an untimely grave! In my former letter, I gave your Grace shocking proofs of the cruel persecution which was directed against Sir Robert. It would therefore be a work of supererogation to advert to them here, simply observing that the Buxtonian accusations were drawn from the testimony of men outcasts from society, as appears from the papers printed by order of the House of Commons, received from Sir LOWRY COLE; but as these convict informers will, in their proper characters, be presently brought before

your Grace in another case, it is unnecessary to state any thing more regarding them here.

Two individuals of great respectability in that colony, namely, MR and MRS TELFAIR, the owners of an estate called *Bel Ombre*, stand without cause exposed to the blackest venom of the Anti-slavery Reporter. The author of this vile publication possesses an advantage over every honest man, as he can tell so many lies in a page, as will require a volume on the part of the accused to answer, and hence his wicked works are read, while the defence is neglected. It is impossible for me to enter upon all the atrocious accusations which have been brought against the people of the Mauritius in general, and of Mr and Mrs Telfair in particular; and still less can I go into the clear and manly defence of the latter, occupying, as it does, nearly 300 octavo pages; but I shall endeavour, and as shortly as possible, to bring the leading features of both before your Grace and the public. It would be easy for me to knock the head of Mr Pringle against the brains of Mr Macaulay, and to smash them with their own contradictions; but I prefer giving the worst parts of their charges, and breaking them down with the unimpeachable testimony adduced by Mr Telfair.

The Reporter, No. 44, gives lengthened details respecting Mauritius slavery in general, and this plantation, *Bel Ombre*, in particular, where the free population are represented as "torturing and murdering inch by inch the cultivators of the soil," in "a regular business-like daily march;" but as my limits render it impossible for me to give all his details, so I must in a condensed form bring, and nearly in his own words, his charges before you thus:

"On *Bel Ombre* the slaves received over night their food for the following day. This wretched and scanty aliment was *manioc cakes*.⁵ Even out of crop the daily labour extended from sixteen to nineteen hours. No time was allowed

them for breakfast. A great part of the two hours allowed for dinner was taken up in collecting wood or grass. When at work, the slaves were followed by drivers, and were continually receiving blows and lashes.[†] They were occasionally taken out from the line and punished with twenty or thirty lashes, and then sent back to work. These inflictions were merely regarded in the light of discipline. The regular punishments were reserved on *Bel Ombre* for Sundays. The offenders of the week were reserved in chains (in which they were made to work) for that day, and they were often numerous, generally about thirty, and amounting on one occasion to about fifty. The informant often counted the lashes, and never knew any of the offenders to receive less than one hundred, excepting two youths, who received about seventy each.† Salt and pepper were rubbed into the wounds to prevent them from festering, or to enable the sufferers to return sooner to labour, or to bear a repetition of punishment. The pain of this application is described as excruciating. The instrument of punishment was either a whip or split rattan. Either instrument would make incisions into the flesh, and lacerate it at every blow. The sharp edge of the rattan would divide the flesh like a knife. Military floggings were nothing to these. The whip was a very ponderous instrument. One was seen on *Bel Ombre* weighing upwards of seven pounds! If the slaves fell asleep during night labour, they were severely flogged, and sometimes their hands were drawn into the mill along with the canes, and completely crushed and mangled. In proof of this, three of the slaves on *Bel Ombre* are described as '*estropie des deux mains*,' mutilated in both hands. Marriage was unknown amongst the slaves. The most open prostitution prevailed universally among the females. *Ladies* hired out their negroresses to the soldiers by the month for this purpose. The slaves were generally excluded from all moral and religious instruction. In July, 1821, an eye-witness saw a Mosambique negro receive 150 lashes when he left the spot, and cannot tell how many more he received. The same person saw two young women who had run away, the one for one month, the other for two years, in the woods, and who were both advan-

* Better known by the name of *cassada*. It is a most wholesome and nutritious food, coveted by every one, and is the flour from which *tapioca* is made.

† Five thousand lashes each Sunday morning, with a whip seven pounds weight!! John Bull is a credulous animal, but not so credulous as to credit this seven pound lie.

ced in pregnancy, receive 160 lashes each. They were made to suffer the more, because one of them had requested that she might not be punished till after her delivery. Collars, with projecting spikes, and attached to each other by an iron chain, were afterwards fastened round their necks, &c."

The Reporter proceeds at great length with a list of what he calls judicial cruelties—one of the most atrocious of which—the case of the woman *Nagle*—I alluded to in my last, and shewed how horridly he had misrepresented the facts regarding it. Mark his disingenuity. In page 374, he says of the ordinances of 1723 and 1767, that "while they armed the master with absolute power over the slave, they afforded to the slave no effectual protection, scarcely even the shadow of protection, against its abuse;" and yet when he wants to blame the judges of partiality, he finds out that the laws were just and humane, for, in the case of the woman *Nagle*, he says they refused "to avail themselves of a *humane provision* of the ordinance of 1723, which authorized them to resort to *slave evidence*, when white evidence could not be obtained, and when that of slaves was indispensable to the ends of justice!"

With regard to the punishment of the two pregnant females, the malignity with which it is related, is a proof of its falsehood; nor has the jackass of a Reporter condescended to shew us how the trees of "*the woods*" got a negro wench with child, who had been two years dwelling alone in them. With regard to the whip weighing 7 lbs., (I wonder old Mac did not make it 70 lbs. at once—it would just have been as readily

swallowed,) Mr Telfair tells us that he actually had one from thirty to forty feet long, which a waggoner, named *William Wilberforce Hulme*, had got from the Cape of Good Hope, to direct teams of oxen by its crack, but that this was the only purpose for which it was applied. Moreover, the hands of the negroes that had been mutilated, had not been so by their being put through the mill like sugar canes, but by the leprosy, and an epidemic disease called *berri-berri*!!

The unmanly charge levelled by this base writer against the free white females in the Mauritius, namely, that they hire their female slaves to the soldiers by the month for the purpose of prostitution, is a most infamous slander, and carries in the face of it its own refutation. The pay of a common soldier is barely sufficient for his absolute necessities, and how then could he procure several dollars a-month to pay for prostitutes to gratify his passions? Such "*Ladies*" may be in the Mauritius, but they are no doubt of a description similar to those who, in London, under the Reporter's nose, let out their female slaves for prostitution, or such *ladies* perhaps as that anti-colonial informer, GENERAL HALL, started in his secret rides in the Mauritius. Moreover, my Lord Duke, the charge is an infamous slander on the character and the discipline of the British army. If General Hall has given the Anti-slavery Reporter such information, I would ask him how he dared to disgrace himself as a general officer by permitting such proceedings, and further, if the officer who did so is fit to command a British soldier?*

* General Hall became, I believe, a chum of the Anti-slavery Society, because he could not get the government of the Mauritius. From such jaundiced sources the Reporter draws his information! Speaking of General Hall, his conduct induces me to contrast it with the conduct of that gallant officer, the brave and the honourable, and the lamented GENERAL DAVID STEWART of Garth. In a letter, amongst the last he ever wrote, dated St Lucia, 20th November, 1829, and addressed to his friend SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, he alludes to the labour and the state of the slave population of that Crown colony thus:

"Looking out of the window this moment, I see on a field half a mile distant upwards of 100 men and women, each with a hoe, preparatory to the planting of the cane. Three good ploughs, each with a pair of horses, would do more work than this large body of people. While such a waste of labour is lamentable, it is gratifying to see the appearance of comfort the people exhibit. All the women with white or calico short-gowns and petticoats, and various head coverings, and the men with

With regard to the punishments said to be inflicted on Bel Ombre, Mr Telfair minutely refutes each, and adds, "Of all the punishments on record at Bel Ombre, as far as I know, only one case occurred in which the offender received above twenty-five lashes, and they were inflicted by judicial order, and by the police officers." Speaking of education, he says, "far from neglecting education at Bel Ombre, it was the favourite employment of the family, who never missed the school hours, and who were accompanied in this pleasing avocation by visitors, either of the most respectable inhabitants of the Mauritius, or of the constant stream of travellers who considered this island as a house of call in their journey to and from India and the Cape of Good Hope. The blacks on my estates are regular in their attendance at church, and the Scriptures are explained to them every Sunday. Many, indeed most, of the respectable inhabitants are more like fathers than masters on their estates. Their negroes repay them with a just fidelity and love. The habitation becomes, as I have often seen, an immense family, and the owner resembles a patriarch."

But let us draw the characters of the Anti-slavery Reporter's informants, and the contradiction to his infamous charges, from disinterested and unimpeachable pens.

COLONEL DRAPER, collector of customs of Port Louis, states, p. 184, "that the lower class of informers of the Anti-slavery Reporter, consists of drunken and discarded convict overseers, one of whom, by name *Kendrick*, deposed in England, that he witnessed an importation of slaves at Bel Ombre, on the very day when he was in prison at Port Louis as a *gens-d'arme*, for bad conduct."—"The first informant," says COLONEL STAVELEY, de-

puty quarter-master general, "is a man of the name of *Higginson*, whom I discharged from the department of roads for gross misconduct as an overseer. He had been in the habit of employing the convicts placed under his charge for the public service, in the cultivation of the habitation of a woman with whom he was living in a state of concubinage!" He was accordingly dismissed. The other is named *Kendrick*. I met him in a state of filth and nakedness. He had formerly been an overseer in the convict department. He had been more than once discharged, and was finally dismissed for drunkenness. I found his character in that department to be bad. He subsequently entered, and was dismissed from, the *Gen-d'armee*, as a worthless vagabond." The Colonel gives Mr Telfair the highest character for humanity, and the "extreme attention paid to the comfort and religious instruction of the blacks" on his estates.

Such are the characters and the witnesses on which the Anti-slavery Reporter has built and directed his gigantic fabric of falsehood and cruelty against Sir Robert Farquhar and Mr and Mrs Telfair. The enormity of the Reporter's guilt will, however, appear more conspicuous when it is shewn, that the falsehood of these statements was known to the Reporter and his associates, and that too from a most unquestionable source of information, several years before they published their catalogue of horrors. On the 24th November, 1820, Mr STEPHEN, upon the authority of some spies in the Mauritius, wrote his friend *Judge Smith* of that colony, censuring him, it would appear, in no very civil terms, for associating with slave traders and the perpetrators of cruelties. The Judge, trembling at the charge, coming from the quarter from which it did, refutes it

blue or light coloured jackets and trowsers. The field at this distance exhibits a gay and enlivening sight with so many moving objects, more especially if within hearing of their jokes, talks, and singing."

Here are no whips, no chains, no collars, and no lacerations! But General Stewart was neither the informant nor the slave of the Anti-slavery Reporter, nor can the slanders of that little anti-colonial owl, picked up about the English Channel, and sent to tease, and to calumniate, and oppress British subjects, affect or injure the character and the memory of that excellent man and lamented officer, whose death was, I know, precipitated by the mental torture which the headstrong conduct of the other brought upon him.

* On this infamous conduct and fact the Anti-slavery Reporter grounds his charge of ladies in the Mauritius hiring their female slaves for prostitution.

as far as it applies to himself, telling Mr Stephen, in a letter dated July 1st, 1821, that in the colony he only associated with the "families of the Governor-General Darling and Mr Telfair," adding, with strong marks of terror and alarm, "do for God's sake let me know with whom I am thus associated. As for Telfair, I should think the Missionary Society could vouch in his favour, and I can only further say, that I have made both open and *secret enquiries** as to his slave property—and I solemnly declare as a Christian and a gentleman, that I firmly believe him to have been most *infamously and wickedly slandered* by those who have accused him!!"

It might have been supposed that this refutation by the judge of the colony, and that judge, too, Mr Stephen's particular friend, of the slanders against Mr Telfair and the Mauritius, given so far back as 1820 and 1821, would have prevented the publication of calumnies and falsehoods by the Anti-slavery Reporter in January, 1829. But no such thing.

The defence of Mr Telfair and his amiable wife I must continue to draw, not from himself, but, as being more conclusive, from disinterested witnesses.

B. D. SAGE, Esq., page 227, says:—"The chains, hooks, and collars, described by the Anti-slavery Monthly Reporter, are matters of *pure invention*, and in short, all that he says about yourself and Bel Ombre, is a rhapsody of disgusting folly, a tissue of bare-faced falsehoods. He must have had the heart of a *demon* who, amidst such a scene as your estates exhibit, could have imagined that man alone was starved and wretched, and tortured with unheard-of cruelty, and flogged to death." Mr LE BRUN, missionary, page 189, states, "that Mr Telfair was the first who attempted with success to teach the slaves reading, writing, and moral and religious instruction." And of Mr Telfair's estate, he says, "The little villa we saw in 1828, bore more the resemblance of a country village in England, than to huts for slaves. I admired it, and said to my late friend (*Mr Jones*), how many country peasants in Europe would feel happy if they had such comfortable dwellings to put their fami-

lies in, and every family with a Bible, and some among them capable of reading it to them. I could scarcely believe those were dwellings for slaves!" The Rev. Mr DENNY, first civil chaplain, Mauritius, gave equally strong and satisfactory testimony in favour of Mr Telfair, his character and his conduct.

Mr WARWICK, civil engineer, says, page 182, "I had the best possible opportunity of knowing the events of every passing day on the whole of the negroes on Bel Ombre. The instances of cruelty enumerated as having occurred during the years 1821 and 1822, the instruments of cruelty mentioned, and the details relative to the housing, bedding, clothing, over-working, half-starving, and general punishment of the blacks, all so ingeniously published for the information of the world, in the 44th number of the Anti-slavery Monthly Reporter, are a *tissue of falsehoods*!" Colonel DRAPER, collector of the customs, 1st Sept. 1829, says: "These assertions in the Anti-slavery Monthly Reporter, are *gross violations of truth*. Indeed, were I called upon to delineate a character whose clemency would bear the strictest ordeal, the true likeness would be found in the proprietor of Bel Ombre, whom I could present even to the members of the Anti-slavery institution, and particularly to the speakers at its anniversary in 1828, as a philanthropist in whom nature had implanted the best affections of the heart." Captain MACKAY of his Majesty's 82d Regt., thus writes Mr Telfair: "I went over every part of the establishment of Bel Ombre in 1819. This was no cursory view. I walked alone among the people at all times, saw them at their meals, at their work, at their dances, at their devotions, and in their houses. I have never seen more hilarity and abundance in the same number of the labouring class at home. They are well fed, clothed, and sensible of their happiness. Their children are kept clean and neat in dress, and daily schooled for two or three hours in reading, writing, and arithmetic. I never saw any punishment, nor heard the sound of the whip in correction! As for the occupation of Sunday, it was dedicated to devotion in your family, when I often read sermon after you had read the prayers of the Church, surrounded by all your overseers, servants, and house slaves, and the whole of the estate had orders to attend at the school-house every evening, to join in prayers, &c. Such is the

* What infamous and dangerous employments colonial judges are thus compelled to undertake, by those who are suffered to rule and to trample upon our colonies!!

statement which I can with truth solemnly give to the anonymous witnesses whom the Anti-slavery Reporter mentions; and no doubt these persons will be found as little entitled to credit as those already brought forward before the select Committee of the House of Commons, whose perjuries were rendered evident by the oaths of those men in my own regiment, whom they appealed to for corroboration!!”

About four years ago Mr Buxton, with his customary asperity, attacked Mr Telfair's character in the House of Commons. In consequence of this, a lady, named MARY ANNE BERRY, in a letter dated Warrington, 2d April, 1827, wrote Mrs ADMIRAL CHAMBERLAYNE, mother to Mrs Telfair, thus :

“ Had I been asked to point out two men in the Colony of Mauritius, against whom such an accusation would have been brought by any person of respectability, Mr FARQUHAR and Mr TELFAIR would have been the last in my mind, they would have been the most remote from any suspicion. Mr Telfair stood amongst the highest, not only for science and general knowledge, but still more so as a man of integrity and philanthropy. Never did I hear him accused of severity towards his slaves, never in one single instance! On the 26th April, 1820, I reached Bel Ombre, on a visit to Mrs Telfair, and I remained her guest till the 7th July following. During that time I never saw nor heard of any act of cruelty, nor even of severity, towards his slaves. On the contrary, I witnessed many instances of his fatherly care and kindness towards them. As much wine was sent to the hospital as *Dr Desnoyers* chose to order, and sometimes I thought profusely. On the 2d May I went to the school, and heard the children, about fifty—spell, read, sing, and pray. The two last exercises were very affecting and gratifying. All seemed to have made a wonderful progress, particularly in their prayers. To hear so many little voices lifted up in praise of their Maker and Redeemer, affected me even to tears. Mrs Telfair was so much afraid of the slaves being overworked, that I frequently thought that she sometimes ran a little into the opposite extreme.” “ I never saw a black household servant in the isle of France do a tithe of the work done by many female servants in England. There is no starving population in the country; no beggars; would I could say so here !”

J. ALEXANDER, Esq., chief of the ordnance department, Mauritius, on the 17th Oct. 1829, writes Mr Telfair thus :

“ If the united wisdom of *Wilberforce* and *Buxton* had been consulted to make an estate happy, the illustration was to be found at Bel Ombre, which proved the anxiety of the owner to do his duty to God and to his fellow creatures—the slaves. The Anti-slavery Reporter, No. 44, is a pamphlet replete with misrepresentation, and its aim is to libel the constitution of the Mauritius, and to reflect discredit upon the Government at home. The statements made by the said Reporter, of the treatment of slaves in the Mauritius, and upon the Bel Ombre, are false; and rather than become the slave of a faction, the dupe of a party, to give aid and support to publications like No. 44 of the Anti-slavery Monthly Reporter, I would prefer to be a slave on the Bel Ombre estate.” PATRICK SALTER, Esq. acting registrar of slaves in the Mauritius, on the 7th Sept. 1829, writes Mr Telfair thus : “ I have perused with horror, indignation, and utter contempt, an attack that is made upon you in the 44th number of the Anti-slavery Reporter. I feel it incumbent on me to declare solemnly my perfect conviction, that never was any individual so deeply injured by an abuse of the liberty of the press. I DECLARE TO GOD I never heard of such cruelties as those alluded to in the Anti-slavery Reporter at Bel Ombre, nor on any other estate of the colony.” &c. &c.

To add testimonies to the same effect, is deemed superfluous. Is it possible, my Lord Duke, to conceive any thing more hideous, iniquitous, and reprehensible, than such proceedings on the part of the anti-colonists? No British subject can patiently submit to have his character thus murdered by the most profligate falsehoods, nor can the colonists ever be brought to believe that the government of their country intends to do them justice, or to afford them security and protection, while such proceedings and such libels, on the part of their enemies, are continued uncensured and unpunished. If the Colonial Office did its duty, such things uttered, either in Parliament or out of Parliament, would instantly be noticed, replied to, and refuted. But no such thing is done, and the mischievous lies circulated over this country, consequently, remain uncontradicted, and are left to work the mischief which they were calculated to do.

Yet the authors of such falsehoods and such misrepresentations, are the

guides which this country takes, and is called upon to take, and these men are the foremost to cry out calumny, uttered by all those who expose to public reprobation their proceedings and their statements!

The dogmas and orders of the Colonial department direct the authorities, more especially in the Colonies under the immediate orders of the King in Council. The consequences are sometimes as extraordinary as they are reprehensible. Take in proof the following occurrences which have lately taken place in the Mauritius. In that Colony they have no representative government, and the press is completely under the control of the Governor, whose Secretary is its Master and the Censor. This Censor lately prohibited the publication of an article giving an account of two negroes having killed and eaten a man and a boy, their comrades, lest the publication might reflect disgrace upon our African brethren; and by direction of the Governor, he has lately prohibited the publication in the island Gazette of the letters, beyond the middle of the second, which I have addressed to your Grace on the Colonial question. But the arbitrary power of the anti-colonial prompters and directors of the Colonial empire of Great Britain, is still more remarkably and sadly exemplified in some late proceedings, as these have been stated to me in a communication from that island, dated in June last. It is in substance as follows:—

Some time ago, the planters in this island, in consequence of the great difficulty in procuring labourers, and anxious, if possible, to introduce some system, independent of slave cultivation, formed an association for the purpose of introducing free labourers to the island. Accordingly, they entered into arrangements with mercantile houses in Port Louis, having the command of ships, to procure for them the transportation of free labourers from India and the Malay Islands, and they were given to understand, that the scheme would meet with the Governor's support and approbation. Several vessels were, accordingly, fitted out to Singapore and Madras. A great number of Chinese and Malabar free-labourers, proffered their

services, and were hired for periods varying from 3 to 5 years, at a rate of wages somewhat lower than what prevailed in the Mauritius, but considerably higher than what could be obtained in their own country. The scheme was attended with much more difficulty and expense than was at first supposed. The charge of transporting these people came to about L.5 a-head, which, along with other incidental and unforeseen expenses, very nearly counterbalanced the cheapness of the wages at which they had been hired.

After considerable difficulty, about 1500 of these labourers were landed at Port Louis, during the last half of the year 1829. But, to the surprise and mortification of the Mauritius planters, the moment that these people came ashore on the island, the Colonial authorities interfered, and refused to allow them to proceed to the plantations, till security had been found by their employers, at the rate of L.25 a-head, for the good and peaceable behaviour of these foreigners, so long as they should remain on the island. The chief commissary of police, who had shortly before been the pay-master of a regiment in the garrison, was ordered to summon the planters to his office, where the peremptory orders of the authorities were announced to them, and the planters found themselves compelled, though with the greatest possible inconvenience, to lodge the security required, amounting to about L.37,500 sterling!

After the planters had thus complied with the wishes of the government, these Chinese and Malabar labourers were allowed to proceed to the estates of their respective employers; and though they had received two months' wages in advance, they soon became discontented with their situation, chiefly instigated by the bad advice which was given them by some of their countrymen, who were settled in the island as servants, shop-keepers, &c. They told them that they were great fools to work for so low a rate of wages, that even the *slaves* received more than they did; that they ought to strike work, desert from their employers, and stand out till higher wages were offered. Unfortunately for all parties, these ignorant crea-

tures listened to the advice thus administered. At first, a few only deserted from the plantations where they were settled. These, their employers immediately sought to reclaim by the gentle means of persuasion, but finding them obstinate, they were obliged to request the aid of the police department to compel them to implement their agreement, and continue in service for the period, and at the wages, agreed on.

What, however, was the astonishment of the planters, when in answer to their application, they were informed by the chief commissary of police, that these Chinese and Indians, being free men, had a right to leave their service if they pleased, and that government could not interfere to enforce the performance of their stipulated service! The planters felt astonished and disappointed at the conduct of the local authorities in thus thwarting their honest endeavours to fulfil the wishes of the British nation, by trying to eradicate the system of slavery, by the introduction of free and voluntary labour in the Colony. But what was their indignation and disgust, when they found that their runaway workmen were receiving every possible protection, supplied daily with $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of rice for each man, with plenty of wood to cook it, and in this manner befriended and encouraged by government, in the unlawful dereliction of their services and engagements.

Intelligence of these circumstances soon spread through the island, and the disastrous effects were only such as might easily have been foreseen. All the plantations to which the news had reached, were speedily abandoned by their Indian cultivators, who resorted, in crowds, to the police-office in Port Louis, where they met with the most ample protection. The bounty of the government even went so far, as to grant them permission to build huts in the neighbourhood of the town, on a piece of ground belonging to the harbour-master, and immediately adjoining his villa. In an incredibly short time, between 500 and 600 of these idlers encamped on this spot, under the immediate auspices of the government, scorning any attempt on the part of their masters, to compel them to fulfil their agreement. But the unfortunate

planters were not the only persons doomed to suffer from the protection thus given to these Indian miscreants. Freed from control, and following no regular employment, they soon turned their thoughts to the commission of every sort of aggression; they began to prowl about the neighbourhood, seeking for plunder, robbing poultry yards, stealing sheep, calves, and pigs, and attacking black servants on the high-ways. In vain did those who suffered from such depredations, endeavour to represent the lawless violence of these savages. No complaint was listened to by the local authorities.

After this state of things had continued for some time, a government notice appeared in the official Gazette, calling on the respective planters to shew cause why all Indian labourers should not be sent back to their native country, and the rations given them by the police paid for at the expense of the planters. Some of the planters, rather more bold than the rest, ventured humbly to represent, in written memorials to the governor, the intolerable hardship of being saddled with the expense of maintaining them, and of transporting them back to their own country, after the dreadful loss they had sustained by the advance of wages and the expense of bringing them to the island. To this temperate and legitimate address no reply was given, and, immediately after, a peremptory order was issued to the chief commissioner of police to have all the Indians embarked forthwith. The order was, of course, instantaneously obeyed. Three vessels were got ready for the purpose; and the tumultuous host of these lawless vagrants, who seemed to glory in the impunity with which they had been able to perpetrate so much mischief, embarked with *banners flying*, and such shouts of malicious triumph, as at first spread consternation through the whole town.

Thus terminated the attempt to establish free labour in the Mauritius; but its results, at the date of the last accounts, had not terminated. The government advocate had received instructions to institute legal proceedings against *nineteen* of the principal planters, in order to draw from them payment of the

expenses incurred in the maintenance and passage of these Indians! On the subject of this prosecution will depend the adoption of similar measures against the rest of the planters who have had the misfortune to be concerned in this abortive scheme of introducing free agricultural labour into the Mauritius. What the result will be it is not difficult to anticipate. The ill-fated colonial planter is a being whom every colonial authority may trample in the dust at pleasure, certain that the harsher he treats them, the more he will be praised in the mother country, and the higher he will be rewarded by the directors who direct the heads of the Colonial Office. But enquiry must come; and when it does come, the results cannot be pleasant to those more immediately interested. The colonial government of the Mauritius would not have ventured to have acted in the manner that has been described, unless they had had higher authority, and unless they had been certain that they would, against the planters in the Mauritius, have the support of Aldermanbury Street, which, on any day it chooses, can make Downing Street tremble.*

Is there, my Lord Duke, an honest and right-thinking Briton, who can contemplate the proceedings I have noticed without a feeling of alarm and indignation? Is there an independent mind in the British empire who can look at them, and yet, not blush for his country?

Before I conclude, permit me for a moment to advert to that den of pestilence and vice, Sierra Leone. Official shame and concealment can no longer deny the complete failure of this senseless experiment. During the last session of Parliament, two important reports have been published regarding this place by order of the House of Commons. The *first*, paper No. 57, was made up of papers selected to defend it; the last, paper No. 661, containing the evidence of naval officers and others employed on the coast, shewing the horrid nature of the place, the total want of improvement of the population collected in it, and the vast superiority of Fernando Po, in salubrity, fertility, and eligibility, over it. In the first report, Dr BARRY describes the climate as terrific. Owing to the great heat during the rains, and owing to "the sand and porous red sandstone which forms the stratum on which the town is erected, we are," says he, "for more than six months in the year, LIVING IN AN OCEAN OF VAPOUR!" So thick is this steam vapour, as Commodore BULLEN in his evidence informs us, that when ashore at the governor's house, but which he was as seldom as possible, he has seen his excellency "get on his horse, at his own door, in the morning, and shortly afterwards I have merely seen PARTS OF HIS BODY—I have not seen his horse at all!!" No European constitution,

* Mauritius is one of those colonies which is arbitrarily governed by the regulations and laws of those who govern the official heads in Downing Street. How it *improves* under these, the following list of sentences, passed upon slaves in the criminal court of the colony, particularly since the application of the orders in council of 1824, will shew:—

Years.	Murders.	Roberies.	Incendiaries.	Assaults on Free Persons.	Poisonings.	Violations.	Rebellion against lawful authority.	Forgeries.	False accusations against Masters.	Total.
1811	6	2			2					10
1821	5	18	2			1				26
1824	4	4	1		1	1				11
1825	1	14	3		2			2		22
1826	4	10			1		1		5	21
1827	2	27		1			2		10	42
1828	6	70	4	2	2		7		33	124

nor any constitution, can stand this steam-bath. Colonel NICHOLS gives us a dreadful picture of the pestilence of the place. In his passage out to Fernando Po he was a few days at Sierra Leone. The ship's crew caught the fever. "In their way down," says he, "a seaman, a marine, and a midshipman, died. *They had a most extraordinary eruption upon them.* I said, 'This is not a fever of the West Indies, but a malignant yellow fever; therefore do not dissect them.' The surgeons dissected them, and EVERY ONE of the surgeons were taken ill, and ALL OF THEM died but one; two of them died just as we had got to Fernando Po, and the third died afterwards."

Regarding the character of the black population, and the improvement of that population which we have collected in Sierra Leone, let the following short extracts, taken from the last-mentioned official report, testify and shew:—

GEORGE JACKSON, Esq. one of the Judges of the Mixed Commission Court, examined by the Committee, states:—

"*Quest.* Their joy at first landing probably is very great? *Ans.* One can hardly speak of any feeling they have; they are more like BRUTE BEASTS than any thing else, when they come ashore. *Quest.* You have made use of the expression that the slaves landed were more like brutes than human beings; does that refer to their habits of life, or their understanding? *Ans.* Those who come from the country north of Sierra Leone, I should not so describe; but those from the Bight of Benin and from the south, I should. *Quest.* They are lower in the class of intelligence, taking them together? *Ans.* Yes. *Quest.* Could you get any satisfactory information from them on the topics on which you examine them? *Ans.* With the greatest difficulty. *Quest.* Did that arise from want of power of expression, or want of capacity? *Ans.* BOTH THE ONE AND THE OTHER!!" Mr

GEORGE CLARK, Second Clerk of the Ordnance Works, and who had been five years at Sierra Leone, questioned by the Committee, states:—" *Ans.* They are scarcely half clothed in the villages. *Quest.* What is your opinion as to the opportunities, on the part of liberated Africans, to pursue useful occupations? *Ans.* I do not think they are capable of it. *Quest.* From want of industry? *Ans.* FROM WANT OF CAPACITY, *Quest.* Is

there any want of industry? *Ans.* No, I think not. *Quest.* Did you perceive any advance in intelligence in the liberated Africans who had been there any length of time? *Ans.* No, I DID NOT!

Quest. Do you think there have been no improvements in their houses? *Ans.* No, not among the liberated Africans."

COLONEL NICHOLS examined, states:—

" *Quest.* Are the Committee to understand that the blacks resident in Fernando Po generally abstain from liquor?

Ans. The blacks we take in slave vessels do not like liquor, but those fellows in Sierra Leone are the biggest drunkards I ever met with in my life, and the biggest rascals too; they are also great thieves."

A communication, dated Freetown, July, 1830, (see *Morning Post*, 11th October,) describes the character of the population thus: "You would be astonished to see the prevalence of vice in this wretched place. All the great landmarks of civilisation are noticed only with the view of drawing fresh supplies from the *Northern Country*. They are never dwelt on as being conducive to happiness, or practised in the search of it. Here the European and the African, with some few exceptions, know but the *resemblance* of virtue, and that only as the means of ENABLING THEM TO INDULGE IN VICE." But this is not all. The reports referred to, and the communication just alluded to, tell us decidedly, that "*the slave trade is carried on to a considerable extent in this very colony!*" JUDGE JEFFCOTE, lately sent from this country, in an address to a jury, told them, however "appalling the fact may be, and incredible as it must appear to many," still that in this Colony persons are "found who aid and abet the abominable traffic in slaves." "Vessels are purchased, after their condemnation by the Mixed Commission Courts, to make a *second* and a *third* experiment in the slave trade, to be perhaps again captured by our cruisers, and again bought up by the skulking foreigners who prowl about this place as the one *best calculated* for their iniquitous purposes!!" At that sitting he sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the house of correction, THOMAS EDWARD COWAN, a missionary schoolmaster, for having stolen in order "*to sell into slavery,*" a liberated African, and one of his

pupils, also a liberated African! The Judge at the same time told his hearers, that during the last ten years, upwards of 22,000 Africans had been liberated and located in Sierra Leone, at an expense to the British Government, taking into account every thing, of "SEVEN MILLIONS STERLING!!" Commodore BULLEN, in his evidence, informs us that, in three years ending 1827, during which time he was on the African station, his squadron captured and sent to Sierra Leone 11,000 slaves!

The expenses incurred by this country, on account of this place, are incredible. Government, in fact, cannot ascertain the amount, as in many instances no accounts were kept, and consequently no accounts can be produced. The following document, which I have obtained from a member of the FINANCE COMMITTEE, (for

the use and information of the members of which only, the return was published,) gives us the best account that the government can furnish of the expenditure to the close of the year 1826. It is entitled, "*From Revenue Book, No. 114, Finance Accounts, Slave Trade, Public Income and Expenditure, 1826.*" The audacious compiler of the Anti-Slavery Reporter had the impudence to pronounce this paper, referred to by SIR HENRY PARNELL, the Chairman of that Committee, in his publication about the finances of this country, as "A FORGERY!" It is futile for the Reporter to assert that the whole expenditure was not upon Sierra Leone. Every thing done on the coast of Africa, for the suppression of the Slave Trade, has been done to raise up and to make that place; and therefore, every expense incurred is justly and properly charged against it.

HEADS OF EXPENDITURE.	Total Amount.	Amount Expended in the Years	
		1825.	1826.
1. Expense of the Colony of Sierra Leone, and other Settlements on the West Coast of Africa, viz. Payments to the Sierra Leone Company, on and previous to the transfer of the Settlement to Government	L. 117,000	L.	L.
Expended on account of the Army	781,781	110,407	79,870
Navy	70,702	12,312	6,499
Ordnance	188,176	6,444	30,896
Civil Establishment	218,419	17,216	13,688
Public Buildings and Fortifications	289,121	10,027	6,766
Captured and Liberated Africans	333,028	18,572	18,013
Other Charges not included in the above Items	240,124	4,835	6,635
Total Expense of Sierra Leone, &c.	2,238,351	179,813	162,367
2. Naval Expenditure for Vessels employed in the Suppression of the Slave Trade	1,630,282	81,628	102,883
3. Payments on account of Captured Negroes at all other Stations except Sierra Leone	92,597	6,068	14,711
4. Bounty on Captured Negroes	333,388	31,702	35,139
5. Payments to the Governments of Spain and Portugal and their Subjects, and Debts remitted to those Governments, under Acts, Treaties, &c. for the Abolition of the Slave Trade	1,023,004		
6. Commissioners for preventing Illegal Traffic in Slaves	172,950	15,056	12,631
7. Commission for enquiring into the State of certain Captured Negroes	2,000		
8. Office of Registrar of Colonial Slaves	8,950	1,141	988
9. Indemnification to Captors of the Descubadores, for Damages awarded against them	6,740		
TOTAL,	5,708,908	315,408	329,719

All the officers examined by the Committee, condemn Sierra Leone as unfit for any useful purpose, and give the most unqualified and decided testimony in favour of the salubrity and fertility of Fernando Po, and of its superiority over Sierra Leone in every respect, for any purpose that this country can require in its future connexion with Africa. The delusive tales of free labour on the coast of Africa are also completely set at rest by the reports in question, but more particularly so from the following extract from a letter, dated 1st May, 1829, from *Lieut. Colonel FINLAY to R. W. HAY, Esq.*

"I beg leave to state to you, for the information of the Right Honourable the Secretary of State, that a great portion of the inhabitants of St Mary's, in the Gambia, are composed of SLAVES belonging to the French of Goree and Senegal, who resort to the British settlement for employment; and although many of them have resided on the settlement for years, they are strongly attached to their owners, and regularly remit to them the produce of their labours, which draws a large sum of money out of the settlement annually."

This, my Lord Duke, is a new and a remarkable fact, but what is more remarkable is, that while French slaves are permitted to labour in this manner in British settlements on the Coast of Africa, French slaves, who come from French colonies to any British colony in the West Indies, are confiscated and liberated. Whence comes this African partiality?

The official report last alluded to confirms, in the fullest manner, the fact, that the slave trade is actually, at this moment, carrying on in Sierra Leone, almost openly, and with approbation. But this is not all. Is your Grace aware that MAJOR RICKETTS, lately governor of the place, has brought with him to the Colonial Office a petition, signed by almost all the Nova Scotians and Maroons in the place, PRAYING, in the most earnest manner, that they may be carried away from it, and sent to Jamaica, and placed upon any estate that Government may choose in that island!! What can the advocates of this wretched place say to these facts, or where is the minister or the legislator who will, after such disclosures, stand forward and defend

this infamous den of deception, delusion, extravagance, waste, pestilence, and death, or the system for which it was established? He must be a bold man indeed, who will do so.

National insanity, my Lord Duke, was never before exhibited to the world in more striking and in more remarkable characters, than it has been in the conduct pursued by this country in whatever concerns our settlements on the coast of Africa, and whatever relates to our West India Colonies. In the former we have, after repeated violations of the law of nations, and in the face of all rational counsel and advice, spent millions, *many millions of money*, not only to no purpose, but absolutely, after a labour of forty years, left things where we found them, and have, at last, been compelled to acknowledge, not only that the Africans, whom we have, at such a vast expense, collected in Sierra Leone, have not improved in character, industry, and civilisation, but that they never can improve, (see MR MACORMICK'S evidence, a friend to the place, in the official report already referred to,) unless we cease to bring any more of their brutal and barbarous countrymen amongst them! This is the result of forty years' labour, and the expenditure of upwards of ten millions of money! With regard to the latter, the West India Colonies, we have, in order to benefit the former quarter, pursued and pursue a system, which paralyzes, crushes, and destroys that vast branch of British capital, trade, and industry, which had been planted in them, and not only so, but while thus forcing on the ruin of British subjects and British property in these possessions, we are driving British capital, withdrawn from them, into the cultivation of foreign countries, thereby giving employment to the population of those countries instead of our own, and also creating wealth, capital, and trade to those countries, at the expense of our own. My Lord Duke, the fact is notorious, that great London capitalists have lately been, and are at this moment, investing large sums of money, on the security of slave-cultivated sugar estates in Louisiana and in the Brazils. How humiliating must it be to British states-

men to have it thus shewn unto them, that British subjects consider their capital, when fixed and employed in distant foreign countries, more secure than it is, or can be, under the dominion of their own country !

It might have been prudent and politic in this country never to have had any thing to do with colonies so peopled and so cultivated, as our tropical colonies are, and it may now be politic and prudent to abandon them. The first point I am not called upon to discuss, neither am I called upon to discuss or to determine the latter, further than to observe and to maintain, that having established these colonies, the property in them can neither be destroyed nor taken away without a fatal departure from true national policy, and the most profligate violation of national character, honour, and justice.

The government recommended and called for by all the Anti-colonists for our Colonies is a pure and unmixed despotism. Mr TWISS, late Under Secretary for the Colonies, when lately writing to Mr STEWART, of the Treasury, about the liberated Africans, who swarm idle in our Colonies, stated, that if they did not forthwith become industrious and independent, "the Crown would RESUME ITS ARBITRARY DISPOSAL of them," in order, as Sir George Murray, in a circular letter, states, that they might be "*constrained to labour*." If these British *pets*, the free blacks, are to be thus governed, what are the white Colonists to expect from the sway of a country, the ears of which are every hour poisoned against them?—What are they to expect—but that which they feel—namely, degradation, insult, and ruin?

I observe, with regret, that Mr HORTON's first, and otherwise able and excellent letter, addressed to the Electors of Yorkshire, is disfigured by such anti-British and anti-constitutional principles and sentiments. He boasts how the Orders in Council had been enforced in the Crown Colonies, although these orders, by their direct interference with private property, violated the capitulations on which the colonies surrendered, and also the resolutions of the House of Commons of 1823, which both alike guaranteed the inviolability of private

property. Having done this, Mr Horton proceeds in a tone wholly unbecoming the statesman of a free country, to inform his readers, that unless the old British Colonies surrender their birthright and privileges as Britons, and submit to be ruled as the conquered colonies are ruled, that "their ruin would be as inevitable as the case of the infatuated Ministry of Charles the Tenth;" and, moreover, "that they might depend upon it, they will neither have success nor pity," if they perish in their attempts to resist such authority.

Mr Horton never attempts to shew the justice of the application of this authority. On the contrary, he tells us, that "*they are not called upon to approve of the change*" which its application will create, but, nevertheless, that it must be obeyed. No act of Polignac or his colleagues, or of any other ministry, however "infatuated," ever can be compared, in danger and folly, to Mr Horton's threatenings. The framers of the Orders in Council were, in fact, the Polignacs and "infatuated" ministry, and not the ill-treated and ill-ruled colonies.

In order that the colonists "may have the country with them, to secure them equitable compensation for loss," Mr Horton requires of them—for such is the real meaning of the words, when the declarations are stripped of the veil thrown over them by the jargon, "*public opinion*"—that, after having denuded themselves of a large portion of their property, they should in future, and in order to make African savages industrious, moral, and civilized, apply their time, their talents, their industry, their capital, and their credit, to enforce such regulations as the arbitrary will of the mother-country, and a prejudiced party in it, may think necessary to accomplish their objects;—in other, and in a few words, that, politically speaking, the slaves should be emancipated, and the masters constituted slaves! Such would be the results; but such doctrines are not yet become "*public opinion*" in Great Britain, and I trust they never will.

"Who are the West Indians," said a limb of office, "that they should complain of the proceedings of go-

vernment, or consider themselves entitled to dwell in streets and squares in the West-end of London? In early life, they were only accustomed to receive bread and beer, and they never ought to have any thing better." Such is the language of men who, if we had not colonies and offices to govern them, would never have had any thing but bread and beer, and never seen either the West-end or the East-end of London. Their country disowns men who trample in this manner upon the feelings of their industrious countrymen, and it would be well for such individuals to remember that insult from public servants is worse to bear than injustice and oppression.

Such feelings and such principles having obtained a seat in high places in the mother-country, they quickly, and in every shape, and on every occasion, find their way into the colonies, where they are acted upon without shame and without compassion. The colonies are thus for every valuable purpose abandoned by the mother-country. They are oppressed and fleeced at the will and pleasure of every theorist and hypocrite. Complaint is unavailing, remonstrance is set down as "*contumacy*;" and on which ever side we turn our eyes upon our colonial possessions, we find injustice and oppression the order of the day, and capital, industry, and character in despair, languishing, and becoming heartbroken, and extinguished under the galling rod which is permitted to rule them. Law and justice are prostituted and trampled upon, until there is no longer any security for character, liberty, or property. Look, my Lord Duke, at the desperate and unblush-

ing proceedings of open violence which go on without restraint, censure, or punishment, in Tortola; and look at St Lucia, where proceedings are going on which are an indelible stigma to a British Government, and which continued must bring ruin on the colony. Look at what was done by a Judge in Grenada, and at what was attempted by an Attorney-General in Tobago! Look at the important colony of Jamaica, connected with which the Colonial Secretary of Great Britain is compelled to insult the constitutional understanding of the British empire, by placing the fables of the *anonymous* informer, and the irresponsible and unconstitutional authority of the upstarts of Aldermanbury Street, above and before the enquiry, and the decisions by the laws and the legal tribunals of that colony! Good God, my Lord Duke, are such proceedings to be permitted to continue, without check or control, to degrade our country, and, by oppressing parts of our dominions, produce a mischief which will go to dismember our empire? Impossible!

From the slavery to, from the galling chains of, that ambitious party which has brought my country to this contemptible and degraded state, by "*SAVING HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTERS THE TROUBLE OF THINKING*," I pray, and most sincerely, my Lord Duke, in the language of the Liturgy, "*Good Lord deliver us*," this country, your Grace, and every Statesman who may in future be called upon and appointed to direct the affairs, and to watch over the interests, of this country!

I am, &c.

JAMES M'QUEEN.

Glasgow, 4th Jan.

1831.

"PAINTING is a mystery." Strange that an art which addresses the most perfect of the senses should not be plain as daylight. Yet the more pictures I see, the more I read, and hear, and reflect about painters and their works, the more I am convinced that Pompey the clown is right in his observation. The more I seem to know, the nearer I approach the Socratic conviction, "that I know nothing!"

I speak not of the mystery of making pictures, but of that which involves their merits and demerits, when made. That there should be technical secrets, mysteries of the craft, is no more than might be expected. I can easily conceive, that to paint air, may be as difficult as to raise the wind, and that I never could do by whistling—that middle tint, like other happy middles, is hard to hit, and harder to keep—that a true carnation is as skilful a compound as a haggis—that to group a picture successfully may be as delicate a concern as to marshal a country dance at a country assembly, (and that would puzzle a modern herald, or seneschal of the olden time,)—that the inner light of the Venetian colourists may be as unaccountable as the inward illumination of the elect—nay, I apprehend and appreciate the science and dexterity which can distinguish a horse from a crocodile, and a tree from a birch-broom. As for chiaroscuro, tone, keeping, contour, repose, &c. they are words which I venerate and understand as well as your worthy preceptor doth Selah, Michtham, Negonoth, or Hallelujah. Yet I doubt not they have a meaning, as precise and categorical as the polarity of moral truth. Of the executive difficulties of art I may be allowed to judge—inasmuch as, after many years' self-instruction, and six lessons from an itinerant drawing-master, I never could represent a joint stool in just perspective, or delineate the correct profile of a gibbet. As for colouring, though I was early aware that light and shade in nature do not lie in jagged patches like the skin of a spotted negro, nor resemble London snow, or a damsel in a white gown newly emerged from the embraces of a chimney-sweeper—

THE FINE ARTS, in the sense of the word, are those which are not to be learned, but which are to be felt. That Spring, the lightsome lassie, does not wear green gingham, nor Autumn invest her maturer charms in a red and yellow Manchester print—I was totally unable to make any practical use of the knowledge, except indeed to convince myself, that a precocious passion for pencils and colour-boxes is no infallible sign of a genius for the fine arts.

In truth, I am well-contented to be ignorant of the mechanical arcana of art. Secrets, if practiced are profitable to none but practitioners. When I look on a fine picture, I would gladly forget the laborious, greasy, dirty-handed process that produced so much beauty, and believe it a living emanation of the inspired intellect—a magic mirror of the artist's mind. What youthful poet, wooing his Fancy's Queen with tender poesy, would choose to have her witness to his "poetic pains"—the blots, the erasures, the gnawing of his pen—his stolen glances at the rhyming dictionary, his furtive forays into the "Elegant Extracts," and the "Beauties of the Living Poets?" What extempore preacher would expose his note-book to his congregation? For my own part I like a good beef-steak, but have no desire to follow it from the stall to the gridiron. I dearly love a Christmas pantomime. Old Prynne and Jeremy Collier, if their hearts were in the right place, (and Jeremy was a sound nonjuring Tory,) would have uncursed the stage, had they seen the bliss of wonderment, the bright, round, rosy, innocent faces of the children, the smug, rustic, half-childish delight of country cousins, and the glorious independence of the one-shilling gallery, at these silent dramas. But I would not, like the gullants of Shakespeare's days, place my stool on the stage during the performance, for fear of slipping through a trap-door, nor venture behind the scenes, lest I should forget to give Columbine her title, or mistake some venerable Peer for Pantaloon.

But there is a mystery in art which I would fain dive into—a mystery of grace, of grandeur, of harmony—a power in lines and colours, which I cannot explain, and only half enjoy.

It never was my fortune to visit the foreign seats of art, and my acquaintance with English collections is neither intimate nor extensive; of course, therefore, my notions of the grand style are vague, metaphysical, or at least poetical, for engravings of epic or tragic pictures, are as unsatisfactory as prose versions of epic poems. They shew what the work is about, not what it is. The temples of Greece and Italy, sublime in desolation, lovely in widow's weeds, are to me unreal as the hidden bowers of Izem. I never trode the long galleries of the Escorial, where the Titans slumber in peaceful beauty, ripening with mellow years. The Louvre and the Luxembourg are hard words, which I dare not pronounce, and scarce can spell. The Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, the Florentine Gallery, are fair imaginations, or rather indistinct yearnings, not so definite or vivid as the hall of Valhalla. Michael Angelo is like Demogorgon, an awful name, and that is all,—Raphael, Titian, Salvator Rosa, I have heard and read of. I believe in them—love them—but what are they to me? Were Raphael's miracles of grace decayed—if nought remained to shew where they had been, but such quaint mockeries of shapes as mouldy damps describe on the walls of a deserted mansion, I could dream of him still—still could I dream of faces whose beauty was no formal symmetry of outline, no bloom that Time bestows and takes away—but a permanent law and generative principle of loveliness, a visible efflux of divinity—still would I believe that what to me was but a dream, the fashion whereof I strove in vain to recall, was to Raphael a waking intuition, a clear idea, distinct in part and lineament, informing his skill, and ruling his hand, and substantiated in his human forms divine. Had Titian's colours been evanescent as the rainbow, I could yet believe (and alas! the time must come, when none

can more than believe it) that his canvasses glowed with the gorgeous light of prophetic vision, and melted with the voluptuous hues of lovers' fancy—that he clothed his naked goddesses with beauty as a garment—revealed young seraphs trailing clouds of glory, and shed immortal sunshine on Elysian plains. Salvator Rosa—never was man so blessed in a name!—But I once did see a landscape of Salvator's, which taught me what an imaginative thing a landscape may be, when drawn by a painter, not a land-surveyor—by a poet-painter, not a mere portrait-maker of wood, earth, and water (Nature's three flat notes, as Sir William Chambers* called them, like a flat as he was.) That shall positively be the last pun—this page—Such shaggy rocks—such dark and ruinous caves—such spectre-eyed, serpent-headed trees, wreathed and contorted into hideous mimicry of human shape, as if by the struggles of evil spirits incarcerated in their trunks—such horrid depths of shade—such fearful visitations of strange light—such horrid likenesses

“Of all the mishaped half-human thoughts
That solitary nature feeds,”

were surely never congregated in any local spot, assuredly not in merry England, nor Scotland either, for Robin Hood and “brave Rob Roy” were outlaws of another vein than Salvator's banditti, who seem not men of women born, nor fed with mother's milk, “nor ever dandled on a father's knee,” but natural kindred of the murderous woods and unholy dens they lurk in. They are no more sib to the free dwellers of Sherwood, than to the gentlemen of the Beggar's Opera. And then, such women! horribly beautiful! It is pleasant to talk of Corregio, Caravaggio, Julio Romano, Carlo Dolci, Domenichino, Parmegiano, and the rest of the Roman, Venetian, and Bolognese schools, their names are so musical. I have a superstitious reverence for

* See the “Heroic Epistle,” attributed to Mason, one of the most vigorous satires of latter times. One should hardly have expected it from so grave and reverend a gentleman. Yet who more grave and proper than Virgil, and he has displayed a strong satiric vein in more than one passage.

“Qui Baviarum non odit—amet tua carmina, Mævi,”

is worth a wilderness of Baviads and Mæviads. Gray, too, precise as he was, could wield the knout with a knowing spirit. See his lines upon Tophet.

Albert Durer, a sort of bowing and speaking acquaintance with Teniers; I should like to be introduced to that pleasant, good-for-nothing Frenchman, Watteau, his pictures are such smooth, well-bred pieces of court scandal, as good as Grammont or Horace Walpole. I often quote Thomson's lines about "learned Poussin;" and am heartily tired of hearing English sun-sets always called Claude-like scenes. As for Beck, Bolswert, Bishop, Sceldt, Rottenhammer, Heere, Helmskirk, Hondekötter, Hockins, Howbraken, Ketel, Ralf, Cock, Block, Mengs, and Hink, I perfectly abhor their names, and am determined never to mention them in a sonnet as long as I live.

With respect to Sculpture, my faith is great, and my knowledge very small. It is, however, much easier to conceive a statue than a painting, because the relation of parts to the whole is much simpler, and more obvious. Casts and prints give a very tolerable idea of what sort of excellence can be attained in marble or bronze. I have seen a copy of the Medicean Venus, and thought it an exceedingly clever model of a pretty loveable little woman. But I was neither "dazzled" nor "drunk with beauty," and must be excused if I doubt whether Byron was either. In Don Juan he speaks out, sensibly and plainly—

"I've seen far finer women, plump and real,
Than all the creations of their stone ideal."

"Loving in stone" must needs be Platonic love with a vengeance. Venus and common sense defend me from falling in love with a statue, either literal or metaphorical! In soft, fascinating, sexual loveliness, marble is a very inadequate representative of flesh and blood; and in bodying forth the beauties of the mind, the inexplicable combinations of thought and feeling, Sculpture is almost as inferior to Painting, as Painting to Poetry,—all are poor in comparison of Nature, who is true Poetry. Still the Venus de Medici is all it can or ought to be; it is more glorious to

have given a title to such a work, than to have reigned over the vale of Arno. There is another Venus, known by the untranslatable epithet Kallipyga, which I have also seen in little—concerning which I shall borrow the rapture of that amiable cockney, Janus Weathercock, whilom connoisseur in ordinary to that dear defunct—the London—(Taylor and Hessey.)—"Where shall we find a light sufficiently pervading for my exquisite coquette, my alluring bashfulness, that with such ravishing affectation gathers sidelong the thin robes high from her blooming limbs long-stepping—

Thou beauteous-ankled nameless one, what country gave thee birth?

Who was the god, or godlike youth, made blessed with thy love?

What thrilling fingers

Drew o'er the rounded wrist the elastic ring of gold?

Is Nature now worn out? Or wert thou always as now, a vision of desire, the flower of a mind burning with the Idea of Beauty never to be realized, but by its own faint reflection?" Well done—now were I to try all night, I could not put myself into such an ecstasy. It is a very pretty figure, however, but my frigid barbarism has been far more affected by the sight of a rosy Westmoreland lassie, tripping over a swollen brook, with her basket on her head, looking behind and around her, to see if she were unobserved, and bursting out in a half-pleased, half-alarmed laugh at the rustle of the copse hard by—than with any dim reflection of even Greek ideas. There is, methinks, a pravity of taste, a positive moral disproportion, in lavishing so much fond foolishness on an unsympathising block, a toy of mere mechanic craft. The legitimate pleasure to be derived from works of art is calm, austere, intellectual. The true object of admiration, is the intellect, that can so enshrine itself in passive matter, and fix a thought for perpetuity, awake the sense of beauty in a thousand minds through countless generations, and make us venerate the godlike in our possible selves.*

* Since writing the above, I have seen another Venus, a copy from the antique, in the most immaculate marble. It is a crouching figure, supported on one knee, with exquisite gracefulness, half concealing the face and bosom with the round flexile

I confess I suspect the Apollo to be of a higher style of excellence than even the Venus; perhaps because Milman's prize verses have taught me how to admire it. But is not masculine beauty more truly statuesque, more coldly and correctly ideal, than the charm of womanhood? It addresses itself purely to the understanding, through the eye; it is a matter of measurement—a geometric diagram. Theory and Nature are not there at strife. Men, to be sure, such as one sees of a market-day, or in the Serpentine river on a Sunday, are not Apollos; their visage must be seen in their mind before they can be loved; but this is all to the advantage of the sculptor. His work is the less liable to suffer by a comparison with Nature's. At any rate, I have seen much sweeter women than the Venus—I never saw a man half so handsome as the Apollo. One great merit of this statue is, that it is not effeminate. With all the showery luxuriance of unshorn locks, the smooth and radiant aspect, the rounded limbs, that lead the eye unchecked along the undulating maze of beauty—it is every inch a god, instinct with immortal youth and masculine divinity. Now, common-place artists, and poets too, seem to copy the modern practice of the theatres—when they want to shew a nice young man, they put a buxom female into male attire. Who, that ever has seen, can forget the Vestris in Giovanni? and more than one pretty little lady has made her musical debut in Macbeath. To see how the dear creatures play with the pistols! It were

a pleasure to be robbed by such highway-women. However, the device serves to unrealize the play, which, delightful as its just and powerful satire makes it in perusal, is a great deal too real for decorous representation. By the way, the Beggar's Opera is far above the customary pitch of Gay—Swift had surely a hand in it. But this is digressing.

The Farnese Hercules—a huge mass of muscle, sullenly reclining on a knotty club—is a terrible personification of animal power—a sort of animated oak-tree. Nothing, compact of bone and fibre, could withstand the explosive force of its sinews; yet it is as sluggish, and apparently as unthinking, as powder in a mine, before the train is ignited. It is said to be admirable in its anatomy; and being a genuine antique, is free from that disgusting pedantry which some modern muscle-mongers have brought from the dissecting-room—a school in which it is as vain to seek for the grace of the body, as for the seat of the soul. Better that a statue should not be quite correct in anatomy, than that it should look like a mummy, and smell of putrefaction. Let the surgeons make casts and preparations for themselves. Contrasted with the Apollo, this gnarled protuberant heap of iron flesh happily illustrates the difference between corporeal strength and spiritual energy—between Charles and Orlando. Still, it is an ugly monster; and I like it the worse, because I wrote fifty lines in its praise, which did not obtain the Newdigate prize.*

I have gazed for hours at the Elgin

arms. The face, as usual in Grecian statues, has little expression. It is not the crafty, laughter-loving goddess of wiles and witcheries; but Aphrodite, fresh from the pure ocean, a being mature in beauty, with the soul of new-born infancy, simply conscious of its own sweet life, and the light of Heaven. It has not the holiness of Eve, but scarce less innocence. The man who could be offended at its nudity, must have the imagination of a monk, or a French atheist, and should read none but the Family Dramatists. I should not like to see a lady looking grave at it. It is as fine an illustration of the infinite unity of beauty, as ever I saw in art. You cannot point out where a single line begins or ends. It is the property of James Branker, Esq., a worthy citizen of a state whose "merchants are princes," who will make Wivander merry and musical as in days of yore.

* Considering the wide circulation of *Maga*, not only in every part of the British dominions, but in the United States, and wherever the English language is spoken, (to say nothing of the German, Swedish, and Slavonic versions,) it is possible that some of her readers may not know what the Newdigate prize is. Sir Roger Newdigate, a wealthy nabob, bequeathed L.20 per annum for ever, to the University of

marbles—"the importation whereof constitutes an era in British art," and having read in Hogarth's *Ana-*

lysis that Michael Angelo discovered the line of beauty in a Torso, was not without hopes of eliciting a

Oxford, for the best copy of verses, not exceeding fifty lines, on some subject of ancient painting, sculpture, or architecture. Professor Wilson was the first winner, and he has been followed by Milman, Chinnery, and others of minor note; for a University which is continually stocking the country with scholars and divines, cannot be expected to produce a great poet every year.

Not for so vain and impertinent a purpose as to arraign the decision of the Vice-Chancellor, both the Proctors, the Poetry Professor, and Public Orator, in my own case, but simply to warn future aspirants against injudicious borrowing from the ancients, I mention a little circumstance attending my lines on the Farnese Hercules. Speaking of the protuberance of the muscles, I wrote as follows:

Those starting sinews, which thick-ranged appear,
Like the broad pebbles in a river clear.

This couplet excited considerable ridicule, was pronounced "lakish," (a term as opprobrious at Oxford, in respect of poetry, as Whiggish, applied to politics,) and, as my flatterers insinuated, caused the rejection of my fifty lines. Now, in fact, the obnoxious simile originated, not on the banks of Winander or Derwent, but by the classic fount of Arethusa. In Theocritus's description of the Athlete Amycus, Idyll 22, we read thus:

Στήθεα δὲ τ' αἰράτω πιδάρια, καὶ πλατὺ ἰώτον,
Σαρκὶ σιδάρεϊν σφυρηλατος οἷα κολοσσος.
Ἐν δ' αἰνὸν σφύροισι βραχίονσιν ἄκρον ὑπ' ὤμων
Ἐστάει, ἥ τε πέτραι ὀλοῖτροχοὶ ὅστι κολινδῶν
Χειμάρρος ποταμὸς μεγάλαις περιέξεισι δίναις.

Literally, "His breasts enormous, and expansive back, were covered with iron flesh—as a colossus fashioned with the hammer; and in his stalwart arms, beneath his shoulders' tip, the muscles stood, like round rolling stones, which a river, swollen with winter rains, tumbles along with it, and boils about in mighty eddies." On which passage Coplestone ("Prælectiones Academicæ," p. 79) observes, "Amyci Athletæ forma ad exemplum statuæ alicujus insignis aut tabulæ videtur exprimi;" perhaps, if chronology permit, Theocritus might be thinking of the Farnese Hercules at the very time. I hate chronology, and love Shakspeare for his anachronisms as much as for his puns. Seriously—I mean not to murmur at the criticisms of my academical superiors, or contemporaries. There is an idle fashion of disparaging prize poems, as if the tamest, tritest compositions had the best chance of success—as if Heber's Palestine had not been a prize poem—as if Porteous, and Lowth, and Wilson, and Milman, had not been prize men. It is neither likely nor fit that academic judges should authorize daring innovations on established models, or encourage the audacity of empiric genius. Nor does English poetry properly belong to the course of college studies. I am not sure that prizes for English verse are necessary or advantageous in an University at all. They certainly withdraw the attention from the regular course of studies, and sometimes gain a temporary eclat for clever idle men, which is not desirable. Surely, then, the rulers of public instruction are right in patronising that cast of poetry which is most strictly academical—which indicates most care, study, and self-possession—though it should not always be the most promising. Whatever political economists may think of bounties upon exportation, bounties upon genius are little needed in this generation. After all, of the pumber of rejected prize poems which their authors have thought proper to print, is there one, which does not justify the award of the Dons?

Talking of lakishness—the Southrons, and some of you Northerns too, have a strange idea of the Lakes—as if they constituted a sort of rural Grub-street—as if rhyme, rhythm, blank verse, and English hexameter, were the vernacular dialect of the hills—as if Windermere were a huge puddle of ink, and the wild-geese, when they fly over our vales, dropped ready-made pens out of their pinions. *Tout au contraire*, I assure you, gentlemen. The Lake Poets are aliens to a man; they brought their disease with them, and not a single native has caught the infection.

I cannot conclude this inordinately egotistical note, without a word of just praise

theory from the headless Ilissus, while in the Theseus, whose features have not suffered much more punishment than would have befallen a successful pugilist in the best days of the prize-ring, I fain would have imagined an Olympic victor, reposing after the strife of the Cestus—only there were no marks of body blows. I conjured up a legion of fancies, each attended with a note of admiration for its squire—outline ecstasies, raptures in chiaroscuro—but it would not do. In vain I cull-ed the finest words in English, Greek, Latin, French, and what Italian I had picked out of music-books—and tried to talk myself into a taste, by explaining their superlative excellence to whomsoever I could get to seem to listen! I was as cold as the marbles themselves; and all my imaginations were like the silent practice in which a cathedral organist exercises his fingers during the lessons and sermon, which only wants the puff of the bellows to be eloquent music. I tried the antiquarian tack—bethought me how these shattered relics grew beneath the hand of Phidias—how joyously he marked the approximation of the rude block to his preconceived idea—how quickly and thankfully he availed himself of every hint which the grain of the marble, a slip of the chisel, any passing object or accident, suggested to his quick-conceiving fancy—how Pericles, Sophocles, Socrates, watched his progress, and young Plato stood by musing on the quiddity of the *Kalov*—how often he was interrupted by the freaks of that mischievous urchin Alcibiades—and how divinely drunk the whole city of Athens got at the house-warming of the Parthenon, anticipating the Dionysia, and seeing every grace and perfection of the consummate divinities double. I wonder whether a drunk Athenian was as assuasive as a drunk Englishman—how many generations of fair,

and wise, and wicked citizens gazed upon them—on those very statues then before me, till they became like the dim blue Hymettus, and the dark blue sea, the natural inheritance of Athenian eyes, the pride of Athenian prosperity, the prouder solace of Athens in decay. But this also was vanity, and worse—it was a sore vexation. Better that Britain had remained, as in the days of Chaucer, of Spenser, even of Milton, a land where thought alone reflected or consummated the beauty of nature, than that we should learn the mechanism and trick of the cunning artificer, by plundering the helpless and the fallen. If it please Heaven that we should have painters and sculptors, they will rise in due time; and the same power that made Homer a poet, without antique models—that in every art has made the makers of models with no model but Nature, will teach our artists to realize their own ideal, and to equal, not resemble, the masters of brighter climes, and ages of historic fame. The Elgin marbles may make sculptors of lads who ought to be carpenters—they may possibly humanise the bodiless cherubs on our churchyard stones; but they will not conjure the soul of Phidias into John Bull. The coward Philistine, who bribed a harlot to deprive Samson of his strength, was none the stronger for his treachery.

Such were my reflections in the year 18—, when I last visited the British Museum. If I erred, at least I erred in good company; for the Duke of Wellington, who restored the works of art to Italy, and Felicia Hemans, who sang so sweet a song of triumph for their return, were manifestly of my opinion. Lord Byron's maledictions on "the scoundrel Scot," are too well known to be quoted, and far too anti-patriotic to be quoted in this Magazine. Let us rather suppose that Lord Elgin was incited, like Brutus, by the love

to the excellent work, I have quoted in my own justification; but perhaps it is enough to say that it is the work of Coplestone. Whoever would form a right judgment of the characteristic excellence of ancient poetry, unbiassed by mere veneration for ancient names, will find himself improved by its perusal. It is to be regretted, that the rules of his office (that of Poetry Professor) prevented his illustrating his position by the collation of modern examples with the antique prototypes. But English was to him a forbidden speech, and French, Spanish, German, Italian, unholy as wizard's spells.

of his country—by pure love of the arts—like the man that stole the sacramental plate out of pure religion, because he did not approve of the churchwardens. No more, probably, does Lord Elgin of the modern Athenians; he thought, perhaps, that statues were of no more use to them than books to a man who cannot read—that Britain is now the true Greece, and London “the city of the soul.” At any rate, he bought the statues, and paid for them, and sold them again at a loss; and were I a sculptor, the chance is, that I should feel truly grateful to him. As it is, I do not think I will vote for sending them back, at least till the Government of Greece is settled on a firm basis. Is it not enough that we were willing to have given the Greeks a king if we could have found any body to accept the honour? Alas! they are much in the situation of the trees in Jotham’s parable, and I fear the thorn will reign over them at last.

“To fall to somewhat of a slower method,” as King Dick says, it must be allowed that pictures and statues lose some portion of their sentimental interest, though not of their intrinsic worth, by expatriation. It is, moreover, an injury to the mighty dead—to the memory of their authors, who bequeathed them to their countries for an everlasting possession. Poetry floats on the wind, it is as communicable as fire, and all are gainers by its diffusion. But the genius of the painter, the sculptor, the architect, is embodied in matter circumscribed by locality. The temple must stand or fall beneath the same point of heaven that shone propitious on its erection. The picture, the carved image, though in some sort appertaining to the universal intellect, do yet partake of the nature of property, of national property; and though it may plausibly be argued that the fee-simple ought to reside in the nation that can make the best use of them,—such a line of reasoning would prove too much—at least for the security of vested interests in general. What would the Courts think, if it were advanced as a plea for appropriating another man’s horse, that the said owner was a bad jockey?

There is one purpose to which

sculpture has immemorially been applied—wherein I think Gothic ignorance has stumbled on the right way, and modern skill “overleaps itself.” I mean in sepulchral effigies. The old recumbent figures with hands joined over the bosom, as if they had died praying, with the quaint black-letter inscriptions, accord far better with the repose of death, than the most artful imitation of life which even a Chantry would execute. Death will still be death, and the bare skull will look ghastly, though you crown it with roses. Faith makes our departure joyful; but the best that sense can shew of death is peace, marble stillness. Unseemly is the cold, unmoving mimicry of life, in the holy neighbourhood of dust that hath lived.

But why did I speak of British art as of an unborn contingency? Ages rolled away before a real painter stepped on British ground; and long after England became a resort of foreign artists, and a shrine for their choicest relics, when poets and sages had consecrated our language to immortality, the silent universal language of lines and colours was graced with no English composition above the grade of a plain prose epitaph or obituary notice! For to what else can a mere portrait or deathlike bust be compared? But art, though late, has come to us at last, and like a Lapland summer, fairer and more perfect for its long delay.

Why were we not earlier blest with native artists? Many reasons have been assigned, but none completely satisfactory. Winkelman wrote an essay, which Barry thought worthy of serious confutation, to shew, that unless England could be towed some degrees farther south, her sons must toil after the classic style in vain. But Winkelman, I believe, was never in England, perhaps never saw an English woman—or, more probably, saw no beauty in the works of nature, and only one kind of beauty in works of design. Besides, he died in 1768. Yet, if he were acquainted with English literature and English mechanism, he ought to have known, that we possessed, in no stinted measure, the two grand requisites of art—poetical conception, and manual dexterity. The fault, therefore, is not in our climate, bad as it is for

asthmatical and consumptive subjects, not in our stars, or in our physical constitution, or craniological conformation—for all these are much in statu quo;—yet England is pre-eminently the country of living Art. Wars and factions are very wicked things, but it is doubtful whether they do not rather foster than repress the growth of intellect. Invention is a tree that droops in the sunshine, and expands its proud blossoms to the storm. What have been the times, and what the regions, which science, art, imagination, have most renowned? The eras of revolution, the habitations of discord—Athens, Syracuse, Republican and Papal Rome, Florence, Venice, Northern Germany, England—names habitually associated with sedition, persecution, tumults, battles, and sieges. And what periods in the world's history have produced more intellectual excellence, more ornamental skill, than those of the Peloponnesian war, of the Roman Triumvirates, when the minds which adorned the Augustan age, were formed and instructed—of the Guelph and Ghibelline contests—of the Reformation, the Puritan rebellion, and the French revolution?

But it may be argued—the fine arts of painting and sculpture are less independent than their sisters. They require an expensive material, and much leisure, and ample space, to develop their beauties. The minstrel could convey his harp, the modern bard his inkhorn, from town to town—over hill and dale—could exercise their faculties beneath the green forest, in the camp or the prison, wherever the vocal air or the silence of thought can enter—needing no patronage but what suffices to preserve them from starving.

Not so the poet of the pencil or the chisel. This is an undertaking that requires capital. His employers can only be the opulent, and they are little disposed to purchase pictures or statues, which an invader may carry away to grace his triumph, a bullet pierce, or a bomb-shell crush to atoms—a drunken mob deface, or a fanatic multitude burn, with the mass of abominable things. Nor are men's minds, in troubled times, much given to produce quiet grace, or silent expression, by slow and patient

touches. David himself had little leisure for painting, while he sat upon Robespierre's committee. There is some plausibility in this. But it will not account for the dearth of art in England. It is sufficient to observe, that there was room, leisure, and magnificence, to erect some of the grandest works of architecture, the slowest, bulkiest, and most expensive, of all art's operations—the least capable of escape, and the most exposed to hostile aggression. For never since the Temple was levelled on Mount Moriah, has the patient toil and beautiful genius of mankind upreared a house of prayer, so reverend, so fitted to a sacred purpose, so fair with the beauty of holiness, as those aged cathedrals, those abbeys and minsters, which solemnize our ancient cities, or lift their grey heads amid the stillness of deep, umbrageous, winding vales, by lulling streams, or dark embowered with "old contemporary trees," from whence, in elder times, the sacred bell and the slow midnight psalm fell sweetly on the ear of wood-bewildered pilgrim—fabrics, so admirable in their perfection, that we could scarce deem charitably of their destroyers, were they less holy in their hallowed ruins. Yet, even were they deprived of the sublimity of age and association, and considered merely as efforts of architectural skill, they would still be the glory of our isle. To execute so great a variety of minute and curious parts, requires a masterly hand, and a pregnant fancy—to combine them in one massy and stupendous whole, was the achievement of a mighty imagination. In the multitude and delicate elaboration of the Gothic ornaments, we are reminded of the fragile pencilling of frost, or the vegetation of mosses—yet the total effect is immensity, and eternity. We scarce believe them feats of mechanic agency, or think a time has been, when yet they were not. We are always pleased with discovering analogies between the sister arts, but the only thing to which we can assimilate, or parallel, the British sacred architecture, is the music of Handel. The Grecian orders, like pictures, are to be seen and comprehended at once—the whole and the parts are viewed together, and

their coinherence is judged by the eye. But our cathedrals, from their screens, side-aisles, transepts, and subsidiary chapels, can never be seen altogether; there is always, as when you are listening to a solemn, rich, and varied harmony, employment at once for memory and anticipation. The whole is not *objected* to the senses, but must be constructed by the imagination—always implied—but never present.

Now, the music of Handel, though multitudinous as the ocean, possesses as complete an unity as the simplest air—with the high excellence, that each part is prophetic, as it were, of the parts that are successively to be unfolded. But I'm afraid I don't make myself quite understood. *Revenons à nos moutons.*

Surely the wealth, zeal, and genius that erected those sacred fanes, might have adorned them with semblances of natural or ideal beauty, at less expense than went to fill them with gilded monsters and gorgeous deformity. There was plenty of occupation, and probably sufficient pay, for carvers and limners, when our churches were populous with idols, gleaming with saints, burning with martyrs, grinning with devils, and staring with miracles. The shafted windows, so curiously elegant with wirelike tracery, shed "dim religious light" through prophets and apostles, radiant with gold and purple, sapphire and emerald—heraldic griffins and monsters stained the lettered pavement with transmitted lustre—the clustering pillars were hung with festive array of legends woven in tapestry, and not a font nor altar, stall or pulpit, screen or "buttress, or coigne of vantage," that was not as industriously flourished over as an Oriental manuscript. Grotesque and graceless as all this "antique imagerie" would probably appear in Protestant daylight, it doubtless was fearfully impressive in Catholic eyes, when seen by the faint flickering of yellow tapers, which, struggling with the discoloured gleam of painted glass, produce by their very number an aggravating indistinctness. The colouring was brilliant and expensive, and profusely bestowed on the statues, busts, and relievos, after the Grecian fashion. If we may judge from the few remnants of church-

limnery that have escaped the fanatics and the modernizers, there was no lack of manual cleverness or inventive ingenuity about the idol-makers. They wanted not hands or wits to have done better. And if, as is most probable, they were monks and ecclesiastics, they must many of them have visited Italy, and seen the antique. But they seem not to have aimed at grace or beauty. Scientific composition of course was out of the question. All they attempted, they did well, and that was to dazzle the eye, and tell their story. Single figures are sometimes powerfully designed; the features, though harsh, expressive, and the attitudes, though any thing but elegant, and not always possible, are not without a purpose; they do help to tell a tale. All is hard, awkward, quaint, exaggerated—but nothing unmeaning. Their ends were wonder and faith—and doubtless they worked well. In style, merit, and purport, the religious paintings of the dark ages closely resembled the wood prints to be found in popular Dutch, German, and English books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—such as Quarles' Emblems, the Book of Martyrs, the Nuremberg Chronicle, Reynard the Fox, and others, which have perhaps given more pleasure, certainly have pleased a greater number, than the finest productions of Italian genius.

Antiquarians may lament the destruction of carved virgins, and legends gay with gold and purple; but the loss is not to art, but to history. Whatever cleverness may have been in the contrivance or execution of these things—and there was no little—they involved not the idea of legitimate art, and therefore contained no germ of improvement. Had the skill that wrought them been cultivated to the exactest nicety, it could never have excelled the indefatigable idleness of a Chinese toy-maker. Still they prove that it was not for want of pay or patronage, that England was not as early a land of painters as of poets.

Most nations exhibit the rudiments of design—all appear to be delighted with gaudy colours. Savages, of every tribe and climate, paint their huts, their canoes, their weapons, or their skins. Such as are

a little raised above animal life discover the instinct of imitation—are amused with casual resemblances of dissimilar objects, and set about producing them. If a stump of wood, or fragment of shattered rock, present a hideous similitude to human forms or features, the likeness is helped out with a few finishing touches, and, lo, it is a God. Children have almost invariably a turn for drawing and colouring, as the fly-leaves of their copies, the white-washed walls of the nursery, and many a poor print defaced with lake, gamboge, and ochre, abundantly testify. But notwithstanding the universality of these graphic impulses, it is to the especial endowments of a few—it may be, of a single soul—that all the genuine art on earth is owing. To a few—a very few—has the good seed been intrusted. When once that seed is sown, it has seldom perished for want of fostering hands, or withered in the blasts of stormy politics. It sends its roots far away under the earth; and grows up, in many a goodly grove, with flowers of diverse hue, and fruits of various savour.

In a word, I conceive the reason why we had not a school of art before the days of Hogarth and Reynolds, to be, that it had not pleased Heaven to send us any one great master. Our want of ancient models prevented talent from developing itself; but it will not account for the absence of genius; and where that is not, to erect academies, and propose prizes, is as vain as to water a garden, wherein nothing is planted, or to set up burning-glasses and reflectors, where the sun hath never shone. True—the painter has a mechanical craft to learn, and is dependent on mechanic, scientific, and chemical inventions, for the full display of his powers; but these appliances and means were as cheap—these mental faculties as easy to be hired—in England as elsewhere. But our day was not come. Let us be thankful that it has come at last.

In the age of Dryden, a list of native artists had been but an inventory of poverty, like the schedule of an insolvent—a catalogue of the illustrious obscure. Now we have already three volumes of the "Lives

of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," from the pen of Allan Cunningham, and hope to have more.

It was once my intention to have launched a criticism on this delightful little book, under the colours of Christopher North. Little imports it to the world to know what contrary winds, what blockade or embargo has so long detained my reviewatory bark from sailing. But, alas! *seco nunquam* is not the motto of my muse. The very morning that I put the finishing touch to my long-promised prologue to my friend —'s Farce, I received intelligence that the farce was damned. The consolatory exhortation, which I culled with such care from the fathers and philosophers, and addressed to the young and wealthy widow, was all but finished, when she married her second husband. Now a review is not one of those compositions, which Horace counsels to be kept nine years. It is very well upon a work, which either ought, or ought not, to be read; but very absurd on one which nobody will read, or every body has read. In the latter case, if it be good for any thing, it ceases to be a review, and becomes a commentary, as the best possible dinner, if deferred to the eleventh hour, could only be a good supper. As a commentator, then, I proceed to communicate such reflections as Mr Cunningham's work has suggested to me; to which I am the rather encouraged, inasmuch as he appears from choice and judgment, as I from ignorance and necessity, rather to appreciate the intellectual than the technical, the poetic power than the executive mastery of art. He considers of form and colour rather as exponents of thought, than as capable of distinct and final excellence, and treats his subject less like an artist than a philosopher. It is, indeed, to be regretted, that he so seldom ventures upon the critic's ground; and is for the most part contented to be the biographer of artists, when he appears so fully qualified to be the historian of art—

But, dearest Kit, let the First Part of the Article of Ignoramus conclude here—and the Second illumine the March Number:

THE STORY OF AZIMANTIUM.

We are weary of the present—Let us turn and rest our minds for a while upon a tale of the past.

THERE WAS a dreamy stillness in the air—there was a golden glory over the sky—there was a music in the far-off hum of distant nature sinking to repose—there was a fragrance in the soft breath of the valley, as it stole timidly through the multitude of drowsy flowers, as if afraid to wake them from their evening sleep; all told of one of those few days which last in loveliness from their dawning to their close—so full of every fine essence of joy, that we tremble to see them pass, lest we should never find any thing so beautiful upon earth again. The whispering murmur of the small long waves, as they woo'd the quiet sands upon the sea-shore—the pale and timid lustre of the stars, as they shone out, one by one, through the still purple heaven—the slow changes of a rosy cloud, as it dallied with an unseen wind—spoke peace!—Peace, the first, last, great blessing—the mightiest of promises—the object of virtue, of wisdom, of knowledge—the only desire that experience leaves—the hope beyond our life—the glory of eternity—Peace!

High-eyried on the rocky eminence, where now the overthrown stones of a massy wall tell of cities and their dwellers, passed like shadows down the dim vista of the gone, stood the fair town of Azimantium, with its long-disused battlements, its temples, and its columns, marked in fine lines of shadowy purple, high upon the broad expanse of the rich evening sky. The mountain on which it stood, clothed in the splendid robe of the setting day's calm violet-colour, hung over the valleys and the plains around, with an air of protecting majesty. On one side a gentle slope, covered with green pastures, and clumps of high trees, with ever and anon a temple or a villa in their shade, declined softly towards the fair land of Greece—the country of poetry and song—to which Aziman-

tium had long belonged. Two other sides, that towards the Euxine,* and that which looked over Thrace, were rough and steep, broken with gigantic crags; and though many a piece of smooth short turf intervened between the masses of cold grey stone—though many a tree waved its leafy arms, as if in sport, above each rugged cliff, and many a green parasite trailed its fantastic garlanding of verdure over the harsh and stony limbs of the mountain—no footing was there for things of mortal mould. The goat, the sure-footed goat, looked down, with sidelong glance, from the flat summit above, but tempted not the descent; the fox earthed himself at the foot; and but the eagle, of all living things, in his kingly loneliness, chose it for his dwelling, from its very solitude. The fourth side turned towards the barbarian enemies of the Grecian name, and frowned defiance in one savage, dark, unbroken precipice.

But now all was peace around. Splendour, and feasting, and music, reigned through the Grecian empire. The brow of every man was calm and joyful, the voice of every one was rich in poetry and song; and it would have seemed that nothing but a smile had ever curled the lip, or danced in the eye. Oh fatal softness! Oh hard lot of man! that peace can never rest without power! that enjoyment can never continue without strength! that the shield, and the glaive, and the javelin, should be the only safeguards of tranquillity!

All was peace. Many a century of decaying years had swept over the proud fabric of the Roman Empire, and what had been mighty, was now hastening towards a name. The men who had conquered a world, mouldered in the dust; and their children were contented to enjoy. The arms which should have wielded the sword, or braced on the shield, now only raised the cup, or struck the lyre. Voices

* See Procopius *de Edificiis*, l. iv. cap. xi. Several reasons have induced me to place Azimantium on the very shores of the Euxine.

which, in former days, would have breathed the soul of freedom to the swelling hearts of a mighty people, or pleaded for the laws before that senate which should have been immortal, now sung the loose and ribald song, in the halls of luxury and the resorts of intemperance, or urged some vain and subtle theme, in schools that had become schools of folly. Honour was no longer to the brave, or to the good; and, though peace spread over the whole eastern realm, it was peace bought by tributary gold, won by degradation, and spent in effeminacy, indulgence, and vice.

One small city alone of the whole empire, still held within its walls the nobler spirit of Rome's ancient days. One small city alone, like an altar to some sublime but nearly forgotten deity, upheld the flame of virtuous courage—simple, grand, noble, independent—enjoyed the smile of peace, but feared not the frown of war; reposed without softness, and rejoiced without debauchery. That city was Azimantium. Its youth, trained to the nobler amusements, only descended from the free mountain-air of their sky-surrounded dwelling, to war with the wild beasts of the forests around, or to chase the swift deer over the Thracian plains. Such were their sports of peace; and if a lingering influence of the genius-breathing climate taught the Pentellican marble to start into life, woke the Achaian flute, or struck the Teian lyre, the godlike spirit of a purer age gave fire to the song, and vigour to the statue. The mighty and majestic scenes amidst which they beat, raised and dignified the hearts of Azimantium; and though the passions of humanity were there in all their force, the better soul, the nobler purpose of the mind, linked those passions to all that is grand and dignified in nature. The aspirations of the spirit, and the desires of the body, were not waging the horrific struggle mutually to destroy each other; but, joined together in thrilling fellowship, like the immortal twins of Laconia, they strove alone to guide and elevate each other. Love dwelt in Azimantium; but it was that brighter love, wherein the radiant share of the deathless soul invests the earthly portion with a blaze of light.

I have said that it was the evening of a summer's day—a day such as is hardly known to more northern climates—a day on which the kingly charioteer of heaven seems to hold some high festival, and robe himself in more majestic lustre. The sunshine had passed, and it was evening—but an evening full of rays. It seemed as if some mysterious power had robbed the daylight of half its beams, to weave them into purple with the dark-blue woof of night, and then had studded it over with golden stars, to curtain the cradle of the sleeping earth.

Through the still calm valleys at the foot of the mountain of Azimantium—by the side of the living stream that sparkled onward on its brief gay course—amidst tall and scattered trees, where the nightingale raised his glorious anthem to the first star—wandered two of the children of that city, who had seen no other dwelling, and never desired to do so. They had risen from infancy in scenes which had every day grown dearer; and as years had flown, mutual love, uncrossed, unopposed, untainted, had given those scenes a light, whose spring was in their own hearts, a charm wrought by that potent magician, Affection. They loved as fully as mortal things can love; and from all external nature, from every song, from every sight, a sweet communion of thrilling enjoyments gathered itself round their mutual hearts. The memory of all their past was together; the joy of the present was tasted together; the future—misty and vague as that dim profound must ever be—they never dreamed could be otherwise than together. One month had yet to fly ere the dearest, because the most durable, tie was to bind Honoria to Menenius for ever; and now they wandered alone through those sweet valleys, and amidst those soft scenes, unwatched, undoubted, by those whose duty was to guard and to protect, because there was not one heart within the bounds of the city, who dared to think that Honoria was unsafe with Menenius.

They talked of love and hope; and those bright visions that, in the summer-morning of our youth, dance before our dazzled and untaught eyes, came thick upon them; and they lent each other willing aid to raise fabric

after fabric, out of thin air alone, till the unsubstantial architecture reached to the very sky. Oh how they dreamt! and though a sultry and unnerving air grew up, one knew not whence, casting a sort of doubtful faintness on Honoria's frame; and though vague rumours of dangers to the state, and new demands from the pensioned enemies of the Eastern Empire, had reached the ears of Menenius, an atmosphere of their own hope surrounded them, in which joy seemed to breathe secure.

They had wandered long, pouring their souls into each other's bosom, till at length they turned to mount the gentle ascent that led them to their home. And yet they lingered, and yet they paused to take another look over the twilight-world which spread out beneath, wider and wider at every step as they ascended; and to say, "How fair!" and still to speak one kind word more. As thus they paused beneath a group of tall trees, near which an ancient tower marked the burial-place of the great of other days, and stretched their eyes over the darkening landscape, a sudden feeling of terror shot through Honoria's breast—she knew not why. She heard nothing, she felt nothing, she saw nothing, which could awaken fear; and yet with a sudden and instinctive impulse, she clung to Menenius, exclaiming, "What is coming?" The horses that were feeding on the slope, with a shrill cry broke in madness down the hill; an eagle started from the rock below, and screaming, soared into the sky; while the lover cast his strong arm round her he loved, and unconsciously laid his hand upon his sword. All felt the dreadful coming of some great change. It came—with a roar like the accumulated thunder of a thousand storms! The lightning, bursting from no visible cloud, swept over the clear blue sky, and shone amongst the stars; and in the livid blaze, the towers of Azimantium, with each line dark and clear on the broad glare, were seen to quiver, and rock, and fall; while beneath the lovers' feet, the earth heaved and panted, as if the globe were rent with dying agonies. The air was one wild scream—the sky, from pole to pole, was all on fire—the ground refused its footing. Then came a moment of

dead calm. All was silent! all was still! and Menenius felt Honoria's arms relax the terrified clasp in which they held him. "It is over, beloved," whispered he, as if afraid to break the restored tranquillity even by his voice: "It is over; thank God, the earthquake has passed by!"

But before the words were well pronounced, a fitful gleam, a broader flash, another roar, swept through the air; the ground yawned and quivered; the tottering tower beside them was hurled in crashing ruins over the brink. Menenius caught at a tree for support; but it, too, shaking like a willow bough in a storm, swayed to and fro, and staggered as if plucked up by some gigantic force. Its boughs crashed; its centuried roots gave way, and rushing on those who had sought support in its strength, it overwhelmed them in its descent. What was the lover's only thought as he fell? To save her he loved; and by a sudden, scarcely conscious, effort of all his natural vigour, he kept her off, while the uprooted tree was dashed upon himself.

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The earthquake had passed by, and become a thing of memory. Nineteen of the towers of Constantinople had fallen; the walls of Azimantium lay broken and destroyed; and on the day which was to have lighted the marriage torch for Honoria and Menenius, the lover lay, slowly recovering from the evening of the earthquake, and the beautiful girl watched him with glad, yet anxious eyes. The father of Menenius, too, stood beside him, and marked the reviving glow in his son's cheek with joy, although there was a deep and thoughtful shadow on his brow, which brightened into something of triumph and of hope, as his eye ran over the bold and swelling muscles of his frame, and thought that but a few days more would restore that frame to all its pristine vigour. The triumph and the hope were those of a true son of ancient Greece, for they were kindled and inspired by the proud thought that the energetic strength of mind and body which were no longer united in himself, would, in his son, prove the safeguard of his country. He had news to tell which might well have quelled the feeble spirits

of that degenerate age, but Menenius was a child of Azimantium, and knew not fear, even though crushed, and sick, and wounded. He had borne the cautions of the leech, and the restraint of a sick-chamber, with somewhat of impatience and disdain; but when his father told him that the false Bishop of Margus had opened the gates of that city to the barbarian Attila, the destroyer of arts, the waster of empires, the scourge of God; that unnumbered myriads of the Huns were pouring over the frontier barriers of the Eastern Empire; that Sirnium and Sardica, Ratiaria and Naissus, had fallen, and that but a few days more would see the blood-gorged savages beneath the rocks of Azimantium, Menenius became docile as a lamb to all that might hasten his recovery. Honoria's cheek grew pale, and her lip forgot its smile, but not a word of fear was breathed upon the air, and her dark dark eye shot out rays of more intense and brilliant light, as she gazed on each piece of her lover's armour, and scanned them jealously for fault or flaw.

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There was a cry through the whole of Greece, "They come! They come!" Over the fields, through the valleys, on the mountains; from voice to voice, and castle to castle, and city to city, the cry went forth, "Death to the nations! They come! They come! Vultures, prepare to feast! They come! They come!"

All fell down before them or fled, and those who timidly spoke but the name of war, died by their own hearths. Fortress after fortress, town after town, was attacked and taken, and plundered and destroyed; not one stone was left upon another, and captivity and the sword shared the children of the land between them; and still went on the cry, "They come! They come! Vultures, prepare! They come! They come!"

The weak luxurious Romans of that degenerate day, knew not the very arms with which to oppose their barbarous enemies. What did the song avail them? What the dance? What the wine-cup and the feast? Could the soft-tongued sophist cheat the dark Hun from his destined prey? Or the skilful lawyer shew Attila the code which forbade the

strong to plunder and subject the weak? No, no! After three disgraceful scenes of defeat, all fled, or yielded, or died, or were made slaves, and the whole land was red with flaming cities, and with blood-stained fields.

At length, the watchers on the steep of Azimantium beheld a dim cloud sweeping over the distant prospect, so vast, so mighty, that the whole land seemed teeming with a fearful birth. "They come! They come!" was all the cry; "They come! They come! The Myriads of the north! Warriors, prepare your swords! They come! They come!"

On they swept, like the wind of the desert. The ruined walls of Azimantium, rifted by the earthquake, offered nothing to oppose their progress. Three sides, indeed, were defended by Nature herself, but the fourth was free, and up the soft slope they rushed, tribe upon tribe, nation upon nation, flushed with conquest, hardened to massacre, eager for spoil, contemptuous of danger and death.

Across the narrowest part of the approach—where the steep natural rock on one side, and the chasm left by the overthrown tower on the other, impeded all passage but by the smooth ascent—in long bright line, with casque, and buckler, and blade, stood the youth of Azimantium, between their dear familiar homes and the dark enemy. On rushed the Huns, with glad eyes gleaming in the fierce thirst for blood. The horsemen came first, their harness loaded with the golden ornaments of plundered cities, and hanging at each knee the bleeding head of a fresh slain Greek, while myriads of foot swarmed up behind them, so that, to the eyes above, the whole steep appeared alive with a dark mass of rushing enemies. An ocean of grim faces was raised to the devoted city, and glared upon the young band of Azimantines, as the first-prepared sacrifice to the god of victory.

Nearer and more near they came. Forth flew the Scythian javelins, and, repelled from a thousand shields, turned innocent away, and then, the gazers from the house-tops of Azimantium might see the closer fight engaged. The unbroken line of gallant champions still maintained the strife against the swelling multitude

that rushed like a tremendous sea upon them. Barbarian after barbarian fell stricken from his horse, and still they saw the battle rage, and swarms of fresh enemies pour up to the assault. Still waved the swords, still advanced the spears, and still the bands of Azimantium held their narrow pass, while behind them stood the old men of the town, to encourage them by the presence of their fathers—to carry them fresh arms—to bear away the dead.

But oh what a sight it was, when first the gazers beheld four of the parents separate from the rest of the wavering crowd, and, bearing a heavy burden, come back towards the city! Oh, with what terrified speed did mothers, and sisters, and wives, and the beloved, rush forth to meet the ghastly spectacle, and learn the dreadful truth! And oh, how they crowded round, when the old men laid down their load, and, the cloak cast back, shewed the fair boy stricken in his spring of beauty, the red blood clotted in his golden hair, the energy of being passed from his young eyes, and the "pale flag of death advanced" where the joy of life had reigned.

His sister wrung her hands and tore her hair, and wept, but his mother gazed calmly, proudly, painfully, upon the clay. Then bending down to take one kiss of his cold cheek, "Weep not," she cried, "weep not, Eudocia, for your brother! He, the first, died for his country! My child is in heaven!"

"They come! They come!" was shouted from below: "Fly to the altars! Lo, they come! they come!" and breaking through the line of brave defenders, on rushed a body of the Huns. On, up the steep they urged their horses, reeking with blood and battle—on, on, towards the city. The women fled to the churches and to the shrines, but there was none to defend the town; the streets were vacant; the youths and the old men had alike gone forth to the battle; the Huns were at the gate, and all seemed lost.

It was then that Menenius, red from the brow to the heel with the blood of his enemies, shouted to his brave companions to follow him, and hurling a gigantic Scythian down the steep, with one bound he passed the chasm, and lighted on a point of rock

where the foot of man had never stood before—another brought him to a higher crag, whence a small green ridge ran round the steepest of the precipice under the city walls. One after another his bravest comrades followed. Some missed their footing and were dashed to atoms on the rocks below; but still another and another succeeded, for Azimantium knew not fear. The Huns were on their threshold, and who dared hesitate? A hundred of the most agile passed the depth, pursued the green path, cleared another and another spring, reached the city wall, climbed over its ruined stones, and in the narrow entrance street met the victorious Huns, who had paused to plunder the first shrine they found.

No words were spoken: nor javelins nor arrows were now used; brow to brow, and sword to sword, the struggle was renewed. But who can conquer men who combat for their hearths? The Huns fell, died, or were driven back, for that narrow way had no outlet but by the gate through which they had entered, and the close street where fought the youth of Azimantium. Not a Grecian glaive fell in vain, and at every step Menenius trod upon a slain barbarian. Like a reaper, each sweep of his unceasing arm made a hollow vacancy in the rank before him, and death grew so fearfully busy amongst the Huns, that vague imaginings of some supernatural power being armed to their encounter, took possession of their bosoms. The form of the young hero swelled to the eyes of their fancy. "It is a god!" they cried, "it is a god!" They shrank from his blows—they turned—they fled. Those who were behind knew not the cause of terror, but caught it as it came. Each saw his fellow flying, and, touched by the same dim unnerving influence, sought but to fly. "A god! a god!" they cried, and rushed forth tumultuously on those who followed towards the city.

The broken line of Azimantium through which they had forced their way, now divided into two by the barbarian multitude, still waged terrific warfare on either side, while Menenius, pressing on with his companions, drove the ferocious Huns from the gate. The contagious terror of the fugitives spread to those

without, and all were hurrying down the descent, when one chief rushed through the struggling crowd. "A god?" cried he. "This hand shall try his immortality!" and on he urged his steed against Menenius. For an instant the Greeks paused in their pursuit, and the barbarians rallied from their flight, and all eyes turned upon the Hun and his opponent. The fate of Azimantium—the last relic of Grecian and of Roman glory—hung upon that brief moment. An instant decided all, for before fear could become hope in the hearts of the Huns, the charger of the barbarian chief was wild upon the plain, and he himself, cleft to the jaws, lay motionless before Menenius. A thousand souls seemed in the hero's bosom, and, plunging in the midst of the enemies, he drove them down the steep. All Azimantium followed, and their footsteps were upon the necks of the dying. The rout was complete, and terror and dismay hung upon the flank of the defeated Huns; but still Menenius urged the furious pursuit. On, on he cleft his way. He marked not, he saw not who was near, he heeded not, he felt not what opposed him. His eye was fixed upon a white and fluttering object which was borne along amidst the brown masses of the flying barbarians, and towards it he rent his way, while his unwearied arm smote down all things that impeded his progress, as if but to make a path to that.

As long as the rout and the pursuit were confined by the narrow sides of the ascent to Azimantium, he kept that one spot in view; but afterwards, when the path of the flyers opened out upon the plains, the horse which bore it, carried it away from his straining eyes, while the grey falling of the evening gave every distant thing a vague shadowy uncertain form, like the objects of the past seen through the twilight memory of many years—he followed it to the last—night fell, and it was lost.

With triumph and with song the children of Azimantium wound up towards the city. Joy! joy! joy! was in their hearts, and victory upon their brows. They had overcome

the myriads, they had conquered the invincible! they had rolled back the barbarian torrent from the gates of their glad city, and every step that they took among the unburied dead of the enemy told they had won for themselves both victory and peace. With a quick step, but with a cast-down eye and a knitted brow, Menenius, the hero of the triumph, followed the path up the hill. Every voice was glad, every heart seemed joyful, but his; but there was a fear, a dread, a conviction in his bosom, that his was the home that had been plundered of its treasure, his was the hearth to be for ever desolate. He strode on to the town, and joy and glory hailed him; and gratitude and admiration proclaimed his name to the skies. They called him the deliverer of his country, the saviour of his native place—they saluted him as victor—they acknowledged him as chief.

"Honorias?" he asked, "Honorias?" but no one answered. Honorias was gone. Since the entrance of the Huns into the city, Honorias had not been seen: and casting himself down upon a couch, he hid his eyes in his cloak, while gladness and rejoicing filled the midnight air, and all Azimantium was one high festival.

'Twas strange, 'twas wonderfully strange! that one small city of the greatest empire in the world—while an inundation of barbarians poured over the land—while fortress and town were cast down and levelled with the earth—while legions fled dismayed, and nations bowed the head—and while the very suburbs of Constantinople, the imperial city, beheld the fearful faces of the Huns,—'twas strange, 'twas wonderfully strange, that one small city should stand in its solitary freedom, bold, fearless, and unconquered. 'Twas strange, 'twas wonderfully strange! Yet the deeds of the children of Azimantium are recorded in an immortal page, wherein we read, that "they attacked, in frequent and successful sallies, the troops of the Huns, who gradually declined their dangerous neighbourhood; they rescued from their hands the spoil and the captives, and recruited their domestic force by the voluntary as-

sociation of fugitives and deserters.”*

In every sally, in every irruption made by the Azimantines into the vast tract of country now covered with the Huns, Menenius was the leader; and in the fierce incessant warfare thus carried on, he seemed to find his only consolation, his only enjoyment. At other times, he would sit sad and gloomy, his vacant eye fixed unobserving upon space, and his heart meditating sad dreams. In the visions of the night, too, when weariness dimmed the fire in his heart, and suffered his eyes to close, the white and fluttering object he had pursued in the fight of Azimantium would again be carried off, while imagination would fill up all that sight had not been able to ascertain, and the form of Honoria, torn away from him by the barbarian, would hold forth its phantom arms, and implore aid and succour in vain. Then his vigorous and manly limbs would writhe with the agony of his dreaming soul, till horror and despair would burst the bands of sleep, and he would start again upon his feet to wreak his great revenge upon the enemy. And yet there was a quality in his soul which—although while an adverse sword was drawn, or a threatening bow was bent, his step was through blood and carnage, his path was terror and death,—yet there was a quality in his soul which suspended the uplifted blow when the suppliant and the conquered clasped his knee; and many was the train of captives which he sent home to the city; the pledges of future security and respect to Azimantium.

At length when seventy cities had fallen before the Scythian hordes, and nought but ruins were left to say where they had been, and to point to after ages the sad moral of an empire's decay, the weak Theodosius, unable to protect his subjects, or defend himself, agreed to treat with the mighty Barbarian, and to buy precarious peace with gold and concession, when he dared not purchase true security by the sword. Attila dictated the conditions, and Theodosius yielded to all

his demands, but one, with which the emperor had no power to comply; and that was, that the city of Azimantium should restore the captives taken from the Huns. Attila felt how little power a feeble and degenerate monarch could have over a fearless, noble, unconquerable race; and he felt, too, that all his own power, great and battle-born as it was, could scarcely suffice to crush the hearts of Azimantium. The monarch of all the Eastern empire confessed his inability to compel the restoration of the captives; and Attila, the terror of the world, the scourge of God, the conqueror of nations, treated on equal terms with the small city of Thrace.

Oh how the heart of Menenius beat, when the monarch of the Huns, by the mouth of his envoys, proposed that all prisoners taken between his myriads and the city of Azimantium should be mutually restored! And oh how his bosom heaved, when, surrounded by the Hunnish cavalry, the little knot of Azimantine captives were conducted up the hill! But where was Honoria? where was the beloved?

The Huns declared they had delivered all, and Honoria was not there—Honoria, without whom all was nothing. Ten of the principal barbarian chiefs were detained as hostages for the safety of her who had not returned; while the envoys of Attila were sent back to learn the savage monarch's will. The reply soon came, that if any of the chiefs of Azimantium dared to trust himself in the dominions of Attila, he should have free means and aid in making every search for the captive said to be detained. Maximin and Priseus, the messengers added, were then on their journey as ambassadors from the imperial court to the king of the Huns, and if the Azimantine chief would join them at Sardica, he would be conducted to the presence of Attila, who loved the brave, even when his enemies.

Menenius sprang upon his horse, and, followed by a scanty train, took the way to Sardica, his heart torn with the eternal struggle of those

* Gibbon.

two indefatigable athletes, Hope and Fear. Still, as he went, his eye roamed over the landscape—for even the absorbing sorrow of his own breast had not obliterated his love for his country—and how painful was the sight upon which the eye rested! Desolation—the vacant cottage, the extinguished hearth, the threshold stained with blood, the raven and the vulture gorged and gorging, the mangled and unburied slain, the overthrown cities, the deserted streets through which the speedy grass was already growing up, where multitudes had trod—the grass—the verdant and the speedy grass, which, like the fresh joys of this idle world, soon covers over the place that we have held when once we are passed away—ruin, destruction, death—such was the aspect of the land. And as he gazed and saw, the thought of all the broken ties and torn fellowships, the sweet associations and dear thrilling sympathies dissolved, the wreck of every noble art, the scattering of every finer feeling, which the blasting, withering, consuming lightning of war had there accomplished, found an answering voice deep in the recesses of his own wrung and agonized heart. At the ruins of Naissus—for one stone of the city scarcely remained upon the other—he joined the legates of the emperor, and with them pursued his way. His mind was not attuned to much commune with his fellows; and though Priscus, with learned lore, tempted him to speak of science, and arts, and philosophy; and Maximin, with courtly urbanity, which softened and ornamented the sterner firmness of his character, and Vigilius, the interpreter, with subtle and persuasive art, strove to win the Azimantine chief to unbend from his deep gloom, Menenius could neither forget nor forgive, and sadness was at once in his heart, and upon his brow.

Over high mountains, through brown woods, across dark and turbulent rivers, the ambassadors were led on by that part of the barbarian army, which was destined to be both their protection and guide. They saw but few of the inhabitants of the country, and little cultivated ground. Drove of oxen and sheep seemed the riches of the land. Pasture ap-

peared to be the employment of the people, and war their sport.

Their march was regulated by the Huns who accompanied them, and by them also was each day's journey limited. The spot for pitching their tents was exactly pointed out, and the hour for departure was not only named, but enforced. Each day, long before that hour came, Menenius was on foot, and he would wander forth in the morning sunshine, and gaze through the deep vacuities in the woods, or let his eyes rest upon the misty and uncertain mountains, while the vast wild wideness of the land would force upon his heart the madness of hoping that his search would prove successful. Thus had he gone forth one morning, when, in the glade of the forest where their tents were raised, he saw before him one of the barbarians whom he had never beheld before. The cold stern eye of Menenius rested on him for an instant, and then turned to the dim woods again. There was nothing pleasing in his form or in his countenance, and Menenius was passing on. He was short in stature, but broad as a giant, and with each muscular limb swelling with vigour and energy. His head was large and disproportioned, his face flat, his brow prominent, his colour swarthy. A few long and straggling hairs upon his chin, and deep lines of powerful thought, told that he had long reached manhood, while his white and shining teeth, and his bright keen speckless eye, spoke vigour undecayed by one year too many.

"Whither stray'st thou, stranger?" said the barbarian; "can a Greek enjoy the aspect of solitary nature; can the dweller in cities—the pitiful imitator of the meanest of insects, the ant—can he look with pleasure on the wilds that were given man for his best, and original home?"

"Thou art ignorant, Hun!" replied Menenius, "and with the pride of ignorance, despisest that which thou dost not comprehend. Man, in raising cities and ornamenting them with art, only follows the dictates of nature herself. To the brutes she gave the wild world, but added no intellect to her gift, for the world, in its wildest state, was sufficient. To man she gave intellect, and the

whole universe, full of materials, on which to employ it. He who is most elevated by nature herself, will use her gifts in the most diversified ways, and he who least uses them, approaches nearest to the brute.—Nay, barbarian, roll not thy furious eyes on me; I sought thee not, and he who speaks to me must hear the truth.”

For several minutes, however, the Hun did roll his eyes with an expression of fury that strangely contrasted with his perfect silence. Not a word did he speak—not a quiver of the lip betrayed the suppression of any angry tone, and it was not till the fierce glance of his wrath was completely subdued, that he replied, “Vainson of a feeble race, upon whose necks Attila, my lord and thine, has trod, boast not the use of arts which have reduced thy people to what they are, and made them alike unfit for war and peace. Look at their bones whitening in the fields; look at their cities levelled with the plains; look at their manifold and wicked laws, which protect the strong and oppress the weak; look at their silken and luxurious habits, which effeminate their bodies and degrade their minds. This is the product of the arts thou praisest. This is the degrading civilisation that thou huggest to thy heart.”

“Not so, Hun,” replied Menenius; “the corruption which thou hast seen with too sure an eye, springs not from art, or knowledge, or civilisation. It springs from the abuse of wealth and power. The Roman empire was as a man who, covered with impenetrable armour, had conquered all his enemies, and finding none other to struggle with, had cast away his shield and breastplate, and lay down on a sunny bank to sleep. In his slumber, new adversaries came upon him, his armour was gone, and he was overthrown. The armour of the empire was courage, decision, and patriotism, the slumber was luxury, and thus it was that the myriads of thy Lord penetrated to Constantinople, and destroyed the cities. The arts thou despisest, because thou knowest them not, had no share in bringing on the slumber which has proved so destructive; but let the Huns beware, for the giant may awake.”

“Ha!” cried the barbarian, with

a triumphant smile, “what is the city that could stand an hour, if Attila bade it fall?”

“Azimantium!” replied Menenius.

The Hun threw back his broad shoulders, and glared upon the Thracian chief, with a glance more of surprise than anger—then gazed at him from head to foot, visited each particular feature with his eye, and marked every vigorous and well-turned limb with a look of scrutinizing enquiry. “Thou art Menenius!” he exclaimed abruptly, after he had satisfied himself, “Thou art Menenius! ’Tis well! ’Tis well!—I deemed thou hadst been Maximin.”

“And had I been so,” asked Menenius, “would that have made a difference in thy language?”

“Son of a free and noble race,” replied the Hun, “ask me no farther. That which may well become thee to speak, would ill besit the suppliant messenger of a conquered king; and that which I would say to the vanquished and the crouching, could not be applied to the brave and the independent. Happy had it been for thy country had she possessed many like to thee, for then she would have fallen with honour: and happy, too, had it been for Attila my Lord, for then his triumphs would have been more glorious.”

Menenius was silent. The tone of the Hun was changed. The rudeness of his manner was gone; and though he spoke with the dignity of one whose nation was rich in conquests, there was no longer in his language the assumption of haughty superiority which he had at first displayed.

“And thou,” said Menenius at last—“Who am I to fancy thee?”

“I am Onegesius, the servant of Attila the King,” replied the Hun; “and mark me, chieftain of a brave people. Hold but little communion with the slaves of Theodosius as they pass through the dominions of the Huns. The lion may be stung by the viper, if he lie down where he be coiled. Now, farewell;” and thus speaking, the Hun turned, and with a proud firm step, each fall of which seem planted as for a combat, he took his path away from the Grecian tents.

* * * * *

The ambassadors pursued their way, and, after some days, encamped

late at night upon the banks of the dark and rushing Tebiscus.

The heavens were obscured by heavy leaden clouds driven by the wind into large masses, through the breaks of which, a dull and sickly moon glared forth with a fitful and a watery light upon the misty earth. The dim shapes of shadowy mountains, too, were vaguely sketched upon the sky, covered with quick passing shades, while ever and anon the winds howled forth their melancholy song, a wild and sombre anthem to the grim genius of the scene around.

The tents were pitched, the plain meal was over, the mead had passed round, and sleep had relaxed every weary muscle of the travellers' limbs, when suddenly a hurricane rushed over the whole scene, the river rose, the rain came down in torrents, and the temporary encampment was in a moment overthrown. Drenched and terrified, the legates of the Emperor disengaged themselves with difficulty from their falling pavilions, and called loudly for help. Noise and confusion spread around, and the roaring stream rising quickly over the meadow in which they had been sleeping, the howling of the overpowering wind, and the heavy pattering of the rain, added to the disturbance and fear of the scene.

A moment after, a blazing light upon the nearest hill rose like a beacon to direct their steps, and thither the ambassadors were led by the Huns.

Menenius, after he had provided for the safety of his horses and attendants, followed the rest. As he approached the light, he saw, by the figures of several Huns supplying a large fire of dry reeds with fresh fuel, that it had been raised on purpose to guide any travellers overtaken by the storm, to a place of shelter and repose. Attention and kindness awaited him, and he was instantly led into a large wooden house, where Priscus and Maximin were already seated by a cheerful hearth, at which a young widow, the wife of Attila's dead brother Bleda, was busy in the gentle cares of hospitality. Along the extreme side of the apartment was drawn a line of Scythian slaves, armed as became those who waited on the widow of a king; and as Menenius entered, their

rank was just closing, after having given exit to a form which made the Thracian chief start forward, as his eye caught the last flutter of her retiring robes. "Who passed?"—he exclaimed abruptly, forgetting, in the anxious haste of the moment, all idle ceremony. "Who passed but now?"—"Ella, the daughter of the King, and her maidens," was the reply. The heart of Menenius sunk, and his eye lost its eager fire. In a few brief words he excused his abruptness; but the widow of Bleda was one of those whose kind hearts find excuses better than we can urge them. "The maiden is fair," she said, "and well merits a stranger's glance. In truth, she knew not that there was another guest of such a mien about to be added to our hearth, or she would have staid to pour the *camus* and the mead. Much would she grieve were she not here to shew that part of hospitality." And Bleda's widow sent a maiden to tell her niece that Menenius, the Azimantine chief, sat by the fire untended.

She came—a dark-haired girl, with a splendid brow, and eyes as pure and bright as if a thousand diamonds had been melted to furnish forth their deep and flashing light. A rose as glorious as that upon the brow of morning warmed her cheek, and a quick untaught grace moved in her full and easy limbs, like those of a wild deer. But she was not Honoria; and the eye of Menenius rested on her, as on a fair statue, which, in its cold difference of being, however lovely, however it may call upon admiration, wakens no sympathy within our warmer bosoms. She, however, gazed on him, as on something new and strange, and bright; and there was in her glance both the untutored fire of artless nature, and the fearless pride of kingly race, and early acquaintance with power. For a moment she stood and contemplated the Thracian chief, with her sandalled foot advanced, and her head thrown back, and her lustrous eye full of wild pleasure; but then suddenly a red flush rose in her cheek, and spread over her brow, and, with a trembling hand, she filled a cup of mead, touched it with her lips, gave it to Menenius, and again retired.

Menenius lay down to rest, but his dreams were not of her. Gay visions

of the former time rose up and visited his brain. From out the dreary tomb of the past, long-perished moments of joy and hope were called, as by an angel's voice, to bless his slumber—Honor!—Azimantium—happiness.

Pass we over the onward journey. After a long and tedious march, the ambassadors arrived at the royal village of the Huns, which was then surrounded by uncultured woods, though at present the rich vineyards of Tokay spread round the land in which it stood. Houses of wood were the only structures which were boasted by the chief city of the monarch of one half the earth; and to the eye of the Greeks, every thing seemed poor and barbarous in the simplicity of the Huns. Yet, even lowly as were their cottage palaces, they had contrived to bestow much art on their construction. Fantastic trellis-work, and rich carved screens, and wreathed columns, cut of polished and variegated woods, were scattered in every direction; and while the first faint efforts of an approach to taste were to be found in the taller buildings and more correct proportions of the royal dwellings, the idea of war—the national sport and habitual passion of the people—was to be seen in the imitative towers and castles with which they had decorated their dwellings of peace.

Attila himself had not yet returned from his last excursion; but a day

did not elapse before his coming was announced by warrior after warrior who arrived, their horses covered with gold, and their followers loaded with spoil. All his subjects went forth to gratulate their conquering monarch; and the Greeks, standing on a little eminence, beheld his approach. First came innumerable soldiers, in dark irregular masses, and then appeared, chieftain after chieftain, all the various nations that he ruled. Then was seen a long train of maidens, in white robes, walking in two lines, each bearing aloft in her hand one end of a fine white veil, which, stretching across to the other side, canopied a row of younger girls, who scattered flowers upon the path. Behind these, mounted on a strong black horse, clothed in one uniform dark robe, without jewel, or gold, or ornament whatever, came the monarch whose sway stretched over all the northern world. As he advanced, he paused a moment, while his attendants raised a small silver table, on which the wife of one of his favourite chiefs offered him refreshments on his return. He was still at some distance, but the Greeks could behold him bend courteously to the giver, and raise the cup to his lips. The table was then removed, and onward came the king—nearer—more near—till Menenius might distinguish the features of the dark Hun he had met in the forest.

(To be continued.)

REFORM.

It would now be very unprofitable to enquire whether the House of Commons ought to be reformed; the die is cast; Reform is resolved on by both the Ministry and the Country, therefore the question for beneficial discussion is—what change ought to be adopted? In devoting this paper to it, our object is less to propose a plan, than to throw light on the present system, and the changes advocated by certain of the reformers. Plans, we fear, abound far more than the knowledge which is essential for preventing them from being ruinous.

All parties have been long the avowed friends of Reform; even the Tories, who profess the most decided opposition to it, have still their own plan, to which they give its name; on their declarations, they, as well as the Radicals, are Reformers. These men, for many of whom we entertain the highest respect, have therefore small right to cast censure on us, because our "pet system" does not happen to correspond with theirs; if they do not err in principle, we do not; and if we differ from them in measure, they are as liable to err in it as ourselves. We are, as we stated several months ago, the friends of such reform as may be cautious, gradual, and practical; but this avowal only makes us such reformers in principle as they profess to be; and it forms no proof that our views are more pernicious than theirs.

The system of reform, which has been for some time as warmly supported by Tory as by Whig, always appeared to us excessively objectionable in respect of both justice and policy. We of course allude to the transferring of the franchise from boroughs, proved to be corrupt, to other places. There is scarcely a principle of reason and equity which it does not violate. The right of sending members to Parliament belongs to the place, but not to the individuals who exercise it for life; posterity, however, is robbed of its inheritance, solely on the guilt of the life-tenant. If a place ought to possess the franchise, to disfranchise it

from the corruption of the electors, is to punish private guilt by the production of public wrong; if it ought not, the franchise should be taken from it without reference to the manner in which it is used. The system punishes the innocent for the misdeeds of the criminal. It is notorious that almost all open boroughs, large as well as small, are equally corrupt; therefore, according to it, almost all ought to be disfranchised: of course, if its application were co-extensive with the corruption it professes to punish, it would deprive various of the most important interests and places in the empire of representatives.

There are at this moment two cases—the Evesham one and that of Liverpool, before Parliament. In the former, only a very trifling proportion of the electors are represented to have been bribed; in the latter, nearly three-fourths are accused: while this is the case at present, the one place has at the least been quite as corrupt in past times as the other. Steps have been taken to disfranchise Evesham; and if this be done, Liverpool can only be spared through the most gross injustice on the part of the Legislature. Yet who will venture to say that a place like the latter ought to be deprived of representatives? Thus the Legislature must either trample on justice, or produce a great public evil.

Many of the close boroughs are regularly sold; that is, the owners at every election sell their votes for a sum of money,—as the corrupt burgesses of open boroughs do. Yet these, the system of reform in question does not attempt to touch, although the bribe of the borough-owner is not a whit more defensible than that of the burgess. Thus the same conduct is legalized in one man as innocence, and punished in another as guilt; moral law is made a matter of political expediency.

Most of the members for open boroughs, as well as those for close ones, are elected through bribery; it therefore follows, that the men who sit in judgment on a borough charged with corruption, are, with their

constituents, guilty of precisely similar corruption. The country knows this—it knows that the shameless fellow who inveighs against the guilt of one place, has produced the same guilt in another; and that he represents burgesses who have been made as corrupt through him as those are whom he seeks to punish. The proceedings, therefore, in disfranchising a borough, only excite public scorn and disgust; and they are rather serviceable to the cause of general bribery, than the contrary. They fix no stigma, and promote no virtue; the great example and source are spared; and the principal effects are, the House of Commons is covered with public odium on the one hand, and corruption is taught how to make itself more secure and extensive on the other.

The system asserts that boroughs which are corrupt ought to be disfranchised, yet it makes not the smallest effort to detect them. In general, at elections the candidates and their committees are all equally guilty of bribery, and they give pledges to each other against bringing it under the notice of Parliament; it is in consequence scarcely possible for sufficient evidence of corruption to be voluntarily tendered against any place. Thus one solitary case is about all that flows from a general election. While it is matter of notorious fact that nearly all boroughs are as guilty as the few which are punished, it is matter of proof that the system punishes hardly any, and is wholly incapable of producing that reform which it declares to be necessary. It follows that the principal fruits of the system are comprised in this—it feeds and justifies the cry for reform, and the distrust with which the country regards the House of Commons.

This alone is amply sufficient for demonstrating, that, on the doctrines of the most violent of the anti-reformers, a far more efficient system of reform than their own is imperiously called for by public good. It is aided by an overwhelming mass of other evidence. Their system does not attempt to remove many evils of the first magnitude, which either exist in defiance of the constitution and laws, or could be removed without speculative change and innova-

tion. Some of them we will enumerate.

1. To a large extent, a single individual regularly sells both the seats of a borough to whomsoever he pleases; and through his power to do so, he regularly sells himself and his members to the Ministry or Opposition. No one will venture to say that the constitution ever intended an enormity like this to have existence, or that it is sanctioned by the laws.

2. A man, no matter what his talent and virtue may be, can only obtain a seat in the House of Commons by making himself a party slave, or throwing away a pretty large fortune. He must at the door of this House sacrifice his independence, or plunge himself into debt, and rob his family, if he be not very rich, else he can never enter it. In consequence, the best qualified men are excluded, and the House is composed of the least trustworthy and capable. This is just as much at variance with the spirit and intention of the constitution, as with the letter of the laws; and it is equally at variance with the public weal.

3. The power to elect members is in the majority confined to the aristocracy and the lower orders; it is virtually withheld from the middle classes. For example, Liverpool, it is said, contains somewhat more than four thousand electors; the overwhelming majority of them consists of mechanics, labourers, &c., and the respectable, intelligent part of the inhabitants are in a great measure destitute of votes. The case is the same in all open boroughs, and, under the present system, it must continually get worse. Thus, while disqualification gives the seat to the representative, it also gives the vote to the elector. Because the power to elect is mainly vested in the ignorant and corrupt, the member is chosen without regard to fitness, and on the ground of destructive creed, or willingness to distribute liquor and bribes. It follows, that members for open boroughs can only hope to retain their seats by sacrificing duty to the passions and prejudices of the populace. The constitution never intended this to be the case, and a remedy could not be other than beneficial.

4. The election of every open borough is, to a large extent, under the control of electors who live at a distance from it, take no interest in its welfare, and sell their votes to the highest bidder, without regard to any thing but price. These hired strangers often throw out the best, and elect the worst representatives, in spite of the majority of the inhabitants; practically, they disfranchise the latter. Farther, they form a leading cause in preventing all but the most incompetent men from becoming candidates. Remedy here is called for by the constitution, to remove innovation.

5. Bribery prevails to an enormous extent in almost every open borough. The Constitution and laws, of course, are opposed to it.

We could add largely to the list, but it is wholly needless. The defence of all this rests chiefly on two assertions; the first is—It works well; and the second is—Reform must produce revolution.

Touching the first, it is really the odious doctrine—the end sanctifies the means: the constitution is trampled on, the law is violated, and gross crime is committed, but it works well, *ergo*, it must continue. The assertion, however, is totally untrue; the present system has long worked in the most baleful manner possible. When the Catholic Question was carried, it was proved that a coalition of the great borough interests could make almost any change of law and institution, in defiance of the public voice, and the solemn engagements of the Legislature. No upright man can say that this ought to remain without remedy. For several years the House of Commons has treated the sentiments and petitions of the community with the utmost disregard; and it has never even attempted to remove the unexampled public suffering which has prevailed without intermission. At present the House proclaims the population to be in great distress, yet it takes no statesmanlike view of causes, and proposes no adequate remedies; it contents itself with repeating, parrot-like, the vulgar, ignorant, factious cry for retrenchment and reduction of taxes, although every schoolboy knows that, in the nature of things, it is impossible for the lat-

ter to yield any relief worthy of notice to national loss and want. Thus it is proved by experience, that the present system forms a House of Commons which neither supplies proper security for public possessions, nor possesses the ability required for the discharge of its ordinary duties.

This system is so far from preventing change in the distribution of election power, that it is hourly making it. It is an argument with the anti-reformers, that reform would, of necessity, be revolution, because it would place power in new hands: now that which they defend, is continually producing the revolution they profess to oppose; it is constantly transferring power from the Aristocracy to the Democracy, and giving effect to the schemes of the Radicals. We need only point to late elections, and particularly the last one, for proof that in many open boroughs it has given the populace as complete an ascendancy as universal suffrage could do; and that in various counties it has placed both the Aristocracy and Agriculture in the minority. These anti-reformers bewailed the issue of the last election, and yet it was produced by change of interest and person, but not of sentiment and conduct, in the elector; it was the natural and certain fruit of the system they defend. In the nature of things, the latter must regularly extend what is tantamount to universal suffrage amidst the boroughs; and enlarge the command of manufactures and trade over counties. If it make no direct change in the close boroughs, it makes a very sweeping indirect one; it destroys the means by which they work for good, combines them and degrades them into engines of vicious private gain.

This system causes an election war between the Aristocracy and the Democracy, which reform only can terminate. The lower orders, so far as principle is concerned, elect none but professed enemies of the former; and manufacturing and trading freeholders act in the same manner in counties. While it thus makes it the great object of the elector to return the most unfitting representative—to elect the demagogue and profligate, it of necessity carries the same

war into the House of Commons, and makes it the great object of a large part of this House to sacrifice public interests for the sake of aspersing and trampling on the Aristocracy. The system, therefore, fills the mass of the people with disaffection, leads them to embrace the most pernicious principles of policy, and renders the popular branch of the Legislature an engine of discord and public ruin!

Having shewn that the first defensive assertion is of no value, we will now look at the second. To say that reform must necessarily be revolution, is to say what is not only groundless but ridiculous; it is demonstrable that it may be revolution or preservation; a loss to the Aristocracy or a gain, according to kind and degree. Is there, then, any danger that none but ruinous reform will be adopted? The passion of the lower classes for reform has greatly abated—the middle and upper ones wish for such only as will be cautious, practical, and moderate.—Ministers have pledged themselves to stop too soon rather than proceed too far;—the honest part of the reformers ask only such as will disfranchise the corrupt democrat as well as aristocrat, and base the representation on property—and a majority of the Legislature is at least strongly opposed to all that may be speculative and dangerous. It seems to be scarcely possible for any pernicious scheme of reform to be carried in the teeth of all this.

We, of course, conclude from what we have stated, that a general reform ought to be no longer delayed; but in saying this, we must disavow all participation in the opinions which the reformers have lately put forth at public meetings. Whatever may have been the case with others, the intellect of these men has not "marched" an hair's breadth, and they have never been visited by the "schoolmaster." They can only repeat the silly, senseless, factious trash which was current amidst the lowest of the Radicals ten years ago. Exceptions there are, but the body of them have proved that they are profoundly ignorant of the question they pretend to decide on. If we consent to have reform, we must have nothing more; we must have no change of principle—no innova-

tion—nothing which is not reform in reality as well as name; and farther, we must have no partial and corrupt reform. We are willing to repair dilapidation, supply defect, and remove abuse, on substantial proof, but not on controverted opinion; and also to dispense impartial justice to Aristocrat and Democrat, Anti-reformer and Radical, without regard to person, and solely with reference to public interests; beyond this we cannot go.

The close boroughs form the great object of contention between the reformers and their opponents; the former attack, and the latter defend them, on the ground that they are possessed by the Aristocracy. Both sides err egregiously. The Aristocracy, as a whole, does not possess, and it draws little exclusive benefit from them. They belong to a few Peers and Commoners, who use them as individuals for private gain; and the great body of the Peers have no boroughs. On all matters which more directly affect the Aristocracy, for example, the Game and Corn Laws, it finds the close-borough members divided; and at the best, it has only the few votes which one division possesses more than the other. With the exception of a number too small to have any material effect on the general decisions of the House of Commons, the close boroughs practically belong as much to the Democracy as to the Aristocracy; their members act like those of the open ones.

When the history of late years is looked at, it seems a most ludicrous absurdity to argue that the close boroughs form a source of exclusive benefit to the Aristocracy as a body. The men who have regularly attacked the latter—who have continually taken the lead in depriving it of its possessions—who have made it the object of popular animosity—and who have, as even its enemies assert, placed it on the brink of destruction, have been the members of these close boroughs. It has found in these very boroughs the most bitter of its foes; it has suffered infinitely more from them than the rest of the community, and there is the best reason for believing that its situation would have been far better than it is, had they not been in existence.

The truth is, in general the Aris-

toerat who possesses a certain number attaches himself for private gain to the Ministry or Opposition; in consequence, they are not used for the benefit of the Aristocracy, but for that of party; they are made to operate like the open ones. In these days, when the popular side has gained the ascendancy and the Ministry follow it, the close boroughs are in the majority used as a tremendous weapon against the Aristocracy.

The assertion that they give to the latter a monopoly of place, is not true; they only give it to a few individual aristocrats, to the prejudice of the Aristocracy as a body. Because the vicious and imbecile exception possesses them, the great mass of virtuous and talented Peers are as much excluded from office, as uninfluential commoners.

It may be said that the members of these boroughs might in an urgent case be made to act in a body for the benefit of the Aristocracy. History pronounces this to be scarcely possible; but however, if the interests of the Aristocracy cannot be protected without, they cannot be with such union; it would create an opposite union against which it would be powerless, and which would be destructive to all.

Our deliberate conviction, therefore, is, that if the close boroughs were abolished, and the members of them were transferred to the landed interest generally, the Aristocracy would be a great gainer from the change.

But how would the abolition affect the community at large? In looking at this question, we must disregard the silly assertions of the reformers. Whatever these boroughs may be in ownership, they have always supplied the most effective bulwark of the popular cause. By the latter we mean the real cause of the people—that of their interests, but not of their passions and delusions—the cause which in the nature of things must eternally exist as one distinct from, jealous of, and in a certain degree opposed to, that of the government. An Opposition, that is a party in the Legislature to watch vigilantly, and when needful to withstand, the acts and policy of the Ministry, is as necessary for public good as a Ministry; to make it beneficial, it ought

not only to be highly endowed with talent and knowledge, but to be almost as independent of the people, as of the government. Such independence is essential, because the people commonly support Ministers the most warmly when their interests call for opposition; and it is necessary for their party in Parliament to lead, rather than follow them. The close boroughs have furnished such an Opposition—they have placed in the Legislature a powerful body of men, having a deep personal interest in scrutinizing the conduct of government, qualified in every way to fight the battles of the community with the greatest effect, and alike independent of both the Ministry and the People.

The abolition would necessarily destroy this Opposition. We grant that it would raise up another in its place, but what would be its character? A question of greater moment could not be propounded. It is well known that the lights and leaders of the House of Commons must, in general, enter it free of expense, or be excluded; whatever may be the case with the Pitts, Burkes, Cannings, and Broughams, in mature life, they cannot gain an introduction by popular favour, or the money of others. Without these boroughs, the Ministry might have as much leading talent in the House as ever, but the Opposition could not calculate on any; the former would be supported by the ascendant party in the country, therefore, the leaders of the latter could scarcely be elected in any quarter through popular favour. If there were now no such boroughs, the heads of the existing Opposition could scarcely hope for seats, save through weight of purse; and if the Lord Chancellor had to sustain a contest with Mr Hunt, the latter, in all probability, would triumph. Then it would be impossible for untried and rising young men, possessed only of ability, to gain seats on the side of Opposition. Under the proper working of the Constitution, the case would always be the same, because the Opposition would have only the minority of electors.

Thus, in the first place, the new Opposition would be destitute of leading talent and knowledge. In the second, it would be almost powerless

in numbers; and in the third, it would be compelled to pander to the passions of the populace, feed popular delusion, and betray the cause of the people in important matters, as the only means of securing the re-election of its members. If one of the latter should, however, conscientiously and justly, oppose or advocate measures in hostility to popular clamour, where could he afterwards gain a seat?

England forms the only great nation, in which liberty ever could regularly flourish, reach perfection, and take the character of perpetuity. In all others, it could only obtain partial and transient existence. We ascribe the difference, in a large degree, to the circumstance that England hitherto has placed in the popular branch of her legislature, a powerful body of men, highly gifted, and alike independent of government and people, to inspect and check the former, on the one hand, and lead and restrain the latter, on the other. It must be observed, that in addition to its effects on the Ministry, this body keeps in order the democratic party; the Humes and O'Connells are rendered insignificant and powerless in Parliament, not by Ministers, but by the regular Opposition.

We, therefore, conscientiously believe, that these maligned close boroughs enter largely into the root and aliment of British liberty; and that their abolition would inflict infinitely more injury on the democratic cause, than on the aristocratic one.

The example of America is of no value. She is yet so much an infant, that she has not reached the divisions between poor and rich, or the age of demagogues and popular discontent. Besides, she has no aristocracy for the passions of the multitude to act against.

The honest part of the Reformers are willing to spare a certain number of these boroughs as a means of admitting talent into the House of Commons. We apprehend there will be infinite difficulty in making this a matter of legal arrangement. The talent must not only be admitted, but it must be divided, and a full share of it must always be in opposition. The number might easily

be fixed, but not the ownership. Although they are at present filled by the choice of party, they belong to individuals who very frequently change sides. The Marquis of Cleveland is, we believe, a pretty large proprietor; this man has been, for some years, constantly leaping from side to side, with all the agility of a mountebank; and by extraordinary accident, some piece of personal benefit has fallen on himself at almost every leap. The Marquis of Hertford is, we think, another; he supported, in succession, the Liverpools, Canning, and Goderich cabinets, and he is now in opposition. Various of the great borough owners have, in late years, changed sides more than once, in violation of principle, and apparently from the base motive of private benefit. Mr Canning, by the formation of his Ministry, and the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel, by their conduct on the Catholic Question, wellnigh destroyed integrity amidst public men; and these borough owners have since taken the first place in exhibiting sordid and shameless disregard of it. A number of ministerial and opposition boroughs might be spared, but it would be neither practicable nor proper to bind individual owners of them constantly to the same side. What Cleveland, or Hertford, or Bedford, or Rutland, could, in these liberal times, be always restricted to the bread and water of opposition? Without bonds, the opposition boroughs would, probably, be nearly all ministerial ones, a month after the passing of the Reform law.

It is thus evident, that if a portion of the close boroughs should be retained, they ought to be no longer individual property. Should they remain such property, the reduction of the number would tend to range them all on one side, and give them the most mischievous character. It is because they are so numerous that they are beneficial; that however the owners may change sides, there must still be a formidable part of them in opposition. Diminish the number sufficiently, and it will make them all the instruments of government. Where then ought the ownership to be vested? With regard to the ministerial ones, there would be little difficulty. Every man who seeks

nothing beyond reform and public good, will say that Ministers ought to have seats in the House of Commons; and if this be true, the country ought to provide them with seats. A number of boroughs might be given to them without any danger of their being improperly used. A Minister ought not to represent any populous place; he ought not to be exposed to election unpopularity and defeat, or to be enabled to employ the mighty means given him by office in intimidating and corrupting electors; he ought to be wholly independent of every place and interest. The connexion of Mr Canning and Mr Huskisson with Liverpool had the most baleful effects on the councils of the empire, and it frequently caused great embarrassment to government by the disclosures they made, in public and private, to their constituents; we do not say how far it produced the scandalous corruption which the people of Liverpool have just displayed. It would be a gain to public convenience and benefit, if Ministers had seats in virtue of their offices, were restricted from becoming candidates for populous places, and had a limited number of seats for promising young men as subordinates or supporters. This would exempt them in a considerable degree from the pernicious influences which, not the Aristocracy, but a few individual Peers, exercise over them; and it would remove the things which so often deprive the leading Peers of virtue and patriotism. Practically a Minister might as well sit in virtue of his office, as of the votes of the electors he nominally represents. The object in retaining the boroughs is to retain the seats, without giving any power of choice to the ostensible electors.

The difficulty would rest with the Opposition boroughs. It is essential for the Opposition to have as many of these boroughs or free seats as the ministry. But then the perplexing question shews itself—How is it to be defined and distinguished? The Ministry is a duly appointed and recognised body; but the Opposition, although quite as necessary, is not. The world knows who form the latter, but the constitution knows nothing of it save in sufferance. The heads of it, like the Ministry, ought

to dispose of its seats. Assuming that these heads at present consist of Sir R. Peel and his friends, how long will they continue to do so? Only, we suspect, until Ministers will take Sir Robert and certain of his colleagues into office. If afterwards the heads of Opposition be found in Mr Hume, Mr O'Connell, Mr W. Harvey, &c., it will scarcely be said that they ought to be intrusted with the filling of the free seats. If the parties which, until lately, bore the names of Whig and Tory, were perpetually separated, the matter might be arranged; but they are not. For some time before the change of Ministry, there were two great hostile parties in opposition—the old Tories and Whigs—the one of which had at least quite as much right to be deemed the constitutional Opposition as the other. Thus we know not how the difficulty could be surmounted of naming proper men to dispose of the seats in question.

There has often been, and there ought always to be, an independent party—one not seeking office, and holding the balance between the Ministry and Opposition. This party is quite as necessary, and needs talent as much, as the others. It, therefore, ought to have a small share of these seats.

If the close boroughs be wholly abolished, and no provision be made for securing to talent admission into the House of Commons without cost, and exempted from the caprice and control of popular electors, we are confident that the abolition will inflict infinitely more injury on the cause of the People than on that of the Aristocracy—will be chiefly a gain to arbitrary power—and will give a deadly blow to the best interests of the empire. If the plan of the reformers we have mentioned do not secure half of the boroughs it may retain to the constitutional Opposition, its retention of a part will be more pernicious than the abolition of the whole would be: it will destroy the portion which is invaluable to the country, and give the worst operation to the other. Talent will only be able to gain the free seats by ranging itself with the Ministry; and the heads of Opposition, or, in other words, its ability, knowledge, and integrity, must make themselves

the slaves of popular passion and delusion, or be expelled Parliament.

Every Whig reformer will declare that it would have been a great public evil, if when the Whigs were in opposition, such men as Fox, Burke, Brougham, Tierney, &c., had been excluded from the House of Commons. Yet they would have been in danger of exclusion at every election, and they could only have escaped it through the money of others, had it not been for the close boroughs. If such men ought always to have seats, it needs no proof to shew that seats ought always to be provided for them; they could place no dependence on popular favour, and their election through it would be rather injurious than beneficial; it of course follows that they ought to have seats given them in some other manner. The man who would replace a system which secures them constant admission into the House with one which would generally exclude them when in opposition—that is, when their presence in it would be the most necessary for public good—is not a friend to popular liberty and privilege.

We do not speak thus for the sake of the Aristocracy; the distinction of the boroughs might, we believe, be effected without injuring its interests. We are anxious to see the abomination they form in principle removed; but, seeking nothing beyond reform, we are also anxious to retain the benefits they yield in operation. We cannot consent to sweep away good with evil. It is an easy matter to generalize, and if it were only necessary to look at the elector, reform might be understood by the factious dunces who decide on it so rashly. But impartial men who love their country will not be satisfied with merely glancing at the surface; they will not be moved by assertion and calumny; they will examine deeply and widely, and sanction such change alone as will be improvement. Either substitute for these boroughs something which will secure to the great leaders of opposition the easy and certain entrance into Parliament they have hitherto had, or, for the sake of liberty and the empire, preserve them with all their iniquity!

If they, or any part of them, be abolished, the question arises—to whom

are their seats to be transferred? Putting out of sight the Aristocracy, they have always, in the most flourishing part of English history, belonged to the landed interest; and if nothing beyond reform be attempted, they must, after the abolition, belong to it. The name of this interest has, in late years, been as studiously suppressed, as though it had been without existence. The newspaper scribes and gin-shop reviewers have always spoken from motives alike guilty and obvious, as though the whole land of the country were held by the great Aristocrats. Placing the latter and their land entirely out of the question, there is a landed interest, which in wealth and numbers is of far greater importance than any other; and according to the constitution, justice and equity, it has as much right as any other to be represented in the House of Commons. Every honest reformer will say, that on the score of public good, the seats which are now its own, must not be taken from it by reform; how to secure them to it, requires much consideration.

This great interest in late years has been far more inefficiently represented than any other, the causes of this are continually enlarged, and without reform, the distress which has so long sat on it must soon become ruin.

In circumstance and system of election, other interests have a destructive superiority over it; and this is utterly indefensible, even on the uniformity doctrines of the Radicals. In the first place, while it has no influence in filling the seats of other interests, the latter have almost as much as itself in filling the only seats it possesses. The landowners have no share in electing the members of manufacturing and trading places; but the manufacturers and traders have a vast share in electing the members of counties; and they have lately gained the support of various borough owners. Small country towns which are open, are about as free from the influence of the landed interest as London and Liverpool; and their inhabitants are as hostile to it, as those of the manufacturing districts.

It follows that the members of manufactures and trade represent them

only, and therefore they zealously promote their interests at the cost of agriculture, as the best means of securing their own re-election; but those of agriculture represent manufactures and trade likewise; in consequence they cannot, in many cases, even defend its interests, without ensuring their expulsion from their seats; probably of two county members, one regularly acts with its enemies, while the other opposes them with nothing better than compromise.

This state of things rapidly grows worse. The cities and boroughs continually become more independent of, and hostile to, the landed interest; and manufacturing and trading freeholders increase very greatly, while agricultural ones remain almost stationary. This interest has already been stripped of the county members in Middlesex and Surrey, and if no reform take place, it will soon share the same fate in various other counties. Its members are losing the seats for boroughs they formerly possessed; and not many of them can now afford to contest either borough or county. Not only manufacturers and merchants, but even trading lawyers and party empirics, aspire at present to county seats.

In the second place, the elective franchise in manufactures and trade is gained not only by purchase, but by birth, servitude, occupancy, and we think marriage: in agriculture it is gained only by property. In the former, mechanics, labourers, and petty tradesmen, to an enormous extent, have votes, independently of property of any kind; and in the latter, neither labourer nor farmer has a vote, if he have not a freehold of a certain value. In manufactures and trade, the poor voters go with the rich ones, and surpass them in hostility to agriculture; but the small and middling freeholders of country towns, are as much opposed to the latter, as those of large manufacturing places.

In the third place, a borough can be contested at far less cost than a county, and the latter cannot be contested on the side of agriculture, with any hope of success, without the support of certain great families. It follows that the borough has

greater choice of members, and is represented with more ability and independence, than the county.

In the fourth place, the members of the landed interest are connected with the party Aristocracy; but those of other interests are not. If, therefore, Ministers decide on sacrificing it, they, by their influence with this Aristocracy, are enabled to array almost half its own members against it, and neutralize the whole. Although this interest has a great number of members, it is little better than nominally represented; it is at the mercy of government; on every emergency, one party of them by their dependence on trade and manufactures, on the one hand, and the party Aristocrats on the other, make the whole powerless in its favour. If trade and manufactures be attacked, their members act unanimously and independently in their defence.

And in the fifth place, government has been for some time acting on the policy of basing itself more and more on trade and manufactures, and conciliating them by inroads on agriculture—the great party aristocrats are ranging themselves more and more with trade and manufactures—the latter are carrying on a war of extermination against agriculture, and both the Ministry and Opposition have embraced the doctrine, that its continual, though gradual, sacrifice to them, is necessary for the common good.

From all this, our own most carefully formed and conscientious opinion is, that the Landed Interest and Aristocracy, as a whole, have only this choice before them—Reform or ruin. It is demonstrated by experience, and the nature of things, that the present system will soon virtually drive them out of the House of Commons, and render them defenceless against the mighty enemies who seek to plunge them into destruction.

It is asserted by the constitution, right and public good, that the landed interest ought, in respect of representation in Parliament, to be placed on an equality with every other; and he who denies it, is not a reformer, but a revolutionist. We care not for the Peers; it would be far better for this interest if the more influential of them had nothing to do

with the choice of its members; we will throw them out of the question, and then we may safely affirm, that the landowners who are not Peers, farmers, and husbandry labourers, have as much right to be directly represented in the House of Commons, as the manufacturing and trading part of the population.

To produce the equality, it is manifestly essential that manufactures and trade should have as little to do with electing the members of agriculture, as it has to do with electing theirs. Let the large towns have members, but restrict their inhabitants from voting for county ones. For example, let the freeholders of Liverpool, Manchester, or Leeds, vote for its members, instead of those of the county. This would be so far from being unjust, that it is necessary to remove indefensible injustice. The town freeholder in general has as much connexion with trade, and as little with agriculture, as the burgess; yet he is prohibited from voting for the members of the town who represent the trade to which he belongs, and allowed to vote for the county ones who represent an interest he has nothing to do with, and is hostile to. In numberless cases, he votes for both the town and county ones—he votes for four, while the agricultural freeholder can rarely vote for more than those of the county. The inhabitants of Westminster, Southwark, and their suburbs, elect not only their own members, but the county ones also; they thus usurp a double portion of the franchise, and practically disfranchise the landowners. The unconstitutional and flagitious character of this must be obvious to every one.

The freeholder of the town too small for members ought still to vote for county ones.

Having thus in a great measure separated the electors of the landed interest from others, it must next be considered which would be the best mode of giving them the members of the abolished close boroughs. If these members be given to country towns, they will either be elected on the same grounds as those of manufacturing places—they will in effect be given to manufactures and trade,

or they will again become the property of borough owners.

These objects must be kept in view—the vote must be principally confined to those who are interested in agriculture—a large number of landowners must share in the election—and the expense must be greatly reduced. They would perhaps be the best attained by a modification of Mr Pitt's plan for increasing the number of county members. It is objected that the experiment has failed in Yorkshire; but we imagine matters would have been quite as bad in this county as they are, if no change had been made. The four-member system might, we think, work as well in a county as it does in the city of London; perhaps more might be said in its favour; it might break the power of the great landowners, and cause—which is a thing much to be desired—many of the county members to owe their election to middling and small ones. We of course say this on the assumption, that manufacturing freeholders would not be permitted to vote for counties.

A county might be divided into two parts, for the purpose of giving two members to each; or a number of its existing divisions might be formed into a whole, and receive two members. The system of attaching the adjoining hundred to a country town is objectionable, because it gives the turn of the election, either to men who are hostile to agriculture, or to one great landowner. Nothing less than a district ought to have members.

To reduce the pernicious ascendancy of the great landowners, the number of electors ought to be enlarged. The vote should be given to copyholders. The principle of giving it to occupancy is recognised, and the reformers intend to make it the leading one in bestowing members on the large towns; why then cannot it be adopted in agricultural elections? The great landowners let cheap farms, and in consequence their tenants are to a wide extent freeholders; the middling and small ones demand high rents, therefore their tenants have few votes; thus in proportion to quantity of land, the former have a great advantage

over the latter. If every occupier of land worth annually twenty pounds and upwards, had a vote, the effects we think would be greatly in favour of the middling and small landowners. This vote for occupancy should, however, be confined to the occupiers of land, and withheld from every freeholder; its object should be to put the respectable occupier on a level with the latter.

For the same purpose the expenses of election ought to be reduced. We do not wish to substitute one extreme for another; on the contrary, we are convinced that a system which should elect the members of the House of Commons free of cost, would be a very ruinous one. The existing law of qualification can be, and often is, evaded; if there were no election expenses, men without a shilling could easily gain seats; and it is evident enough, that, in every quarter, such men would be amidst the first in seeking them. What business has a man without fortune in the House? He must live, and his seat will yield him no honest income; he must, therefore, either follow some employment which will disqualify him for discharging his public duties, or become a hireling; in truth, he must at once be a slave to gain his nominal property. Such a system would be in effect an extension of the close borough one; and it would increase the corrupt power of the leading Peers and Ministers. This of course does not apply to what we have said respecting the free admission of talent, because it is to be confined to talent only, not elected by popular choice.

We wish to see agriculture still represented by reasonably rich country gentlemen; but we also wish to see that practical disqualification removed which now rests on them. Our plan would be to reduce the expenses of a seat for a county or agricultural district so far as to put it within the reach of any of them, in order that the candidate might offer on ability only—the middling and small landowners might have a proper share in choosing their representatives—and the members of the landed interest might be duly dependent on the mass of their constituents.

We will observe, that if the members of the abolished boroughs be given to counties, without taking from manufacturing and trading freeholders the power of voting for county members, it will be virtually to the landed interest much the same as though they were given to the large towns. If Middlesex and Surrey get each two additional members, who will elect them? The manufacturing parts of Yorkshire already boast that they return two of the county members; and it is evident enough, that in the space of seven or fourteen years, they will be able to return all the four. In most counties, the additional members must fall into the hands of the freeholders we have named; who besides must neutralize the others to the landed interest.

It matters not whether the close boroughs in question, or an equal number of the small independent ones, be secured to agriculture; it is however evident, that if the proposed change transfer seats from the latter to hostile interests, it will be the reverse of reform.

Of these small boroughs we need say little; their members might be given to the large towns; although they are in many cases called agricultural ones, they are generally in both feeling and representatives the contrary. Should they be retained for agriculture in lieu of the close ones, the combining of them with a large track of surrounding country will not be sufficient; the vote in them ought also to be taken from the trading and given to the agricultural part of the inhabitants.

What will reform do with the large boroughs? They are the most corrupt and dangerous of the whole; and if it do not operate on them with an unsparing hand, it will produce small benefit. The system under which the franchise is gained by apprenticeship and birth, is not more false in principle than pernicious in effects. A petty tradesman is free, but a rich one is not; from this alone the apprentices and children of the former gain the vote; and those of the latter are denied it. Because a labourer is free, his children are; because a merchant or professional man is not free, his children are not. This system confines the

increase of freemen in a great measure to shopmen, mechanics, and labourers, and scatters them through the country. It has already established in these boroughs what is equivalent in effect to universal suffrage.

If in each borough the manufacturing and trading freeholders, and all housekeepers paying more than a certain rent, be allowed to vote; this will do something towards forming a balance to the poorer burgesses at present; but it will be very insufficient for the future. Such burgesses must necessarily multiply far more rapidly than freeholders and housekeepers; consequently in a comparatively short period of time they must bear the same proportion to the respectable electors they do now—they must gain the complete control of the election. A burgess gives the vote to his apprentices and sons—we think he even in some places gives it to the husbands of his daughters; if freeholders and housekeepers be allowed to vote, they must do the same, for the injustice cannot be tolerated of conceding the privilege to one set of electors, and refusing it to another far more worthy of it. We need not shew how this would operate in multiplying electors, particularly non-resident ones. At present the bought outvoters are so numerous, that it requires a fortune to bring them to the poll, and they hold the turn of the election; their power is so formidable, that a candidate frequently canvasses them the first, as the best means of discovering how far he can hope for success. We could name several places in which at the last election the candidates who had a majority of the inhabitants were thrown out, and the sitting members were elected by the outvoters. The latter continually increase largely in numbers and power, and if no change be made, they will soon in most places virtually disfranchise the inhabitants.

The evil fruits of this system extend much farther. The same men who elect members of Parliament also elect the mayors and aldermen—the magistrates—the local rulers of the place. Thus the selection of the magistracy is, in the majority, confined to the corrupt and preju-

diced ignorant; while respectable merchants, tradesmen, professional men, and housekeepers, have no voice in it. It is therefore a matter of bribery also. If our memory do not mislead us, the Liverpool papers stated, not long ago, that as much money had been expended in this most pure place, in a contest for the office of mayor, as is often expended elsewhere for a seat in the House of Commons. In addition, the Magistrates must be taken from the burgesses.

It must be observed, that this monstrous system is in the highest degree destructive to public and private morals; it strips both representative and constituent of patriotism and integrity.

Those who would spare it, and yet destroy the comparatively beneficial close boroughs, are not reformers, but men whose schemes would hasten the arrival of public ruin. We have no wish to take the franchise from any one who already possesses it; but, however, we would not suffer it to be gained any longer by apprenticeship and birth. This would gradually extinguish the poor, corrupt, and non-resident electors. A boy from the country goes to any borough—for example, to Hull—as an apprentice, and in consequence he becomes one of its electors. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he removes to London or Liverpool, and fixes himself there for life. What stake has he in the welfare of Hull? None; it is not the place of his birth or residence; he has no vote during the period he is really interested in it, he only gains one when he becomes to it a stranger. Yet he votes for its members, while its respectable inhabitants are restricted from doing so; and he, and men like him, hold the turn of the election, in spite of the inhabitants. He is more accessible to bribery than the resident electors, and he almost always sells himself, without regard to any thing but price. Either this is thoroughly indefensible, or the members of a place ought to be chosen by corrupt strangers and enemies to it. As the vote is given for the good of the place, and not of the individual, we cannot see why a man should not forfeit his freedom by removing from the place, of which he is free; but, however, we would

at once permit every freeman to vote in that of his residence, borough or county, and prohibit him from voting in any other. A distinction must be made between burgess and freeholder; the latter has the same stake in the county from which he draws his vote, whether he reside in or out of it; therefore his vote ought not to be affected by non-residence. The county freeman is at present disfranchised as soon as he parts with his stake in the interest of the county.

If reform do not extend to those matters, and be successful in putting an end to bribery and the influence of superiors, what will be its leading fruits? The seats of these boroughs will be monopolized, not by the Whigs—not even by the democrats of Greek-loan renown—but by the Cobbetts, Hunts, and O'Connells. The great cause why better men now possess them, is, such men monopolize the means of bribery and intimidation; remove this cause, without changing the majority of electors, and every seat will pass to demagogues and traitors.

Notwithstanding the faults and impurities of the scot and lot places, we are inclined to spare some of the larger of them. We even think that a very small corner of the House of Commons should be given to the Woods, Hunts, and O'Connells—to the members of the very rabble. We are aware that these members are always the most incapable, and the most hostile to the interests of the people, but still they have their use. They form the means by which the multitude can always bring its grievances and politics before Parliament; and also be made acquainted with the want of sense, truth, and honesty of the demagogues who delude it.

All seem to be agreed, that in giving members to the large manufacturing towns, the franchise ought to be limited to property; we will therefore only observe, that a low qualification will operate much like universal suffrage.

We will now offer some general observations. Reform is not to create a new system; it is cautiously to remove what is bad and supply what is defective; but it is also to preserve what is valuable, without regard to theory and speculation. What does

the elective franchise exist for? Solely to provide the best possible House of Commons. To set up individual right to it against general good is absurd; the right can exist in the good only. Each interest and class must be duly represented, this is essential for enabling the individual to be so; and to compass it, the existing system gives a number of seats to each. In some places the lower, in others the middle, and in a third portion the upper classes elect the members. In those places the agriculturists, and in these the manufacturers, are the electors; the seats of this place belong to one trade, and of that, to another. The effect is what it would be if the labourers of the whole country were to elect a certain number of members exclusively, and the other classes, and each of the different interests, were to do the same.

This is perfect in principle; it is the only mode which can ensure proper equality of representation, individual and collective. It is, however, railed against by the reformers as an intolerable evil. They must look at the elector, but not at the House of Commons—at the individual right, but not at the general good. They must have the same system in every place without regard to consequences.

This is false in principle, and it would be radical change, but not reform. If the lower classes had the same proportion of power in every place, they would elect all the House, or none of it: the case would be similar with the upper classes. Uniformity would give to some interests a destructive command over others; thus it is now in freehold votes giving many of the seats of agriculture to manufactures and trade. The House of Commons affords abundant proof, that to make a man the representative of conflicting classes and interests, is to make him no representative—is to render him a cipher or betrayer; and that to give him efficiency, he must represent one only.

Reform, therefore, ought to retain the principle of the existing system, and give to each interest and class the number of seats required by common good: by this it ought to regulate its distribution of members and

the franchise. We speak not of minute calculation, but, in portioning out the House of Commons, it must disregard individuals, and give proper portions of it to proper and distinct portions of the community; or it will create an intestine enemy to destroy the empire. With reference to the larger divisions, manufactures and trade may be regarded as one; but they are opposed to agriculture, therefore care must be taken to preserve a proper balance of power between them and it: the lower and middle classes have many feelings in common which are adverse to the upper ones; of course the latter must have a sufficiency of seats for their defence. It is self-evident that the prosperity and happiness of the individual depend on those of the class and interest to which he belongs; consequently it is preposterous to look at him only in distributing the franchise without paying any regard to the class and interest.

We are not friendly to the principle advocated here and adopted in France, of exalting professional men into privileged electors. The civil part of them would be, in general, entitled to vote as housekeepers; and with respect to the naval and military part, we think they have no more right to the franchise than custom-house and police officers. Professional men would make the least independent of all electors. In most places their vote would be little felt, but in some it would have great effect; in Westminster, naval and military officers, medical men, &c. would almost hold the turn of the election. When the incessant fierceness with which half-pay and other officers hunt employment and promotion is looked at, it may easily be conceived that their votes would be generally at the command of government.

On reducing the expense and length of elections, we will not speak; it excites no difference of opinion. We will, however, repeat, that we have no wish to substitute one extreme for another. Public good, and even purity in the elector, do not require that an election should be wholly divested of expense. Every Englishman who has been accustomed to the humours and festivities of a popular one, will be loath to see

them replaced with the sombre, moody, hungry, sanctimonious characteristics of a Ranter camp-meeting. It is part of the Englishman's nature to dine on his political solemnities—to remove their gloom and asperities with refreshing viands and generous beverage; let not reform do violence to it. Prohibit the vote from being sold—get rid of outvoters—let county electors vote as near home as possible—confine the duration of an election to one day—let there be no treating until the close—but still let poor and rich have the means of drinking in moderation the health of the members. A man who cannot afford to expend a thousand or two at an election, is not a fitting one to be a representative; woe to the purity and independence of the House of Commons if it be taken possession of by the poor and needy!

The reduction of expense must bring into the field a host of new candidates; reform must therefore be careful to exclude improper ones. By the constitution and law, every member is bound to be a burgess of the borough, or freeholder of the county, he represents. What is the intention of this? Clearly that he shall be a real and regular inhabitant of the borough or county. What would be the fruits if duly enforced? Each borough and county would be represented by men of business, fully acquainted with its interests, and having a deep stake in them. The House of Commons would be composed of men minutely informed touching the circumstances, habits, and feelings of their constituents—little liable to be swayed by the temptations of power and party—largely interested in honesty and independence—free from the spirit of Cockneyism—and filled with the sentiments of the whole population of the country. It would more frequently change its members, and gain new spirit and ability; the members would be infinitely more under the proper control of their constituents, than is the case at present.

The law here is constantly evaded. A man who has never even seen a borough or county wishes to offer for it at an election; therefore at the moment he buys his freedom or a petty freehold, or he has a mock freehold given him, he is elected, and

perhaps he never sees it again. This gross violation of the constitution and law, in respect of their spirit, has the most baleful consequences. The boroughs at least are generally represented by utter strangers to them—by men who are divided from them in sentiment and interest, who are incapable of representing them, and who seek their seats as a means of corrupt gain to themselves. It is a fertile source of corruption to the elector, as well as the candidate; it fills the place with factious politics, and causes the election to turn on them. It forms the great engine by which government and party fill the House of Commons with their profligate menials.

Southwark has been for some time represented by a party military officer. At the last two or three elections, Hull was infested by strange Irishmen and government clerks as candidates; and on one occasion an Irishman was elected. The members for Nottingham now are a Scotch soldier and a Cockney lawyer. A Scotch placeman sits for Norwich. One of the York members is an officer in the Guards. A London merchant and a military Colonel represent Worcester. At the last election for Yorkshire, a practising barrister, wholly unconnected with the county, was returned; and when he vacated his seat, the party which elected him wished, according to the newspapers, to replace him with Sir T. Denman. The boroughs generally are represented in this manner. What could an Irish stranger, like Mr O'Neil, know of the interests and feelings of Hull? How can those of Norwich be known to Mr R. Grant; or those of Nottingham to Sir R. Fergusson and Sir T. Denman? What possibility was there that a man like Lord Brougham could represent the sentiments, or attend to the weal of Yorkshire? Such men are destitute of the knowledge of business, local information, and provincial feeling, requisite for enabling them to discharge their duties. They may present petitions, but they cannot even be depended on for supporting them. They have little hope of being again elected, therefore they use their seats to serve the Ministry or Opposition, in utter contempt of their constituents. It is notorious that many of the individuals we have named, were

invited to stand by ignorant profligate factions, without the least reference to the good of the places or the empire, and to prevent the intelligent and patriotic part of the electors from returning proper representatives.

The House of Commons is in consequence composed mainly of men whose lives are spent in London, Paris, and the watering places, and who all move in the same kind of society. Instead of being, as it ought, an epitome of the whole population—an assemblage selected from the real inhabitants of every part of the United Kingdom, it is little better than a body of fashionable Londoners. Its members, of course, are in the highest degree incompetent. Are laws made or altered which affect agriculture and trade—they do not understand them: is the population distressed—they know nothing of circumstance and fact, cause and remedy: is it necessary for them to speak the opinion of the country—they are only acquainted with the opinion of the London newspapers. They enter it to push their own fortunes, or follow party leaders only; many of them are furnished with money and influence, and sent to the places they represent, by the Ministry, Opposition, or some great family, solely that they may be its instruments.

All honest men will admit that it is essential for the electors of a place to have due knowledge of a candidate before they elect him; they ought to know his political creed from better authority than his own declarations; and to have correct information touching his private, as well as public character. Yet, through the practical violation of law in question, the electors of most open places, save counties, return men of whom they know nothing; the candidate may be, as he too often is, a demagogue, gamester, turncoat, profligate, or party slave, and still they elect him in utter ignorance of it. Let elections be divested of expense, and then, not the itinerant Broughams, Denmans, and Grants, but the itinerant Hunts and Cobbetts, will gain the borough seats.

There is not a single point on which reform is more necessary than it is on this. To fill the House of Commons with men of the best morals, creed, and heart—patriotically independent—duly acquainted with the

affairs and circumstances of the community—animated with the feelings of the population at large—free from the passions and chains of party leaders—and bound to make a right use of their trust it, is essential that the members of every place should be elected from amidst its real inhabitants.

What is there to prevent this? If Reform give, as it is intended to do, members to populous places only, each will contain a sufficient number of duly qualified men to select from; no place, in truth, ought to have members, which does not contain men capable of representing it. A great change would be made in the composition of the House—so much the better. Who would be expelled? A host of party minions, adventurers, slaves of faction, officers, lawyers, &c., who only occupy their seats to disgrace and ruin their country. Every upright, able man, who now sits in the House, could still sit in it; nay, his chance for a seat would be better than it is. The free seats would admit the talented members. The Aristocracy would have for its connexions the agricultural seats, which are about all it can hope for, or even now obtain: in many respects it would be a great gainer.

We would therefore make the existing plan properly operative. No man should be permitted to offer for a place, who had not resided a certain number of years in, or within a small number of miles of it. If this number were ten or twelve, it might enable smaller places to elect from inhabitants of large ones, and country gentlemen, as well acquainted with, and known to them, as their own inhabitants. In counties, this would make scarcely any practical change.

We must now bestow a brief notice on voting by ballot. It might be very properly put out of the question by the fact, that it is not reform—that it is a radical change of mode, advocated avowedly for the purpose of making a radical change in the majority of electors—that its express object is, to deprive that of election power, which has always exercised it with the sanction of the first authorities.

Waiving this, the ballot places before us the following question—Is it

beneficial, or the contrary, for property to have influence beyond the vote it gives to its owner? The question affects the manufacturer and tradesman as much as the landowner, the borough as much as the county. We have already supported change, for taking the control of seats from the property of one individual, or a very small number; therefore the question may be stated thus—If the influence acquired through property, in a county or borough, be divided amidst a considerable number of men, ought it to be destroyed, or preserved?

How is such influence always exercised? The owners are intelligent, honourable men, having a deep stake in the interests of the place they dwell in, and the public weal; they are pretty equally divided in politics; their party feelings are pure from corrupt motives; they wish to elect only respectable candidates, and they combine to exclude demagogues and traitors. If particular individuals among them act from personal reasons, the body does not. Now suppose that, in a county or borough, forty or fifty such men control the votes of their tenants, workmen, &c.; the worst which can be said is, they really elect the members. Is there the smallest ground for believing, that if the case were different, the electors at large would have better qualified candidates to choose from, or would make a better choice? No; but there is proof for producing an opposite conviction.

But these men do not really control the election. The turn of the latter—the casting vote, is still held by electors who possess no property-influence. Assuming that, in the county of York, twenty great landowners are on one side, and twenty are on another, their votes neutralize each other to a very large extent; the middling and small independent landowners hold the turn of the election, therefore they really elect the members, and the influence of the great ones is chiefly felt in the exclusion of improper candidates. Such influence is now carried too far in exclusion; but this arises from, and of course may be corrected by abolishing, the great expense.

If the influence of property were entirely destroyed, what would follow? The philosophers—the men

of abstract principle—reply triumphantly,—Every elector would vote independently! Is independence in them all that is necessary? The electors who returned O'Connell, who have just elected Hunt, and who on various occasions voted for Cobbett, were no doubt perfectly independent; but their use of independence is sufficient to convince most people that they ought not to possess it, if the constitution and public welfare be of any value.

The most conclusive demonstration exists, that under such destruction, the lower classes of electors throughout the country would all vote on one side. On what grounds would they vote? Opposition to, and hatred of, their superiors—prejudice, passion, and delusion—factious motives and objects—the wish for ruinous changes of law and institution. For whom would they vote? Projectors, innovators, demagogues, and traitors. The truth of this is put out of question by the conduct they have so long exhibited.

If the elector be not qualified to give his vote wisely as well as independently, he must be guided by the intelligent, virtuous superior, who has a deep interest in guiding him aright, or he will servilely follow the unprincipled demagogue.

The choice before us, therefore, is this. We must have the majority of electors ranged on one side as a whole, actuated by the most dangerous feelings, and supporting the worst candidates; or we must have them broken into parties combined with their superiors, voting on principles of public good, and supporting the best candidates. The evils on one side are so trifling compared with those on the other, that no honest man can hesitate. The history of this country proves, that the influence of property, when duly divided, is of the most necessary and beneficial character. It will not do to tell us that reform will lop off the bad part of the electors, for we know better. The middling housekeepers in towns, small freeholders and farmers, are infected to a fearful extent with the doctrines of Radicalism. Cobbett's influence lies chiefly amidst farmers. The Irish electors, if free from the influence of property,

would return only such members as O'Connell.

Our decided conviction, as we have stated on other occasions, is, that the influence of the landlord over the tenant, the master over the servant, the superior over the inferior, enters into the essence of free and good government; that there can be no harmony, liberty, and prosperity without it; and that it is a matter of state necessity for that part of the population which has a deep stake on the right side of things, to be able to combine with it, or at least to restrain the other. It must be remarked, that this influence differs widely from absolute control; dissatisfaction in those subject to it, aided by public feeling, commonly prevents it from being improperly exercised.

As the ballot is advocated chiefly for the sake of destroying the influence of landowners, we will observe that, in our judgment, so far as concerns England and Scotland, it would injure the county landowner far less than the borough master and freeholder.

We might safely leave the matter here, but we will not do so. It is evident that the ballot does not, and cannot, ensure secrecy; in regard, therefore, to its great object, it is of no material value.

With it, the tenant or workman would be asked by his landlord or master for his vote, or who he intended to vote for; a refusal to promise or disclose, would be equivalent to, and punished as, an open vote given against his landlord or master. Thus he would be compelled to vote as he does at present, or to be guilty of deliberate falsehood; the ballot would only exempt him from the influence of property by destroying his morals.

It would rather promote than prevent bribery and corruption. The committees can easily ascertain how far the promise of an elector, from his politics and character, can be relied on: they would, therefore, on his solemn promise, as readily bribe him as they do now. At present, if he give a solemn promise, shame prevents him in most cases from violating it; but with the ballot he could, after selling his vote to one

side, sell it to the other in security from detection, or the ballot would have no effect. His known want of morals could only keep the bribe from being offered him, and the ballot would strongly tempt him to abandon them, by leading him to suppose he could do it without discovery.

At present it is a hopeless matter for the agents of one candidate to tempt the tenants and workmen who are engaged through their superiors to another : introduce the ballot, and they will use every effort to gain such tenants and workmen by corruption. The influence of property is now a mighty means of preventing bribery ; a vast proportion of the votes it controls would, if free from it, be sold.

If voting in public place a man under influence on the one hand, it also binds him to profession and pledge on the other. It forms the great bulwark against apostacy, treason, support of a bad cause, and the pernicious use of corrupt votes. If it place the followers under control, it restricts the leader to an honourable application of their votes ; and it furnishes the example which is essential for giving a beneficial issue to elections. If the ballot were effective, the middle class of electors could barter their votes, to the betrayal of their cause, and government could buy its powerful opponents in security. Are we to find any preservative against this in the recent conduct of the Liverpool electors, or the history of the last House of Commons ?

Our conclusion, therefore, is, that the ballot would be inoperative, or it would have mighty effect in destroying morals, extending corruption and treachery, and causing elections to turn on falsehood, bribery, and apostacy. In America, it is little more than a dead letter, because her circumstances differ totally from those of England.

We must say a word of it, in regard to Ireland, specially. It is well-known, that there the Catholic Priest, at present, prevails against the landlord ; destroy the influence of property, and the former will command every Catholic vote ; the pledge exacted by him in secret, will be a matter of conscience, and, therefore,

of certain redemption. The ballot would make the Catholic Priests as much the electors of the mass of the Irish members, as they would be, if they alone had votes. This ought to be sufficient for ensuring its rejection. Other things may be pleaded against it, generally. It would render a scrutiny impossible, and this would have much influence in giving the turn of elections to bad votes. It would operate balefully against public spirit, as well as opinion ; and prove a great means of tempting neighbours to betray and ruin each other.

It has been declared highly ridiculous to do so, but, nevertheless, we will repeat the appeal to the Englishman's nationality. We call on every right-hearted Englishman to array himself against this outlandish and most un-English innovation.

On shortening the life of Parliament, we have little to offer. Taking into account that the term of seven years is not the constant, but the occasional and extreme one, and that a Parliament sometimes is only suffered to live two or three, we do not say that change is necessary. At any rate, the term ought not to be less than five years.

But Reform, to be materially beneficial, must be extended in a very unsparing manner to the reformers themselves. Our readers are aware, that at some recent elections in Ireland, a Catholic Association took to itself the disposal of the seats in the House of Commons. It is evident enough that this pestilential body will virtually do the same at the next election. The example is in course of rapid imitation in England. There is an Anti-Slavery society, headed by sundry flaming reformers ; this body, at the late dissolution of Parliament, did its utmost to influence the election of almost every place. A mighty combination exists, called the Birmingham Union, which avowedly labours to control every election within its reach. A society has lately been formed at Leeds, for the express purpose of making the county of York, as far as possible, its close borough, and doubtlessly, Leeds too, if the latter obtain members. Similar combinations exist, and are forming in other places ; and, appa-

rently, they will soon spread themselves over the whole country.

Why do these bodies interfere with elections? Is it their object to secure to the elector freedom of choice and fitting candidates? Or do they patriotically labour to prevent intimidation and delusion, to oppose falsehood, prejudice, and madness, to suppress faction, regulate party, base contests on public interest, and give the requisite character to the House of Commons? They interfere to do exactly the contrary. The Catholic faction deprives the legal electors of all freedom of choice, and binds them to one, and the very worst, kind of candidates, to produce convulsion and the dismemberment of the empire. The Anti-Slavery faction labours to ruin an important part of the empire, to the mighty injury of the whole. The Leeds faction intends practically to disfranchise the Yorkshire freeholders, exclude all qualified men from the representation, and force on the county such strangers or lawyers, as Sir T. Denman and Mr Sykes, to compass anti-national and revolutionary projects of its own. The case is similar with the other factions. All work by the foulest means — by falsehood, intimidation, and corruption—delusion, passion, and clamour—joint purse and mob violence; and it is utterly impossible for electors and candidates acting severally and uprightly, according to the constitution and laws, to stand against them.

These factions consist, to a vast extent, of men who are not electors, and they are really the tools of a few individuals. The followers are just as much the slaves of their heads, in regard to vote and candidate, as any tenants are of their landlords. They would give us this reform; a number of close boroughs are to be destroyed, on the one hand, and every place in the United Kingdom, counties included, is to be made a close borough, on the other. The Catholic faction is the instrument of O'Connell and the Papist Priests—the Anti-Slavery one is the tool of a knot of Cockney lawyers and traders—and that of Leeds is the slave of a Unitarian manufacturer, and certain newspaper fanatics; these men of

course are to be the new borough-mongers. Thus the control of elections is to be taken from property, which is placed in many hands, and divided in principle, in order to give it to concentrated fanaticism and despotism—the nomination of members is to be taken from honourable and patriotic men, who have a deep stake in the public weal, for the purpose of bestowing it on depraved and penniless brawlers, demagogues, and traitors.

If these factions are to be tolerated, it is ridiculous to speak of reform, or to say that, under any system, there could be purity and freedom of election. With them, it is impossible for the House of Commons to be other than a profligate, factious, imbecile, anti-national, and revolutionary body. They must be put down with a determined hand, head and tail, root and branch. There can be no real representation, if elections are to be governed by combinations and factions.

We will only glance at another most important matter. If the respectable electors be as corrupt as those of Liverpool are stated to be, what but the greatest evils can flow from reform? Vain and pernicious must all change be, without private virtue and public spirit in the elector. Here reform must again be comprehensively applied to the reformers in respect of morals.

Time and space compel us to leave various material points unnoticed; but we shall perhaps return to the subject, when the plan of Ministers is placed before the country.

No change ought evidently to be consented to by the Aristocracy and patriotic men, except on the following conditions:—

1. That talent, particularly on the Opposition side, continue to be admitted into the House of Commons, as it has been, in respect of freedom from expense and popular influence.

2. That the ignorant and corrupt part of burgesses be disfranchised; and the qualification of the elector be based on property in boroughs generally, and be sufficiently high to ensure a reasonable portion of intelligence and integrity.

3. That care be taken to prevent the lower class of electors from commanding the elections.

4. That the landed interest be raised to an equality with others; and have its full number of seats duly secured to it, not only nominally, but really, by the restriction of manufacturing and trading freeholders from voting for county members.

5. That every county and borough be bound to select members from its own real and regular inhabitants.

6. That the ballot be rejected, and property be suffered to retain its due influence.

7. That combinations for influencing elections be rigidly put down by law.

If reform do not comprehend these matters, it must be sternly opposed by every patriot.

We have said, we imagine, sufficient to give mortal offence to both sides, but as we do not write to please either, it gives us no concern; both may profit in some degree from what we have written. We conclude with offering to each a few observations.

You who are Whig reformers, must know that the labouring classes are not more anxious to injure the landed interest, than they are to impose ruinous laws on the manufacturers and traders, in respect of wages, machinery, &c. &c. You must be aware, that they feel as little affection for you as for the Tories: they will only act with you, when they can make you their instruments and followers. Lord Brougham found, in Yorkshire, that they must either be his "schoolmasters" or enemies; at the last election, it was as necessary for a candidate to conceal his connexion with you, as it was for

him to conceal it with the Ministry: the men whom they follow hate you even more than the Tories. And you cannot be ignorant that your strength, even more than that of the Tories, lies in the Aristocracy. Knowing all this, as you must do, can you doubt, that if you give to these classes the ascendancy at elections, they will ruin manufactures and trade, as well as agriculture—they will destroy yourselves, as well as the Aristocracy and the Tories? And can you in common reason doubt, that the scheme of reform will give the best House of Commons to them, which will give the best to the rest of the population?

You who are Tory opponents of reform, are now a ruined minority; and how do you expect to retrieve your fallen fortunes? What do you hope for from the next Irish election? How long can you calculate on the Scotch members? In England, you are nearly driven out of every open borough, and you are undergoing rapid expulsion from the counties; this arises, not from accidental and momentary, but from natural, permanent, and growing causes. The present system will make the next election far worse to you than the last was; it will soon strip you of all but your close boroughs, neutralised by the Whig ones, and it is injuring your creed as much as your party power. In our conscience we believe that you have a deeper interest in reform, than any other part of the community. We do not ask you to change your opinion on our words, but we strongly urge you, for your own sake, to let them lead you to careful examination and impartial judgment.

THE OLD MAID AND THE GUN.

MY DEAR SIR CRISTIFER,

THERE'S naething I so much admire about you as the real simplicity o' your ways of going on. I always used to think, that as folk grew greater they grew aye the prouder: indeed, I've seen't sae in some folk myself; there was Mrs Duncason, the bailie's wife—as douce, quiet-behaved a woman in her shop as could be—ceevil and respectable to all the customers—when her man was made a Sir, for carrying up a dress, or something o' that kind, till his Majesty—no the present man, but his brother—he aye cared mair for his clothes than this sailor ane—she was neither to hold nor bind,—she answered as sharp as could possibly be, if a body only spiered the price o' an article, till folk was just frightened out o' her shop; for ye ken it wad not have done to have threip'd about maybe a bawbee, wi' such a grand woman, and “yer leddyship” coming out at every word. But that's no the way with you. Ye are just the same kind-hearted, even-down sort of a man that I have always known ye, unco agreeable to the leddies, and no elevated wi' yer dignity above what is just an' proper in a man o' yer station. I could not help thinking o' this the ither night when ye cam yer wa's up to yer tea, just as ye used to do, lang lang syne, afore ye ever thought o' being made a knight or a baronet either. We were just all delighted wi' ye; but I'll no tell ye a' that was said of you after ye were gone. I most sincerely hope the roomatism has not returned, and I can really and truly recommend coarse brown paper neist the skin, as the very best remedy I hae ever tried. It keeps out the cauld beyond belief. Weel, that night, ye mind, ye were sae amused, or was pleased to say sae, with my adventure wi' the ship at Portsmouth, that ye begged o' me to write it down for you, to read and laugh at it at yer leisure. Ye'll maybe think me an auld fool for my pains, but I can refuse ye naething; so, as I hae naething else to do the noo, I will e'en write it a', as it took place, as nearly as I can recollect.

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Ye remember wee Johnny Henderson, the white-headed laddie, that lived wi' me ever since his mither, my niece, died o' a consumption, poor thing: he was aye a mischievous callant, an' I hope ye've forgi'en him for the tricks he used to play upon us baith—do ye mind when he sawed awa' about a foot frae yer crutch, and when ye gaed to show Mrs G. to her coach, ye cam' down on yer nose on the carpet? Aweel, aweel, I hope ye've past a' that, for there was nobody that wee Johnny likit sae weel as yersell. He was ower high in the spirit for a poor auld maid like me to manage, so, wi' the advice o' the ither friends, though sair again' my inclination, I agreed to let him gang for a sailor, for he was extraordinary mad for the sea. I had had the care o' him by that time for more than ten years, and he was just the same to me as if he had been my ain.

Weel, we got him appointed a midshipman on board of the Jenny-veeve, a frigate of war, with thirty-six guns in her. When the news cam down, he was just wild wi' joy—he gaed about the house singing “Cease, rude Boreas,” and “The Gallant Harry Thusa,” till my maid—do ye mind auld Jenny?—declared he was fey, and naething gude would come of it. The time cam on at last when he had to gang up to England an' join his ship. He had his uniform on—I mind him so weel—wi' his little dirk hinging at his side, and looking sae bonny, wi' a little cockit hattie upon his head—oh, he didna look like as if he was ganging to the wars; an' I thought he was a bit orphan, an' that he might have staid sae happy at hame wi' his auld auntie—and my heart nearly misgave me, and I was sorry I had agreed to let him gang. But it was ower late to draw back; an' as the bit creature hung greetin' ower my shoulder, I vowed, if he was spared this voyage, he should never quit me again. I, wi' tears and grief, said fareweel to wee Johnny, and lookit forward wi' the greatest impatience to the time when I was to see him again. He hadna been gone from me above a month, when

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he writ me a letter, tellin' me his ship was ordered to go to a station in South America, an' stay there for three years—an' I wasna to see him for a' that time! It made me regret a thousand times that ever I allowed him to gang, but it couldna be mendit noo, so I consoled myself as weel as I was able. It's extraordinar how soon ye come round out o' the bitterness o' grief at parting, as lang as ye hae ony hope o' meetin' again. I thought every time I heard frae him he was aye nearer the hame-comin'; and I amused myself in the meantime by mendin' his torn shirts he had left, and putting cloutings in the hinder part o' his breeks—five pair o' ankeens, and three janes, forbye an auld pair o' corduroys. Every letter he wrote me, shewed he was getting mair and mair edication. They had a chaplain on board of the vessel, that was a good gentleman, and very kind to wee Johnny, learning him Latin and Greek at his orra hours, beside navigation, and boxing the compass, and astronomy, that they need in their profession as officers. The other parts o' their duty, such as speeling the shrouds, firing off little pistols, and rowing in boats, I'se warrand Johnny learned them without troubling the reverend gentleman muckle in the teaching—for he was aye an active kind o' an ettercap, and unco fond o' the pouther—an' as to the climbing, I lost him ae time for a haill day, and fand him, at last, on the outside o' the lumm.

The three years at last past ower, an' a letter cam frae him to say, his ship would be at Portsmouth some time in the end of July or beginning o' August. This cam to me in June, and I couldna sleep for thinkin' o' my dear wee Johnny's comin' back to me again. At last I made up my mind I wad gang up myself and receive him when he cam back; for, thinks I, the bit laddie will need some decent person that knows the ways o' the world to tak care o' him, after being sae lang awa' frae the dry land. I telled my resolution to no living; and upon the fifteenth day of July, I took my place in the James Watt steam-boat for London, and intended to tak the coach the minute I got there, and wait at Portsmouth till the Jenny-veeve cam hame. Captain Bain, the Captain o' the James Watt steam-

boat, was a very nice chatty man, and tell'd me in every way how it was best for me to proceed. So, when the ship arrived at Blackwall, I gaed, intill a hackney coach, to the Green Dragon hotel, and was just as happy as if I had been in my ain house. Next morning, I gat into a coach wi' four horses, in a long street called Oxford Street, and was just entering into chat wi' a leddy on the other side, when an ill-fawred man opened the door, and told me he had put my luggage into the boot. I tell'd him I was muckle obliged to him for being sae kind, and was gaun on speaking to my fellow-passenger, when the man interrupted me again, and told me, "he expected me to pay him for his trouble, as he had put the trunk and portmanty at the very bottom o' the boot, as I was going the whole way thro' to Poachmuth."—"Mercifu' gracious!" cried I, "dinna tak me to ony such place. Tell the coachman not to gang on, on ony account; for I took my place last night for Portsmouth, and paid." The impudent vagabond turned and winkit to a companion beside him, and said something about "queerin' the old Scotch un;" but, thinks I, my birkie, ye'll get the warst o' the queerin' if ye begin till't. The leddy noo telt me I was in the richt coach, and it was only the blackguard's way o' speech. Upon which I was greatly at my ease, and resolved no to gie the insolent rascal a single bawbee. Weel, he threipit on an' on; but I aye pretendit to be deaf, and never answered to all his begging; for he didna ask it at a' in a respectable manner. At last he grew to such a pitch of abusing me, that he told me to keep my coppers, as he supposed they would be a fortune to an old skinflint like me in my own beggarly country. Upon which I put my head out o' the window o' the coach, and telt him, says I, "Ye needna laugh at me, ye ill-fawred loon, or speak about beggarly countries, when ye're a beggar yersell, an' wad be a robber too, an' ye had the courage! Gin ye had keepit a ceevil tongue in yer head, ye wad hae chanced to hae had a siller saxpence in yer pocket! Sirs, wha has the best o't noo?" Upon that a great guffaw gat up again' the vagabond; and the coachman crackit his whip, an' away set I, still in a great passion; for ye ken I'm easy angered,

Sir Cristifer; but still it was pleasant to hae saved a sixpence frae such an ill-mannered scoundrel as yon, an' so thought the leddy too, for, in the hurry an' stramash, he had forgotten her a'thegither.

I needna tell you ony thing about the journey down, but it was a lang way o' gate, and altho' the ither leddy was particular kind, and telt me a' the places, as we passed along the road, I'll no say but at the end o' the day I was very ow'rcome with sleep. The ither leddy she fell asleep too; but, just when we gat within maybe three miles o' the town, there was the most awfu' firing o' guns that could be. We baith started up in alarm, and the firing still continued boom, booming extraordinar. "Oh it's the French, the weary French!" cries I, for I mindit o' the panick in Edinburgh in the year eighteen hunder and twelve, when a French fleet was reported to be down at the Bass; but my neighbour pat me in mind we were at peace with the French, and then she thought it wad maybe be saluting some ither fleet that was coming in frae foreign parts. "It'll be the Jennyveeve," thinks I; "Oh! I hope, mem, they dinna salute wi' cannon-balls, for I hae a nephew in a ship that I'm expecting is coming hame justabout this time?"—"Oh no," says she, "be quite easy;" but the guns still gaed on firing far faster than the Castle on the fourth o' June; an' I couldna rest till I fand out the occasion,—so I put my head out o' the window and skirled to the coachman, as loud as I was able—"Coachman!" says I, "what's a' the guns firing for the noo?" The coachman was a very ceevil man, as indeed a' the English coachees are, and says he, "It's the Lord Igh Admiral, maum, a-kimming hover from the Hisle of Vight." That was our king that is noo; and an awfu' pluffin o' the pouther they made about him. At last I got into the hotel, the George, where the coach stoppit, and they telt me the house was unco croudet, because the Prince was in the town, and a great army o' officers come to wait on him. But after a deal o' do, they said they wad pit me up, and so, after a cup o' tea, me and the ither leddy gaed out to see the town. Every body was fleein' about as if the enemy was at the

gate, grand officers wi' their cockit hats, and epalits on their shoulders, and fine leddies walking about. Indeed, we were baith of us very delighted wi the sight. But I maun mak my story short; for, to tell you the truth, I'm no muckle used to the writin', and my fingers are getting unco stiff.

Weel, the next morning I gat up, and after my breakfast, I askit the landlord if he could tell me ony thing about the Jennyveeve, for I expeckit her in about that time. He was a very polite man, and promised, the minute she cam into the "hoffing," which I thought was maybe some part o' the harbour, he would let me know. A' the forenoon I gaed walking about the town, ca'in' every noo and then at the hotel, just to ask about the vessel; but at last I thought I wad gang doon to the harbour myself. Weel, the first thing I sees is a gentleman wi' a prospect glass in his hand, and, after keekin' through it a lang time, he turned about to his friend, and said, "Jennyveeve in the offing; I know her by her trim." I gaed up till him, and askit if it was really the Jennyveeve frigate, and how far off the part o' the offing was she was in. He telt me she was just rounding St Helen's, and would be at anchor in two hours. Noo, a thought struck me, I would like to surprise wee Johnny; and as the sea was quite calm, and the day as warm as could be, I agreed wi' a man to tak me out to her in a boat. Away we went through the water, an' amang a' the ships, quite enchantit. I saw the Victory, where Lord Nelson was killed, and she lookit just like a three-story house in Abercromby Place. We sailed, and sailed, and at last we reached the side o' the Jennyveeve. A gentleman lookit over the bannister at the side o' the ship, and I telt him I wantit him to let me come on board, as I had a friend in the ship, that I was very particular to see. Weel, he gaed awa' for a while, and then he cam back, and in a few minutes a stair was let down, and up I gaed, and fand myself on the floor o' the vessel, standin' beside the gentleman that had spoken to me first. I telt him who I was, and that I wantit to see wee Johnny Henderson, that was a bit middie in their ship. He

said I wad see him belive, but in the meantime he wad introduce me to the captain—a nice, brisk little bustling man, though rather ower much given up to the swearing, he turned out to be. He was standin' on the raised up part o' the floor, giein' his orders, and speakin' to me, a' in the breath. "You want Mr Henderson, I think, madam? excellent young man—highly pleased with him"—and then he said something about the ship. "Oh, I was sure ye wad be that, captain, for I aye brought him up myself wi' the greatest care." The captain laughed and spoke very familiarly, as if we had known ane anither for long; but in a while he turned to the gentleman I spoke till, and desired him to send Mr Henderson. The gentleman—he was a life-tenant o' the ship—turned awa' in a moment, but as he passed me to execute the order, I could hear the birkie was humming the tune o' Black-Eyed Susan. Weel, in a short time up cam wee Johnny; but I declare to ye, Mr North—Sir Cristifer, I should say—I wad not hae known him, he was sae changed. He had grown tall and strong, and in naething like the stripling he had been, save in his bonny, wild-looking blue ee;—but when he saw me, and rushed forward and kissed his puir auld auntie, I kent he was the same warm-hearted creatur he used to be—I'll no say but I grat wi' perfect happiness at seein' the lad again—and I think Johnny himsell was unco near the greetin'.

The captain and the ither gentleman had gaen awa, which was very considerate, but they soon cam back again, when they saw us in conversation. "Oh, Johnny," said I, "what a great chield ye have grown! the breeks that I mended for ye'll be o' nae use to ye now, and the sarks'll be perfectly thrown awa." He began to laugh, when I said this, wi' the same wild laugh he used to do at hame; and said, "What! auntie, always thinking about the pence yet?"—"It'll maybe be the better for you some day, if I do; for, if ye're no greatly changed, a bowbee aye burned a hole in your pocket unco soon." But now began a great blazing awa o' the guns, much the same as the day before; a' the ships gettin' covered up wi' the smoke, but

sometimes atwixt twa o' the clouds we could see a boat rowed wi' somebody in't o' great consequence, and some ither boats followin't to keep it company. I telt them it was the Lord High Admiral, the King's brither, seein' the ships; but the captain cried out, it was very unlucky he had not known of it before—but that they must exert themselves noo. Accordingly, he ordered every one to his station, to get the ship in the grandest order, in case the Prince should come on board to inspect her. So for a good while I was left to my ain reflections.

It was just astonishin' to see how neatly they gaed about it—a' as quiet an' active as possible, nae clish-maclaver gaun on amang the men, like what ye hear whan a wheen women's brushing up a dining-room or washin' a stair. I stood for a lang time, and admired the quickness o' their motions, and the ship at last lookit just like a new preen. The guns in the ither ships were still firin' awa at intervals, and we were very near to them noo, and could see every thing that gaed on. The boat we had seen before, keepit rowin' frae ship to ship, and aye the guns keepit blawing on, till my very een grew sair wi' the winkin'; for it's onpossible to keep the een open when such a great thud o' sound comes blash upon yer ear; it was for a' the world just like a skelp on the cheek o' the head. Weel, when I was tired wi' joukin' my head, an awfu' fear cam' upon me, that the guns in our ain ship wad be obligated to be fired; an' I weel kent, that if I wasna killed by the burstin' of the cannons, I wad die o' the fright. So, says I to the captain, "Oh, Captain Pagan, Captain Pagan, do ye think ye'll hae to fire aff the guns o' the ship? It'll just kill me outright." Then he laughed extraordinar, and said, "Fire!" said he; "yes, egad, old Billy's a bluff one, and if we don't give the royal salute, he'll blow us up sky-high!"—"Oh Lord hae a care o' me!" says I, "he wad surely never do such a cruel thing as blaw us a' up for no firin' a salute? Oh, they're weary things, thae salutes, baith for auld and young!" I sat down just perfectly owercome wi' my apprehensions, when, to my great delight and astonishment, wee Johnny

comes up to me, and tells me, that a flag or signal o' some sort or ither was put up, to gie them to understand that the Lord High Admiral didna want to be saluted; but he wad just come in about half an hour, and see how they were after being three years from home.

Weel pleased, as ye may imagine, was I to hear the news; for I made sure a' danger was over; and I couldna help thinkin' how very kind it was in the Prince, no to let the sailors, poor fellows, run the risk o' firing, noo they had come sae near to the shore in safety. But just in the midst of my keckling and rejoicing, up comes wee Johnny again, and tells me, that as the Admiral didna like to see petticoats on board, I must be stowed away into some quiet corner where his Royal Highness wadna see me. Oh! I was willing to gang ony place, I was sae perfectly happy to have escaped the guns. But oh, Sir Cristifer! whar do you think that neer-do-weel callant persuaded me to be hidden? There wasna a single part o' the ship, he said, that the admiral wadna see in a jiffey; he wad gang intill every corner, till no a mouse wad be in the haill of the vessel that he wadna ken whar its hiding-hole was; so, after threeping and telling me every thing was safe, he just prevailed on me to slip intill ane o' the guns. Weel, he telt me, and swore till't, that no salute was to be fired, and that there was no chance o' my being fund out in such a place as that; and so, at last, in great fear and trembling, I let him lift me up, and put me, feet foremost, into ane o' the cannons at the side o' the ship. Ye ken what a wee jimp body I am; and I assure you I've lain in mony a waur situation than yon; I couldna turn myself, to be sure, but I was in safety, and the Prince, they telt me, wadna stay more than twenty minutes. Weel, I hadna been lang in the gun when I heard the patter of paws in the water below where I was; then I heard the boat stop; and syne I heard a great stamping on the floor, or the deck, as they call it in a ship. Then the noise all ceased for maybe a quarter of an hour, and then the stamping began again. And as the party stood very near whar I was, I could even hear a wee o' what they were sayin'. I could just catch a

voice nows and then sayin' something about damnation—an' I was sure frae the rest that I heard, that it was the Prince was speakin'; but the captain gied as good as he got, and spak' a great deal about damnation too; so that really whether they were swearing, as sailors generally are in the habit of doing, or expounding a text, I couldna weel determine; but, however that may, there gat up a great laugh, and the Prince seemed unco weel pleased, by the tone o' his voice. But oh, Mr North!—there, I've forgotten yer teetle again—just fancy my feelings when I heard the captain ask leave to salute his Royal Highness as he went away! Oh dear me, thinks I, I'll be sent fleein' thro' the air frae the mouth o' a gun! And what sort o' death is that for a decent auld maiden leddy to dee! Oh that I had never set my foot intill a ship! And wi' that I tried to scream to them to stop, but my throat was sae dry I could mak' no sound;—I tried to creep out, and hoped to tumble intill the sea and be drown'd; but I couldna move hand or fit, I was sae jammed intill the gun. And noo, tho' I was mair than half dead, I had a terrible consciousness o' every thing that was gaun on. I heard the party gaun down into their boat; I could fancy I saw them laughing and chatting awa' sae happy and contentit; and there was I, stuck into the mouth o' a gun, ready to be fired awa' in honour o' the Lord High Admiral!!! I thought I could see the very part o' the wall about twa miles aff that I wad reach to, and yet I hadna power to cry out and tell the Prince the jeopardy I was in. But very soon a greater degree o' the fear cam' ower me, for the ship shook and staggered as if a great blow had been hit, and then cam' a roar o' the cannon, and I felt that the bitterness o' death was begun; then gaed aff anither: and then, in the pauses between, my ears were preternaturally sharpened, and I heard a voice saying, "Oh, auntie, farewell—but don't be very much alarm'd, for she is not loaded with ball,—and you've a chance of being picked up by the boats." Then gaed aff anither gun, and I felt by the sound they were coming regularly up the row where I was—and then I heard the captain, standing just at the end o' my gun,

say to the man that was firing them aff—"Here—run out this old jade!" Mercifu' me, could the cauld-hearted vagabond be speakin' that way o' me!"—"Raise up her breech a little, and lay on!"—Here my senses a' thegither forsook me—to be spoken o' in such an undelicate manner before sae mony great starin' menfolk, was waur than being shot out o' the gun; and being perfectly overcome wi' shame and fright, I sank into a dwam. The rest o' the story is very soon told. The vagabonds kent a' the time they were never gaun to fire her aff; but the captain and that good-for-nothin' creatur, wee Johnnie, did it a' for their ain amusement. However, when they gat me out o' the gun, they really behaved sae weel, and made sae mony kind speeches about it, that I coudna

find it in my heart to be angry. So I just forgied them baith; but if ever ony body catches me playing hide-and-seek in the body o' a gun, they've my free leave to fire it aff, and send me fleein' to the back o' Beyont. And noo, Sir Cristifer, I hae gien ye the account o' my adventure, that ye wantet. Ye maun mak a' allowances for the spelling and the language o' this account; for the real truth o' the matter is, that if I tak' either to writin' or speakin' o' the English, I dinna come nearly sae good a hand as when I think and write in my ain native tongue. So, wi' best wishes to yourself, and to Mrs G. the next time ye see her, I remain,

My dear Sir Cristifer,
Your affectionate friend and
weel wisher,

COMMUNINGS WITH THOUGHT.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Could we but keep our spirits to that height,
We might be happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal.

BYRON.

RETURN, my thoughts, come home!
Ye wild and wing'd! what do ye o'er the deep?
And wherefore thus th' Abyss of Time o'ersweep,
As bird the ocean-foam?

Swifter than shooting star,
Swifter than lances of the northern light,
Upspringing through the purple heaven of night,
Hath been your course afar!

Through the bright battle-clime,
Where laurel-boughs make dim the Grecian streams,
And reeds are whispering of heroic themes,
By temples of old Time:

Through southern garden-bowers,
Such as young Juliet look'd from, when her eye,
Fill'd with the fervid soul of Italy,
Watch'd for the starry hours:

Through the North's ancient halls,
Where banners thrill'd of yore, where harp-strings rung,
But grass waves now o'er those that fought and sung—
Hearth-light hath left their walls!

Through forests old and dim,
Where o'er the leaves dread magic seems to brood,
And sometimes on the haunted solitude,
Rises the pilgrim's hymn:

Or where some fountain lies,
With lotus-cups through orient spice-woods gleaming!
There have ye been, ye wanderers! idly dreaming
Of man's lost paradise!

Return, my thoughts, return!
Cares wait your presence in life's daily track,
And voices, not of music, call you back;
Harsh voices, cold and stern!

Oh! no, return ye not!
Still farther, loftier, let your soarings be!
Go, bring me strength from journeyings bright and free,
O'er many a haunted spot.

Go, seek the martyr's grave,
'Midst the old mountains, and the deserts vast;
Or through the ruin'd cities of the past,
Follow the wise and brave!

Go, visit cell and shrine!
Where woman hath endured!—through wrong, through scorn,
Uncheer'd by fame, yet silently upborne
By promptings more divine!

Go, shoot the gulf of death!
Track the pure spirits where no chain can bind,
Where the heart's boundless love its rest may find,
Where the storm sends no breath!

Higher, and yet more high!
Shake off the cumbering chain which earth would lay
On your victorious wings—mount, mount!—Your way
Is through eternity!

THE NECROMANCER.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprises I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the New-found World
For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies.

MARLOW's *Faustus*.

An old man on his deathbed lay, an old yet stately man;
His lip seem'd moulded for command, tho' quivering now, and wan;
By fits a wild and wandering fire shot from his troubled eye,
But his pale brow still austere wore its native mastery.

There were gorgeous things from lands afar, strewn round the mystic room;
From where the orient palm-trees wave, bright gem and dazzling plume;
And vases with rich odour fill'd, that o'er the couch of death
Shed forth, like groves from Indian isles, a spicy summer's breath.

And sculptured forms of olden time, in their strange beauty white,
Stood round the chamber solemnly, robed as in ghostly light;
All passionless and still they stood, and shining through the gloom,
Like watchers of another world, stern angels of the tomb.

'Twas silent as a midnight church, that dim and mystic place,
While shadows cast from many thoughts, o'erswept the old man's face;
He spoke at last, and low and deep, yet piercing was the tone,
To one that o'er him long had watch'd, in reverence and alone.

"I leave," he said, "an empire dread, by mount, and shore, and sea,
Wider than Roman Eagle's wing e'er traversed proudly free;
Never did King or Kaiser yet such high dominion boast,
Or Soldan of the sunbeam's clime, girt with a conquering host.

"They hear me, *they* that dwell far down where the sea-serpent lies,
And they, th' unseen, on Afric's hills, that sport when tempests rise;
And they that rest in central caves, whence fiery streams make way,
My lightest whisper shakes their sleep, they hear me, and obey.

"They come to me with ancient wealth—with crown and cup of gold,
From cities roof'd with ocean-waves, that buried them of old;
They come from Earth's most hidden veins, which man shall never find,
With gems that have the hues of fire deep at their heart enshrined.

"But a mightier power is on me now—it rules my struggling breath;
I have sway'd the rushing elements—but still and strong is Death!
I quit my throne, yet leave I not my vassal-spirits free—
Thou hast brave and high aspirings, youth!—my Sceptre is for thee!

"Now listen! I will teach thee words whose mastery shall compel
The viewless ones to do thy work, in wave, or blood, or hell!
But never, never mayst thou breathe those words in human ear,
Until thou'rt laid, as I am now, the grave's dark portals near."

His voice in faintness died away—and a sudden flush was seen,
A mantling of the rapid blood o'er the youth's impassion'd mien,
A mantling and a fading swift—a look with sadness fraught—
And that too pass'd—and boldly then rush'd forth the ardent thought.

"Must those high words of sovereignty ne'er sound in human ear?
I have a friend—a noble friend—as life or freedom dear!
Thou offerest me a glorious gift—a proud majestic throne,
But I know the secrets of *his* heart—and shall I seal mine own?

"And there is one that loves me well, with yet a gentle love—
Oh! is not *her* full, boundless faith, all power, all wealth above?
Must a deep gulf between the souls—now closely link'd—be set?
Keep, keep the Sceptre!—leave me free, and loved, and trustful yet!"

Then from the old man's haughty lips was heard the sad reply—
"Well hast thou chosen!—I blame thee not—I that unwept must die;
Live, thou beloved, and trustful yet!—No more on human head,
Be the sorrows of unworthy gifts from bitter vials shed!"

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LIV.

XPH Δ'ΕΝ ΣΤΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΤΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

Scene, the Snuggery—Time, Nine—Present, NORTH, SHEPHERD, and
TICKLER.

TICKLER.

CENTAUR! No more like a centaur, James, than he is like a whale. Ducrow is not "demi-corpsed"—as Shakspeare said of Laertes—with what he bestrides; how could he, with half-a-dozen horses at a time? If the blockheads will but look at a centaur, they will see that he is not six horses and one man, but one manhorse or horseman, galloping on four feet, with one tail, and one face much more humane than either of ours——

SHEPHERD.

Confine yoursell to your ain face, Mr Tickler. A centaur wou'd hae sma' diffeeculty in ha'in' a face mair humane nor yours, sir—for it's mair like the face o' Notus or Eurus nor a Christian's; but as for ma face, sir, it's meeker and milder than that o' Charon himsell——

NORTH.

Chiron, James.

SHEPHERD.

Weel then, Cheeron be't—when he was instillin' wisdom, music, and heroism intil the sowle o' Achilles, him that afterwards grew up the maist beautifu' and dreadfu' o' a' the sons o' men.

TICKLER.

The glory of Ducrow lies in his Poetical Impersonations. Why, the horse is but the air, as it were, on which he flies! What godlike grace in that volent motion, fresh from Olympus, e'er yet "new-lighted on some heaven-kissing hill!" What seems "the feather'd Mercury" to care for the horse, whose side his toe but touches, as if it were a cloud in the ether? As the flight accelerates, the animal absolutely disappears, if not from the sight of our bodily eye, certainly from that of our imagination, and we behold but the messenger of Jove, worthy to be joined in marriage with Iris.

SHEPHERD.

I'm no just sae poetical's you, Mr Tickler, when I'm at the Circus; and ma bodily een, as ye ca' them, that's to say, the een, ane on ilka side o' ma nose, are far owre gleg ever to lose sicht o' yon bonny din meere.

NORTH.

A dun mare, worthy indeed to waft Green Turban,

"Far descended of the Prophet line,"

across the sands of the Desert.

SHEPHERD.

Ma verra thocht! As she flew round like lichtnin', the saw-dust o' the Amphitheatre becam the sand-dust o' Arawbia—the heaven-doomed region, for ever and aye, o' the sons o' Ishmael.

TICKLER.

Gentlemen, you are forgetting Ducrow.

SHEPHERD.

Na. It's only you that's forgettin' the din meere. His Mercury's beautilfu'; but his Glawdiawtor's shooblime.

TICKLER.

Roman soldier you mean, James.

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue, Tickler. Isna a Roman sodger a Glawdiawtor? Does na the verra word, Glawdiawtor, come frae the Latin for swurd? Nae wunner the Romans conquer'd a' the warld, gin a' their sodgers foucht like yon! Sune as Ducraw tyeuck his attetud, as steadfast on the steed as on a stane, there ye beheld, staunin' afore you, wi' helmet, swurd, and buckler, the eemage o' a warriour-king! The hero looked as gin he were about to engage in single combat wi' some hero o' the tither side—some giant Gaul—perhaps himsell a king—in sicht o' baith armies—and by the eagle-crest cou'd ye hae sworn, that sune wou'd the barbaric host be in panic-flight. What ither man o' woman born cou'd sustain sic strokes, deliver'd wi' sovereign micht and sovereign majesty, as if Mars himsell had descended in mortal guise, to be the champion o' his ain eternal city!

NORTH.

Ma verra thocht!

SHEPHERD.

Your thocht! you bit puir, useless, triflin' cretur!—Ax your pardon, sir—for really, in the enthusiasm o' the moment, I had forgotten wha's vice it was, and thocht it was Mr Tickler's.

TICKLER.

Who's?

SHEPHERD.

Sit still, sir. I wunner gin the Romans, in battle, used, like our sodgers, to cry, "Huzzaw, huzzaw, huzzaw!"

NORTH.

We learned it from them, James. And ere all was done, we became their masters in that martial vociferation. Its echoes frightened them at last among the Grampians; and they set sail from unconquered Caledon.

SHEPHERD.

What a bluidy beatin' Galgacus gied Agricola!

NORTH.

He did so indeed, James—yet see how that fellow, his son-in-law, Tacitus, lies like a bulletin. He swears the Britons lost the battle.

SHEPHERD.

Haw, haw, haw! What? I've been at the verra spat—and the tradition's as fresh as if it had been but the verra day after the battle, that the Romans were cut aff till a man.

NORTH.

Not one escaped?

SHEPHERD.

Deevil the ane—the hills, whare the chief carnage rotted, are greener nor the lave till this hour. Nae white clover grows there—nae white daisies—wud you believe me, sir, they're a' red. The life-draps seepit through the grun'—and were a body to dig down far eneuch, wha kens but he wou'dna come to coagulated gore, strengthening the soil aneath, till it sends up showers o' thae sanguinary gowans and clover, the product o' inextinguishable Roman bluid?

TICKLER

The Living Statues!

NORTH.

Perfect. The very Prometheus of Æschylus. Oh! James! what high

and profound Poetry was the Poetry of the world of old! To steal fire from heaven—what a glorious conception of the soul in its consciousness of immortality!

SHEPHERD.

And what a glorious conception o' the sowle, in its consciousness o' immortality, o' Divine Justice! O the mercy o' Almichty Jove! To punish the Fire-stealer by fastenin' him down to a rock, and sendin' a vultur to prey on his liver—perpetually to keep prey—preyin' on his puir liver—sirs—waur even nor the worm that never dees—or if no waur, at least as ill—rug—ruggin', gnaw—gnawin', tear—tearin', howk—howkin', at his meeserable liver aye wanin' and aye waxin' aneath that unpacified beak—that beak noo cuttin' like a knife, noo clippin' like shissors, noo chirtin like pinchers, noo hagglin' like a cleaver! A' the while the body o' the glorious sinner bun' needlessly till a rock-block—needlessly bun', I say, sir, for stirless is Prometheus in his endurance o' the doom he drees, as if he were but a Stane-eemage, or ane o' the unsufferin' dead!

NORTH.

A troubled mystery!

SHEPHERD.

Ane amaisht fears to pity him, lest we wrang fortitude sae majestical. Yet see, it stirs! Ha! 'twas but the vultur. Prometheus himself is still—in the micht, think ye, sir, o' curse or prayer? Oh! yonner's just ae single slight shudder—as the demon, to get a stronger purchase at his food, taks up new grun wi' his tawlons, and gies a fluff and a flap wi' his huge wings again' the ribs o' his victim, utterin'—was't horrid fancy?—a gurglin' throat-croak choked savagely in bluid!

NORTH.

The Spirit's triumph over Pain, that reaches but cannot pierce its core—

“In Pangs sublime, magnificent in Death!”

TICKLER.

Life in Death! Exultation in Agony! Earth victorious over Heaven! Prometheus bound in manglings on a sea-cliff, more godlike than Jove himself, when

“Nutu tremefecit Olympum!”

SHEPHERD.

Natur victorious owre the verra Fate her ain imagination had creawted! And in the dread confusion o' her superstitious dreams, glorifying the passive magnanimity o' man, far ayont the active vengeance o' the highest o' her gods! A wild bewilderment, sirs, that ought to convince us, that nae licht can ever be thrown on the moral government that reigns over the region o' human life—nae licht that's no mair astoundin' than the blackness o' darkness—but that o' Revelation that ae day or ither shall illumine the uttermost pairts o' the earth.

NORTH.

Noble. These Impersonations by Ducrow, James, prove that he is a man of genius.

SHEPHERD.

Are they a' his ain inventions, sir?

NORTH.

Few or none. Why, if they were, he would be the greatest of sculptors. But thus to convert his frame into such forms—shapes—attitudes—postures—as the Greek imagination moulded into perfect expression of the highest states of the soul—that, James, shews that Ducrow has a spirit kindred to those who in marble made their mythology immortal.

SHEPHERD.

That's bonny—na, that's gran'. It gars a body grue—just like ane o' thae lines in poetry that suddenly dirls through you—just like ae smite on a single string by a master's haur' that gars shiver the haille harp.

TICKLER.

Ducrow was not so successful in his Apollo.

NORTH.

'Twas the Apollo of the painters, Tickler; not of the sculptors.

TICKLER.

True. But why not give us the Belvidere?

NORTH.

I doubt if that be in the power of mortal man. But even were Ducrow to shew us that statue with the same perfection that crowns all his other impersonations, unless he were to stand for hours before us, we should not feel, to the full, its divine majesty; for in the marble it grows and grows upon us as our own spirits dilate, till the Sun-god at last almost commands our belief in his radiant being, and we hear ever the fabled Python groan!

TICKLER.

Yes, North, our emotion is progressive—just as the worshipper, who seeks the inner shrine, feels his adoration rising higher and higher at every step he takes up the magnificent flight in front of the temple.

SHEPHERD.

Na, na, na—this 'll never do. It's manifest that you twa hae entered intil a combination again' me, and are comin' ower me wi' your set speeches, a' written doon, and gotten aff the nicht afore, to dumbfounder the Shepherd. What bit o' paper's that, Mr Tickler, keekin' out o' the pocket o' your vest? Notts. Notts in short haun'—and a' the time you was pretendin' to be crunklin't up to licht the tip o' your segawr, hae you been cleekin' haud o' the catch-word—and that's the gate you deceive the Snuggery intil admiration o' your extemporaneous eeloquence! The secret's out noo—an' I wunner it was never blawn afore; for, noo that ma een are opened, they set till richts ma lugs; and on considerin' hoo matters used to staun' in the past, I really canna charge ma memory wi' a mair feckless cretur than yoursell at a reply.

NORTH.

You do me cruel injustice, James—were I to prepare a single paragraph, I should stick—

SHEPHERD.

Oh! man, hoo I wou'd enjoy to see you stick! stickin' a set speech in a ha' fu' o' admirin', that is, wunnerin' hunders o' your fellow-citizens, on Parliamentary Reform, for instance, or Slavery in the West Indies, or—

NORTH.

The supposition, sir, is odious; I—

SHEPHERD.

No in the least degree odious, sir—but superlatively absurd, and ludicrous far ayont the boun's o' lauchter—excepp that lauchter that torments a' the inside o' a listener and looker-on, an internal earthquake that convulses a body frae the pow till the paw, frae the fingers till the feet, till a' the pent-up power o' risibility bursts out through the mouth, like the lang-smouldering fire vomited out o' the crater o' a volcawno, and then the astonished world hears, for the first time, what heaven and earth acknowledge by their echoes to be indeed—a Guffaw!

NORTH.

James, you are getting extremely impertinent.

SHEPHERD.

Nae personality, sir; nae personality sall be alloo'd, in ma presence at least, at a Noctes. That's to say, nae personality towards the persons present—for as to a' the rest o' the world; men, women, and children, I carena though you personally insult, ane after anither, a' the human race.

NORTH.

I insult?

SHEPHERD.

Yes—you insult. Haena ye made the haill civilieezed warld your enemy by that tongue and that pen o' yours, that spares neither age nor sect?

NORTH.

I???

SHEPHERD.

You!!!

TICKLER.

Come, come, gentlemen, remember where you are, and in whose presence you are sitting; but look here—here is the

APOLLO BELVIDERE.

(TICKLER is transformed into Apollo Belvidere.)

SHEPHERD.

That's no canny.

NORTH.

In his lip "what beautiful disdain!"

SHEPHERD.

As if he were smellin' at a rotten egg.

NORTH.

There "the Heavenly Archer stands."

SHEPHERD.

I wadna counsel him to shoot for the Guse Medal. Henry Watson wou'd ding him till sticks.

NORTH.

I remember, James, once hearing an outrageous dispute between two impassioned connoisseurs, amateurs, men of *vertu*, *cognoscenti*, *dilettanti*, about this very Apollo Belvidere.

SHEPHERD.

Confoun' me, gin he's no monstrous like marble! His verra claes seem to hae drapped aff him—and I'se no pit on my specs, for fear he should pruve to be naked.—What was the natur o' the dispoot?

NORTH.

Simply whether Apollo advanced his right or left foot——

SHEPHERD.

Ane o' the disputants maun hae been a great fule. Shou'dna Apollo pit his best fit foremost, that is the right ane, on such an occasion as shootin' a Peethon? Hut-tut—Stop a wee—let's consider. Na, it maun be the left fit foremost—unless he was kerr-haun'd. Let's try't.

(The SHEPHERD rises, and puts himself into the attitude of the Apollo Belvidere—insensibly transforming himself into another TICKLER of a shorter and stouter size.

NORTH.

I could believe myself in the Louvre, before Mrs Hemans wrote her beautiful poem on the Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy. Were the two brought to the hammer, an auctioneer might knock them down for ten thousand pounds each.

SHEPHERD.

Whilk of us is the maist Appollonic, sir?

NORTH.

Why, James, you have the advantage of Tickler, in being, as it were, in the prime of youth—for though by the parish register you have passed the sixtieth year-stone on the road of life, you look as fresh as if you had not finished the first stage.

SHEPHERD.

Do you hear that, Mr Tickler?

NORTH.

You have also most conspicuously the better of Mr Tickler in the article of hair. Yours are locks—his leeks.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler, are you as deaf and dumb's a statute, as weel's as stiff?

NORTH.

As to features, the bridge of Tickler's nose—begging his pardon—is of too prominent a build. The arch reminds me of the old bridge across the Esk, at Musselburgh.

SHEPHERD.

What say you to that, Mr Tickler?

NORTH.

" 'Tis more an antique Roman than a'——"

Mr Tickler?

SHEPHERD.

But neither is the nose of the gentle Shepherd pure Grecian.

TICKLER.

Pure Peebles?

SHEPHERD.

Oho! You've fun' the use o' your tongue.

NORTH.

Of noses so extremely——

SHEPHERD.

Mine's, I ken, 's a cockit ane. Oor mooths?

NORTH.

Why, there, I must say, gentlemen, there's a wide opening for——

TICKLER.

Don't blink the buck-teeth.

SHEPHERD.

Better than nane ava'.

NORTH.

Of Tickler's attitude I should say generally—that is——

(Here TICKLER reassumes SOUTHSIDE, and taking the Snuggery at a stride, usurps THE CHAIR, and outstretches himself to his extremest length, with head leaning on the ridge, and his feet some yards off on the fender.

SHEPHERD (leaping about.)

Huzzaw—huzzaw—huzzaw!—I've beaten him at Apollo! Noo for Pan.

(The SHEPHERD performs Pan in a style that would have seduced Pomona.

TICKLER.

Aye—that's more in character.

NORTH.

Sufficient, certainly, to frighten an army.

TICKLER.

The very picture of our Popular Devil.

NORTH.

Say rather, with Wordsworth——

“Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god.”

SHEPHERD.

Keep your een on me—keep your een on me—and you'll soon see a change that will strike you wi' astonishment. But rax me owre the poker, Mr North—rax me owre the poker.

(NORTH puts the poker into Pan's paws, and instanter he is Hercules.

TICKLER (clapping his hands.)

Bravo! Bravissimo!

NORTH.

I had better remove the crystal. (Wheels the circular closer to the hearth.) James, remember the mirror.

TICKLER.

At that blow dies the Nemean lion.

(The SHEPHERD, flinging down the poker-club, seems to drag up the carcass of the Monster with a prodigious display of muscularity, and then stooping his neck, heaves it over his head, as into some profound abyss.

NORTH.

Ducrow's Double!

SHEPHERD (proudly.)

Say rather the Dooble, that's Twa, o' Ducraw. Ducraw's nae mair fit to ack Hercules wi' me, than he is to ack Sampson,

TICKLER.

I believe it.

SHEPHERD.

I cou'd tell ye a droll story about me and Mr Ducraw. Ae nicht I got intil an argument wi' him at the Caffée, about the true scriptral gate o' ackin' the Fear o' the Philistines, and I was pressin' him gaen hard aboot his method o' puin' doon the pillars, when he turns aboot upon me—and bein' putten o' his metal—says, “Mr Hogg, why did not you object to my representing in one scene—and at one time—Sampson carrying away the gates of Gaza, and also pullin' down the pillars?”

NORTH.

There he had you on the hip, James.

SHEPHERD.

I hadna a word to say for't—but confessed at aince that it's just the way o' a' critics wha stumble ower molehills, and yet mak naething o' mountains. The truth is, that a' us that are maisters in the fine arts, kens ilka ane respectively about his ain art a thoosan' times mair nor ony possible body else—and I thocht on the pedant lecturin' Hannibal on war, or ony ither pedant me on poetry, or St Cecilia on music, or Christopher North on literatur, or Sir Isaac Newton on the stars, or——

NORTH.

Now, James, that you may not say that I ever sulkily or sullenly refuse to contribute my quota of “weel-timed daffin” to the Noctes—behold me in

HERCULES FURENS.

(NORTH off with coat and waistcoat in a jiffy, and goes to work.

SHEPHERD.

That's fearsome! Dinna tear your shirt to rags—dinna tear your shirt to rags, sir!

TICKLER.

The poison searches his marrow-bones now!

SHEPHERD.

His bluid's liquid fire!

TICKLER.

Lava.

SHEPHERD.

Linens is cheap the noo, to be sure—dinna tear your shirt, sir—dinna tear your shirt. What pains maun a' that shuin' on the breest and collar, hae cost Mrs Gentle!

TICKLER.

O Dejanira! Dejanira! Dejanira!

SHEPHERD.

That out-hercules's Hercules! Foam' at the mooth like a mad-dowg! The Epilepsy! The quiverin' o' his hauns! The whites o' his een, noo flickerin' and noo fixed! Oh! dire mishapen lauchter, drawin' his mooth awa up along the tae side o' his face, owtowre till ane o' his lugs! Puir Son o' Alknomook!

TICKLER.

Alcmena, James.

SHEPHERD.

A' his labours are near an end noo! A' the fifty, if crooded and cramped intil ane, no sae terrible as the last! Loup—loup—loup—tumble—tumble—tumble—sprawl—sprawl—sprawl—row—row—row—roun' aboot—roun' aboot—roun' about—like an axle-tree—then ae sudden streek out intil a' his length, and there lies he straught, stiff, and stark, after the dead-thraws, like a gnarled oak-trunk that had kept knottin' for a thoosan' years.

TICKLER.

But for an awkward club-foot too much, would I exclaim,

“Cedite Romani imitatores! Cedite Graii.”

SHEPHERD (*raising NORTH from the floor.*)

Do you ken, sir, you fairly tyeuck me in—and I'm a' in a trummle. It's like Boaz frichtenin' Ingleby wi' his ain ba's.

NORTH.

Rather hot work, my dear James. I'm beginning to perspire.

SHEPHERD (*feeling NORTH's forehead.*)

Beginnin' till perspire!! Never afore, in this weary warld, was a man in sic an even-doon poor o' sweet! A perspiration-fa'! The same wi' your breest! What? You cou'dna hae been watter had you stood after a thunner-plump for an hoor unner a roan.

NORTH.

Say spout, James, roan is vulgar—it is Scotch—and your English is so pure now, that a word like that grates harshly on the ear, so that, were you in England, you would undeceive and alarm the natives. But let us recur to the subject under spirited discussion immediately before Raphael's Dream—I mean the Jug.

SHEPHERD.

Let us come our wa's intil the fire.

(*The Three are again seated at "the wee bit ingle blinking bonnily."*)

NORTH.

Where were we?

SHEPHERD.

Ou aye. I was beginnin' to pent a pictur o' you, sir, stickin' a speech on Slavery or Reform. Slowly you rise—and at the uprisin' "o' the auld man eloquent" hushed is that assemblage as sleep. But wide awake are a' een—a' fixed on Christopher North, the orator o' the human race.

TICKLER.

As is usual to say on such occasions—you might hear a pin fall—say a needle, which, having no head, falls lighter.

SHEPHERD.

He begins laigh, and wi' a dimness in and around his een—a kind o' halo, sic as obscures the moon afore a storm. But sune his vice gets louder and louder, musical at its tapmost hicht, as the breath o' a silver trumpet. Action he has little or nane—noo and then the richt haun' on the heart, and the left arm at richt angles till the body—just sae—like Mr Pitt's—only this far no like Mr Pitt's—for there's nae sense in that—no up and doon like the haunle o' a well-pump. What reasinin'! What imagination! Fancy free and fertile as an auld green flowery lea! Pathos pure as dew—and wit bricht as the rinnin' waters, translucent

"At touch ethereal o' heaven's fiery rod!"

TICKLER.

Spare his blushes, Shepherd, spare his blushes.

SHEPHERD.

Wae's me—pity on him—but I canna spare his blushes—sae, sir, just hang doon your head a wee, till I conclude. In the verra middle o' a lang train o' ratiocination—(I'm gratefu' for havin' gotten through that word)—surrounded, ahint and afore, and on a' sides, wi' countless series o' syllogisms—in the very central heart o' a forest o' feegurs, containin' many a garden o' flowers o' speech—within sicht, nay amast within touch, o' the feenal cleemax, at which the assemblage o' livin' sowles were a' waitin' to break oot intil thunder, like the waves o' the sea impatient for the first smiting o' a storm seen afar on the main—at that verra crisis and agony o' his fame, Christopher is seized wi' a sudden stupification o' the head and a' its faculties, his brain whirls dizzily roun', as if he were a' at aince waukenin' out o' a dream, at the edge o' a precipice, or on a "coign o' disadvantage," outside the battlements o' a cloud-capt tower; his eyes get bewildered, his cheeks wax white, struck seems his tongue wi' palsy, he stutters—stutters—stutters—and "of his stutterin' finds no end" till—HE STICKS!

TICKLER.

Fast as a waggon mired up to the axle-tree, while Roger, with the loosened

team, steers his course back to the farm-steading, with arms a-kimbo on old Smiler's rump.

SHEPHERD.

He fents ! a cry for cauld spring-water——

NORTH (*frowning*.)

Hark ye—when devoid of all probability—nay, at war with possibility—Fiction is falsehood, fun folly, mirth mere maundering, humour forsooth ! idiocy, would-be wit “ wersh as parritch without saut,” James a merry-Andrew, and the Shepherd—sad and sorry am I to say it—a Buffoon !

SHEPHERD.

Haw ! haw ! haw ! O man, but you're angry. It's aye the way o't. Them that's aye tryin' ineffectwally to make a fule o' ithers, when the tables are turned on them, gang red-wud-stark-staring mad a' thegither, and scarcely leave theirsells the likeness o' a dowg. But forgie me, sir—forgie me—I concur wi' you that the description was naething but a tissue—as you hae sae ceevily and coortusly said—o' fausehood, folly, maunderin' idiocy, and wersh parritch——

TICKLER.

James a merry-Andrew, and the Shepherd a Buffoon.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna “ louse your tinkler jaw, sir,” as Burns said o' Charlie Fox, on me, Mr Tickler—for I'll no thole frae you a tithe, Timothy, o' what I'll enjoy frae Mr North—an' it's no twice in the towmount I ventur to ca' him Kit. Oh ! my dear freen, Mr North, do you ken, sir, that in lookin' owre some sax-year auld accoots——

TICKLER.

Paid ?

SHEPHERD.

No by you at least—for a bill o' butter for smearin', what shou'd come till haun but a sort o' droll attempt at a sang by that dead facetious fallow, the late Bishop o' Bristol.

TICKLER.

Scotty !

SHEPHERD.

Doctor Scott !

TICKLER.

The Doctor !

NORTH.

The Odontist !

SHEPHERD.

Puir Pultusky !

NORTH.

A simple soul !

SHEPHERD.

Amaist an Innocent ! Yet what wut ! Here it is—for his sake I'll chant it affetuosity—amaist lakrimoso—for I see the Doctor sitting afore me as distinct in his drollness, as if in the flesh.

THE FIVE CHAMPIONS' OF MAGA,

A SONG BY THE LATE DR SCOTT.

(*As sung by the Ettrick Shepherd, at the Noctes Ambrosianæ, with the usual applause.*)

I.

THERE once was an Irishman, and he was very fat ;
He wore a wig upon his head, and on his wig a hat ;
The Cockneys, in his presence, ceased to gibe at North and Hogg, sir,
Behaise he gave them blarney, and bother'd them with brogue, sir.

Och ! by my sowl, this Irishman most sturdily attack would,
Whoever dared to sport his *chaff*, or run a-muck at Blackwood.

II.

There once was a Scotchman, and he was very lean :
A prettier man in philibegs was nowhere to be seen :
For fighting in the cause of Kit, he was a perfect satyr ;
Upon the Whiggish ranks he rush'd, and spilt their blood like water ;
Though wanting "*inexpressibles*," he constantly attack would,
With fury *inexpressible*, the enemies of Blackwood.

III.

There once was an Englishman, and he was very short ;
For every mutton-chop he ate, he swigg'd a quart of port.
Of Tickler, Mullion, North and Hogg, he did nought but dream all night, sir,
And in the daytime, for their cause, he nothing did but fight, sir.
Whigs, Cockneys, Revolutionists, he furiously attack would,
And floor them with his *bunch of fives*—this champion stout of Blackwood.

IV.

There once was a Welshman, and he was very tall,
When North's opponents heard his voice, they look'd out for a squall :
In Maga's cause he was as fierce as General Napper-Tandy :
All foemen were alike to him—the bully or the dandy—
He thrash'd them right, he thrash'd them left, their hurdies he attack would,
With Christopher's own potent knout—in honour all of Blackwood.

V.

There once was a Yankey, and he was very sage,
Who 'gainst the foes of Christopher a bloody war did wage,
Those who his rifle to escape were so exceeding lucky,
Ran off, I guess, and hid themselves in Erie and Kentucky.
The Cherokees and Chickasaws he furiously attack would,
And shoot their chiefs and kiss their squaws, if they spoke ill of Blackwood.

NORTH.

Next time you pay me a visit, James, at No. 99—I'll shew you THE PICTURE.

SHEPHERD.

I unnerstaun you, sir—Titian's Venus—or is't his Danaw yielding to her yellow Jupiter victorious in a shower o' gold ? O the selfish hizzie !

NORTH.

James, such subjects——

SHEPHERD.

You had better, sir, no say anither syllable about them—it may answer verra weel for an auld bachelor like you, sir, to keep that sort o' a serawlio, naked limmers in iles, a shame to ony honest canvass, whatever may hae been the genius o' the Penter that sent them sprawling here ; but as for me, I'm a married man, and——

NORTH.

My dear James, you are under a gross delusion——

SHEPHERD.

It's nae delusion. Nae pictur o' the sort, na no e'en altho' ane o' the greatest o' the auld Maisters, sall ever hang on ma wa's—I should be ashamed to look the servant lasses in the face when they come in to soop the floor or ripe the ribs——

NORTH (*rising with dignity.*)

No picture, sir, shall ever hang on my walls, on which *her* eye might not dwell——

SHEPHERD.

Mrs Gentle ! a bit dainty body—wi' a' the modesty, and without ony o'

the demureness, o' the Quaker leddie; and as for yon pictur o' her aboon the brace-piece o' your Sanctum, by Sir Thomas Lawrence——

NORTH.

John Watson Gordon, if you please, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

It has the face o' an angel.

NORTH (*sitting down with dignity.*)

I was about to ask you, James, to come and see my last work—my master-piece—my chef-d'œuvre——

SHEPHERD.

The soobjeck?

NORTH.

The Defence of Socrates.

SHEPHERD.

A noble soobjeck indeed, sir, and weel adapted for your high intellectual and moral genie.

NORTH.

My chief object, James, has been to represent the character of Socrates. I have conceived of that character, as one in which unshaken strength of high and clear Intellect—and a moral Will fortified against all earthly trials—sublime and pure—were both subordinate to the principle of Love.

SHEPHERD.

Gude, sir—gude. He was the Freen' o' Man.

NORTH.

I felt a great difficulty in my art, James—from the circumstances purely historical—that neither the figure nor the countenance of Socrates were naturally commanding——

SHEPHERD.

An' hae ye conquered it to your satisfaction, sir?

NORTH.

I have. Another difficulty met me too, James, in this—that in his mind there was a cast of intellect—a play of comic wit—inseparable from his discourse—and which must not be forgotten in any representation of it.

SHEPHERD.

Profoond as true.

NORTH.

To give dignity and beauty to the expression of features, and a figure of which the form was neither dignified nor beautiful, was indeed a severe trial for the power of art.

SHEPHERD.

An' hae you conquered it too, sir?

NORTH.

Most successfully. In the countenance, therefore, my dear James, to answer to what I have assigned as the highest principle in the character, Love, there is a prevailing character of gentleness—the calm of that unalterable mind has taken the appearance of a celestial serenity—an expression caught, methinks, from the peaceful heart of the unclouded sky brooding in love over rejoicing nature.

SHEPHERD.

That's richt, sir.

NORTH.

Such expression I have breathed over the forehead, the lips, and the eyes; yet is there not wanting either the grandeur, nor the fire, nor the power of intellect, nor the boldness of conscious innocence.

SHEPHERD.

I'll come and see't, sir, the morn's mornin', afore breakfast. Fowre eggs.

NORTH.

That one purpose I have pursued and fulfilled by the expression of all the Groups in the piece.

SHEPHERD.

Naething in pentin' kitler than groopin'.

NORTH.

You behold a prevalent expression of Love in the countenance of his friends and followers—of love greater than even reverence, admiration, sorrow, anxiety, and fear !

SHEPHERD.

Though dootless a' thae emotions, too, will be expressed—and familiar hae thae been to you, sir, through the coorse o' a strangely checkquered though not unhappy life.

NORTH.

Then, too, James, have I had to express—and I have expressed it—the habitual character belonging to many there—besides the expression of the moment; countenances of generous, loving, open-souled youth; middle-aged men of calm benign aspect, but not without earnest thought; and not unobscured, one aged man, James, almost the counterpart of Socrates himself, only without his high intellectual power, a face composed, I may almost say, of peace, the only one of all perfectly untroubled.

SHEPHERD.

That's an expressive thocht, sir—and it's original—that's to say, it never occurred to me afore you mentioned it.

NORTH.

He, like Socrates, reconciled to that certain death, familiar with the looks of the near term of life, and not without hopes beyond it.

SHEPHERD.

Believed thae sages, think ye, sir, in the immortality o' the sowle ?

NORTH.

I think, James, that they did—assuredly Socrates.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad o't for their sakes, though they hae a' been dead for thoosans o' years.

NORTH.

Then, James, how have I managed his Judges ?

SHEPHERD.

Hoo ?

NORTH.

In all their faces, with many expressions, there is one expression—answering to the predominant disposition assigned to the character of Socrates—the expression of Malignity towards Love.

SHEPHERD.

You've hit it, sir ; you've hit it. Here's your health.

NORTH.

An expression of malignity in some almost lost on a face of timidity, fear, or awe, in others blended almost brutally with impenetrable ignorance.

SHEPHERD.

That comes o' studyin' the Passions. I think but little noo o' Collins's Odd.

NORTH.

Then, James, I have given the countenances of the people.

SHEPHERD.

A fickle people—ever ready to strike doon offensive Virtue—and ever as ready to shed tears o' overactin' remorse on her ashes !

NORTH.

In the countenances of the people, James, I have laboured long, but succeeded methinks at last, in personifying as it were the Vices which drove them on to sacrifice the father of the city—to dim the eye and silence the tongue of Athens, who was herself the soul of Greece.

SHEPHERD.

A gran' idea, sir,—and natural as gran'—ane that could only visit the sowle o' a great Maister.

NORTH.

There you see anger, wrath, rage, hatred, spite, envy, jealousy, exemplified in many different natures. That Figure, prominent in the hardened

pride of intellect, with his evil nature scowling through, eying Socrates with malignant, stern, and deadly revenge—is the King of the Sophists.

SHEPHERD.

About to re-erect his Throne, as he hopes, on the ruins o' that Natural Theology which Socrates taught the heathens.

NORTH.

You see then, James,—you feel that the purpose of the painter on the whole picture, has been to express, as I said, his conception of the character of Socrates—a various and manifold reflection of one image; but the image itself, giving the same due proportion,—where Love sits on the height of moral and intellectual power, and Intellect in their triple union, though strong in its own character, is yet subordinate to Both.

SHEPHERD.

What a pictur it maun be, if the execution be equal to the design!

NORTH.

Many conceptions, my dear James, troubled my imagination, before, in the steadfastness of my delight in Love, I finally fixed upon this—which I humbly hope the world “will not willingly let die.”

SHEPHERD.

It's the same way wi' poems. They aye turn oot at last something seemingly quite different frae the origination form—but it's no sae—for a spirit o' the same divine sameness breathes throughout, though ye nae langer ken the bit bonny bud in “the bright consummate flower.”

NORTH.

In one sketch—I will make you a present of it, my dear James——

SHEPHERD.

Thank ye, sir—thank ye;—you're really owre kind—owre good to your Shepherd—but dinna forget, sir—see that you dinna forget—for you'll pardon me for hintin' that sometimes promises o' that sort slip your memory——

NORTH.

In one sketch, James, I have represented Socrates speaking—and I found it more difficult to give the character of the principal figure—because the fire of discourse, of necessity, gave a disproportionate force to the intellectual expression—while again, I found it easier to give the character of all the rest, who looked upon Socrates, under the power of his eloquence, simply commanding, with almost an undivided expression, in which individual character was either lost or subdued.

SHEPHERD.

Never mind—send me the Sketch.

NORTH.

I will—and another. For, again, I chose that moment, when having closed his defence, Socrates stands looking upon the consulting judges, and awaiting their decision.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! sir! and that was a time when his ain character, methinks, might wi' mair ease be most beautifully expressed!

NORTH.

Most true. But then, the divided and conflicting expression of all the other figures, some turned on the judges with scrutinizing eagerness, to read the decision before it was on their lips—some certain of the result—looking on Socrates—or on the judges—with what different states of soul! These, James, I found difficult indeed to manage, and to bring them all under the one expression, which in that sketch too, as in my large picture, it was my aim to breathe over the canvass.

SHEPHERD.

You maun try, sir, to mak a feenish'd pictur frae that sketch, sir—you maun indeed, sir. I'll lend it to you for that purpose—and no grudge't though ye keep it in your ain possession till next year.

NORTH.

I have not only made a sketch of another design, James, but worked in some of the colours.

SHEPHERD.

The dead colours ?

NORTH.

No—colours already instinct with life. I have chosen that calmer time, when after the pronouncing of the sentence, Socrates resumes his discourse—you may read it, James, in that divine dialogue of Plato——

SHEPHERD.

But I'm no great haun' at the Greek.

NORTH.

Use Floyer Sydenham's translation, or—let me see—has he done that dialogue ? Take then that noble old man's, Taylor of Norwich. Socrates resumes his discourse, and declares his satisfaction in death, and his trust in immortality. A moment, indeed, for the sublime in art ; but affording to the painter opportunity for a different purpose from that which was mine in my great picture. For in this sketch, instead of intending, as my principal and paramount object, the representation of individual historical character—I have designed to express—rather—the Power among men of the sublime Spirit of their being—exemplified among a people dark with idolatry—using the historical subject as subservient to this my purpose—inasmuch as it shews a single mind raised up by the force of this feeling above nature—yea, shews the power of that feeling within that one mind, resting in awe upon a great multitude of men. For, surely, my dear James, it is not to be believed that at that moment, one countenance would preserve unchanged its bitter hostility, when revenge was in part defeated by seeing triumph arise out of doom—when malignant hate had got its victim—and when murder, that had struck its blow, might begin to feel its heart open to the terror of remorse.

SHEPHERD.

My dear Mr North, gie me baith your twa hauns. That's richt. Noo that I hae shucken, and noo that I hae squozen them in ma ain twa neives no unlike a vice, though you're no the king upon the throne, wi' a golden croon on his head, and a sceptre in his haund—that's King William the IVth, God bless him—yet you *are* a king ; and, as a loyal subject, loyal but no servile, for never was a slave born i' the Forest, here do I, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, kneel doon on ae knee—thus—and kiss the richt haun o' King Kit.

(The SHEPHERD drops on his knee—does as he says, in spite of NORTH's struggles to hinder him—rises—wipes the dust from his pans—and resumes his seat.)

NORTH.

“ How many of my poorest subjects,” James, “ are now asleep !” Look at Tickler.

TICKLER.

Asleep ! Broad-awake as the Baltic in a blast. But when under the power of Eloquence, I always sit with my eyes shut.

SHEPHERD.

But what for snore ? Hae ye nae mercy on the sick man through the partition ?

NORTH.

After Painting, let us have some Politics.

SHEPHERD.

Na—na—na—na—na ! Come, Mr Tickler, gie's a sang—to the fiddle. See hoo your Cremona is smilin' on you to haunle her frae her peg.

(The SHEPHERD takes down the celebrated Cremona from the wall, and, after tuning it, gives it to TICKLER.)

TICKLER *(attempting a prelude.)*

Shade of Stabilini ! heard'st thou ever grated such harsh discord as this ? 'Tis like a litter of pigs.

(TICKLER tunes his instrument.)

SHEPHERD.

Oh, for Geordie Cruckshanks ! “ TICKLER AT THE TUNING !” What for, Mr North, dinna ye get Geordie to invent a Series o' Illustrations o' the Noctes, and pooblish a Selection in four vollumms octawvo ?

NORTH.

Wait, James, till "one with moderate haste might count a HUNDRED."

SHEPHERD.

What if we're a' dead?

NORTH.

The world will go on without us.

SHEPHERD.

Aye—but never sae weel again. The verra Earth will feel a dirl at her heart, and pause for a moment pensively on her ain axis.

TICKLER (*sings to an accompaniment of his own composition for the Cremona.*)

DEMOS.

My song is of *Demos*, our well-meaning friend,
 Who lately was leading a peaceable life,
 But now is so changed, that there's really no end
 To his love of commotion, disturbance, and strife:
 He's got such strange fancies and whims in his head,
 And shews them so strangely wherever he goes,
 That I fear he requires to be physic'd and bled,
 For the more he is humour'd, the wilder he grows.

Thus *abroad*, he again has insanely begun
 The career that once led him to sorrow and shame:
 And madly exulting in what he has done,
 He thinks his own echo the trumpet of Fame:
 He blusters, and bullies, and brags of it so,
 Yet mimics so strangely the land of the free,
 That you'd almost suppose he intended to shew
 How truly absurd even *Freedom* can be!

There in heavy Holland, where a sceptre of lead,
 By nature should hold its Bœotian reign,
 He vows he must have the French bayonet instead,
 Just to keep his own pond'rous posteriors in pain!
 He sets fire to his house—he abandons his trade—
 He perplexes his person with warlike array,
 And fearlessly tells us he is not afraid,
 And will never submit to *legitimate* sway!

Then at home he despises the old-fashion'd air
 Of the vessel that's weather'd so many a storm,
 And tells all the crew that they now must prepare
 For a work of destruction, which he calls *Reform*:
 And much do I fear that the crew must submit,
 And yield to a blast that so fiercely prevails,
 For the Devil himself at the helm seems to sit,
 While Beelzebub's busy in filling the sails!

Oh, *Demos*! thy madness is madness indeed,
 As all will admit, in that ill-omen'd hour,
 When, from Princes, from Priests, and from Principles freed,
 You become the first victim of this your own power!
 For, trust me, my friend, you have merely to taste
 The sweets of your own *Il-legitimate* sway,
 To mourn o'er the path that can ne'er be retraced,
 And curse the false friends that have led you astray!

SHEPHERD.

Soun' doctrine weel sung. Mr North, when ma lug's in for music, I aye like to hear't flowin', if no in a continuous strain, yet just, as a body micht say, wi' nae langer interruption than ane micht toddle owre a bit green

knowe, and come down on anither murmur in the hollow, as sweet and clear as that he has left!

NORTH.

After such an image, James, how can I refuse?

SHEPHERD.

Here's your herp, sir.

(NORTH receives from the hand of the SHEPHERD perhaps the finest-toned Welsh harp in the world—the gift of Owen Evans of Penmanmawr.

NORTH.

The air, you know, is my own, James. I shall sing it to-night to some beautiful words by my friend Robert Folkestone Williams—written, he tells me, expressly for the Noctes.

Oh! fill the wine-cup high,
The sparkling liquor pour;
For we will care and grief defy,
They ne'er shall plague us more.
And ere the snowy foam
From off the wine departs,
The precious draught shall find a home,
A dwelling in our hearts.

Though bright may be the beams
That woman's eyes display;
They are not like the ruby gleams
That in our goblets play.
For though surpassing bright
Their brilliancy may be,
Age dims the lustre of their light,
But adds more worth to thee.

Give me another draught,
The sparkling, and the strong;
He who would learn the poet craft—
He who would shine in song—
Should pledge the flowing bowl
With warm and generous wine;
'Twas wine that warm'd Anacreon's soul,
And made his songs divine.

And e'en in tragedy,
Who lives that never knew
The honey of the Attic Bee
Was gather'd from thy dew?
He of the tragic muse,
Whose praises bards rehearse;
What power but thine could e'er diffuse
Such sweetness o'er his verse?

Oh! would that I could raise
The magic of that tongue;
The spirit of those deathless lays,
The Swan of Teios sung!
Each song the bard has given,
Its beauty and its worth,
Sounds sweet as if a voice from heaven
Was echoed upon earth.

How mighty—how divine,
Thy spirit seemeth when

The rich draught of the purple vine
 Dwelt in these godlike men.
 It made each glowing page,
 Its eloquence, and truth,
 In the glory of their golden age,
 Outshine the fire of youth.

Joy to the lone heart—joy
 To the desolate—oppress'd
 For wine can every grief destroy
 That gathers in the breast.
 The sorrows, and the care,
 That in our hearts abide,
 'Twill chase them from their dwellings there,
 To drown them in its tide.

And now the heart grows warm,
 With feelings undefined,
 Throwing their deep diffusive charm
 O'er all the realms of mind.
 The loveliness of truth
 Flings out its brightest rays,
 Clothed in the songs of early youth,
 Or joys of other days.

We think of her, the young,
 The beautiful, the bright;
 We hear the music of her tongue,
 Breathing its deep delight.
 We see again each glance,
 Each bright and dazzling beam,
 We feel our throbbing hearts still dance,
 We live but in a dream.

From darkness, and from woe,
 A power like lightning darts;
 A glory cometh down to throw
 Its shadow o'er our hearts.
 And dimm'd by falling tears,
 A spirit seems to rise,
 That shews the friend of other years
 Is mirror'd in our eyes.

But sorrow, grief, and care,
 Had dimm'd his setting star;
 And we think with tears of those that were,
 To smile on those that are.
 Yet though the grassy mound
 Sits lightly on his head,
 We'll pledge, in solemn silence round,
 THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD !

The sparkling juice now pour,
 With fond and liberal hand;
 Oh ! raise the laughing rim once more,
 Here's to our FATHER LAND !
 Up, every soul that hears,
 Hurrah ! with three times three;
 And shout aloud, with deafening cheers,
 The " ISLAND OF THE FREE."

Then fill the wine-cup high,
 The sparkling liquor pour;
 For we will care and grief defy,
 They ne'er shall plague us more.
 And ere the snowy foam
 From off the wine departs,
 The precious draught shall find a home—
 A dwelling in our hearts.

SHEPHERD.

Very gude—excellent—beautiful! I thocht at ae time it was gaun to be owre lang—and aiblins it micht be sae—at least for a sang—unner ither circumstances—but *here—noo—wi' your vice an' herp*, it was owre sune owre—and here's to the health o' your freen, Robert Folkstone Williams—and may he be here to sing't himsell some nicht. Ken ye ony thing about American Poetry, Mr North?

NORTH.

Not so much as I could wish. Would all the living best American bards send me over copies of their works, I should do them justice. I respect—nay I admire that people, James; though perhaps they don't know it. Yet I know less of their Poetry than their Politics, and of them not much—

TICKLER.

How Jonathan Jeremy-Diddlers our Ministries! “Have you got such a thing as a half-crown about you?” And B flat, obedient to A sharp, shells out the ready rhino from his own impoverished exchequer into that of his “Transatlantic brother,” overflowing with dollars.

SHEPHERD.

But the little you do ken o' their poetry, let's hear't.

NORTH.

I have lately looked over—in three volumes—Specimens of American Poetry, with Critical and Biographical Notices, and have met with many most interesting little poems, and passages of poems. The editor has been desirous of shewing what had been achieved under the inspiration of the American Muses before the days of Irving and Cooper, Pierpont and Percival, and thinks, rightly, that the lays of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, the poets of the Western world, are as likely to bear some characteristic traits of national or individual character, as those of the Minnesingers and Trouveurs—or the “Gongorism of the Castilian rhymesters of old.”

SHEPHERD.

Gongorism! What's that?

NORTH.

Accordingly, he goes as far back as 1612, and gives us a pretty long poem, called “Contemplations,” by Anne Bradstreet, daughter of one Governor of Massachusetts Colony, and wife of another, who seems to have been a fine spirit.

SHEPHERD.

Was she, sir?

NORTH.

She is said to have been “a woman honoured and esteemed, where she lived, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her virtuous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions; and more so, these poems are the fruits but of some few hours curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments.”

SHEPHERD.

Then Anne Bradstreet, sir, *was* a fine spirit! Just like a' our ain poetesses—in England and Scotland—married or no married *yet*—and och! och! och! hoo unlike to her and them the literary limmers o' France, rougin' and leerin' on their spinnle-shanked lovers, that maun hae loathed the sicht and the smell o' them, starin' and stinkin' their way to the grave!

TICKLER.

James!

NORTH.

The celebrated Cotton Mather——

SHEPHERD.

Aye, I ken about him—born about fifty years after that date—the great mover in the mysterious matter o' the Salem witchcraft.

NORTH.

He says that “her poems, eleven times printed, have afforded a plentiful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles.” And the learned and excellent Norton of Ipswich——

SHEPHERD.

I kenna him——

NORTH.

—— calls her “The mirror of her age, and glory of her sex.”

SHEPHERD.

Recolleck ye ony verses o' her contemplations?

NORTH.

Anne is walking in her contemplations through a wood—and she saith,

While musing thus, with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongued Philomel percht o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain,
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wish'd me wings with her a while to take my flight.

“O Merry Bird!” said I, “that fears no snares,
That neither toils, nor hoards up in thy barns,
Feels no sad thought, nor cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;
Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
Remind'st not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Set'st hundred notes unto thy feather'd crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begins anew;
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better region,
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion!”

SHEPHERD.

Oh! man, but they're bonny, incorrect, sweet, simple lines thae—and after sic a life as Anne Bradstreet led, can there be ony doubt that she is in heaven?

NORTH.

In my mind none. Nearly a hundred years after the birth—and nearly forty after the death of Anne Bradstreet—was born in Boston, Jane Colman, daughter of a clergyman, who was a school companion of Cotton Mather. At eleven, she used to correspond with her worthy father in verse—on entering her nineteenth year, she married a Mr Turel of Medford——

SHEPHERD.

Hoo can ye remember names in that wonnerfu' way, sir? And yet you say ye hae nae memory? You forget naething.

NORTH.

—— and died, James, in 1735, at the age of twenty-seven, “having faithfully fulfilled those duties which shed the brightest lustre on woman's name—the duties of the friend, the daughter, the mother, and the wife.”

SHEPHERD.

Hae ye ony o' her verses by heart, sir?

NORTH.

A paraphrase of a Psalm you know well——

SHEPHERD.

I ken weel a' the Psalms.

NORTH.

The following flows plaintively.

“From hearts oppress'd with grief, did they require
A sacred anthem on the sounding lyre :
Come now, they cry, regale us with a song—
Music and mirth the fleeting hours prolong.
Shall Babel's daughter hear that blessed sound ?
Shall songs divine be sung in heathen ground ?
No ! Heaven forbid that we should tune our voice,
Or touch the lyre, while—slaves—we can't rejoice !
O Palestine ! our once so dear abode !
Thou once wert blest with peace, and loved of God ;
But now art desolate ! a barren waste !
Thy fruitful fields by thorns and weeds disgraced.
If I forget Judea's mournful land,
May nothing prosper that I take in hand !
Or if I string my lyre, or tune my voice,
Till thy deliverance call me to rejoice ;
O may my tongue forget the art to move,
And may I never more my speech improve !
Return, O Lord ! avenge us of our foes,
Destroy the men that up against us rose !
Let Edom's sons thy just displeasure know,
And let them serve, like us, some foreign foe,
In distant realms—far from their native home,
To which dear seat, O ! never let them come !”

SHEPHERD.

I daursay, gin I cou'd get the soun' o' our ain mournfu' auld version out o' ma heart, that I sou'd like the lines unco weel—she mun hae been a gentle creatur.

NORTH.

I mentioned, James, that she and her father used to correspond——

SHEPHERD.

After her marriage ?

NORTH.

Before and after—and in one of his letters—which I think must have been addressed to her *before*—before living with her husband at Medford—alluding to her having, in her paraphrase, said,

“No helper in the waste and barren ground,
Only a mournful willow wither'd there,”

her father writes to her thus—Strange, is it not, that part of his letter should be read at a Noctes !

SHEPHERD.

I think I see him mendin' his pen in his study at Boston, New England America, ae forenoon about twal o'clock, on the 21st January o' 1731—preceesely a hunder years !

NORTH.

The affectionate father says, “This serious melancholy Psalm is well turned by you in most parts of it, considering your years and advantages for such a performance. You speak of a single withered willow which they hung their harps on ; but Euphrates was covered with willows along the banks of it, so that it has been called the river of willows. I hope, my dear, your lyre will not be hung on such a sorrowful shrub. Go on in sacred songs, and we'll hang it on the stately cedars of Lebanon, or let the pleasant elm before the door where you are suffice for you.”

SHEPHERD.

The pious pride o' paternal affection!

NORTH.

Jane Colman, during her eight years of wedded life, was no doubt happy—and in a calm spirit of happiness must have indited the soft, sweet, and simple close of an imitation of Horace.

SHEPHERD.

O' Horace! Cou'd she read Latin?

NORTH.

Why not? Daughter—wife—of a clergyman?

No stately beds my humble roof adorn,
No costly purple, by carved panthers borne;
Nor can I boast Arabia's rich perfumes,
Diffusing odours through our stately rooms;
For me no fair Egyptian plies the loom,
But my fine linen all is made at home.
Though I no down or tapestry should spread,
A clean soft pillow shall support your head,
Fill'd with the wool from off my tender sheep,
On which with ease and safety you may sleep.
The nightingale shall lull you to your rest,
And all be calm and still as is your breast!

SHEPHERD.

Far mair simplicity o' language seem to hae had the young leddies o' New England in thae days, sir, than them o' Auld England o' the present age.—Come doon some half century still nearer us, and fin' you ony virgin or wife o' poetical genie at that pint o' time?

NORTH.

I come down to 1752, and find Ann Eliza Schuyler, the daughter of Mr Brandt Schuyler, New York. At seventeen, she was married to Mr Bleeker of New Rochelle, and removed with him to Tornhanick, a beautiful solitary village, eighteen miles above Albany. There they passed several years, we are told, in the unbroken quiet of the wilderness; but then, were driven from the repose of that beautiful and romantic spot by the savages in alliance with Burgoyne. On their way from Albany, down the Hudson, they were forced to go ashore by the illness of their youngest daughter, where the poor creature died. Soon after, the capture of Burgoyne—(an unfortunate soldier, but a most accomplished man—witness his celebrated comedy, the Heiress)—allowed them to return to their retreat in the country; but the loss of her daughter made so deep an impression on her mind, that the mother never recovered her former happiness. A few years afterwards, her husband, when assisting his men in taking in the harvest, was surprised by a party of the enemy from Canada, and carried off prisoner. The shock which she received was so great, that her health was gone for ever; and though her husband was soon rescued from thralldom, and they, after a visit to their friends in New York, returned to Tornhanick, there she shortly died, in the thirty-first year of her age.

SHEPHERD.

And is her poetry as interesting as her life?

NORTH.

I have seen but little of it, and wish the editor of the Specimens had given us more; for he well observes, that a female cultivating the elegant arts of refined society at the *Ultima Thule* of civilized life, in regions of savage wildness, and among scenes of alarm, desolation, and blood, is a striking spectacle

TICKLER (*as the Time-piece smites twelve.*)

A striking spectacle indeed!

(*Enter PICARDY and Tail, with all the substantialities of the season.*)

SHEPHERD.

I maun hear mair frae you, sir, anither time, about these American poetesses. Ony flourishing at this day?—Eh! Eh! What'n a guse!

Several, James.

NORTH.

SHEPHERD.

What? Several. Mr Awmrose—Dinna bring in a single ither guse, till we hae dispatched our freen' at the head o' the table.—Mr Tickler, whare'll ye sit? and what'll ye eat? and what'll ye drink? and what'll ye want to hear? and what'll ye want to say? For, oh, sir! you've been pleesant the nicht—in ane o' your loun, but no seelent, humours.

TICKLER.

The legs.

SHEPHERD.

Baith?

TICKLER.

Do you mean to insult me? Certainly—both.

SHEPHERD.

I've sprained ma thooms. Sae tak him to yoursell, and——

(SHEPHERD shoves over the goose to TICKLER.)

NORTH.

Help yourself first, James.

SHEPHERD.

Be easy, sir, on ma acoont. Alloo me to gie you some slices o' the breest aff ma ain plate, Mr North, I've never touched them——

NORTH.

Do, James.

SHEPHERD.

Na, niffer plates at ance—though yours is clean, and mine swooming' wi' sappy shavin's aff the bonny bosom o' the best bird that ever waddled among stubble.

(SHEPHERD insists on NORTH exchanging trenchers.)

NORTH.

You know the way, James, to the old man's heart!

SHEPHERD.

It's like the grave. What for? 'Cause the "paths o' glory lead" till it! Thank ye, Tickler, for the twa spawls.

(SHEPHERD, with infinite alacrity and address, forks both legs with the same instrument, and leaves TICKLER desolate.)

TICKLER.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,

The rich repast prepare!

Robb'd of a goose, I yet may share the feast.

Close by the regal chair,

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

Ambrose—a goose!—a goose!—my kingdom for a goose,—and, Tappie! pot o' pots!

SHEPHERD.

Gurney! Gurney! Guse, man, guse, ane's gane and anither's comin'—guse, man—Gurney—guse, guse, guse!

(GURNEY appears, and the Noctes vanish.)

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PART II.

WINTER RHAPSODY.

BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

FYTTE III.*

A MYRIAD-MINDED Vision of Winter comes, breathing, frost-work-like, over the mirror of our imagination! And who knows but that the words which give it a second being—words seeming to be things, and things thoughts—after all that evanescent imagery has relapsed into nothing, may prove a Prose-Poem, in which the lover of nature may behold some of her most beautiful and sublimest forms, fixed permanently before his gaze—that mental gaze, which, when the bodily eye is shut, or its range limited, continues to behold all creation in boundless reveries and dreams, lying beneath a sweeter or a more sullen light than ever fell from a material sun over a material world?

A Prose-Poem! The builders of the lofty rhyme are now contented to look back, through the vista of years, on the enduring edifices their genius constructed in its prime—some are old and some dead—the right hands of all the living have either forgot their cunning, are idle in the joy of glory achieved, or are loath to essay other works,

“Lest aught else great might stamp them mortal.”

Some hands may have been chilled—almost palsied by doubt—despond-

ency—or “hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick,” and they who own them, number themselves no more among the Muses’ Sons. The cares and duties of life have won away others from the charms of song; and haply one or two there be, in whom strange and cureless sorrows have dimmed and deadened

“The Vision and the Faculty divine!”

Now that those deep diapasons have ceased to roll—now that no more,

—“through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,”

in the hush may audience be found to listen even to our humbler strains—provided they are breathed from the inspiration of a not unthoughtful heart, and obey the biddings of that Sense of Beauty, which is born with every creature “endowed with discourse of reason;” and when cherished by Conscience, God’s vicegerent here below, can clothe insensate things with the charm of life, and imbue life with a spirit that speaks of immortality!

A Prose-Poem! Yes—Prose is Poetry, whenever Passion and Imagination give utterance, in union and in unison, to the dreams by which

* See our December Number, for Fyttes I. and II.

they are haunted and possessed!
Then from the lips of us all come

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that
burn,"

and the whole "mysterious world
of eye and ear" undergoes fair or
glorious transfiguration.

This House of ours is a prison—
this Study of ours a cell. Time has
laid his fetters on our feet—fetters
fine as the gossamer, but strong as
Samson's ribs, silken-soft to wise
submission, but to vain impatience
galling as cankered wound that keeps
ceaselessly eating into the bone. But
while our bodily feet are thus bound
by an inevitable and inexorable law,
lo! our mortal wings are yet free as
those of the lark, the dove, or the
eagle—and they shall be expanded as
of yore, in calm or tempest, now
touching with their tips the bosom
of this dearly beloved earth, and
now aspiring heavenwards, beyond
the realms of mist and cloud, even
unto the very core of the still heart
of that otherwise unapproachable
sky, which graciously opens to re-
ceive the soul on its flight, when, dis-
encumbered of the burden of all gro-
velling thoughts, and strong in its
spirituality, it exults to soar

"Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,"

nearing and nearing the native region
of its own incomprehensible being!

Now touching, we said, with their
tips the bosom of this dearly beloved
earth! How sweet that attraction to
imagination's wings! How delightful
in that lower flight to skim along the
green ground, or as now along the
soft-bosomed beauty of the virgin
snow! We were asleep all night long
—sound asleep as children—while
the flakes were falling, and "soft as
snow on snow" were all the de-
scendings of our untroubled dreams.
The moon and all her stars were
willing that their lustre should be
veiled by that peaceful shower—and
the sun, pleased with the purity of
the morning-earth, all white as inno-
cence, looked down from heaven
with a meek unmelting light, and
still leaves undissolved the stainless
splendour. There is Frost in the air
—but he "does his spiriting gently,"
studding the ground-snow thickly
with diamonds, and shaping the tree-
snow according to the peculiar and

characteristic beauty of the leaves
and sprays on which it has alighted
almost as gently as the dews of
spring. You know every kind of tree
still by its own spirit shewing itself
through that fairy veil—momentarily
disguised from recognition—but ad-
mired the more in the sweet surprise
with which again your heart salutes
its familiar branches all fancifully
ornamented with their snow-foliage,
that murmurs not like the green
leaves of summer, that like the yel-
low leaves of autumn strews not the
earth with decay, but often melts
away into change so invisible and
inaudible, that you wonder, in the
sunshine, to find that it is all vanish-
ed, and to see the old tree again
standing in its own faint-green glossy
bark, with its many million buds,
which perhaps fancy suddenly ex-
pands into a power of umbrage im-
penetrable to the sun in Scorpio.

Lo! a sudden burst of sunshine,
bringing back the pensive spirit from
the past to the present, and kindling
it, till it dances like light reflected
from a burning mirror! Behold
what a cheerful Sun-scene, though
almost destitute of life!—An undula-
ting Landscape, hillocky and hilly,
but not mountainous, and buried un-
der the weight of a day and night's
incessant and continuous snowfall!
The weather has not been windy—
and now that the flakes have ceased
falling, there is not a cloud to be
seen, except some delicate braidings,
here and there along the calm of the
Great Blue Sea of Heaven. Most lu-
minous is the sun, but you can look
straight on his face, almost with un-
winking eyes, so mild and mellow
is his large light as it overflows the
day. All enclosures have disappear-
ed, and you indistinctly ken the
greater landmarks, such as a grove,
a wood, a hall, a castle, a spire, a vil-
lage, a town,—the faint haze of a far
off and smokeless city. Most intense
is the silence. For all the streams are
dumb, and the great river lies like a
dead serpent in the strath. Not dead
—for, lo! yonder one of his folds
glitters—and in the glitter you see
him moving—while all the rest of his
sullen length is palsied by frost, and
looks livid and more livid at every
distant and more distant winding.
What blackens on that tower of snow?
Crows roosting innumerable on a huge

tree—but they caw not in their hunger. Neither sheep nor cattle are to be seen or heard—but they are cared for—the folds and the farm-yards are all full of life—and the ungathered stragglers are safe in their instincts.—There has been a deep fall—but no storm—and the silence, though partly that of suffering, is not that of death. Therefore, to the imagination, unsaddened by the heart, the repose is beautiful. The almost unbroken uniformity of the scene—its simple and grand monotony—lulls all the thoughts and feelings into a calm, over which is breathed the gentle excitation of a novel charm, inspiring many fancies, all of a quiet character. Their range, perhaps, is not very extensive, but they all regard the homefelt and domestic charities of life. And the heart burns as here and there some human dwelling discovers itself by a wreath of smoke up the air, or as the robin redbreast, a creature that is ever at hand, comes flitting before your path, with an almost pert flutter of his feathers, bold from the acquaintance-ship he has formed with you in severer weather at the threshold or window of the tenement, which, for years, may have been the winter sanctuary of the “bird whom man loves best,” and who bears a Christian name in every clime he inhabits. Meanwhile the sun waxes brighter and warmer in heaven—some insects are in the air, as if that moment called to life—and the mosses that may yet be visible here and there along the ridge of a wall or on the stem of a tree, in variegated lustre frost-brightened, seem to delight in the snow, and in no other season of the year to be so happy as in winter. Such gentle touches of pleasure animate one’s whole being, and connect, by many fine associations, the emotions inspired by the objects of animate and inanimate nature, even sometimes giving to them all

“The glory and the freshness of a dream!”

Ponder on the idea—the emotion of purity—and how finely soul-blent is the delight imagination feels in a bright hush of new-fallen snow! Some speck or stain—however slight—there always seems to be on the most perfect whiteness of any other

substance—or “dim suffusion veils” it with some faint discolour—witness even the leaf of the lily or the rose. Heaven forbid that we should ever breathe aught but love and delight in the beauty of these consummate flowers! But feels not the heart, even when the midsummer morning sunshine is melting the dew on their fragrant bosoms, that their loveliness is “of the earth earthy”—faintly tinged or streaked, when at the very fairest, with a hue foreboding languishment and decay? Not the less for its sake are those soulless flowers dear to us—thus owning kindred with them whose beauty is all soul,

“Oh, call it fair, not pale!”

enshrined for a short while on that perishable face! Do we not still regard these insensate flowers—so emblematical of what, in human life, we do most passionately love and profoundly pity—with a pensive emotion, often deepening into melancholy, that sometimes, ere the strong fit subsides, blackens into despair! Oh! what pain doubtless was in the heart of the Elegiac Poet of old, when he sighed over the transitory beauty of flowers,—“*Quam brevis —gratia Florum!*”—an imperfect remembrance of a beautiful lament! But over a perfectly pure expanse of night-fallen snow, when, unaffected by the gentle sun, the first fine frost has incrustated it with small sparkling diamonds, the prevalent emotion is Joy. So Cowper felt, when he simply said,

“The vault is blue,

Without a cloud, and white without a speck

The dazzling splendour of the scene below.”

There is a charm in the sudden and total disappearance even of the grassy green. All the “old familiar faces” of nature are for a while out of sight, and out of mind. That white silence shed by heaven over earth carries with it, far and wide, the pure peace of another region—almost another life. No image is there to tell of this restless and noisy world. The cheerfulness of reality kindles up our reverie ere it becomes a dream; and we are glad to feel our whole being complexioned by the passionless repose. If we think at all of

human life, it is only of the young, the fair, and the innocent. "Pure as snow," are words then felt to be most holy, as the image of some beautiful and beloved being comes and goes before our eyes—brought from a far distance in this our living world, or from a distance—far, far, farther still—in the world beyond the grave—the image of virgin growing up sinlessly to womanhood among her parents' prayers, or of some spiritual creature who expired long ago, and carried with her her native innocence unstained to heaven.

Such Spiritual Creature—too spiritual long to sojourn below the skies—wert Thou—whose rising and whose setting—both most starlike—brightened at once all thy native vale, and at once left it in darkness. Thy name has long slept in our heart—and there let it sleep unbreathed—even as, when we are dreaming our way through some solitary place, without speaking we bless the beauty of some sweet wild-flower, pensively smiling to us through the snow!

The Sabbath returns on which, in the little kirk among the hills, we saw thee baptized. Then comes a wavering glimmer of seven sweet years, that to Thee, in all their varieties, were but as one delightful season, one blessed life—and, finally, that other Sabbath, on which, at thy own dying request—between services thou wert buried!

How mysterious are all thy ways and workings, O gracious Nature! Thou who art but a name given by our souls, seeing and hearing through the senses, to the Being in whom all things are and have life! Ere two years old, she, whose dream is now with us, all over the small silvan world, that beheld the revelation, how evanescent! of her pure existence—was called the "Holy Child!" The taint of sin—inherited from those who disobeyed in Paradise—seemed from her fair clay to have been washed out at the baptismal font, and by her first infantine tears. So pious people almost believed, looking on her so unlike all other children, in the serenity of that habitual smile that clothed the creature's countenance with a wondrous beauty, at an age when on other infants is but faintly seen the dawn of

reason, and their eyes look happy, just like the thoughtless flowers. So unlike all other children—but unlike only because sooner than they—she seemed to have had given to her—even in the communion of the cradle—an intimation of the being and the providence of God. Sooner, surely, than through any other clay that ever enshrouded immortal spirit, dawned the light of reason and of religion on the face of the "Holy Child."

Her lisping language was sprinkled with words alien from common childhood's uncertain speech, that murmurs only when indigent nature prompts;—and her own parents wondered whence they came in her simplicity, when first they looked upon her kneeling in an unbidden prayer. As one mild week of vernal sunshine covers the braes with primroses, so shone with fair and fragrant feelings—unfolded, ere they knew, before her parents' eyes—the divine nature of her who, for a season, was lent to them from the skies. She learned to read out of the Bible—almost without any teaching—they knew not how—just by looking gladly on the words, even as she looked on the pretty daisies on the green—till their meanings stole insensibly into her soul, and the sweet syllables, succeeding each other on the blessed page, were all united by the memories her heart had been treasuring every hour that her father or her mother had read aloud in her hearing from the Book of Life. "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven"—how wept her parents, as these the most affecting of our Saviour's words dropt silver-sweet from her lips, and continued in her upward eyes among the swimming tears!

Be not incredulous of this dawn of reason, wonderful as it may seem to you, so soon becoming morn—almost perfect daylight—with the "Holy Child." Many such miracles are set before us—but we recognise them not, or pass them by, with a word or a smile of short surprise. How leaps the baby in its mother's arms, when the mysterious charm of music thrills through its little brain! And how learns it to modulate its feeble voice, unable yet to articulate, to the melodies that bring forth all round

its eyes a delighted smile! Who knows what then may be the thoughts and feelings of the infant awakened to the sense of a new world, alive through all its being to sounds that haply glide past our ears, unmeaning as the breath of the common air! Thus have mere infants sometimes been seen inspired by music, till like small genii they warbled spell-strains of their own, powerful to sadden and subdue our hearts. So, too, have infant eyes been so charmed by the rainbow irradiating the earth, that almost infant hands have been taught, as if by inspiration, the power to paint in finest colours, and to imitate with a wondrous art, the skies so beautiful to the quick-awakened spirit of delight. What knowledge have not some children acquired, and gone down scholars to their small untimely graves! Knowing that such things have been—are—and will be—why art thou incredulous of the divine expansion of soul—so soon understanding the things that are divine—in the “Holy Child?”

Thus grew she in the eye of God, day by day waxing wiser and wiser in the knowledge that tends towards the skies, and as if some angel visitant were nightly with her in her dreams, awakening every morn with a new dream of thought that brought with it a gift of more comprehensive speech. Yet merry she was at times with her companions among the woods and braes, though while they all were laughing, she only smiled; and the passing traveller, who might pause a moment to bless the sweet creatures in their play, could not but single out one face among the many fair, so pensive in its paleness, a face to be remembered, coming from afar, like a mournful thought upon the hour of joy!

Sister or brother of her own had she none—and often both her parents—who lived in a hut by itself up among the mossy stumps of the old decayed forest—had to leave her alone—sometimes even all the day long from morning till night. But she no more wearied in her solitariness than does the wren in the wood. All the flowers were her friends—all the birds. The linnet ceased not his song for her, though her footsteps wandered into the green glade among

the yellow broom, almost within reach of the spray from which he poured his melody—the quiet eyes of his mate feared her not when her garments almost touched the bush where she brooded on her young. Shyest of the winged silvans, the cushat clapped not her wings away on the soft approach of her harmless footsteps to the pine that concealed her slender nest. As if blown from heaven, descended round her path the showers of the painted butterflies, to feed, sleep, or die—undisturbed by her—upon the wild flowers—with wings, when motionless, undistinguishable from the blossoms. And well she loved the brown, busy, blameless bees, come thither for the honey-dews from a hundred cots sprinkled all over the parish, and all high overhead sailing away at evening, laden and wearied, to their straw-roofed skeps in many a hamlet garden. The leaf of every tree, shrub, and plant, she knew familiarly and lovingly in its own characteristic beauty; and was loath to shake one dew-drop from the sweetbrier-rose. And well she knew that all nature loved her in return—that they were dear to each other in their innocence—and that the very sunshine, in motion or in rest, was ready to come at the bidding of her smiles. Skilful those small white hands of hers among the reeds and rushes and osiers—and many a pretty flower-basket grew beneath their touch, her parents wondering on their return home to see the handiwork of one who was never idle in her happiness. Thus early—ere yet but five years old—did she earn her mite for the sustenance of her own beautiful life! The russet garb she wore she herself had won—and thus Poverty, at the door of that hut, became even like a Guardian Angel, with the lineaments of heaven on her brow, and the quietude of heaven beneath her feet.

But these were but her lonely pastimes, or gentle task-work self-imposed among her pastimes; and itself, the sweetest of them all, inspired by a sense of duty, that still brings with it its own delight—and hallowed by religion, that even in the most adverse lot changes slavery into freedom—till the heart, insensi-

ble to the bonds of necessity, sings aloud for joy. The life within the life of the "Holy Child," apart from even such innocent employments as these, and from such recreations as innocent, among the shadows and the sunshine of those silvan haunts, was passed, let us fear not to say the truth, wondrous as such worship was in one so very young—was passed in the worship of God; and her parents—though sometimes even saddened to see such piety in a small creature like her, and afraid, in their exceeding love, that it betokened an early removal from this world of one too perfectly pure ever to be touched by its sins and sorrows—forebore, in an awful pity, ever to remove the Bible from her knees, as she would sit with it there, not at morning and at evening only, or all the Sabbath long as soon as they returned from the kirk, but often through all the hours of the longest and sunniest week-days, when there was nothing to hinder her from going up to the hill-side, or down to the little village, to play with the other children, always too happy when she appeared—nothing to hinder her but the voice she heard speaking in that Book, and the hallelujahs that, at the turning over of each blessed page, came upon the ear of the "Holy Child" from white-robed saints all kneeling before His throne in heaven!

Her life seemed to be the same in sleep. Often at midnight, by the light of the moon shining in upon her little bed beside theirs, her parents leant over her face, diviner in dreams, and wept as she wept, her lips all the while murmuring, in broken sentences of prayer, the name of Him who died for us all. But plenteous as were her penitential tears—penitential, in the holy humbleness of her stainless spirit, over thoughts that had never left a dimming breath on its purity, yet that seemed, in those strange visitings, to be haunting her as the shadows of sins—soon were they all dried up in the lustre of her returning smiles! Waking, her voice in the kirk was the sweetest among many sweet, as all the young singers, and she the youngest far, sat together by themselves, and within the congregational music of the psalm, uplifted a silvery strain that sounded like the very spirit of the whole,

even like angelic harmony blent with a mortal song. But sleeping, still more sweetly sang the "Holy Child;" and then, too, in some diviner inspiration than ever was granted to it while awake, her soul composed its own hymns, and set the simple scriptural words to its own mysterious music—the tunes she loved best gliding into one another, without once ever marring the melody, with pathetic touches interposed never heard before, and never more to be renewed! For each dream had its own breathing, and many-visioned did then seem to be the sinless creature's sleep!

The love that was borne for her, all over the hill-region, and beyond its circling clouds, was almost such as mortal creatures might be thought to feel for some existence that had visibly come from heaven! Yet all who looked on her, saw that she, like themselves, was mortal, and many an eye was wet, the heart wist not why, to hear such wisdom falling from her lips; for dimly did it prognosticate, that as short as bright would be her walk from the cradle to the grave. And thus for the "Holy Child" was their love elevated by awe, and saddened by pity—and as by herself she passed pensively by their dwellings, the same eyes that smiled on her presence, on her disappearance wept!

Not in vain for others—and for herself, oh! what great gain!—for these few years on earth, did that pure spirit ponder on the word of God! Other children became pious from their delight in her piety—for she was simple as the simplest among them all, and walked with them hand in hand, nor spurned companionship with any one that was good. But all grew good by being with her—and parents had but to whisper her name—and in a moment the passionate sob was hushed—the lowering brow lighted—and the household in peace. Older hearts owned the power of the piety, so far surpassing their thoughts; and time-hardened sinners, it is said, when looking and listening to the "Holy Child," knew the errors of their ways, and returned to the right path, as at a voice from heaven.

Bright was her seventh summer—the brightest, so the aged said, that

had ever, in man's memory, shone over Scotland. One long, still, sunny, blue day followed another, and in the rainless weather, though the dews kept green the hills, the song of the streams was low. But paler and paler, in sunlight and moonlight, became the sweet face that had been always pale; and the voice that had been always something mournful, breathed lower and sadder still from the too perfect whiteness of her breast. No need—no fear—to tell her that she was about to die! Sweet whispers had sung it to her in her sleep—and waking she knew it in the look of the piteous skies. But she spoke not to her parents of death more than she had often done—and never of her own. Only she seemed to love them with a more exceeding love—and was readier, even sometimes when no one was speaking, with a few drops of tears. Sometimes she disappeared—nor, when sought for, was found in the woods about the hut. And one day that mystery was cleared; for a shepherd saw her sitting by herself on a grassy mound in a nook of the small solitary kirkyard, miles off among the hills, so lost in reading the Bible, that shadow or sound of his feet awoke her not; and, ignorant of his presence, she knelt down and prayed—for a while weeping bitterly—but soon comforted by a heavenly calm—that her sins might be forgiven her!

One Sabbath evening, soon after, as she was sitting beside her parents at the door of their hut, looking first for a long while on their faces, and then for a long while on the sky, though it was not yet the stated hour of worship, she suddenly knelt down, and leaning on their knees, with hands clasped more fervently than her wont, she broke forth into tremulous singing of that hymn, which from her lips they now never heard without unendurable tears:

"The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace!"

They carried her fainting to her little bed, and uttered not a word to one another till she revived. The shock was sudden, but not unexpected, and they knew now that the hand of death

was upon her, although her eyes soon became brighter and brighter, they thought, than they had ever been before. But forehead, cheeks, lips, neck, and breast, were all as white, and, to the quivering hands that touched them, almost as cold, as snow. Ineffable was the bliss in those radiant eyes; but the breath of words was frozen, and that hymn was almost her last farewell. Some few words she spake—and named the hour and day she wished to be buried. Her lips could then just faintly return the kiss and no more—a film came over the now dim blue of her eyes—the father listened for her breath—and then the mother took his place, and leaned her ear to the unbreathing mouth, long deluding herself with its lifelike smile; but a sudden darkness in the room, and a sudden stillness, most dreadful both, convinced their unbelieving hearts at last, that it was death.

All the parish, it may be said, attended her funeral—for none staid away from the kirk that Sabbath—though many a voice was unable to join in the Psalm. The little grave was soon filled up—and you hardly knew that the turf had been disturbed beneath which she lay. The afternoon service consisted but of a prayer—for he who ministered, had loved her with love unspeakable—and though an old grey-haired man, all the time he prayed he wept. In the sobbing kirk her parents were sitting—but no one looked at them—and when the congregation rose to go, there they remained sitting—and an hour afterwards, came out again into the open air, and parting with their pastor at the gate, walked away to their hut, overshadowed with the blessing of a thousand prayers!

And did her parents, soon after she was buried, die of broken hearts, or pine away disconsolately to their graves? Think not that they, who were Christians indeed, could be guilty of such ingratitude. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord!" were the first words they had spoke by that bedside; during many, many long years of weal or woe, duly every morning and night, these same blessed words did they utter when on their knees together in prayer—and many a thousand times besides, when

they were apart, she in her silent hut, and he on the hill—neither of them unhappy in their solitude, though never again, perhaps, was his countenance so cheerful as of yore—and though often suddenly amidst mirth or sunshine, her eyes were seen to overflow! Happy had they been—as we mortal beings ever can be happy—during many pleasant years of wedded life before she had been born. And happy were they—on to the verge of old age—after she had here ceased to be! Their Bible had indeed been an idle book—the Bible that belonged to “the Holy Child,”—and idle all their kirk-goings with “the Holy Child,” through the Sabbath-calm—had those intermediate seven years not left a power of bliss behind them, triumphant over death and the grave!

Poetry, one might imagine, must be full of beautiful Snow-scenes. If so, they have almost all dissolved—melted away from our memory—as the Snow-scenes in nature do, which they coldly pictured. Thomson’s *Winter*, of course, we do not include in our obliviousness—and from Cowper’s *Task* we might quote many a most picturesque description—none more so in poetry. But have frost and snow been done justice to by many poets? They have by two—Southey and Coleridge, of whose most poetical compositions respectively, “*Thalaba*” and the “*Ancient Mariner*,” in some future rhapsodical mood, we may speak. Thomson’s genius does not—very, very often—though often—delight us by exquisite minute touches in the description of nature—like that of Cowper. It loves to paint on a great scale—and to dash objects off sweepingly by bold strokes—such, indeed, as have almost always marked the genius of the mighty masters of the lyre, and the rainbow. Cowper sets nature before your eyes—Thomson before your imagination. Which do you prefer? Both. Be assured that both poets had pored night and day upon nature—in all her aspects—and that she had revealed herself equally to both. But they, in their religion, delighted in different modes of worship—and both were worthy of the mighty mother. In one mood of mind, we love Cowper best, in another Thomson. Sometimes the Seasons are almost a *Task*—and

sometimes the *Task* is out of Season. There is a delightful distinctness in all the pictures of the Bard of Olney—glorious gloom or glimmer in most of those of the Bard of Ednam. Cowper paints trees—Thomson woods. Thomson paints, in a few wondrous lines, rivers from source to sea, like the mighty Barampooter—Cowper, in many no very wondrous lines, brightens up one bend of a stream, or awakens our fancy to the murmur of some single waterfall. But a truce to antithesis—a deceptive style of criticism—and see how Thomson sings of snow. Why—in the following lines, almost—though not quite—as well as Christopher North in his *Winter Rhapsody*:

“The cherish’d fields
Put on their tender robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new
snow melts
Along the mazy current.”

Nothing can be more vivid. 'Tis of the nature of an ocular spectrum.

Here is a touch like one of Cowper’s. Note the beauty of the epithet “brown,” where all that is motionless is white:

“The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants.”

That one word proves the poet. Does it not?

The entire description from which these two sentences are selected by memory, a critic you may always trust to, is admirable—except in one or two places where Thomson seems to have striven to be strongly pathetic, and where he seems to us to have overshot his mark, and to have ceased to be perfectly natural. Thus,

“Drooping, the ox
Stands, cover’d o’er with snow, and then
demands
The fruit of all his toil.”

The image of the ox is as good as possible. We see him, and could paint him in oils. But, to our mind, the notion of his “Demanding the fruit of all his toils,”—to which we freely acknowledge the worthy animal was well entitled—sounds, as it is here expressed—rather fantastical. Call it doubtful—for *Jemmy* was never utterly in the wrong in any sentiment. Again,

"The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glittering earth,
With looks of dumb despair."

The second line is perfect—but the Ettrick Shepherd agreed with us—one night at Ambrose's—that the third was not quite right. Sheep, he agreed with us, do not deliver themselves up to despair under any circumstances; and here Thomson transferred what would have been his own feeling in a corresponding condition, to animals whodreadlessly follow their instincts. Thomson redeems himself in what immediately succeeds,—

"Then sad dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow."

For as they disperse, they do look very sad—and no doubt are so—but had they been in despair, they would not so readily, and constantly, and uniformly, and successfully, have taken to the digging—but whole flocks had perished.

You will not, we are confident, be angry with us for quoting a few lines that occur soon after, and which are a glorious example of the sweeping style of description which, we said above, characterised the genius of this sublime poet:—

"From the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till upwards urged
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky."

Well might the bard, with such a snow-storm in his imagination, when telling the shepherds to be kind to their helpless charge, address them in language which, in an ordinary mood, would have been bombast. "Shepherds," says he, "baffle the raging year!" How? Why, merely by filling their pens with food. But the whirlwind was up—

"Far off its coming groaned,"
and the poet was inspired. Had he

not been so, he had not cried, "Baffle the raging year;" and if you be not so, you will think it a most absurd expression. We, therefore, trust you are inspired—and if so, why, it must have been with reading our Rhapsody.

Did you ever see water beginning to change itself into ice? Yes. Then try to describe the sight. Success in that trial will prove you a poet. People do not prove themselves poets only by writing long poems. A line—two words—may shew that they are the Muses' sons. How exquisitely does Burns picture to our eyes moonlight-water undergoing an ice-change!

"The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept gently crusting o'er the glittering stream!"

Thomson does it with an almost finer spirit of perception—or conception—or memory—or whatever else you choose to call it; for our part, we call it genius,—

"An icy-gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream."

And afterwards, having frozen the entire stream into a "crystal pavement," how gloriously doth he conclude thus—

"The whole imprison'd river growls below."

Here again, how pleasant to see the peculiar genius of Cowper contrasted with that of Thomson. The gentle Cowper delighting—for the most part—in tranquil images—for his life was past amidst tranquil nature; the enthusiastic Thomson, more pleased with images of power. Cowper says,

"On the flood,
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
Lies undissolved, while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away."

How many thousand times the lines we are now going to quote have been quoted, nobody can tell; but we quote them once more for the purpose of asking you, if you think that any one poet of this age could have written them—could have chilled one's very soul as well as body, with such intense feeling of cold? Not one.

"In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship

*Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues—to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to his helm!"*

The oftener—the more we read the "Winter"—especially the last two or three hundred lines—the angrier is our wonder with Wordsworth for asserting that Thomson owed the national popularity that his "Winter" immediately won, to his commonplace sentimentalities, and his vicious style! Yet true it is, that he was sometimes guilty of both; and, but for his transcendent genius, they might have obscured the lustre of his fame. But such sins are not very frequent in the "Seasons," and were all committed in the glow of that fine and bold enthusiasm, which, to his imagination, arrayed all things, and all words, in a light that seemed to him at the time to be poetry—though sometimes it was but "false glitter." Besides, he was but young; and his Great Work was his first. He had not philosophized his language into poetry, as Wordsworth himself has done, after long years of profoundest study of the laws of thought and speech. But in such study, while much is gained, is not something lost? And is there not a charm in the free, flowing, chartered libertinism of the diction and versification of the "Seasons"—above all, in the closing strains of the "Winter," and in the whole of the "Hymn," which inspires a delight and wonder that is seldom breathed upon us—glorious poem, on the whole, as it is—from the more measured march of the "Excursion?"

All that part of the pensive Public who have been much at school, know Thomson's description of the wolves among the Alps, Apennines, and Pyrenees,

*"Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave,
Burning for blood, bony and gaunt and grim."*

The first fifteen lines are equal to any thing in the whole range of English descriptive poetry; but the last ten are positively bad. Here they are:

*"The godlike face of man avails him
nought!
Even beauty, force divine, at whose bright
glance*

*The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Now bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd
prey;*

*But if, apprized of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lured by the scent
Of churchyard drear, (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave, o'er
which,
Mix'd with foul shades and frighten'd
ghosts, they howl."*

Wild beasts do not like the look of the human eye—they think us ugly customers—and sometimes stand shilly-shallying in our presence, in an awkward but alarming attitude, of hunger mixed with fear. A single wolf seldom or never attacks a man. He cannot stand the face. But a person would need to have a god-like face indeed to terrify therewith an army of wolves some thousand strong. It would be the height of presumption in any man, though beautiful as Moore thought Byron, to attempt it. If so, then

*"The godlike face of man avails him
not,"*

is, under these circumstances, ludicrous. Still more so is the trash about beauty, force divine! It is too much to expect of an army of wolves ten thousand strong, "and hungry as the grave," that they should all fall down on their knees before a sweet morsel of flesh and blood, merely because the young lady was so beautiful that she might have sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence for a frontispiece to Mr Watts's *Souvenir*. 'Tis all stuff, too, about the generous lion standing in softened gaze at beauty's bright glance. True, he has been known to look with a certain sort of soft surliness upon a pretty Caffre girl, and to walk past without eating her—but simply because, an hour or two before, he had dined on a Hot-tentot Venus. The secret lay not in his heart, but in his stomach. Still the notion is a popular one, and how exquisitely has Spencer changed it into the divinest poetry in the character of the attendant lion of

*"Heavenly Una with her milk-white
lamb!"*

But Thomson, so far from making poetry of it, in this passage, has vulgarized and blurred by it, the natural and inevitable emotion of terror and

pity. Famished wolves *howling* up the dead is a dreadful image—but “*inhuman to relate*,” is not an expression heavily laden with meaning; and the sudden, abrupt, violent, and, as we feel, unnatural introduction of ideas, purely superstitious, at the close, is most revolting, and miserably mars the terrible *truth*.

“Mix’d with foul shades and frighten’d ghosts they howl.”

Why, pray, are the shades foul, and the ghosts only frightened? And wherein lies the specific difference between a shade and a ghost? Besides, if the ghosts were frightened, which they had good reason to be, why were not they off? We have frequently read of their wandering far from home, on occasions when they had no such excellent excuse to offer. This line, therefore, we have taken the liberty to erase from our pocket-copy of the Seasons—and to draw a few keelavine strokes over the rest of the passage—beginning with man’s godlike face.

But here is a passage which will live forever—in which not one word could be altered for the better—not one omitted but for the worse—not one added that would not be superfluous—a passage that proves that fiction is not the soul of poetry, but truth—but then such truth as was never spoken before on the same subject—such truth as shews that while Thomson was a person of the strictest veracity, yet was he very far indeed from being a matter-of-fact man :

“As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce,

All Winter drives along the darken’d air ;
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain

Disaster’d stands : sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :

Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on

From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;

Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,

Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth

In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !

What black despair, what horror fills his heart !

When for the dusky spot, which Fancy feign’d

His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,

Far from the track and blest abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,

And every tempest howling o’er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then through the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover’d pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smooth’d up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks

Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o’er all the bitterness of death,
Mix’d with the tender anguish Nature shoots

Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,

His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

In vain for him th’ officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;

In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,

With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold ;

Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve

The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o’er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen’d corse !”

Who wrote the affecting ballad-song called *Donocht-head* ? “It is not mine,” said Burns ; “I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the *Edinburgh Herald*, and came to the editor of that paper with the *Newcastle* post-mark on it.” If we mistake not, Allan Cunningham tells us that it was written by an unfortunate of the name of Picken, who lived, suffered, and died in or about the town to which it would be a

foolish work of supererogation to carry coals. Dr Currie felt its beauty—indeed, the Doctor was, on the whole, a good critic—though sometimes he subjected poets in their fever-fits to his favourite practice—the cold bath. “This affecting poem,” quoth he, “is apparently incomplete. The author need not be ashamed to own himself. It is worthy of Burns or of Macneil.” It bears perusal well, even immediately after Thomson’s *Death in Snow*.

DONOCHT-HEAD.

“Keen blaws the wind o’er Donocht-head,
Thesnaw drivessnely through the dale,
The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneek,
And shivering tells his waefu’ tale.
‘Cauld is the night, O let me in,
And dinna let your minstrel fa’,
And dinna let his winding sheet
Be naething but a wreath o’ snaw.

“‘Full ninety winters hae I seen,
And piped where gor-cocks whirring
flew;
And mony a day I’ve danced, I ween,
To liltis which from my drone I blew.’
My Eppie waked, and soon she cry’d,
‘Get up, gudeman, and let him in;
For weel ye ken the winter night
Was short when he began his din.’

“My Eppie’s voice, I woe it’s sweet,
Even though she bans and scaulds a
wee;
But when it’s tuned to sorrow’s tale,
O, haith, it’s doubly dear to me.
‘Come in, auld carle, I’ll steer my fire,
I’ll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your bluid is thin, ye’ve tint the gate,
Ye shouldna stray sae far frae hame.’

“‘Nae hame have I,’ the minstrel said,
‘Sad party-strife o’erturn’d my ha’;
And, weeping at the eve of life,
I wander though a wreath o’ snaw.’”
* * * * *

A fragment! and the more piteous because a fragment. Go in search of the pathetic, and you will find it tear-steeped, sigh-breathed, moan-muttered, and groaned in fragments. The poet seems often struck dumb by woe—his heart feels that suffering is at its acmé—and that he should break off and away from a sight too sad to be longer looked on—haply too humiliating to be disclosed. So, too, it sometimes is with the beautiful. The soul in its delight seeks to

escape from the emotion that oppresses it—is speechless—and the song falls mute. Such is frequently the character—and the origin of that character—of our auld Scottish Sangs. In their mournfulness are they not almost like the wail of some bird distracted on the bush from which its nest has been harried, and then suddenly flying away for ever into the woods? In their joyfulness, are they not almost like the hymn of some bird, that love-stricken suddenly darts from the tree-top down to the caresses that flutter through the spring? Yea, even such, too, are often the airs to which those dear auld sangs are sung! From excess of feeling—fragmentary! Or of one divine part—to which genius may be defied to conceive another, for but one hour in all time could have given it birth!

“The moon was a-waning!”

Is not that ane o’ our ain Shepherd’s?
It is indeed a—snaw-sang.

DIRGE.

“The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

“Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets,
And embroider’d the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

“Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom!

“How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you!—
An orphan you were,
Ere this misery befell you;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan,
Lies the corpse of your lover!”

Daughter of our soul! would that from thy lips, and set to thine own music, the Shepherd heard "The moon was a-waning," flow! The poet knows not the magic of his own strains, till he hears their inspiration in the breath of young and beautiful innocence. Then for the first time, perhaps, are his eyes wet with his own "repeated strains," and he feels that the virgin voice has, like a golden key, unlocked

"The sacred source of sympathetic tears!"

What sayeth our Shepherd himself, in one of the delightfully characteristic notes or notices, in the collection of his Songs—published this very day—of "The moon was a-waning?" "It is," quoth he, "one of the songs of my youth, written long ere I threw aside the shepherd's plaid, and took farewell of my barking colley, for a bard's perilous and thankless occupation. I was a poor shepherd half a century ago, and I have never got farther to this day; but my friends would be far from regretting this, if they knew the joy of spirit that has been mine. This was the first song of mine I ever heard sung at the piano, and my feelings of exultation are not to be conceived by men of sordid dispositions. I had often heard my strains chanted from the ewe-bught and the milking-green with delight; but I now found that I had got a step higher; I, therefore, was resolved to cling to my harp, with a fondness which no obloquy should diminish—and I have kept the resolution. The song was first set to music and sung by Miss C. Forest, and has long been a favourite, and generally sung through a great portion of Scotland."

Yes, James—thou art but a poor shepherd still—poor in this world's goods—though Altrive Lake is a pretty little bit farmie—left to thee still—with its few laigh sheep-braes—its somewhat stony hayfield or two—its pasture where Crummie may unhungred graze—nyeuck for the potato's bloomy or ploomy shaws—and path-divided from the porch the garden, among whose flowers "wee Jamie" plays. But nature has given thee, to console thy heart in all disappointments, from the "false smiling of fortune beguiling," a boon which thou hast hugged to thy heart

with transport on the darkest day—the "gift o' genie," and the power of immortal song!

And has Scotland to the Ettrick Shepherd been just—been generous—as she was—or was not—to the Ayrshire peasant—has she, in her conduct to him, shewn her contrition for her sin—whatever that may have been—to Burns? It is hard to tell. Fashion tosses the feathered head—and gentility turns away her painted cheek from the mountain bard; but when, at the shrine of true poetry, did ever such votaries devoutly worship? Cold, false, and hollow, ever has been their admiration of genius—and different, indeed, from their evanescent ejaculations, has ever been the enduring voice of fame. Scorn be to the scorners! But Scott, and Southey, and Byron, and the other great bards, have all loved the Shepherd's lays—and Joanna the palm-crowned, and Felicia the muse's darling, and Caroline the Christian poetess, and all the other fair female spirits of song. And in his native land, all hearts that love her streams, and her hills, and her cottages, and her kirks, the bee-humming garden, and the primrose-circled fold, the white hawthorn, and the green fairy-knowe, all delight in Kilmany and Mary Lee, and in many another vision that visited the Shepherd in the Forest. What more could he desire, than such sweet assurance that his name will never die—but be remembered among those of

"The poets who, on earth, have made us heirs

Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays?"

Nor haply will the Old Man in future times be altogether forgotten, who, in moods of mirth or melancholy, still delighted to sound his dear Shepherd's praise! While others scowled, he smiled—nor was the Shepherd ungrateful for the sunshine that thus illumined the gloom, though it was poured from an urn which his own genius had filled with "golden light." We ever listened to his lyre—sounding sweetly to our ears in the wilderness—while all unheard by the ears of the worldlings amidst the smoke and stir of their earthy life. We loved to look on his honest

face by the light of his own ingle—or of his own Forest moon. And we, by aid of Gurney the Engrosser—have heaped up on his behalf, out of the exhaustless granary of his own genius, words not a few and many-coloured,

“All redolent of youth,”

and of thoughts that, like perennial flowers, seemingly immortal in shade and sunshine, his imagination made rise from the seed it scattered lavishly and in profusion over a thousand hills. The face of the soul—is it not in its aspects—like the sky? and when is that sky so beautiful—as when far-and-wide, and high-over-head, spread out in the bright or dim, the merry or mournful light of the star-studded NOCTES?

The most undefinable of all undefinable kinds of poetical inspiration are surely—Songs. They seem to start up indeed from the dew-sprinkled soil of a poet's soul, like flowers; the first stanza being the hidden root, the second leaf, the third bud, and all the rest blossoms, till the song is like a stalk laden with its own beauty, and laying itself down in languid delight on the soft bed of moss—song and flower alike having the same “dying fall!”

Perhaps the above is pure nonsense—but then so pure that you need not fear to swallow it. All great song-writers, nevertheless, have been great thieves. Those who had the blessed fate to flourish first—to be born when “this auld cloak was new,”—the cloak we mean which nature wears—scrupled not to creep upon her as she lay asleep beneath the shadow of some single tree among

“The grace of forest-woods decay'd,
And pastoral melancholy,”

and to steal the very pearlins out of her hair—out of the silken snood which enamoured Pan himself had not untied in the Golden Age. Or if she ventured, as sometimes she did, to walk along the highways of the earth, they robbed her in the face of day of her dew-wrought reticule—without hurting, however, the hand from which they brushed that net of gossamer—a net of jewels and of diamonds

“Might ransom great kings from captivity.”

Then came the Silver Age of Song, the age in which we now live—and the song-singers were thieves still—stealing and robbing from them who had stolen and robbed of old; yet, how account you for that phenomenon—all parties remaining richer than ever—and Nature, especially, after all this thieving and robbery, and piracy and plunder, many million times richer than the day on which she received her dowery,

“The bridal of the earth and sky;”

and with “golden store” sufficient in its scatterings to enable all the sons of genius she will ever bear; to “set up for themselves” in poetry, accumulating capital upon capital, till each is a Croesus, rejoicing to lend it out without any other interest than cent per cent, paid in sighs, smiles, and tears, and without any other security than the silent promise of a quiet eye,

“That broods and sleeps on its own heart!”

The most famous thieves in our time have been Rob, James, and Allan. Burns never saw or heard a jewel or a tune of a thought or a feeling, but he immediately made it his own—that is, stole it. He was too honest a man to refrain from such thefts. The thoughts and feelings—to whom by divine right did they belong? To Nature. But Burns beheld them “waif and stray,” and in peril of being lost for ever. He seized then on those “snatches of old songs,” wavering away into the same oblivion that lies on the graves of the nameless bards who first gave them being; and now spiritually interfused with his own lays, they are secured against decay—and like them immortal. So hath the Shepherd stolen many of the Flowers of the Forest—whose beauty had breathed there ever since Flodden's fatal overthrow; but they had been long fading and pining away in the solitary places, wherein so many of their kindred had utterly disappeared, and beneath the restoring light of his genius their bloom and their balm were for ever renewed. But the thief of all thieves is the Nithsdale and Galloway thief—called by Sir Walter, most characteristically, “Honest Allan!” Thief and forger

as he is—we often wonder why he is permitted to live. Many is the sweet stanza he has stolen from Time—that silly auld carle who kens not even his own—many the lifelike line—and many the strange single word that seems to possess the power of all the parts of speech. And having stolen them, to what use did he turn the treasures? Why, unable to give back every man his own—for they were all dead, buried, and forgotten—by a potent prayer he evoked from his Pool-Palace, overshadowed by the Dalswinton woods, the Genius of the Nith, to preserve the gathered flowers of song for ever unwithered, for that they all had grown ages ago beneath and around the green shadows of Criffel, and longed now to be embalmed in the purity of the purest river that Scotland sees flowing in unsullied silver to the sea. But the Genius of the Nith—frowning and smiling—as he looked upon his son alternately in anger, love, and pride—refused the votive offering, and told him to begone—for that he—the Genius—was not a Cromek—and could distinguish with half an eye what had once belonged to antiquity, from what had undergone, in Allan's hands, change into "something rich and rare," and above all, from what had been blown to life that very year by the breath of his—Allan's—own genius, love-inspired by "his ain lassie," the "lass that he loe'd best," springing from seeds itself had sown, and cherished by the dews of the same gracious skies, that filled with motion and music—the transparency of his—that is, the river-god's—never-failing urn.

There will be no mystery in all this to the readers of a *Winter Rhapsody* by Christopher North. There, too, was Chatterton,

"The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride,"

like Burns, the Shepherd, and Allan Cunningham, Thief and Forger. And would not Horace Walpole—O Lord! Orford—have punished him as a felon? "The sleepless boy" had committed forgery on old Rowley, and deserved death. Ay—he "perished in his pride," and his lordship lived on in his—till he became a lean and shrivelled panta-

loon—and then withering heartlessly away to dust, left the legacy of an artificial light—which for a considerable period of time—by the by—really looks almost as well as the natural light of immortality—but which, in his case, is now wellnigh burnt out—left it in legacy to that—in our ears—somewhat ludicrously, though not unappropriately, named locality—Strawberry-hill, on which that illustrious lord—at once pantaloons and harlequin—clown he was not—by a few strokes of his lath built up that fantastic and unsubstantial Castle of Otranto—long ago fallen into rubbish.

Then what say you to the two Irelands—father and son? The junior—poor fellow—we pity him—for trying to pass himself off for—Shakspeare! As well might the new member for Preston—Mr Hunt—with a pot of his best blacking in his hand, pretend to be the old member for Paradise—the Angel Gabriel, with a cup in his hand of drink divine distilled from flowers of amaranth. But if the poor lad was a little—after all, not much—of a small knave in his own insignificant, yet not uninsolent way—why his attempt at deception was, in point of moral delinquency, the merest trifle—especially when you take his filial piety into account on the other side—in comparison with the more than Durham-ox-sized stupidity of the fat, if not stall-fed fools, who swore on their knees, that a bit of fusty musty fustian was a shred of the robes of light, which on earth the spirit of Shakspeare wore! Such a fool—fat if not stall-fed—we use these epithets, you will perceive, metaphorically—above the rest

"In shape and gesture proudly eminent,"

was Dr Parr! What could he—who thus bowed down before an image as expressionless as the block on which his own buzz-wig was trimmed, believing it to be the living Shakspeare—what could he, who, after looking steadfastly a hundred times, and for many minutes at a time, on a miserable grey-goose that had been having his quills plucked out of their sockets for months in a Lincolnshire caravansery, should swear before the whole ornithological world, by Ju-

piter and Leda, that the waddling fugitive from the cavey was a Swan—we ask, what could such a sand-blind, wood-and-waddle worshipper, with all his knowledge of Greek roots and branches, know of the poetry of Homer, Pindar, and Æschylus?

But let us retrace our footsteps along the snow—for lo! there has been a fresh fall—to the Mausoleum of Burns. Scotland is abused by England for having starved Burns to death, or for having suffered him to drink himself to death, out of a cup filled to the brim with bitter disappointment and black despair. England “lies most foully in her throat;” there is our gage-glove, let her take it up, and then for mortal combat with sword and spear—only not on horseback—for, for reasons on which it would be idle to be more explicit, we always fight now on foot, and have sent our high horse to graze all the rest of his life on the mountains of the moon. Well then, Scotland met Burns, on his first sun-burst, with one exulting acclaim. Scotland bought and read his poetry, and Burns, for a poor man, became rich—rich to his heart’s desire—and reached the summit of his ambition, in the way of this world’s life, in a—Farm. Blithe Robin would have scorned “an awmous” from any hands but from those of nature; nor in those days, needed he help from woman-born. True, that times began by and by to go rather hard with him, and he with them; for his mode of life was not

“Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,”

and as we sow we must reap. His day of life began to darken ere meridian—and the darkness doubtless had brought disturbance before either had been perceived by any eyes but his own—for people are always looking to themselves and their own lot; and oh! how much mortal misery may for years be daily depicted in the face, figure, or manners even of a friend, without our seeing or suspecting it, till all at once he makes a confession, and we then know that he has been long numbered among the most wretched of the wretched—the slave of his own sins and sorrows—or thrall’d beneath those of another to whom fate may have given sovereign power

over his whole life! Well, then—rather ill then—Burns behaved as most men do in misery—and the farm going to ruin—that is crop and stock to pay the rent—he desired to be—and was made—an Exciseman. And for that—you ninny—you are whinnying scornfully at Scotland! Many a better man than yourself—beg your pardon—has been, and is now, an Exciseman. Nay, to be plain with you—we doubt if your education has been sufficiently intellectual for an Exciseman. We never heard it said of you,

“And even the story ran that he could gauge.”

Burns then was made what he desired to be—what he was fit for—though you are not—and what was in itself respectable—an Exciseman. His salary was not so large certainly as that of the Bishop of Durham—or even of London—but it was certainly larger than that of many a curate at that time doing perhaps double or treble duty in those dioceses, without much audible complaint on their part, or outcry from Scotland against blind and brutal English bishops, or against beggarly England, for starving her pauper-curates, by whatever genius or erudition adorned. Burns died an Exciseman, it is true, at the age of thirty-seven; on the same day died an English curate we could name, a surpassing scholar, and of stainless virtue, blind, palsied, “old and miserably poor,”—without as much money as would bury him; and no wonder, for he never had the salary of a Scotch Exciseman.

Two blacks—nay twenty—won’t make a white. True—but one black is as black as another—and the Southern Pot, brazen as it is, must not abuse with impunity the Northern Pan. But now to the right nail, and let us knock it on the head. What did England do for her own Bloomfield? He was not in genius equal to Burns—but he was beyond all compare, and out of all sight, the best poet ever produced by England’s lower orders. He was the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl. The Farmer’s Boy is a wonderful poem—and will live in the poetry of England. Did England, then, keep Bloomfield in com-

fort, and scatter flowers along the smooth and sunny path that led him to the grave? No. He had given him, by some minister or other, we believe Lord Sidmouth, a paltry place in some office or other—most uncongenial with all his nature and all his habits—of which the shabby salary was insufficient to purchase for his family even the bare necessities of life. He thus dragged out for many long obscure years a sickly existence, as miserable as the existence of a good man can be made by narrowest circumstances—and all the while Englishmen were scoffingly scorning, with haughty and bitter taunts, the patronage, that, at his own earnest desire, made Burns an Exciseman! Nay, when Southey, late in Bloomfield's life, and when it was drawing mournfully to a close, proposed a contribution for his behoof, and put down his own L.5, how many purse-strings were untied? How much fine gold was poured out for the indigent son of genius and virtue? Shame shuffles the sum out of sight—for it was not sufficient to have bought the manumission of an old negro slave!

With many noble virtues, Burns was at last a man of a troubled, a distempered, a diseased moral mind—and even to know how to have done good to him—permanently—was most difficult; while in those disturbed and distracted times, still more difficult was it to carry into execution any designs for his good—and much was there even to excuse his countrymen then in power for looking upon him with an evil eye. But Bloomfield led a pure, peaceable, and blameless life. Easy, indeed, would it have been to make him happy—but he was as much forgotten as if he had been dead—and when he died—did England mourn over him—or after having denied him bread, give him so much as a stone? No. He dropt into the grave with no other lament, we ever heard of, but a few copies of indifferent verses in some of the *Annuals*, and seldom or never now does one hear a whisper of his name. O fie! well may the white rose blush red—and the red rose turn pale! Let England then leave Scotland to her shame about Burns—and, thinking of her own treatment of Bloomfield, cover

her own face with both her hands—and confess that it was most base. At least let her not impudently abuse us for the same sin—committed against greater genius, but less halloved by virtue;—and if she will not hang down her head in humiliation for her own neglect of her own “poetic child,” let her not hold it high over Scotland for the neglect of hers—justified as that neglect was by many things—and since, in some measure, expiated by a whole nation's tears, shed over the laurels on her great poet's grave!

Whew! here have we been absolutely working ourselves up into a passion about two dead men!

“After life's fitful fever they sleep well,”

and peace now lies on both their graves in a shroud of snow!

Snow! Beautiful as it yet is to our eyes, even through our spectacles, how grey—in imagination—it looks beside the snow that used to come with the long winters that glorified the earth in our youth, till the white lustre was more delightful even than the green—and we prayed that the fine fleecy flakes might never cease falling waveringly from the veil of the sky. No sooner comes the Winter now, than he is away again to one of the poles. Then, it was a year in itself—a whole life. We remember slides a quarter of a mile long, on level meadows; and some not less deep, down the sides of hills that to us were mountains. No boy can slide on one leg now—not a single shoe seems to have sparables. The florid style of skating shews that that fine art is degenerating; and, except in a Torry, we look in vain for the grand simplicity of the masters that spread-eagled in the age of its perfection. A change has come over the spirit of the curler's dream. They seem to our ears indeed to have “quat their roaring play.” The cry of “swoop-swoop” is heard still—but oh! a faint, feeble, and unimpassioned cry, compared with that that used, on the Mearns Brother-Loch, to make the welkin ring, and for a moment to startle the moon and stars—those in the sky, as well as those below the ice—till again the tumult subsided—and lo! all the host of heaven above and beneath serene as a world of dreams. Is it not even

so, Shepherd? Oh! what is a rink now on a pond in Duddingstone policy, to the rinks that rang and roared of old on the Loch o' the Lowes, when every stone, circled in a glorious halo of spray, seemed instinct with spirit, to obey, along all its flight, the voice of him that launched it on its unerring aim, and sometimes, in spite of his awkward skilllessness, when the fate of the game hung on its own single crank, went cannonading through all obstacles, till it fell asleep, like a beauty as it was, just as it kissed the Tee!

Again we see—again we sit in the Snow-House, built by us boys out of a drift in the minister's glebe, a drift—judging by the steeple—which was sixty—about twenty feet high—and pure as marble. The roof was all strewed with diamonds, which frost saved from the sun. The porch of the Palace was pillared—and the character of the building outside, was, without any servile imitation—for we worked in the glow of original genius—and none of us had then ever seen itself or its picture—wonderfully like the Parthenon. Entering, you found yourself in a superb hall, lighted up—not with gas, for up to that era, gas had never been used except in Pandemonium—but with a vast multitude of farthing-candles—each in a turnip stuck into the wall—while a chandelier of frozen snow-branches pendent from the roof set that presence-chamber in a blaze. On a Throne at the upper end sat Young Christopher North—then the king of boys, as now of men—and proud were his subjects to do him homage. In niches all round the side-walls were couches covered with hare, rabbit, founart, and foxes skins—furnished by those animals slain by us in the woods and among the rocks of that silvan and moorland parish—the regal Torus alone being spread with the dun-deer's hide from Lochiel Forest in Lochaber. Then old airs were sung—in sweet single voice—or in full chorus that startled the wandering night-traveller on his way to the lone Kingswell—and then in the intermediate push, old tales were told “of goblin-groom or fairy”—or of Wallace Wight at the Barns of Ayr, or the Brigg o' Stirling—or a glorious outlaw, harbouring in caves among

the Cartlane Craigs,—or of Robert Bruce the Deliverer, on his shelly, cleaving in twain the skull of Bohun the English knight, on his thundering war-steed, armed cap-à-pie, while the King of Scotland had nothing on his unconquered head but his golden crown. Tales of the Snow-house! Oh, that we had but the genius to recall you to life in undying song!

Nor was our Frozen Hall at times uncheered by the smiles of beauty. With those smiles was heard the harmless love-whisper, and the harmless kiss of love. For the cottages poured forth their little lasses in flowerlike bands, nor did their parents fear to trust them in the Fairy Frozen Palace, where Christopher was king. Sometimes the old people themselves came to see the Wonders of the Lamp, and on a snow-table stood a huge bowl—not of snow—that steamed with nectar that made Hyems smile as he hung his beard over the fragrant vapour. Nay, the minister himself—with his mother and sister—whose souls are now in heaven—were with us in our fantastic festivities—and gave to the architecture of our Palace their wondering praise. Then Andrew Lyndsey, the blind Paisley musician, a Latin scholar, who knew where Cremona stood—struck up on his famous fiddle, jig or strathspey—and the swept floor, in a moment, was alive, with a confused flight of four-some reels, each begun and ended with kisses, and maddened by many a whoop and yell—so like savages were we in our glee, dancing at the marriage of some island king!

Fifty years have fled since that Snow-Palace melted away—and of all who danced there, how many are now alive! Pshaw! as many probably as then danced any where else. It would never do to live for ever—let us then live well and wisely—and when death comes—from that sleep how blessed to awake! in a region where is no frost—no snow—but the sun of eternal life. Dreaming of that Snow-Palace—we remember the description of another by Cowper—more magnificent, no doubt—but to our imagination not half so dear!

“ Less worthy of applause, though more admired,
Because a novelty, the work of man,

Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,
 Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
 The wonder of the North. No forest fell,
 When thou wouldst build; no quarry
 sent its stores
 To enrich thy walls; but thou didst hew
 the floods,
 And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
 In such a palace Aristæus found
 Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
 Of his lost bees to her maternal ear;
 In such a palace Poetry might place
 The armoury of Winter; where his
 troops,
 The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy
 sleet,
 Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising
 hail,
 And snow, that often blinds the travel-
 ler's course,
 And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
 Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
 No sound of hammer or of saw was
 there:
 Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
 Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement
 ask'd
 Than water interfused to make them
 one.
 Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all
 hues,
 Illumined every side; a watery light
 Gleam'd through the clear transparency,
 that seem'd
 Another moon new risen, or meteor
 fall'n
 From Heaven to Earth, of lambent flame
 serene.
 So stood the brittle prodigy; though
 smooth
 And slippery the materials, yet frost-
 bound,
 Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught
 withip,
 That royal residence might well befit,
 For grandeur or for use. Long wavy
 wreaths
 Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but
 warmth,
 Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed
 none
 Where all was vitreous; but in order due
 Convivial table and commodious seat
 (What seem'd at least commodious seat)
 were there;
 Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne
 august,
 The same lubricity was found in all,
 And all was moist to the warm touch;
 a scene
 Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
 And soon to slide into a stream again.
 Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
 Of undesign'd severity, that glanced
 (Made by a monarch) on her own estate,

On human grandeur and the courts of
 kings.

'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
 'Twas durable; as worthless, as it seem'd
 Intrinsically precious; to the foot
 Treacherous and false; it smiled, and it
 was cold."

Mercy on us! what a hubbub!—
 Can the harriers be hunting in such
 a snow-fall as this, and is poor pussy
 in view before the whole murderous
 pack, opening in full cry on her
 haunches? Why—Imagination, thou
 art an ass, and thy long ears at all
 times greedy of deception! 'Tis but a
 Country School-house pouring forth
 its long imprisoned stream of life,
 as in a sudden sunny thaw, the Mad
 Master flying in the van of his helter-
 skelter scholars, and the whole yell-
 ing mass precipitated, many of them
 headlong, among the snow. Well do
 we know the fire-eyed Poet-Peda-
 gogue, who, more outrageous than
 Apollo, has "ravished all the Nine."
 Ode, elegy, epic, tragedy, or farce—
 all come alike to him; and of all the
 bards we have ever known—and the
 sum-total cannot be under a thou-
 sand—he alone, judging from the
 cock and the squint of his eye, labours
 under the blessing or the curse—we
 wot not whilk it be—of perpetual
 inspiration. A rare eye, too, is his
 at the setting of a springe for wood-
 cocks, or tracking a mawkin on the
 snow. Not a dare-devil in the school
 that durst follow the indentations of
 his toes and fingers up the wall of
 the old castle to the holes just below
 the battlements, to thrust his arm up
 to the elbows harrying the martins'
 nests. The corbies ken the shape of
 his shoulders, as craftily he thrids
 the wood; and let them build their
 domicile as high as the swinging
 twigs will bear its weight, agile as
 squirrel, and as founmart ferocious,
 up speels, by the height undizzied,
 the Dreadless Dominie; and should
 there be fledged or puddock-haired
 young ones among the wool, whirl-
 ing with guttural cawings down a
 hundred feet descent, on the hard
 rooty ground-floor from which
 springs pine, oak, or ash, driven out
 is the life, with a squelsh and a
 squash, from the worthless carrion.
 At swimming we should not boggle
 to back him for the trifle of a cool
 hundred against the best survivor
 among those water-serpents, Mr

Turner, Dr Bedale, Lieutenant Ekenhead, Lord Byron, Leander, and Ourselves—while, with the steel shiners on his soles, into what a set of ninnies in their ring would he not reduce the Edinburgh Skating Club!

Saw ye ever a Snow-ball Bicker? Never! Then look there with all the eyes in your head—only beware of a bash on the bridge of your nose, a bash that shall dye the snow in your virgin blood. The Poet-Pedagogue, *alias* the Mad Dominie, has chosen the six stoutest stripplings for his allies, and, at the head of that Sacred Band, offers battle to Us at the head of the whole School. Nor does that formidable force decline the combat. Lo! how war levels all foolish distinctions of scholarship! Booby is Dux now, and Dux Booby—and the obscure dunce is changed into an illustrious hero.

“The combat deepens—on ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Nitton,* all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy schoolery!”

Down from the mount on which it had been drawn up in battle array, in solid square comes the school-army, with shouts that might waken the dead, and inspire with the breath of life the nostrils of the Great Snow-Giant built up at the end of yonder avenue, and hardened like marble by last night's frost. But there lies a fresh fall—and a better day for a Bicker never rose flakily from the yellow East. Far out of distance, and prodigal of powder, lying three feet deep on the flats, and heaped up in drifts to tree and chimney-top, the *tirailleurs*, flung out in front, commence the conflict by a shower of balls that from the bosom of the yet untrodden snow between the two battles, makes spin the shining surface like spray. Then falling back on the main body, they find their places in the foremost rank, and the whole mottled mass, grey, blue, and scarlet, moves onwards o'er the whiteness, a moment ere they close,

“Calm as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!”

“Let fly,” cries a clear voice—and

the Snow-ball-Storm hurtles through the sky. Just then the valley-mouth blew sleety in the faces of the foe—their eyes, as if darkened with snuff or salt, blinked bat-like—and with erring aim flew their feckless return to that shower of frosty fire. Incessant is the silent cannonade of the resistless School—silent but when shouts proclaim the fall or flight of some doughty champion in the adverse legion.

See—see—the Sacred Band are broken! The cravens take ignominiously to flight—and the Mad Dominie and Bob Howie alone are left to bear the brunt of battle. A dreadful brotherhood! But the bashing balls are showered upon them right and left from a hundred catapultic arms—and the day is going sore against them, though they fight less like men than devils. Hurra! the Dominie's down, and Bob staggers. “Guards, up and at them!” “A simultaneous charge of cocks, hens, and earocks!” No sooner said than done. Bob Howie is buried—and the whole School is trampling on its Master!

“Oh, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,

That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!”

The smothered ban of Bob, and the stifled denunciations of the Dominie, have echoed o'er the hill, and, lo!

“Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,”

The Runaways, shaking the snows of panic from their shoulders,

“Like dew-drops from the lion's mane,”

come rushing to the rescue. Two of the Six tremble and turn. The high heroic scorn of their former selves urge the Four to renew the charge, and the sound of their feet on the snow is like that of an earthquake. What bashes on bloody noses! What bungings-up of eyes! Of lips what slittings! Red is many a spit-tle! And as the coughing urchin groans, and claps his hand to his mouth, distained is the snow-ball that drops unlaunched at his feet!

* The capital of Mearns in the West.

The School are broken—their hearts die within them—and—can we trust our blasted eyes?—the White Livers shew the white feather, and fly! O shame! O sorrow! O sin! they turn their backs and fly! Disgraced are the mothers that bore them—and “happy in my mind,” wives and widows, “were ye that died,” undoomed to hear the tidings of this wretched overthrow! Heavens and earth! sixty are flying before six!—and half of sixty—oh! that we should record it!—*are pretending to be dead!!* Would indeed that the snow were their winding-sheet, so that it might but hide their dishonour!

Lo! the Mad Dominie! like Hector issuing from the gates of Troy, and driving back the Greeks to their ships; or rather—hear, Spirit of Homer!—like some great, shaggy, outlandish Wolf-Dog, that hath swum ashore from some strange wreck, and, after a fortnight's famine on the bare sea-cliffs, been driven by the hunger that gnaws his stomach like a cancer, and a thirst-fever that can only be slaked in blood, to venture prowling for prey up the vale, till, snuffing the scent of a flock of sheep—after some grim tiger-like creeping on his belly—he springs at last, with huge long spangs, on the woolly people, with bull-like growlings quailing their poor harmless hearts—and then fast throttling them, one after another—as it might seem rather in wantonness of rage than in empty pangs—he lies down at last in the midst of all the murdered carcasses, licking the blood off his flews and paws—and then, looking and listening round with his red turbid eyes, and sharp-pointed ears savagely erect, conscious of his crime, and fearful of punishment—soon as he sees and hears that all the coast is clear and still, again he gloatingly fastens his tusks behind the ears, and then eats into the kidneys of the fattest of the flock, till, sated with gore and tallow, he speaks stealthily into the wood, and coiling himself up all his wiry length—now no longer lank, but swollen and knotted like that of a deer-devouring snake—he falls sullenly asleep, and re-banquets in a dream of murder!

That simile was conceived in the spirit of Dan Homer, but delivered in that of Kit North. No matter.

Like two such Wolf-Dogs are now Bob Howie and the Mad Dominie—and the School like such silly sheep. And lo! those other hell-dogs are leaping in the rear—and to the eyes of fear and flight each one of the Six seems more many-headed than Cerberus, while their mouths kindle the frosty air into fire, and thunderbolts pursue the pell-mell of the panic.

Such and so imaginative is not only mental but corporal fear! What though it be but a Snow-Bicker! The air, so far from being darkened, is brightened by the balls, as in many a curve they describe their airy flight—some hard as stones—some soft as slush—some blae and drippy in the cold-hot hand that launches them on the flying foes, and these are the teasers—some almost transparent to the cerulean sky, and broken ere they reach their aim, abortive “*armamentaria cœli*”—and some useless from the first, and felt, as they leave the palm, to be fozier than the foziest turnip, and unfit to bash a fly!

Far and wide, over hill, bank, and brae, are spread the flying School! Squads of them, and at sore sixes and sevens, are making for the frozen woods. Alas! poor covert now in their naked leaflessness for the stricken deer! Twos and threes, in miserable plight, floundering in drift-wreaths! And here and there—wofullest sight of all—single boys distractedly etting at the sanctuaries of distant houses—and with their heads all the while insanely twisted back over their shoulders, and the glare of their eyes fixed frightfully on the swift-footed Mad Dominie, souse over neck and ears, bubble and squeak, precipitated into traitorous pitfall, and in a moment vanished from this upper world!

Disturbed crows fly away a short distance—and alight silent—the magpies chatter pert even in alarm—the lean kine collected on the lown sides of braes, wonder at the rip-pet—their horns moving—but not their tails—while the tempest-tamed bull—almost dull now as an ox—gives a short sullen growl as he feebly paws the snow.

But who is he—the tall slender youth—slender, but sinewy—a wiry chap—seemingly six feet on his stocking-soles—and on his stocking-

soles he stands—for the snow has sucked the shoes from his feet—that plants himself like an oak sapling, rooted ankle-deep on a knoll, and there, like a juvenile Jupiter Stator, with voice and arm arrests the flight, and fiercely gesticulating vengeance on the insolent foe, recalls and rallies the shattered School, that he may re-lead them to victory? The Phantom of a visionary dream! KIT NORTH HIMSELF—

“ In life’s morning march when his spirit
was young.”

And once on a day was that Figure—
Ours! Then like a chamois-hunter
of the Alps! Now, alas, like——

“ But be hush’d, my dark spirit—for wis-
dom condemns,

When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as a rock of the ocean that
stems

A thousand wild waves on the shore.
Through the perils of chance and the scowl
of disdain,

Let thy front be unalter’d, thy courage
elate;

*Yea! even the name we have worshipp’d in
vain*

Shall awake not a pang of remembrance
again;

To bear, is to conquer our fate!”

Half a century is annihilated as if it never had been—it is as if young Kit had become not old Kit—but were standing now as then front to front—with but a rood of trampled snow between them—before the Mad Dominie and Bob Howie—both the bravest of the brave in snow or stone-bicker—in street, lane, or muir-fight—hand to hand, or single-pitched with Black King Carey of the Gipsies—or in an irregular high-road row—two to twelve—with a gang of Irish horse-coupers from the fair of Glasgow returning by Portpatrick to Donaghadee. ’Tis a strange thing so distinctly to see one’s self as he looked of yore—to lose one’s present frail personal identity in that of the powerful past! Or rather to admire one’s self as he *was*, without consciousness of the mean vice of egoism, because of the pity almost bordering on contempt, with which one regards one’s self as he *is*, shrivelled up into a sort of shrimp of a man—or blown out into a flounder!

The Snow-Bicker owns an armis-

tice—and Kit North—that is, We of the Olden and the Golden Time—advance into the debateable ground between the two armies with a frozen branch in our hand as a flag of truce. The Mad Dominie loved us, because then-a-days—bating and barring the cock and the squint of his eye—we were like himself a Poet, and while a goose continued standing on one leg, could have composed one jolly act of a tragedy, or book of an epic, while Bob, God bless him, to guard us from scathe, would have risked his life against a whole craal of tinkers. With open arms they come forward to receive us—but our blood is up—and we are jealous of the honour of the School which has received a stain which must be wiped out in blood. Oh! from what mixed motives act boys and men in the deeds deemed most heroic, and worthy of the meed of everlasting fame! Even so is it now with us—when sternly looking at the other Six, and then respectfully eyeing the Mad Dominie, to speak of ourselves almost in the language of Shakspeare—

“ The Prince of Wales stepp’d out be-
fore the king,

And challenged either of them to single
fight;”

not at long bowls—but toe to toe at the scratch on the snow, with the naked mawlies—especially

“ Yon trembling coward who forsook his
master,”

the brawny boy with the red shock-head, the Craven with the carrots, who, by moonlight nights,

“ Round the stacks with the lasses at
bogles to play,”

had dared to stand between us and the Ladye of our Love. Off fly our jackets and stocks—it is not a day for buff—and at it like bull-dogs. Twice before had we fought him—at our own option—over the bonnet—for ’twas a sturdy villain, and famous for the cross-buttock. But now, after the first close, in which we lose the fall—with straight right-handers, we keep him at off-fighting—and lo! a gush of blood from his smeller. “ How do you like that, Ben?” Giving his head, with a mad rush, he makes a plunge with his heavy left—for he was kerr-handed—at our stomach.

But a dip of our right elbow caught the blow, to the loud admiration of Bob Howie—and even the Mad Dominie—the umpire—could not choose but smile. Like lightning, our left returns between the ogles—and Ben bites the snow. Three cheers from the school—and, lifted on the knee of his second, Jamie Wallace, since signalized at Waterloo, and now a Colonel of Horse—

“He grins horribly a ghastly smile,”

and is brought up staggering to the scratch. We know that we have him—and ask considerately, “what he means by winking?” And now we play around him,

“Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.”

He is brought down now to our own weight—then ten stone jimp—his eyes are momentarily getting more and more piglike—water-logged, like those of Queen Bleary, whose stone-image lies in the echoing aisle of the

old Abbey-church of Paisley—and, bat-blind, he hits past our head and body—like an awkward hand at the flail, when drunk, thrashing corn. Another hit on the smeller—and a stinger on the throat-apple—and down he sinks like a poppy—deaf to the call of time—and victory smiles upon us from the bright blue skies. “Hurra—hurra—hurra! Christopher for ever!” and perched aloft, astride on the shoulders of Bob Howie—He, the Invincible, gallops with us all over the field, followed by the shouting School, exulting that Ben the Bully has at last met with an overthrow. We exact an oath from him that he will never again meddle with Meg Whitelaw—shake hands cordially—and

“Off to some other game we all together
flew!”

And so ended the famous Snow-Bicker of Pedmount, now immortalized in our Prose-Poem.

FYTTE IV.

SOME men, it is sarcastically said, are boys all life-long, and carry with them their puerility to the grave. 'Twould be well for the world were there in it more of those

“Sound, healthy children of the God of heaven!”

By way of proving their manhood, we have heard grown-up people abuse their own boyhood—forgetting what our great philosophical poet has told them, that

“The boy is father of the man,”

and thus libelling the author of their existence. A poor boy indeed must he have been, who submitted to misery when the sun was new in heaven. Did he hate or despise the flowers around his feet, congratulating him on being young like themselves? The stars, young always, though heaven only knows how many million years old, every night sparkling in happiness which they manifestly wished him to share? Did he indeed in his heart believe that the moon, in spite of her shining midnight face, was made of green cheese? Or as Bloomfield said of Suffolk kibbock,

“Of three-times skimm'd sky-blue?”

Not only are the foundations dug and laid in boyhood, of all the knowledge and the feelings of our prime, but the ground-flat too built, and often the second story of the entire superstructure, from the windows of which, the soul looking out, beholds nature in her state, and leaps down, unafraid of a fall on the green or white bosom of earth, to join with hymns the front of the procession. The soul afterwards perfects her palace—building up tier after tier of all imaginable orders of architecture—till the shadowy roof, gleaming with golden cupolas, like the cloud-region of the setting sun, sets the heavens a-blaze.

Gaze up on the most glorious idea—gaze down on the most profound emotion—and you will know and feel in a moment that it is not a new birth. You become a devout believer in the Pythagorean and Platonic, and Wordsworthian doctrine of metempsychosis and reminiscence, and are awed by the mysterious consciousness of the thought “BEFORE!” Try then to fix the date of any high feeling, and back travels your soul, now groping its way in utter dark-

ness, and now in darkness visible—now launching along long lines of steady lustre, such as the moon throws on the broad bosoms of starry lakes—now arrayed in sudden contrast, and

“Blind with excess of light!”

But back let it travel as best or worst it may, through and amidst eras after eras of the wan or radiant past, yet never, never, except for some sweet instant of delusion breaking dew-drop-like at a touch, a breath—never, never during all that perilous pilgrimage—and perilous must it be, haunted by so many ghosts—may the soul reach or rest at the shrine it seeks—at the fountain from which first flowed that feeling whose origin seems to have been out of the world of time—dare we say—in eternity!

Read now Wordsworth's sublime Ode, “Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood,” and acknowledge—Thou who hast so foolishly scorned that Season so near the Sources—that there are “more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.” Study but this one stanza—and ever after let thy cradle—creaking and uncomfortable though it may have been to thy peevish self and all the household—ideally rock in the light of consecration.

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
And not in utter nakedness,
Nor in entire forgetfulness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Before the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it
flows—
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the
cast
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.”

But let us make our escape from the Eleusinian Mysteries of this esoteric creed—and present a plain practical exposition of exoteric doctrine to our pupils, the people—the

great run of the race. “Be ye educated all,” we cry, but that cry being interpreted, means, “Educate yourselves;” and that again signifies, “In whatever school you study, let the head master—we beg her pardon—the head mistress—be Nature! A man or woman may be taught many things out of primers when well-stricken in years. But there are far more things needful for them to know, beyond the communicating power of Brougham or Birkbeck. Oh! that life were so constituted in our land, that every human soul might have fair play in this world of trial! But alas! how many millions of them we call free are born—and bred—live and die—slaves! Here in this Island,

“Set like an emerald in the silver sea,”

hath slavery, and the slave-trade, established their strongholds. No day-denied diggers,

“Plunged deep down beneath the swarthy mine,”

are more hopelessly shut out from the “Sun's glad beams,” than are the melancholy millions whom we insult, by telling them that they are free, because, forsooth, Briton-born! Plutus is our God—and all his idolaters are at once tyrants and slaves. True—and thank God for it—the lash falls not here, on the bare back of the pauper—if he withhold his horny hands from crime. If he do not, then away with him to the Hulks—the Bermudas, or the Gallows. But a lash of scorpions is inflicted on his heart. The scourge of the mid-day sun smites him—the moon sees his wan face at work—and yet, the wretch—toil as he may, till he is sweated to the brink of death—starves mid a starving family—and is buried at the expense of the parish—a skeleton.

What an exaggerated picture!

“Methinks we hear some gentle spirit cry.”

Yes—it is exaggerated far beyond the truth—as a picture of the common condition of the common people. But not more so—not so much so—as the pictures of female negro-slaves, kneeling, with fettered legs and arms, under the cart-whip of Saracen-headed overseers. Both are

true—and both are false—true as individual pictures—alas! too many—false as general pictures of slavery, either in corn and cotton, or sugar and rum Islands. But *here* the misery is at our own doors—and within reach not only of our open eyes, but of our open hands—yet it groans and growls unheeded by those sensual sentimentalists that run in search of wretchedness that raves beyond seas, and turn aside—not that they may not trample upon—but that they may escape relieving him—the beggar perishing on the pavement, within a few steps of their own porch. And this is—Charity!

Under such a *system*, the political economist comes forward with his Manual of the Best Means of removing Misery—and let us for a moment notice his nostrums—let Christopher North, in his *Winter Rhapsody*, follow John Ramsay M'Culloch in his—and let the world decide to which Rhapsodist the greater portion of common sense belongs—whether in our poetical-prose, or his prose-prose, be embarked the richest freightage of truth.

“The weavers and other mechanics of Glasgow, Manchester, and Birmingham,” quoth our rhapsodizing sage, “possess infinitely more general and extended information than is possessed by the agricultural labourer of any county in the empire. And this is exactly what a more unprejudiced enquiry into the subject would have led us to anticipate. The various occupations in which the husbandman is made necessarily to engage, their constant liability to be affected by so variable a power as the weather, and the perpetual change in the appearance of the objects which daily meet his eyes, and with which he is conversant, occupy his attention, and render him a stranger to that ennui and desire for extrinsic and adventitious excitement which must ever be felt by those who are constantly engaged in burnishing the point of a pin, or in performing the same endless routine of precisely similar operations. This want of excitement cannot, however, be so cheaply or effectually gratified in any other way as it may be by cultivating—that is, by stimulating—the mental powers. The generality of workmen have no time for dissipa-

tion; and if they had, the wages of labour in all old-settled and densely peopled countries are too low, and the propensity to save and accumulate too powerful, to permit any very large proportion of them seeking to divert themselves by indulging in riot and excess. They are thus driven to seek for recreation in mental excitement; and the circumstances under which they are placed, afford them every possible facility for amusing and diverting themselves in this manner. By working together, they have constant opportunities of entering into conversation; and a small individual contribution enables them to obtain large supplies of newspapers, and of the cheaper kinds of periodical publications.”

This does not seem to us to be by any means an example of the successful application of Moral to Economical Science. The Rhapsodist attributes the mental inferiority of the agricultural labourer to the very causes which all other enquirers have agreed in considering of most beneficial influence on the moral and intellectual being of the peasant—to the various occupations in which he is engaged, under all varieties of weather—the perpetual change in the appearance of the objects which daily meet his eye—and all the alternations of employment which, throughout all the seasons of the year, enliven and diversify rural life. These, all other people we ever heard of, have agreed in thinking to be in themselves an innocent and salutary excitement; but the Rhapsodist laments that they leave the peasant a stranger to that far more beneficial *ENNUI and desire for extrinsic excitement* which is ever felt by those who are constantly engaged in burnishing the point of a pin! Why, worthy sir, if the feelings and thoughts—the moral and intellectual being of the peasant be awakened by his occupations—and who dare deny they are?—what better excitement would you, a Christian moralist and political economist, desire that he should enjoy? The business is already done to your hands by the hands of nature—and little or nothing left to be done by you or similar sages.

Ennui! Why, we had no notion that this fashionable complaint had become epidemic among the weavers

and other mechanics of Glasgow, Manchester, and Birmingham. How romantic a pensive cotton-spinner pining in ennui! The blue-devils plaguing the spinning-jenny and the power-loom, and moping in a pin-manufactory!

But our Rhapsodist could not have had all his wits about him when he represented his friends the weavers, and other mechanics, preyed upon by this moon-eyed demon. "By working together," quoth he, "they have constant opportunities of entering into conversation." Have they? How then, our good but inconsistent and self-contradicting sir, can *they* be subject to ennui, though "engaged in burnishing the point of a pin?" They must be all as joyous as larks—stored as their minds must be "by large supplies of newspapers, and of the cheaper kinds of periodical publications." Pray, sweet Rhapsodist, do explain to us how, and why, and wherefore, those extensively informed mechanics, all enjoying "constant opportunities of entering into conversation," should be the victims of ennui, and of the blue-devils?

But we ask our Rhapsodist, and surely one Rhapsodist may question another, without offence, on the common subject-matter of their Rhapsodies,—is the peasant less disposed to cultivate his mind by reading or conversation at his own fireside, after his day's darg in the field, than the artificer, or artisan, or mechanic of any kind, after his day's darg in his crowded workshop? Or, is he less capable—more incapacitated for then and there doing so? We should think not. Let them be held equally disposed and equally capable—and no sincere lover of his kind, or of truth, will wish more for the one than for the other—yet few will deny that the rural labourer has some advantage here in the comparative calm, in the quiet and seclusion, and in the old-established simplicity of the primeval life of man, of which the spirit has not yet altogether left our land, and of which may the traces, however faint in too many places, never be obliterated.

The character of the peasantry of Scotland can speak for itself—nobly and well—and some of its finest spirits have by their genius consecrated to every feeling and thinking heart,

their habits, their manners, their customs, their affections, their living abodes, and the graves in the kirk-yard, where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep!"

Scotland has yet just reason to be proud of her peasantry, who can understand and rejoice in the pictures of their own life, painted by Ramsay, Hogg, Cunningham, and Burns. Our Rhapsodist may care little or nothing for any of these things; what he desiderates in the Scotch peasant is "more general and extended information," such as is possessed by the mechanics of Glasgow, Manchester, and Birmingham; and from what sources—pray—is this kind of general and extended information of those mechanics derived? Our Rhapsodist has been so kind and considerate as to tell us, "from a large supply of newspapers, and of the cheaper kinds of periodical works!" Not much amiss in their way, perhaps, sometimes—but why may not the peasant too occasionally drink from the same pure and consecrated source? "A large supply," indeed, he can hardly hope for, either in solitary hut or social clachan—he desires it not—nor, in our poor opinion, would he be the better of it—but if whiggishly inclined, he can contrive regularly to see *The Scotsman*—now much more wholesome food for the poor man, be he mechanic or peasant, than it once was—and if he be a Tory—which we hope he is—then he may let the cheaper class of periodical works go to the dogs, and brighten his heart and his hearth with *Blackwood's Magazine*. But besides *Maga* and the *Scotsman*—who live like man and wife—that is like cat and dog—there are other works to be found in the "Peasant's Nest," which we fear may be too often looked for in vain in the dwellings of the mechanics of Glasgow, Manchester, and Birmingham, with all their more "general and extended information." Our peasants have their old songs and ballads that brighten up antiquity before their eyes—they have their fireside tales and traditions—they have histories, true or fabulous, or a mixture of truth and fable—no bad reading in its way—they have not seldom a few books of still more serious and

solemn import—What say you, Mr M'Culloch, to some volumes of sermons, odd or in sets—with other works on Theology or Divinity—perhaps natural as well as revealed—forming on the window-sole of the spence, or on the top of the chest of drawers in the gudeman's ain room, or haply in the awmery, safe from moth, fly, or spider, a small moral and religious library, which, when they have read it all through once, they may e'en read again;—and to crown all—and oftener read of old than all, they have

“The big Ha'-bible, aince their father's pride.”

It is no easy matter, we hold, to ascertain the comparative acuteness and intelligence of classes of men so very different from each other in all their habits, manners, and ways of life, as the mechanics of great manufacturing towns, and men employed in agriculture. We presume that in all things immediately appertaining to their own respective occupations, they are pretty much on a par; but the townsman will probably be more ready and communicative than the countryman, and more fluent in speech. Many things too, of a fleeting interest, he will know something about, probably not much—of which the other is entirely ignorant; and perhaps it may be said with truth, that his information is likely to be rather more miscellaneous. But can the *quantity* of mere knowledge possessed by the generality of weavers, or by the generality of rural labourers either, be very considerable? We suspect not. We must look, therefore, rather to the *quality*; and to us—we confess, though we speak if not hesitatingly, not dogmatically—the quality of the knowledge of the rural labourer seems to be, in general, the better of the two—for his, in general, is a knowledge more strictly appertaining to his own essential interests—his interests not as a labourer only, anxious, and properly anxious, about the rise or fall of wages, and thinking himself, not so properly, acquainted with the laws by which they are regulated, but as a human being with a heart and a soul that can overflow with rational happiness, when the implements of labour are laid aside for the night, and he may, for an hour or so before going

to bed, refresh himself with an hour's reading, an hour's thought, or an hour's conversation with his household. Mere information, such as an intellectual weaver may possess—however useful and honourable to him—cannot of itself constitute real worth; and we must find something else in him of far higher value, before we can speak proudly of his character. We must not, in our estimation of a man's worth, rate too highly his mere knowledge, however “general and extensive,” after the fashion of that of the more enlightened among the weavers and other mechanics of Glasgow, Manchester, or Birmingham. It is a tendency of the times to do so; and philanthropists seem now-a-days satisfied, if the lower orders be what is called tolerably intelligent, not looking into their hearts with a humane concern for that far better well-being, without which they may be good men in the market, but any thing but good men in their own houses—and seldom or never at church. This is not said with any view of disparaging plans for the Education of the People; for he who would deny education to any one of his brethren, would thereby shew that his own had been neglected or perverted; but it is said with the view of condemning as worthless—or worse than worthless—such education as our Rhapsodist eulogizes, one derived from “a large supply of newspapers, and the cheaper kinds of periodical works;” or if that be not his meaning, an education which, when “perfected,” induces the “weaver or other mechanic,” whom it has enlightened, to devote all his leisure hours to such sources of that “more general and extended information,” by which he is made so very inferior a being to the poor peasant who may rarely see but one newspaper, and that one not till it be as old at least as the full moon. Granting then, for a moment, to our Rhapsodist, that the “weavers and other mechanics of Glasgow, Manchester, and Birmingham,” are generally much more acute—which, now that the moment is gone, we beg leave most peremptorily to deny, and utterly to “reprobate the idea”—than the peasants of the Carse of Gowrie, or the shepherds of Tweddale—that acuteness would weigh little with us in our estimate of the

worth of their character; for such sort of acuteness is very often found to belong to men of little or no moral feeling, and of the most profligate habits. It is not a quality—however useful it may be—that of itself excites much respect; nor ought it, on any account, to be singled out as the quality by which we are to try; as by a test, even the intellectual—much less surely the moral characters—of different orders of men.

With regard to the general and extended information of the weavers and other mechanics of Glasgow, Manchester, and Birmingham, we confess ourselves somewhat sceptical. Very remarkable men sometimes appear among them; and generally speaking, their information is creditable to the class. But Scotland this day as of old—and we speak of Scotland, simply because we happened to be born and now live there—has many men among her rural population of a far higher and nobler stamp. Perhaps to the formation or upholding of such characters, a rural life is essential. Setting them out of the question—such peasants, shepherds, and herdsmen as would try the intellectual strength of both us Rhapsodists, and haply give us a fall—and whose moral and religious character is worthy not of admiration but reverence; the inhabitants of the country—in the northern part of our island—have hitherto been far better educated than those of any of the towns in Britain, and taking one with another, have been a higher order of human beings. The education that made them so, has never been of the kind eulogised by our Rhapsodist; for, by his own account, they have never had “a large supply of newspapers, and of the cheaper sort of periodical works.”

Our Rhapsodist, in speaking of human nature, speaks like an Oracle. We do not mean that he speaks as if he were inspired; but, sitting like a priest, on the stuffed leather of a tripod, in the penetralia of his own study-shrine, he thence, in a gruff voice, coughs forth responses, which, wise as they may look, are far indeed from setting at rest the General Question. Thus, our Oracular Rhapsodist declares that the mechanics in large towns are not permitted by the laws of human nature to divert themselves by indulging in

riot and excess. “The propensity to save and accumulate is too powerful!” That propensity, powerful as it is, it seems to us, who are no Sir Oracle, is often met by another as powerful, and

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!”—

We mean the propensity to spend and scatter. Many, it is true, are the close-fisted fellows among mechanics in large towns—absolute misers—who contrive to sneak through social life without ever paying their shot. Such scamps are generally sober—they have not the souls to get drunk. But treat them to blazes of blue ruin—and they make their first appearance, with distinguished success, in the character of David’s Sow. But how many open-handed lads there are, who are miserable till they have melted their wages—whether paid in paper or gold—into the curse of life! The common run of mechanics are neither misers nor spend-thrifts—but anxious, from the dictates of reason, to save and accumulate, and desirous, from the dictates of passion, to spend and scatter—and hence their mixed and melancholy life—its lights and shadows—one week drunk and another sober—for nature permits, nay, impels, her children to display inconsistencies of conduct that must often perplex our Rhapsodist, in his most dogged determination to see all men who live in large towns, in old-settled countries, not only unable, from low wages, to divert themselves, by indulging in riot and debauchery, but not permitted to do so, by “the powerful propensity to accumulate and save;” all setting their faces against every kind of intoxication, whether of women or wine; and by the saving grace of the “auri sacra fames,” (our Rhapsodist’s darling quotation from the Classics,) led past the temptation of the open doors of sin!

That mechanics, in great towns, in old-settled countries, have seldom wages high enough to enable or induce any great part of them to indulge in dissipation, we must, in spite of our Rhapsodist’s imperious dictum, say that nobody who knows any thing of the ruinous fluctuations incident to manufactures through commerce, can for a moment believe. That the majority are tolerably well-

behaved and sober, in ordinary times, we cheerfully grant; but a man must shut his eyes, and put cotton into his ears, who intends to walk the streets of a great manufacturing town, even by day—and if by night, he had better leave both his eyes and ears at home—without seeing and hearing the din and disorder of a wide-spread and profligate dissipation: Ennui itself—the plague it seems of unwashed artificers—although it possibly may make those who suffer under it, fly for relief to newspapers and the cheaper sort of periodical works—will far more frequently, we should opine, drive them to the gin-shop, or worse places—or to the druggists' shops—for we have heard that there are vulgar opium-eaters. But banishing Ennui to fashionable or genteel life—our Rhapsodist is a dreamer among men indeed, if he seriously believes that in old-settled countries, mechanics do not too often, and in miserable numbers—get drunk. His creed looks like the crotchet of some hare-brained rural sentimentalist, poetizing about towns, and not like an opinion adopted from reflection, observation, experience, and reason, by the Professor of Political Economy in the University of London.

Our Rhapsodist says by "*cultivating*, that is, *stimulating*—the mental powers." With what an air of grand simplicity he lets his dogmata drop from his lips, or trickle from his pen! You may *stimulate* a mechanic's or a peasant's mental powers by such reading as shall poison or kill his soul. You may stimulate them so as to impel him to burn stacks and break machinery—and thus elevate him to the gallows. Nor do we know any other kind of reading more likely to do so than that of "a large supply of newspapers, and the cheaper kinds of periodical works"—for they are not all like the tracts circulated by the Society for Useful and Entertaining Knowledge—and many of them are as inflammatory—as stimulative, as if edited by "*Swing*." Strong spirits stimulate—but they destroy—and cheap gin, bad as it is for soul and body, for the corporeal and for the mental powers, is not more so than the cheap paper-poison of the incendiary Press. "*Cultivating*, that is, *stimulating*!" and

this is the secret—of Education for the People!

To know what is the real character and condition either of the town or country population of this kingdom, we must look a little deeper into both than our Rhapsodist, and not content ourselves with such a very superficial survey. The condition of rural labourers is certainly more steadfast than that of manufacturing workmen; and therefore whatever good and useful qualities of mind, or habits of conduct, are naturally formed and fostered by such influences, will and must belong to the one rather than to the other. Such qualities and habits are of vast importance to the virtue and happiness of human beings; and therein the rural population certainly have the advantage. It is a blessing belonging to their condition, and breathing its influence over their whole life. Nor does it at all disprove the truth of this, that bad governments have it in their power to break in upon and disturb, and even, indeed, reverse this law. To such thwarting and counteracting causes all modes and conditions of life are alike subject; but we have spoken of what would happen, were the agency of natural laws not grievously nullified or worse, by the ignorance and folly of pretended science.

Finally, will our Rhapsodist doubt or deny, that in large towns and cities vice has its haunts and its strongholds? There is comparative innocence in the country. The human heart, indeed, is the same in a crowded lane and in a lonely valley; and it often remains the same—nay, the virtue of self-denial, and of "holding fast its integrity," and of turning away in stern disdain of pollution, is often witnessed—oftener it triumphs unwitnessed—in the corruption of a great city, than in the untainted air of rural life. Such conquests are great, and "verily they shall have their reward." But on the whole, is there not a lower tone of morality—more laxity of manners among the inhabitants of cities—high as well as low—but of the low alone we now speak—than among country people? A greater license in all things is allowed—one family is not such a check upon an-

other—that moral inquisition, which conscience herself establishes in the country, cannot be in cities—evil deeds can be concealed there, or lost in the crowd—and there is the infector and the contagion of the Plague of Evil.

Gentle and judicious reader! to the side of which Rhapsodist dost thou incline?

But let us away like a Flamingo to other scenes over the trackless snow.

What do you mean by original genius? By that fine line in the Pleasures of Hope—

“To muse on Nature with a poet’s eye?”

Why—genius—one kind of it at least—is transfusion of self into all outward things. The genius that does that—naturally, but novelly—is original—and now you know the meaning of one kind of original genius. Have we, then, Christopher North, that gift? Have you? Yea, both of Us. Our spirits animate the insensate earth, till she speaks, sings, smiles, laughs, weeps, sighs, groans, goes mad, and dies. Nothing easier, though perhaps it is wicked, than for original genius like ours, or yours, to drive the earth to distraction. We wave our wizard hand thus—and lo! list! she is insane. How she howls to heaven, and how the maddened heaven howls back her frenzy! Two dreadful maniacs raging apart, but in communion, in one vast bedlam! The drift-snow spins before the hurricane, hissing like a nest of serpents, let loose to torment the air. What fierce flakes! furies! as if all the wasps that ever stung had been revived, and were now careering part and parcel of the tempest. We are in a Highland Hut in the midst of mountains. But no land is to be seen any more than if we were in the middle of the sea. Yet a wan glare shews that the snowstorm is strangely shadowed by superincumbent cliffs; and though you cannot see, you *hear* the mountains. Rendings are going on, frequent, over your head—and all around the blind wilderness—the thunderous tumblings down of avalanches, mixed with the moanings, shriekings, and yellings of caves, as if spirits there were angry with the snow-drift choking up the fissures and chasms in the cliffs. Is that the creaking, and groaning,

and rocking, and tossing of old trees, afraid of being uprooted and flung into the spate?

“Red comes the river down, and loud and oft

The angry spirit of the water shrieks,

more fearful than at midnight in this nightlike day—whose meridian is a total sun eclipse. The river runs by, bloodlike, through the snow—and, short as is the reach you can see through the flaky gloom, that short reach shews that all his course must be terrible—more and more terrible—as, gathering his streams like a chieftain his clan—ere long he will sweep shieling, and hut, and hamlet to the sea, undermining rocks, cutting mounds asunder, and blowing up bridges that explode into the air with a roar like that of cannon. You sometimes think you hear thunder, though you know that cannot be—but sublimer than thunder is the nameless noise so like that of agonized life—that eddies far and wide around—high and huge above—fear all the while being at the bottom of your heart—an objectless, dim, dreary, undefinable fear, whose troubled presence—if any mortal feeling be so—is indeed sublime. Your imagination is troubled, and dreams of death, but of no single corpse, of no single grave. Nor fear you for yourself, for the Hut in which you enjoy the storm, is safer than the canopied cliff-calm of the eagle’s nest; but your spirit is convulsed from all its deepest and darkest foundations, as if by a soul-quake, and all that lay hidden there of the wild and wonderful, the pitiful and the strange, the terrible and pathetic, is now upturned in dim confusion, and imagination working among the secret treasures of the heart, creates out of them moods kindred and congenial with the hurricane, intensifying the madness of the heaven and the earth, till that which sees, and that which is seen, that which hears, and that which is heard, undergo alternate mutual transfiguration; and the blind Roaring Day—at once substance, shadow, and soul—is felt to be one with ourselves, and the blended whole, either the Live-Dead, or the Dead-Alive!

We are in a Highland Hut—if we called it a Shieling, we did so merely

because we love the sound of the word Shieling, and the image it at once brings to eye and ear—the rustling of leaves on a summer silvan bower, by simple art slightly changed from the form of the growth of nature, or the waving of fern on the turf-roof and turf-walls, all covered with wild-flowers and mosses, and moulded by one single season into a knoll-like beauty, beside its guardian birch-tree, insupportable to all evil spirits, but with its silvery stem and drooping tresses, dear to the Silent People that won in the land of peace. Truly this is not the sweet Shieling-season, when, far away from all other human dwellings, on the dip of some great mountain, quite at the head of a day's-journey-long glen, the young herdsman, haply all alone, without one single being with him that has the use of speech, liveth for months retired far from kirk and cross—Luath his sole companion—his sole care the pasturing flocks—and when their bleat is silent, the sole sounds he hears the croak of the raven on the cliff, or bark of the eagle in the sky! O sweet, solitary lot of lover! Haply in some oasis in the wilderness, some steadfast gleam of emerald light amid the hyacinthine-hue of the heather, that young herdsman hath pitched his tent, by one Good Spirit haunted morning, noon, and night, through all those sunny, moonlight, starry months,—the Orphan-girl, whom years ago her dying father gave into his arms—the old blind soldier—knowing that the boy would shield her innocence—when every blood-relation had been buried—now Orphan-girl no more, but sitting—growing there—like a lily at the Shieling porch, or singing sweeter than any bird—the happiest of all living things—her own dark-haired Ronald's Bride.

We are in a Highland Hut among a Highland Snow-storm—and all at once the dreams of fancy and imagination fade, and

“The still sad music of humanity”

is heard by the heart amidst the roar of the merciless hurricane. We remember the words of Burns—the peerless Peasant—and simple as they are, with what profound pathos are they charged!

“List’ning the doors an’ winnocks rattle,
I think me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O’ winter war,
And thro’ the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scaur!

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o’ spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o’ thee?
Whar wilt thou cow’r thy chittering wing,
An’ close thy ee?

Ev’n you on murdering errands toil’d,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stain’d roost, and sheep-cote
spoil’d,

My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.”

Burns is our Lowland bard—but poetry is poetry all over the world, when streamed from the life-blood of the human heart. So sang the Genius of inspired humanity in his tree-sheltered “auld clay-biggie,” in one of the vales of Coila, where gently swell the “banks and braes o’ bonny Doon;” and now our heart responds the strain, high up among the Celtic cliffs, central among a sea of mountains lurking hidden in a snow-storm that enshrouds the daylight. Aye—the one single door of this Hut—the one single “winnock,” does “rattle”—by fits—as the blast smites it, in spite of the white mound drifted hill-high all round the almost buried dwelling. Dim through the peat-reek cower the figures in tartan—fear has hushed the cry of the infant in the swinging cradle—and all the other imps are mute. But the household is thinner than usual at the meal-hour; and feet that loved to follow the red-deer along the bent, now fearless of pitfalls, have been, since the first lower of morning light, traversing the tempest. The shepherds, who sit all day long, when summer hues are shining, and summer flowerets blow, almost idle in their plaids, beneath the shadow of some rock watching their flocks feeding above, around, and below, now expose their bold breasts to all the perils of the pastoral life. This is our Arcadia—a realm of wrath—woe—danger, and death. Here are bred the men whose blood—when the bagpipe blew—

has been prodigally poured forth on a thousand shores. The limbs strung to giant-force by such snows as these, moving in line of battle within the shadow of the Pyramids,

"Brought from the dust the sound of liberty,"

while the Invincible standard was lowered before the heroes of the Old Black Watch, and victory out of the very heart of defeat arose on "that thrice-repeated cry" that quails all foes that madly rush against the banners of Albyn. The storm

"That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,"

and has frozen in his eyry the eagle's wing, driven the deer to the comb beneath the cliffs, and all night imprisoned the wild-cat in his cell, hand in hand, as is their wont when crossing a stream or flood, bands of Highlanders now face in its strongholds, all over the ranges of mountains, come it from the wrathful inland or the more wrathful sea.

"They think upon the ourie cattle
And silly sheep,"

and man's reason goes to the help of brute instinct—of them "whose life is hidden with God!"

How passing sweet is that second stanza, heard like a low hymn amidst the noise of the tempest! Let our hearts recite it—even once more!

"Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?"

Whar wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy ee?"

The whole earth is in a moment green again—trees whisper—stream-lets murmur—and the "merry month o' Spring" is musical through all her groves. But

"A change comes o'er the spirit of our dream,"

and in a moment we know that almost all those sweet-singers are now dead—or that they

"Cower the chittering wing,"

never more to flutter through the woodlands, and "close the ee" whose wild brightness, now dim, shall never more be re-illuminated with love, when the Season of Nests is at

hand, and bush, tree, and tower are again all a-twitter with the survivors of some gentler clime!

The poet's heart, humanized to utmost tenderness by the beauty of its own merciful thoughts, extends its forgetfulness—that is, its forgiveness—to all the poor beasts of prey. That, say we, is true Christian poetry, and then expressed in what powerful words!

"Ev'n you on murdering errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exiled!"

Each syllable tells—each stroke of the poet-painter's pencil depicts the life and sufferings of the poor beast of prey! And then, feeling that at such an hour all life is subject to one lot, how profound the pathos reflected back upon our own selves and our mortal condition, by these few simplest words—

"My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats!"

They go to help the "ourie cattle" and the "silly sheep;" but who knows that they are not *sent* on an errand of higher mercy, by Him whose ear has not been shut to the prayer almost frozen on the lips of them about to perish! A Tale of Truth and Tears, long forgotten, comes across our heart—long forgotten, though on the eve of that day on which the deliverance happened, so passionately did we all regard it, that we felt that interference providential—as if we had indeed seen the hand of God stretched down through the mist and snow from heaven! We all said that it would never all our lives long desert our memory. But all of us forgot it—and now, while the tempest howls, it seems again but of yesterday!

One family lived in Glen-Creran, and another in Glenco—the families of two brothers—seldom visiting each other on working-days, for their sheep mingled not on the hill; seldom meeting even on Sabbaths, for theirs was not the same parish-kirk; and seldom coming together on rural festivals or holidays, for in the Highlands now these are not so frequent as of yore; yet all these sweet seldoms, taken together, to loving hearts made a happy many, and thus, though each family passed its life in its own home—

felt wilderness, there were many invisible threads stretched out through the intermediate air, connecting the two dwellings together—even as the dew-gemmed gossamer keeps floating from one tree to another, each with its own secret nest. And nestlike both dwellings were. *That* in Glenco, built beneath a treeless but high-heathered rock—lown in all storms—with greensward and garden on a slope down to that rivulet, the clearest of the clear, (oh! once wofully reddened!) and *growing*—so it seems in the mosses of its own roof, and the huge stones that overshadow it—out of, and belonging to, the solid earth. *That* in Glencreran, more conspicuous, on a knoll among the pastoral meadows, midway between mountain and mountain, so that the grove which shelters it, except when the sun is shining in his meridian-tower, is darkened by both their shadows, and dark, indeed, even in the sunshine, for 'tis a low but wide-armed grove of old oaklike pines. A little farther down, and Glencreran is truly “a silvan scene” indeed; but this dwelling is the highest up of all, the first you descend upon, near the foot of that wild hanging staircase now between you and Glen-Etive, and, except this old oaklike grove of pines, there is not a tree, and hardly a bush, on bank or brae, pasture or hay-field, though these are kept, by many a rill, there mingling themselves into one stream, in a perpetual green lustre that seemeth “unborrowed from the sun,” and to be as native to the grass as its light is to the glow-worm. Such are the two Huts—for they are huts and no more—and you may see them still, if you know how to discover the beautiful sights of nature from descriptions treasured in your heart—and if the spirit of change, now nowhere at rest on the earth, not even in its most solitary places, have not swept violently from the scenes they beautified, the humble but hereditary dwellings that ought to be allowed, in the fulness of the quiet time, to relapse back into the bosom of nature, through insensible and unperceived decay.

These Huts belonged to brothers—and each had an only child—a son and a daughter—born on the same day—and now blooming on the verge

of youth. A year ago, and they were but mere children—but what wondrous growth of spirit and of the spirit's frame does nature, at that season of life, often present before our eyes, so that we almost see the very change going on between morn and morn, and feel that these objects of our affection are daily brought closer to ourselves, by their partaking daily more and more in all our most sacred thoughts, in our cares and in our duties, and in knowledge of the sorrows as well as the joys of our common lot. Thus had these cousins grown up before their parents' eyes, Flora Macdonald—a name hallowed of yore—the fairest, and Hamish, the brightest of all the living flowers in Glencreran and Glenco. It was now their sixteenth birth-day—and never had a winter sun smiled more serenely over a hush of snow. Flora, it had been agreed on, was to pass that day in Glencreran, and Hamish to meet her among the mountains, that he might bring her down the many precipitous passes to his parents' Hut. It was the middle of February, and the snow had lain for weeks with all its drifts unchanged, so calm had been the weather, and so continued the frost. At the same hour, known by horologe on the cliff touched by the finger of dawn, the happy creatures left each their own glen, and mile after mile of the smooth surface glided away past their feet, almost as the quiet water glides by the little boat that, in favouring breezes, walks merrily along the sea. And soon they met at the trysting-place—a bank of birch-trees, beneath a cliff that takes its name from the Eagles.

On their meeting, seemed not the whole wilderness to their souls and senses suddenly inspired with beauty and with joy? Insects unheard by them before hummed and glittered in the air—from tree-roots, where the snow was thin, little flowers, or herbs flowerlike, now for the first time were seen looking out as if alive—the trees themselves seemed budding as if it were already spring—and rare as, in that rocky region, are the birds of song, a faint trill for a moment touched their ear, and the flutter of a wing, telling them that somewhere near there was prepara-

tion for a nest. Deep down beneath the snow they listened to the tinkle of rills unreachd by the frost—and merry, thought they, was the music of these contented prisoners. Not Summer's self, in its deepest green, so beautiful had ever been to them before, as now the mild white of Winter; and when their eyes were lifted up to heaven, when had they ever seen before a sky of such perfect blue—a sun so gentle in its brightness, or altogether a week-day in any season, so like a Sabbath in its stillness, so like a holyday in its joy! Lovers were they—although as yet they knew it not—for from love only could have come such bliss as now was theirs—a bliss, that while it beautified, they felt came from and belonged to the eternal skies.

In that wilderness Flora sang all her old songs to those wild Gaelic airs that sound like the sighing of winds among fractured cliffs, or the branches of storm-tossed trees, when the subsiding tempest is about to let them rest. Monotonous music! but irresistible over the heart it has once awakened and enthralled, so sincere seems to be the mournfulness it breathes in its simplicity—a mournfulness brooding and feeding for ever and ever on the same note that is at once its natural expression and its sweetest aliment, of which the dreaming singer never wearied in her woe, while her heart all the time is haunted by all that is most piteous in memory, by the faces of the dead in their paleness returning to the shades of mortality, only that once more they may pour from their fixed eyes those strange showers of unaccountable tears!

How merry were they between those mournful airs! Oh how Flora trembled to see her lover's burning brow and flashing eyes, as he told her tales of great battles fought in foreign lands, far, far across the sea—tales which he had drunk in with greedy ears from the old heroes scattered all over Lochaber and Badenoch, on the brink of the grave still garrulous of blood!

"The sun sat high in his meridian tower,"

but time had not been with the youthful lovers, and the blessed beings believed that yet 'twas but a little

hour since beneath the Eagle Cliff they had met in the prime of the full-brightened morn!

The boy starts to his feet—and his keen eye looks along the ready rifle—for his sires had all been famous deer-stalkers, and the passion of the chase was hereditary in his blood. Lo! a deer from Dalness, dog-driven, or sullenly astray, slowly bearing his antlers up the glen, then stopping for a moment to snuff the air, and like lightning away—away! The rifle-shot rings dully from the scarce echoing snow-cliffs, and the animal leaps aloft, struck by a mortal but not sudden death-wound. Oh! for Fingal now to pull him down like a wolf—but labouring and lumbering heavily along, the snow spotted, as he bounds, with blood, the huge animal at last disappears round some rocks at the head of the glen. "Follow me, Flora!" the boy-hunter cries—and flinging down their plaids, they turn their bright faces to the mountain, and away up the long glen after the stricken deer. Fleet was the mountain-girl as an Oread—and Hamish, as he ever and anon looked back to wave her on, with pride admired the beauty of her lightsome motion as she bounded along the snow. Redder and redder grew that snow, and more heavily trampled, as they winded round the rocks—and, lo! the deer staggering up the mountain, not half a mile off, and there standing at bay, as if before his swimming eyes came a vision of Fingal, the terror of the forest, whose howl was known to all the echoes, and quailed the herd while their antlers were yet afar off! "Rest, Flora! rest! while I fly to him with my rifle—and shoot him through the heart!"

Up—up—up—far far far up the interminable glen, that kept winding and winding, round many a jutting promontory, and many a castled cliff, the red-deer kept dragging its gore-oozing bulk, sometimes almost within, and then, for some hundreds of yards, beyond rifle-shot, while the boy, maddened by the chase, pressed forwards, now all alone, nor any more looking behind for Flora, who had entirely disappeared; and thus he was hurried on for miles by the whirlwind of passion—till at last he struck the noble quarry, and down sank the antlers in the snow, while

the air was spurned by the convulsive beatings of feet. Then leapt Hamish upon the Red-deer like a beast of prey—and lifted up a look of triumph to the mountain tops.

Where is Flora? Her lover has forgotten her—and he is alone—nor knows it—in the wilderness—he and the Red-deer—an enormous animal—fast stiffening in the frost of death.

Some large flakes of snow are in the air—and they seem to waver and whirl, though, an hour ago, there was not a breath all over the region. Faster they fall and faster—the flakes are almost as large as leaves—and over-head, whence so suddenly has come that huge yellow cloud? “Flora, where are you? where are you, Flora?”—and from the huge hide the boy leaps up, and sees that no Flora is in the glen. But yonder is a moving speck far off upon the snow! ’Tis she—’tis she—and again Hamish turns his eyes upon the quarry, and the heart of the hunter burns within him like a new-stirred fire. Shrill as the eagle’s cry, disturbed in his eyry, he sends his voice down the glen—and Flora, with cheeks pale and bright by fits, is at last at his side. Panting and speechless she stands—and then dizzily sinks fainting on his breast. Her hair is ruffled by the wind that revives her, and her face all moistened by the snow-flakes, now not falling, but driven—for the day has undergone a dismal change, and all over the skies are now lowering savage symptoms of a fast-coming night-storm.

Bare is poor Flora’s head, and sorely drenched her hair—that an hour or two ago glittered in the sunshine. Her shivering frame misses now the warmth of the plaid which almost no cold can penetrate, and which had kept the vital current flowing freely in many a bitter blast. What would the miserable boy give now for the coverings lying far away, which, in his foolish passion, he flung down to chase that fatal deer! “Oh! Flora! if you would not fear to stay here by yourself—under the protection of God, who surely will not forsake you—soon will I go and come from the place where our plaids are lying; and under the shelter of the deer, we may be able to outlive the hurricane—you wrapt up in them

—and folded—O my dearest sister—in my arms!”—“I will go with you down the glen, Hamish!” and she left his breast—but, weak as a day-old lamb, tottered—and sank down among the snow. The cold—intense as if the air were ice—had chilled her very heart, after the heat of that long race; and it was manifest that here she must be for the night—to live or to die! And the night seemed already come, so full was the lift of snow; while the glimmer every moment became gloomier, as if the day was expiring long before its time. Howling at a distance down the glen was heard a sea-born tempest from the Linnhe-Loch, where now they both knew the tide was tumbling in, bringing with it sleet and snow blasts from afar; and from the opposite quarter of the sky an inland tempest was raging to meet it, while every lesser glen had its own uproar, so that on all hands they were environed with death.

“I will go—and, till I return, leave you with God.”—“Go, Hamish!” and he went and came—as if he had been endowed with the raven’s wings!

Miles away—and miles back had he flown—and an hour had not been with his going and his coming—but what a dreary wretchedness meanwhile had been hers! She feared that she was dying—that the cold snow-storm was killing her—and that she would never more see Hamish, to say to him a right last farewell. Soon as he was gone, all her courage had died. Alone, she feared death—and wept—and wept—and wept in the wilderness—thinking how hard it was for one so young thus miserably to die! He came—and her whole being was changed. Folded up in both the plaids—she felt as if she were in heaven. “Oh! kiss me—kiss me, Hamish—for thy love—great as it is—or never hadst thou travelled so the long snows for my sake—is not as my love—and you must never forget me, Hamish—when your poor Flora is dead!”

Religion with these two young creatures was as clear as the light of the Sabbath-day—and their belief in heaven just the same as in earth. The will of God they thought of just as they thought of their parents’ will—and the same was their loving

obedience to its decrees. If she was to die—supported now by the presence of her brother—Flora was utterly resigned; if she were to live, her heart imaged to itself the very forms of her worshipping gratitude! But all at once she closed her eyes—spake not—breathed not—and, as the tempest howled and rumbled in the gloom that fell around them like blindness, Hamish almost fell down, thinking that she was dead!

“Wretched sinner that I am!—my wicked madness brought her here to die of cold in the snow!” And he smote his heart—and tore his hair—and feared to look up, lest the angry eye of God were looking on him through the storm.

All at once, without speaking a word, Hamish lifted Flora in his arms, and walked away up the glen—here almost narrowed into a pass. Distraction gave him supernatural strength, and her weight seemed that of an infant. Some walls of what had once been a house, he had suddenly remembered, were but a short way off—whether or not they had any roof, he had forgotten; but the thought even of such shelter seemed a thought of salvation. There it was—a snow-drift at the opening that had once been a door—snow up to the holes once windows—the wood of the roof had been carried off for fuel, and the snow-flakes were falling in, as if they would soon fill up the inside of the ruin! The snow in front was all trampled as if by sheep; and carrying in his burden under the low lintel, lo! the place was filled with a flock that had foreknown the hurricane, and all huddled together, looked on him as on the shepherd come to see how they were faring in the storm.

And a young shepherd he was, with a lamb apparently dying in his arms. All colour—all motion—all breath seemed to be gone—and yet something convinced his heart that she was yet alive. The ruined hut was roofless, but across an angle of the walls, some pine-branches had been flung as a sort of shelter for the sheep or cattle that might repair thither in cruel weather—some pine-branches left by the wood-cutters, who had felled the few trees that once stood at the very head of the glen. Into that corner the snow-

drift had not forced its way, and he sat down there with Flora in the cherishing of his embrace, hoping that the warmth of his distracted heart might be felt by her who was as cold as a corpse. The chill air was somewhat softened by the breath of the huddled flock, and the edge of the cutting wind blunted by the stones. It was a place in which it seemed possible that she might revive—miserable as it was with mire-mixed snow—and almost cold as one supposes the grave. And she did revive—and under the half-open lids the dim blue appeared to be not yet life-deserted. It was yet but the afternoon—nightlike though it was—and he thought, as he breathed upon her lips, that a faint red returned, and that they felt his kisses poured over them to drive death away.

“Oh! father, go seek for Hamish, for I dreamt to-night he was perishing in the snow!”—“Flora, fear not, God is with us.”—“Wild swans, they say, are come to Loch-Phoil—let us go, Hamish, and see them—but no rifle—for why kill creatures said to be so beautiful?” Over them where they lay, bended down the pine-branch roof, as if it would give way beneath the increasing weight of snow;—but there it still hung—though the drift came over their feet and up to their knees, and seemed stealing upwards to be their shroud. “Oh! I am overcome with drowsiness, and fain would be allowed to sleep. Who is disturbing me—and what noise is this in our house?”—“Fear not—fear not, Flora—God is with us.”—“Mother! am I lying in your bosom? My father surely is not out in the storm! Oh! I have had a most dreadful dream!” and with such mutterings as these, Flora relapsed again into that perilous sleep—which soon becomes that of death.

Night itself came—but Flora and Hamish knew it not—and both lay now motionless in one snow-shroud. Many passions—though earthborn, all divine—pity, and grief, and love, and hope, and at last despair—had prostrated the strength they had so long supported—and the brave boy—who had been for some time feeble as a very child after a fever—with a mind confused and wandering, and in its perplexities, sore afraid of some

nameless ill, had submitted to lay down his head beside his Flora's, and soon became like her insensible to the night and all its storms!

Bright was the peat-fire in the hut of Flora's parents in Glenco—and they were among the happiest of the humbly happy, blessing this the birth-day of their blameless child. They thought of her singing her sweet songs by the fireside of the hut in Glencreran—and tender thoughts of her cousin Hamish were with them in their prayers. No warning came to their ears in the sigh or the howl; for Fear it is that creates its own ghosts, and all its own ghostlike visitings, and they had seen their Flora in the meekness of the morning, setting forth on her way over the quiet mountains, like a fawn to play. Sometimes, too, Love, that starts at shadows, as if they were of the grave, is strangely insensible to things that might well strike it with dismay. So was it now with the dwellers in the hut at the head of Glencreran. Their Hamish had left them in the morning—night had come, and he and Flora were not there—but the day had been almost like a summer-day, and they in their infatuation never doubted that the happy creatures had changed their minds, and that Flora had returned with him to Glenco. Hamish had laughingly said, that haply he might surprise the people in that glen by bringing back to them Flora on her birth-day—and, strange though it afterwards seemed to her to be, that belief prevented one single fear from touching the mother's heart, and she and her husband that night lay down in sleep unhaunted by any woful dream!

What could have been done for them, had they been told by some good or evil spirit, that their children were in the clutches of such a night? As well seek for a single bark in the middle of the misty main! But the inland storm had been seen brewing among the mountains round King's-House, and hut had communicated with hut, though far apart, in that wilderness where the traveller sees no symptoms of human life. Down through the long cliff-pass of Mealan-umy, between Buchael-Etive and the Black-Mount, towards the lone House of Dalness that lives in everlasting

shadows, went a band of shepherds, trampling their way across a hundred frozen streams. Dalness joined its strength—and then away over the drift-bridged chasms toiled that Gathering, with their sheep-dogs scouring the loose snows—in the van, Fingal, the Red Reaver, with his head aloft, on the look-out for deer, grimly eying the Correi where last he tasted blood. All “plaided in their tartan array,” these shepherds laughed at the storm—and hark! you hear the bagpipe play—the music the Highlanders love both in war and in peace.

“They think then of the ourie cattle,
And silly sheep;”

and though they ken 'twill be a moonless night—for the snow-storm will sweep her out of heaven—up the mountain and down the glen they go, marking where flock and herd have betaken themselves, and now, at nightfall, unafraid of that blind hollow, they descend into the depth where once stood the old Grove of Pines. Following the dogs, who know their duties in their instinct, the band, without seeing it, are now close to that ruined hut. Why bark the sheep-dogs so—and why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He scents the dead body of the boy who so often had shouted him on in the forest, when the antlers went by! Not dead—nor dead she who is on his bosom! Yet life in both is frozen—and will the iced blood in their veins ever again be thawed? Almost pitch-dark is the roofless ruin—and the frightened sheep know not what is the terrible Shape that is howling there. But a man enters, and lifts up one of the bodies, giving it into the arms of them at the door-way—and then lifts up the other; and by the flash of a rifle, they see that it is Hamish and Flora Macdonald, seemingly both frozen to death! Some of those reeds that the shepherds burn in their huts are kindled, and in that small light they are assured that such are the corpses. But that noble dog knows that death is not there—and licks the face of Hamish, as if he would restore life to his eyes! Two of the shepherds know well how to fold the dying in their plaids—how gentlest to carry them along; for they had learnt it on

the field of victorious battle, when, without stumbling over the dead and wounded, they bore away the shattered body—yet living—of the youthful warrior, who had shewn that of such a Clan he was worthy to be the Chief.

The storm was with them all the way down the glen—nor could they have heard each other's voices had they spoke—but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hand to hand—thinking of the Hut in Glenco, and of what would be felt there on their arrival with the dying or dead. Blind people walk through what to them is the night of crowded day-streets—unpausing turn round corners—unhesitatingly plunge down steep stairs—wind their way fearless through whirlwinds of life—and reach in their serenity, each one unharmed, his own obscure house. For God is with the blind. So is he with all who walk on works of mercy. This saving band had no fear—and therefore there was no danger—on the edge of the pitfall or the cliff. They knew the countenances of the mountains shewn momentarily—by ghastly gleamings—through the fitful night and the hollow sound of each particular stream beneath the snow—at places where in other weather there was a pool or a waterfall. The dip of the hills—in spite of the drifts—familiar to their feet, did not deceive them now; and then, the dogs in their instinct were guides that erred not, and as well as the shepherds knew it themselves, did Fingal know that they were anxious to reach Glenco. He led the way—as if he were in moonlight; and often stood still when they were shifting their burden, and whined as if in grief. He knew where the bridges were—stones or logs; and he rounded the marshes where at springs the wild-fowls feed. And thus Instinct, and Reason, and Faith conducted the saving band along—and now they are at Glenco—and at the door of the Hut!

To life were brought the dead—and there at midnight sat they up like ghosts. Strange seemed they—for a while—to each other's eyes—and at each other they looked as if they had forgotten how dearly once they loved! Then as if in holy fear they gazed on each other's faces, thinking that they had awoke together in heaven. "Flora!" said Ha-

lish—and that sweet word, the first he had been able to speak, reminded him of all that had passed, and he knew that the God in whom they had put their trust had sent them deliverance. Flora, too, knew her parents, who were on their knees—and she strove to rise up and kneel down beside them—but powerless was she as a broken reed—and when she thought to join with them in thanksgiving—her voice was gone. Still as death sat all those simple shepherds in the hut—and one or two who were fathers were not ashamed to weep. * * * * *

Who were they—the solitary pair—all alone by themselves save a small image of her on whose breast it hung—whom—seven summers after—we came upon in our wanderings, before their shieling in Correi-Vollach at the foot of Ben Chrulas who sees his shadow in a hundred lochs? Who but Hamish and Flora! sitting on the greensward.

* * * * *
Nay, dry up—daughter of our soul! Dry up thy tears! and lo! a vision set before thine eyes that shall fill them with unmoistened light.

Start not back, nor let the soul within thee be afraid. Oft before have those woods and waters—those clouds and mountains—that sun and sky, held thy spirit in Elysium,—thy spirit, that then was disembodied, and living in the beauty and the glory of the elements. 'Tis WINDERMERE—WINDERMERE! Never canst thou have forgotten the imperishable beauty of those more than fortunate—those thrice-blessed Isles! But when last we saw them within the still heaven of thy smiling eyes, summer suns had overloaded them with beauty, and they stooped their flowers and foliage down to the blushing—the burning deep, that glowed in its transparency with other Druid groves as gorgeous as themselves, the whole mingling mass of reality and of shadow forming one undistinguishable creation. But now, lo! Windermere in Winter! All leafless now the groves that girdled her, as if shifting rainbows were in love perpetually letting fall their colours on the Queen of Lakes. Gone are her banks of emerald, that carried our calm gazings with them, sloping away back into the cerulean sky. Her mountains,

shadowy in sunshine, and seeming restless as seas, where are they?—And the cloud-cleaving cliffs that shot up into the blue region where the buzzard sailed? All gone. But mourn not for that loss. Accustom thine eye—and through it thy soul, to that transcendent substitution, and deeply will they be reconciled. Sawest thou ever the bosom of the Lake hushed into profounder rest? No white-winged pinnace glides through the sunshine—no clanking oar is heard leaving or approaching cape, point, or bay—no music of voice, stop, or string wakens the sleeping echoes. How strangely dim and confused on the water the fantastic frost-work imagery, yet more steadfastly hanging there than ever hung the summer banks when all the heavens were still as the breath of a sleeping child! For all one sheet of ice now—clear as the Glass of Glamoury in which that Lord of old beheld his Geraldine—is Windermere, the heaven-loving and the heaven-beloved. Not a wavelet murmurs in all her bays, from the silvan Brathay to where the southern straits narrow into a river, now chained, too, on his silvan course, towards that perilous Estuary afar off raging on its wreck-strewn sands. The frost came after the last fall of snow—and not a single flake ever touched that surface; and now, that you are contented to miss—or rather no longer miss—the green twinkling of the large July leaves, does not imagination love those motionless frozen forests, cold but not dead, serene but not sullen, and inspirative in the strangeness of their appareling wild and dreamy thoughts and feelings about the scenery of foreign climes, far, far away among the regions of the North, where Nature works her wonders aloof from human eyes, and that wild architect the Frost, during the absence of the sun, employs his long nights in building and dissolving his ice-palaces, magnificent far beyond the reach of any power set to work at the bidding of earth's crowned and sceptered kings? All at once a hundred houses, high up among the hills, seem on fire. The setting sun has smitten them, and the snow-tracts are illuminated by harmless conflagrations. Their windows are

all lighted up by a lurid and ghastly splendour, in its strong suddenness sublime. But look—look, we beseech you, at the sun—the sunset—the sunset region—and all that kindred and corresponding heaven effulgent, where even now lay in its cold glitter the blue bosom of the frozen lake. Who knows the laws of light and the perpetual miracle of their operation? God, not thou. The snow-mountains are white no more, but gorgeous in their colouring as the clouds. Lo! Pavy-Ark—magnificent range of cliffs—seeming to come forward, while you gaze—how it glows with a rosy light, as if a flush of flowers decked the precipice in that ineffably delicate splendour! Langdale-Pikes, methinks, are tinged with faintest, finest purple—and the thought of violets is with us as we gaze on the slight tinted beauty of the bosom of the mountains dearest to the setting sun. But that long broad slip of orange-coloured sky is yellowing with its reflection almost all the rest of our Alps—all but yon stranger—the summit of some mountain base, belonging to another region—ay—the Great Gabel—silent now as sleep—when last we clomb his cliffs, thundering in the mists of all his cataracts. In his shroud he stands like a ghost—pallid and colourless;—beyond the reach of the setting sun he lowers in his exclusion from the rejoicing light—and imagination, personifying his solitary vastness into forsaken life, pities the doom of the forlorn Giant. Ha! just as the eye of day is about to shut, one smile seems sent afar to that lonesome mountain, and a crown of crimson encompasses his forehead.

On which of the two sunsets art thou now gazing? Thou who art to our old loving eyes so like the “mountain nymph, sweet Liberty?” On the sunset in the heaven—or the sunset in the lake? The divine truth is—O Daughter of our Age—that both sunsets are but visions of our own immortal spirits, creative in their immortality. Lo both are gone from the outward world—and nought remains behind but a forbidding frown of the cold bleak snow! But imperishable in thy imagination will be the sunset that owed all its beauty to the beauty of thine own soul—and though

it will sometimes fade away into oblivion—say rather retire into the recesses of thy memory, and lie there among the unsuspected treasures of forgotten imagery that have been unconsciously accumulating there since first those gentle eyes of thine had perfect vision given to their depths of blue—yet, mysteriously brought back from vanishment by some one single silent thought, to which power has been yielded over that bright portion of the Past, will that sunset sometimes re-appear to thee in solitude—or haply when in the very heart of life. And then surely a few tears will fall for sake of him by whose side thou stoodest, when first that double sunset, confusing Windermere with heaven, enlarged thy sense of beauty, and capacities of joy, and made thee—in thy father's eyes—the sweetest—best—and brightest poetess—whose whole life is musical inspiration—ode, elegy, and hymn, sung not in words but in looks—sigh-breathed, or speechlessly distilled in tears!

So much, though but little, for the beautiful—with, perhaps, a tinge of the sublime. Are the two emotions different and distinct—think ye—or modifications of one and the same? 'Tis a puzzling question—and we, the Sphinx, might wait till doomsday, before you, Œdipus, could solve the enigma. Certainly a Rose is one thing and Mount Ætna is another—an antelope and an elephant—an insect and a man-of-war, both sailing in the sun—a little lucid well, in which the fairies bathe, and the Greenland Sea, in which Leviathan is “wallowing unwieldy, enormous in his gait”—the jewelled finger of a virgin bride, and grim Saturn with his ring—the upward eye of a kneeling saint, and a comet, “that from his horrid hair shakes pestilence and war.” But let the rose bloom on the mouldering ruins of the palace of some great king—among the temples of Balbec or Syrian Tadmor—and in its beauty, methinks, 'twill be also sublime. See the antelope bounding across a raging chasm—up among the region of eternal snows on Mont Blanc—and deny it, if you please—for assuredly we think that there is sublimity in the fearless flight of that beautiful creature, to whom nature grudged not wings, but gave, instead, the

power of plumes to her small delicate limbs, unfractured by alighting among the pointed rocks. All alone, by your single solitary self, in some wide, lifeless desert, could you deny sublimity to the unlooked-for hum of the tiniest insect, or to the sudden shiver of the beauty of his gauze-wings? Not you, indeed. Stooping down to quench your thirst in that little lucid well where the fairies bathe, what if you saw the image of the evening star shining in some strange subterranean world? We shrewdly suspect that you would hold in your breath, and swear devoutly that it was sublime. Dead on the very evening of her marriage day is that virgin bride whose delicate hands were so beautiful—and as she lies in her white wedding garments that serve for a shroud—that emblem of eternity and of eternal love—the ring upon her finger—with its encased star shining brightly still now that her eyes, once stars, are closed—would, methinks, be sublime to all Christian hearts. In comparison with all these beautiful sublimities, Mount Ætna, the elephant, the man-of-war, Leviathan swimming the ocean-stream, Saturn with his ring, and with his horrid hair the comet—would be all less than nothings! Therefore beauty and sublimity are twin-feelings of the soul—one and the same birth of imagination—throughout all life inseparable—as you or any man may know—if you still doubt it—by becoming a fire-worshipper—and singing your morning and evening orisons to the rising and the setting sun.

But we have heard it whispered that we are no metaphysicians—and though we cannot say that

“The wicked whisper came, and made
Our hearts as dry as dust;”

yet as the metaphysics of most other men are indeed drier than the baked dust of the Great Desert when driven by sirocco or simoom into the eyes and noses of pilgrims journeying to Mecca, we are off and away out of our Winter Rhapsody—and beg to conclude Fytte IV. (shall there be Fyttes V. and VI.?—Speak and it shall be done) with some delightful Stanzas, this instant—what a pleasant coincidence!—put into our hands by Beelzebub—Start not—'tis but a

Printer's Devil—who caught the paws, put him into too great a fright
 Postman at our street-door—and ha- to remember to ask the postage.
 ving snatched the letter out of his

THE WINTER WILD.

BY DELTA.

I.

How sudden hath the snow come down !
 Last night the new moon shew'd her horn,
 And, o'er December's moorland brown,
 Rain on the breeze's wing was borne ;
 But, when I ope my shutters, lo !
 Old Earth hath changed her garb again,
 And, with its fleecy whitening, Snow
 O'ermantles hill, and cumbers plain.

II.

Bright Snow, pure Snow, I love thee well,
 Thou art a friend of ancient days ;
 Whene'er mine eyes upon thee dwell,
 Long-buried thoughts 'tis thine to raise ;—
 Far—to remotest infancy—
 My pensive mind thou hurriest back,
 When first, pure blossoms of the sky,
 I watch'd to earth your mazy track—

III.

And upward look'd, with wondering eyes,
 To see the heavens with motion teem,
 And butterflies, a thousand ways,
 Down flaking in an endless stream ;
 The roofs around all clothed with white,
 And leafless trees with feathery claws,
 And horses black with drapery bright,—
 Oh, what a glorious sight it was !

IV.

Each season had its joys in store,
 From out whose treasury boyhood chose :
 What though blue Summer's reign was o'er,
 Had Winter not his storms and snows ?
 The Giant then aloft was piled,
 And balls in mimic war were toss'd,
 And thumps dealt round in trickery wild,
 As felt the passer, to his cost.

V.

The wintry day was as a spell
 Unto the spirit—'twas delight
 To note its varying aspects well,
 From dawn to noon, from noon to night,
 Pale morning on the hills afar,—
 The low sun's ineffectual gleam,—
 The twinkling of the Evening Star
 Reflected in the frozen stream :

VI.

And when the silver moon shone forth
 O'er lands and lakes, in white array'd,
 And dancing in the stormy North
 The red electric streamers play'd ;

'Twas ecstasy, 'neath tinkling trees,
 All low-born thoughts and cares exiled,
 To listen to the Polar breeze,
 And look upon "the winter wild."

VII.

Hollo! make way along the line:—
 Hark how the peasant scuds along,—
 His iron heels, in concord fine,
 Brattling afar their under-song:
 And see, that urchin, ho-ieroe!
 His truant legs they sink from under,
 And to the quaking sheet below,
 Down thwacks he, with a thud like thunder!

VIII.

The skater there, with motion nice,
 In semicirque and graceful wheel,
 Chalks out upon the dark clear ice
 His chart of voyage with his heel;
 Now skimming underneath the boughs,—
 Amid the crowd now gliding lone,—
 Where down the rink the curler throws,
 With dext'rous arm, his booming stone.

IX.

Behold! upon the lapsing stream
 The frost-work of the night appears,—
 Beleaguer'd castles, round which gleam
 A thousand glittering crystal spears;
 Here galleys sail of shape grotesque;
 There hills o'erspread with palmy trees;
 And, mix'd with temples Arabesque,—
 Bridges and pillar'd towers Chinese.

X.

Ever doth Winter bring to me
 Deep reminiscence of the past:
 The opening flower, and leafing tree,—
 The sky without a cloud o'ercast,—
 Themselves of beauty speak, and throw
 A gleam of present joy around,
 But, at each silent fall of snow,
 The heart to boyhood's pulses bound—

XI.

To boyhood turns reflection back,
 With mournful pleasure to behold
 Life's early morn, the sunny track
 Of feet, now mingled with the mould:
 Where are the playmates of those years?
 Hills rise and oceans roll between:
 We call—but scarcely one appears—
 No more shall be what once hath been.

XII.

Yes! gazing o'er the bleak, green sea,
 The snow-clad peaks and desert plain,
 Mirror'd in thought, methinks to me
 The spectral Past comes back again:
 Once more in Retrospection's eyes,
 As 'twere to second life restored,
 The perish'd and the past arise,
 The early lost, and long deplored!

PARLIAMENTARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

No. II.

THE numerous matters important to the public interest, submitted to the consideration of Parliament during the last ten days previous to the Christmas Recess, leave us but little room in our review for prefatory comment. These are serious times, in which a plain, straight-forward, practical view of what our legislature is doing, becomes highly important to almost every man of every station; it seems as if the time were not far distant, when our private men may be forced by the extraordinary complexion of affairs, to take a more decisive attitude with regard to politics than they have hitherto done, and nothing can be more useful in such a case than a clear and vigorous comprehension of the things actually said and done at the fountain-head of government. It is a certain truth, that men ignorantly cry out, "Reform," without knowing what it is they would reform, and suffer their minds to run riot in theoretical fancies, while the practical business of the country is hastily glanced at as a something for the conversation of the day, and then forgotten. We wish, then, to fasten men's attention upon what the Parliament is about; not by a mere dry chronicle of their proceedings, but by a fair off-hand telling of the story in our own fashion, accompanied by such commentaries of our own, as may seem necessary to give further information on the subjects noticed, to expose absurdity and quackery, to maintain sound British principles, and, in short, to make the honest truth apparent, to the best of our ability. We, of course, do not pretend to notice everything that takes place in Parliament; to do this would require a Double Number in every month during the sitting of the Houses; and we would not that the thrilling delight, which the public receives by the occasional duplication of Maga's charms, should pall upon the sense by such frequent repetition. Our topics, if not strictly original, will be select, and we shall not cause our light to shine upon

the mere dross and chaff of Parliamentary discussion.

Now to our task. In the last Number we took leave of the House of Lords on the 14th of December, and made our retiring bow to the Bishop of London. We now turn to the House of Commons of the same evening, and find the corruption of the electors of the borough of Evesham under discussion, to the considerable discomfort of our reforming Ministers, whose particular convenience it would have been to let a new writ go forth, and a new election be had for this place, with the usual accompaniment of bribery and corruption. To Lord Chandos the merit is due of stopping this piece of ministerial *expediency*, and he gave notice of a motion for a *supersedeas* on the writ, which we shall notice in its proper place. This matter was followed by a conversation respecting the Stamford petition, complaining of the undue interference of the Marquess of Exeter at the last election, which Mr Tennyson had given notice to present that evening. Mr Maberly, whom, were we a Marquess, we should consider rather a strange political godfather to adopt, appeared for the noble lord, and condescended to say, that he, John Maberly, would be "infinitely obliged" to Mr Tennyson to postpone the presentation of the petition. All this matter had of course been arranged beforehand by the parties, and the present was merely a scene got up for the public satisfaction. Mr Tennyson took occasion briefly to compliment himself and the petitioners; to describe the charges in the petition as involving a breach of the privileges of the House, and a violation of the constitutional liberties of the people; yet, "hoping that Mr Maberly's request might, in some degree, have been prompted by a conviction on his part, of a probability that the noble Marquess might, before the period for presenting the petition should arrive, consent to withdraw the discharges served upon his tenants, who did not vote at the last election agreeably to

his wishes," he withdrew the petition until after Christmas; and, in fact, the understanding of the House was, that the Marquess gave in to his refractory tenants, and that the petition was abandoned altogether. This Mr Tennyson, be it remembered, is the *public-spirited* gentleman who was affected with such patriotic indignation at the corruption of East Retford, because he was sure of becoming member for Birmingham, if, as he hoped, he should succeed in transferring the franchise to that town. Now, his zeal burns for Stamford, and the violated constitutional liberties of the people; and on what condition does he abandon this high charge against a peer of England,—this accusation of a violation of the people's liberties? Why this—that the peer in question will not turn out of doors some of his tenants in Stamford who have betrayed him, and broken their implied promises. The simple facts are these—in many of the English boroughs the right of voting belongs to the occupancy of houses within the borough. Persons of wealth,—peers or commoners,—purchase the property in these houses, and then allow tenants to occupy them at a nominal rent, whose votes, when they are required, are understood to be the equivalent for the house that covers them.

But these men, who are thus mean and base enough to be bribed by anticipation, take it into their heads, by and by, that they are to have their bribe and their independence both—vote against the man whose house they use without paying for it, and then, when he proceeds to kick them out, as turnspits that run backward instead of forward, with the wheel to which they are tied for their master's convenience, they raise a loud cry about tyranny and violated public liberty, and get such men as Mr Tennyson and Sergeant Wilde to be their champions. This is the real state of the case at Newark and at Stamford, and it is not when the patrons of these places are turning the worthless people out, that they should be complained of, but while they keep them in, and while they use such vile instruments to procure returns of members to the House of Commons. This is the real violation of public liberty, wherein paltry

slaves are fee'd for base subserviency, and when, in the end, they forget themselves and are turned out, it is but a too tardy punishment. Lord Exeter, it seems, has been frightened into giving way to a part of his regiment of rogues who have mutinied. He will find his reward in the desertion of another batch of them upon the first convenient opportunity. This special jobber in reform, Mr Tennyson, has got a place in the Ordnance, because places in that department were going a-begging to any one who could command a seat in Parliament. We should like to hear Lord Grey explain what were the qualifications which moved him to this appointment.

Following the conversation on the Stamford petition, there was a brief discussion on the bringing up of the petition of the city of London, for a repeal of the duty on sea-borne coals. The whole amount of this duty was stated to be eight hundred thousand pounds, of which one-half is paid by the inhabitants of London. A tax in every way more impolitic, more injurious to the productive industry of the country, more grindingly oppressive to the poor, than this coal-tax, does not exist. If coals were the production of France or Russia, and not of England, the free-trade gentlemen would, no doubt, have long ere this thundered forth their opinions of its enormity, with all the enthusiasm of political philosophers and cosmopolitan philanthropists. But coals are the produce of our own soil, and therefore unworthy of the notice of these men of "enlarged views." It is perfectly monstrous, that a commodity of this kind, the cost of which enters into the price of almost every manufacture, and which, in a climate like ours, is as necessary to the comfortable existence of the poor as food itself, should be heavily taxed to those who are obliged to obtain it by sea, and should continue to be taxed, while the duties on foreign luxuries are diminished or taken away. There seems to be a mental blindness, which is not inaptly termed "The free-trade insanity," in our policy with regard to customs duties, which is at once amazing and pitiable to behold in a country like this, of which the greatness so much depends upon a whole-

some policy in the administration of the affairs of trade. We take off the duty from Russian tallow, and we keep on the duty on English coals—What palpable madness! By increasing the import of tallow from Russia, we, no doubt, increase the export to that country of our goods, or perhaps our gold; but at the same time we discourage our own produce of tallow, and thus almost wholly annihilate a very important profit of the cattle farmer. By taking off the coal-duty, we would immediately increase the consumption, and cheapen the innumerable articles in the manufacture and carriage of which coals are used—we would greatly add to the comfort of the poor, by enabling them to increase the quantity of their fuel, and by affording an additional demand for labour at the collieries, which again would lead to a greater consumption of excisable articles. Thus in every way there would be an advantage, and no corresponding disadvantage, except the abandonment of a small item in the customs' revenue, which is never heeded when the object is to promote foreign trade. What magic there is in this word "foreign," which so completely turns people's heads, and stupifies them to a sense of the infinitely superior advantages of the home-trade, we have never been able to see; and we are not without fear that shameful motives of private interest might too often be found at the bottom, with many who have not hesitated to sacrifice our domestic interests to the encouragement of the use of foreign shipping and foreign productions. If the city of London would persevere respecting this pernicious coal-duty, they would very soon succeed in its removal; and we trust they will not be content to let the matter drop with the presentation of this petition.

Mr Littleton's motion for leave to bring in a bill to prevent the payment of wages otherwise than in money; that is to say, to abolish the "Truck System," gave rise to a very lengthened debate, which, if not distinguished by the display of any very brilliant ability, was yet ably and sensibly conducted. The question is an important one, both as to the principle involved, and the practical effect

of the truck system upon large bodies of the working people. As to the principle, it was pleasant to observe the advocates of free-trade railing upon the pernicious system of truck, which, if it be indeed pernicious, their "general principle," repeated out of political economy books till we are sick, and unfortunately acted upon till we are sore from its effects, is blown to atoms. In the late Ministry, and in the Liverpool Ministry, we always found Sir Robert Peel the abettor and the advocate of the "liberal and scientific principles," as their disciples are pleased to call them, of the free-trade gentry, and the Whigs soused him with their praises, and turned the man into a milk-sop; the same Sir Robert has now found out, that while he is convinced of the necessity of abolishing the truck system, he is yet aware that the measure is not in perfect accordance with the strict rules of political economy. "The rules of that science," he continues, "have reference to the production of wealth in a nation; but I must enquire what effect the application of them, in a given case, is likely to have on the morals of a country. If it were shewn to me, that the application of those rules added to the stock of wealth, but tended at the same time to the destruction of morals amongst the people, I certainly, to preserve those morals pure, would overlook and throw aside the principles of political economy." This, to be sure, is very indifferent speaking, and dreadfully Peel-ish in its style; but it is not that, but the heresy which shocks us. What, then, can the principles of the golden science of political economy, or "the application of them in a given case," as Sir Robert hath it, be adverse to purity of morals? Peter McCulloch, where are thy thunderbolts? Lift up your voice, O most learned Professor in Lord Brougham's university of Cockaigne, and let it be heard, "volumed, and vast, and rolling far," against a calumny so grievous! Your friend Hume, however, is still true as steel; let that be your comfort amid the awful backsliding of others.

As to the practical part of the matter, we are not quite so clear as some members, for whom we have a high respect, seem to be, that the truck

system is so very injurious to the working people. There is an old saying to this effect, that "though Solomon was wise, and Samson was strong, neither of them could pay money if they hadn't it." The master manufacturers are not a whit more able in this respect than Solomon and Samson. The political philosophers have abolished by law the small notes, wherewith workmen were wont to be paid; gold is too expensive for those whose works proceed principally on credit, and they are forced upon the system of using the commodities themselves, instead of the money which represents commodities. No doubt it would be better for the workmen to be paid in money, but still it is better to be paid in goods than to get no payment at all, and in many cases this would be the necessary alternative. We should recommend Mr Littleton to be very cautious how he meddles in this matter, while the money of the country remains in its present restricted state, lest he should find, that instead of conferring a boon, he has inflicted a very serious evil on the working-people, by his bill. Mr Atwood, in a very able speech, took a view of the question in this light; upon which Mr Poulett Thompson, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, who unites in himself as much flippancy, confidence, and shallowness, as can be found in any man in England, arose and spoke the following nonsense: "Sir, if I agreed with my honourable friend who has just sat down, that the introduction of paying wages in goods has been resorted to as a substitute for paper credit, I should find in that an additional argument for supporting this measure. Until the House decides upon a new system of currency, I think we are bound to maintain that which exists; and I am quite convinced that a paper currency, bad as it was, was much preferable to a currency of cheese and butter, and I know not what else as worthless, as a medium of exchange." Now, this foolish, flippant gentleman should have been told, that the goods given by masters to workmen, are not intended as "currency," but as articles of consumption; that small notes were objected to by him and his tribe as having no intrinsic value,

and being liable to indefinite increase for purposes of speculation,—two objections which do not apply to butter and cheese, suppose they were made "currency;" and that whatever he may think (being a mighty fine gentleman) of the worthlessness of butter and cheese, they are good and valuable things,—nay, prized by some quite as much as Russian tallow, for which the Vice-President of the Board of Trade has, from certain mercantile habits, a much greater taste.

At the time the debate took place, the bill had not been printed; it has since been put into the hands of members—it sets out with enumerating and repealing eighteen previous acts of Parliament, and the principal of the new provisions are, that all contracts for the hiring of artificers must be made in the current coin of the realm—that contracts for hiring must not contain any stipulation as to the manner in which wages shall be expended—and that all wages must be paid to the workman in cash, or with his consent in bank-notes, and not otherwise.

On the 15th, Mr Robert Grant, who represents the Jews in Parliament, at a very considerable expense to that high-minded and eminently national body, gave notice of a motion for the 17th of February, for the removal of their civil disabilities, unless a bill now in progress for the repeal of the oath of abjuration should accomplish his purpose otherwise.

General Gascoigne said, he would feel it his duty very narrowly to watch any measure, the effect of which would be to admit Jew, Gentile, and Pagan, to the House. This is from a soldier. Should the measure make its way to the Upper House, we shall be curious to see what the Bishops will say to it. Surely they will be to the Jews a stumbling-block. A good deal of time was taken up this evening by a discussion on a motion for returns respecting the magistrates of Ireland, introduced by a Mr O'Gorman Mahon, who seems to be rather a rough and unpolished specimen from the sister island. It appeared in the course of the debate, that he was a Roman Catholic, and had himself been dismissed from the Irish magistracy, by a peremptory

order of the Lord Chancellor. As his motion was framed, it seemed to be a very improper one. It was happily ridiculed by Sir Charles Wetherell, to the great amusement and satisfaction of the House.

On the 16th, the proceedings of the early part of the evening had much variety. Mr Hobhouse was consecutively eloquent on the subject of select vestries in general, and St James's parish in particular; the elective franchise in Galway, and the treatment of insane persons in madhouses, which last subject, he hinted more than once, was of particular interest to his honourable friend the member for Cricklade. We hope there was no ugly insinuation in this. Mr Ewart presented a petition from certain of his Majesty's subjects residing in Liverpool, and professing the Jewish religion, praying "to be removed from the disabilities at present imposed upon them." This petition was ordered to lie on the table, but if the Liverpool Jews wish to be "removed," their petition should with more propriety have been referred to the Emigration Committee. Then came "Negro Slavery"—"Parish Registers"—"Parliamentary Reform and Retrenchment"—"Galway Franchise" again—upon which Mr Wyse, the wisest of the Irish Roman Catholic members, made a set speech, and a good one. After this Mr Trevor fired a shot-preliminary against Cobbett's Register. Mr Wyse argued the propriety of extending the elective franchise in Ireland to household property, and Mr Hume presented a petition for reform from Southampton, and availed himself of the opportunity, to read a severe lecture to the members for that town. One of them, Mr Barton Hoy, retorted with some smartness upon the member for Middlesex, and a personal *scene*, which is always interesting to the House, and generally amusing when Mr Hume is one of the parties militant, was the consequence. "Sir," said Mr Hoy, "the honourable member for Middlesex has lately assumed a tone and manner in this House, in his conduct to other members, in which he is, I must say, by no means warranted. He dictates to them what course they should take, and takes them to task for their conduct. He is, by his

own appointment, receiver-general of petitions, and redresser-general of wrongs. Like a true Indian sportsman, he goes at all kinds of game, from an elephant to a snipe. I regret that the honourable member has not, on this occasion, come in contact with some one more able to enter into contest with him than I am, but I hope that on some occasion, when, Quixote-like, the honourable member sallies forth to redress grievances, real or imaginary, he may mistake some powerful giant for a windmill, and be vanquished in the encounter. If he should fall, I shall be satisfied with writing his epitaph '*procumbit humi bos.*'" We wish honourable gentlemen would be a little more accurate in their learned allusions. Don Quixote did not mistake a giant for a windmill, but a windmill for a giant, which makes all the difference. Certainly Mr Hume has grown prodigiously authoritative since the wheel of fortune turned him up member for Middlesex; but if he continue in this strain, it will require neither windmill nor giant to bring him down. To be humbly useful, is the character for which his qualifications fit him—if he persists in endeavouring to climb above this, he will tumble down below it.

The petitions being disposed of, Lord Chandos brought forward his motion for a *supersedeas* of the Evesham Election Writ, grounded on the necessity of an enquiry respecting the bribery that had been committed at the previous election, before the same parties should be allowed again to exercise the elective franchise. Upon this motion a very interesting debate took place, the progress and the result of which spoke little for the sincerity or the strength of the new government. The Ministry and their supporters, notwithstanding their zeal for a general reform, of their own manufacture, would by no means give their assistance to the checking of flagrant abuse in this particular case. Anxious to avail themselves of two purchaseable seats, and nettled to find an individual case of their favourite grievance taken up by honest hands, who would not suffer any jobbing advantage to be made of it, they suddenly found out the vast iniquity of suspending the elective rights of all

the voters, on account of the delinquency of a part—a view of the question which no suggestion would enable them to take in the East Retford case—and with sundry symptoms of extreme ill-temper, they avowed a decided hostility to the motion. They were, however, destitute of strength to resist the party of the Marquess of Chandos, and he carried his motion in the teeth of their opposition. With respect to the real merits of the question, it is scarcely to be denied, that many cases, as bad as that of Evesham, notoriously exist, and have occasionally been brought before committees of the House of Commons, without any such special notice having been taken of them, as has been on the present occasion; but if it be true, as has been so loudly stated on one side, and not denied on the other, that in consequence of the pressure of public opinion, reform is a thing of more urgent necessity now, than it has hitherto been, there is no inconsistency in laying hold of a flagrant case of corruption, which is presented with the proper and formal evidence, and demanding that the evil should be remedied. Mr Warburton, who is, for a man affecting science, sometimes strangely illogical, would persuade us, that it is unjust to punish one borough, without a sweeping measure for the punishment of the whole—he might as well argue, that one of a gang of thieves having been found guilty by good evidence, we should let him go, until evidence can be found for the prosecution of the whole party. But the most important view of the matter is this, that expediency and sound practical policy demand, that whatever produces so very important a change in the circumstances of society, as Parliamentary Reform, should be accomplished gradually, so as to afford opportunity for the new relations of men and things to adjust themselves peaceably, and in a solid and permanent form. What infatuation is it, that makes men blind to the rash folly of attempting, at one legislative blow, to destroy the institutions of a thousand years? If reform is to be accomplished peaceably, it must be done gradually, taking up the worst cases as they arise, or perhaps seeking them out. A sudden and general reform in a matter of such high na-

tional importance as the representation of the people in Parliament, is revolution; and if it were done without popular tumult, and general terror, and consequent misery, it would be a miracle. In the present crisis, therefore, nothing could be more politic, than to stop the progress of the writ for such a place as Evesham, and put the abused franchise into better hands; and it must tend, along with many other things, very much to lower the character of Lord Grey's government, that for the paltry sake of a temporary convenience, to be derived from the corrupt purchase of two seats, they should, in this instance, have not only eaten up their own words, but their own principles.

The question respecting Evesham election writ being settled, the remainder of the evening was devoted to the lawyers; first, Mr John Campbell moved for leave to bring in a bill for establishing a general register for all deeds and instruments affecting real property in England and Wales. Sir Edward Sugden said, that the question was as great and as important as one as ever was introduced to the attention of the House, and announced his intention of opposing the bill upon the second reading. Sir Charles Wetherell also gave notice of his intended opposition, and treated the proposition with ridicule and some asperity. As neither of these eminent lawyers entered into any argument upon the motion, we must be content to remain in expectation, until the debate on the second reading shall develop what the objections are to making a system general throughout England, which already prevails in the great counties of York and Middlesex, and in the kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland. Though not in general disposed to very profound admiration of the wisdom, or the manner of its display in Mr John Campbell, we cannot help thinking, while we remain unenlightened by the arguments of his learned opponents, that a general public registry of deeds is an establishment of most important necessity, and it is a matter of some astonishment that the kingdom should remain at this day without such an important security in the transfer of landed property. “With regard to the in-

interest in land," says Mr Campbell, "the occupier may be tenant at will—tenant for a year—tenant for his own life—tenant in tail, or tenant in fee. The nature of his tenure can only be ascertained by reference to title-deeds or other writings, and these must be procured and consulted before a purchase can be made. But then a difficulty immediately presents itself—how do you know that the writings which the vender produces are all the writings which can be presented to shew that the title to the estate is good? He may suppress or conceal some; while, on the other hand, documents may exist which he would be willing to produce, but which he is entirely ignorant of." Every one at all conversant with such matters, knows that this statement is true, and it will be for those who oppose a general registry, to shew in what other manner this doubtfulness in so serious a matter as the conveyance of landed property is to be done away with. In England it is no uncommon thing for the agent of a purchaser of property to be furnished with a mass of parchments in support of an abstract of title, which if spread out, would almost carpet the whole estate, meadow and pasture, toft and croft, park and paddock—a mass which no human patience can ever carefully examine; and after all, there is no certainty that some others may not exist, which render all those no better than so much waste paper. How much more safe, expeditious, and satisfactory would it not be, to have an authentic abstract from a registry-office, where you would be certain that all *valid* deeds respecting the property must be entered, and where its various transfers would be briefly set forth, while for particular investigations copies at length of the conveyances could be had. The talk about "exposure" is mere affectation. If a man be honest and not a fool, he will not care about his transfer of landed property being entered in a public office; if he be not honest, so much the better that he should have a registry-office to thwart and perplex his plans.

Leave was given to bring in the bill.

Sir Edward Sugden then brought

forward his motion respecting improvements in the administration of justice in the Court of Chancery. It is a great pity that his statement was so prolix, and so devoid of force and spirit, for few persons, except those particularly interested, will have courage to attempt reading the speech, and yet it would be well that the country at large knew the abuses of the present system in the Chancery Court, and cried out as one man for their reformation. There seems to be no clearness, no certainty, no provision for dispatch in any one stage of the proceedings of a cause, while the profits of counsel, solicitors, masters, clerks, and others that we have neither memory, time, nor space, to enumerate, are in direct proportion to the delay of justice which takes place. But so shamefully loose is the system, that even when all the delays are overcome, and a decree obtained, the controversy may possibly have to begin afresh, to find out what the decree was, and the unfortunate suitor be as far from an actual decision as ever. Let it be remembered that the following statement is from no ranting Oppositionist, who talks at random about what he does not accurately know, but has been given in the House of Commons by the ablest Chancery lawyer in the kingdom, and the one most constantly employed. Sir Edward Sugden says, "the pressure of business is such, that after every decision, no one can distinctly say what it is, and one barrister having one, and another another, the registrar is not able to draw it up. Then come hearings and re-hearings in the registrar's office, before a person incompetent to decide the matter, to settle what the decree of the court was; and after an enormous expense for attendances, not to mention the loss of two or three months' time perhaps, *the parties again come to the court—when judge, barristers, and every one have forgotten every thing about the cause—to have decided what the court decided three months before.*"

"That," continued the lawyer, "is not the way that justice should be administered in a free country." Why, no, truly! it requires but little profundity of knowledge to arrive

at that conclusion. Not the way that justice should be administered! How wretchedly tame is this manner of speaking! It is most abominably wrong, and so incredibly stupid and absurd withal, that, unless with such grave authority as that under which we have received it, we should have found it impossible to believe that a thing so monstrous could occur in the English Court of Chancery. Sir Edward announced his determination, however, to be so fixed for the removal of this evil, that if it were not taken up by the government, he would himself bring forward a measure for its remedy. In the present instance, he contented himself with a statement of his view of the evils existing in the Chancery administration generally, and made no motion with a view to their remedy, leaving that in the hands of the government. Mr Hume, it appears, has invented a term to designate these speeches, which lead to nothing specific—he calls them “splash;” and poor Sir Edward was astounded in the midst of his grave speech, by hearing Mr Hume announce, in a tone loud enough to be distinctly heard, “This is mere splash.” The honourable member for Middlesex subsequently explained, that he was merely talking aside at the time, and did not intend to address the House at large, or to offend the learned ex-Solicitor-General.

Sir Edward Sugden, who is a bold little man in professional matters, and not a little confident in his reputation as a lawyer, thought proper to inform the House, in the course of his speech, that the present Chancellor was “entirely uninformed on the law of equity, which he was called upon to administer,” and in any case, nothing was more likely than that he should decide wrong. This, from the greatest practitioner in the Court, concerning the judge before whom he must daily plead the causes of his clients; this, stated in the House of Commons, respecting the principal judge in the kingdom, is sufficient to fill the public with disgust against a system which makes such a gross anomaly possible. The selection of a judge, on the ground of political ability merely, is, after all, just as absurd as it would be to choose a man for political of-

fice, on account of his legal knowledge. What would be thought of Mr Justice Littledale, as a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs?

On the 17th, the House of Lords discussed the subject of the Scotch representation, and the desire existing in Scotland for a reform therein. Lord King, a worthy champion for any thing having a dash of absurd extravagance, mingled with its radical principles, presented what purported to be the Reform petition of the county of Renfrew. The reception of the petition was opposed by the Earl of Haddington, on account of the violence of the expressions it contained; and his Lordship's speech, after Lord King had consented to withdraw the petition, was one of that description which always makes us honour the House of Lords—deliberate and manly, well considered and well expressed; with the moderation that belongs to truth, and the dignity that belongs to high station. The Marquis of Bute, too, spoke with a zeal and spirit worthy of the country which takes “*Nemo me impune lacesset*” for its motto. “Epithets,” said the noble Lord, “have been applied to the people of Scotland, which will justify the observations which I am about to make. These expressions have not only been used by a noble English Peer (King), but they also fell from a noble Viscount, connected with Scotland, (Duncan.) They stated that the people of Scotland are oppressed and degraded; but I tell these noble lords, as well as the rest of your Lordships, that if the people of Scotland considered themselves oppressed and degraded, they would not tamely submit without addressing your Lordships in a very different manner; they would make their complaints heard throughout the empire. I will assert that the people of Scotland are well satisfied with the conduct of their representatives, or we should before now have heard of their dissatisfaction. It is quite a new thing to hear that Scotland is not well represented in the United Parliament. I defy any man in the House to say, that out of the forty-five Scotch Members, there is any one man who is corruptly returned. I do not hesitate to affirm, that at least forty-four out of the forty-five mem-

bers returned for Scotland, are directly connected with the place which they represent—this cannot be alleged of the English Members. I say the people are well satisfied with their representation, and do not desire a change."

This is something like what a speech should be—it stirs a man's blood, and relieves one from the dull insipidity which is the ordinary infliction of speeches.

In the House of Commons, Mr Wilson Patton drew the attention of the House to the duties on printed cottons. It appears that two millions a-year are levied for this tax, of which, at least three-fourths are paid back in the shape of drawbacks, and no more than from four to five hundred thousand pounds reaches the Exchequer. The tax, moreover, presses very unequally, as the dearest and the cheapest printed cottons pay the same duty per yard. A tax, in every respect so objectionable, cannot long continue to exist in its present form.

Lord Nugent postponed his "Labouring Poor Bill," until after the holydays. He attempted an apologetic explanation of the postponement; but he need not have given himself the trouble. Every one knows how necessary *postponement* is at present to the health of any measure, to which a member of the government stands godfather.

A conversation arose on the presentation of some petitions by Mr Curteis, as to the benefit of supporting the labouring poor by small grants of land, to be cultivated by spade labour, when Sir John Sebright, member for Hertfordshire, maintained the extraordinary doctrine, that a free gift of ground, beyond the quantity necessary for a kitchen-garden, would be not a boon, but a disadvantage, to the labourers. What dogma is there so strange that will not find some supporters in the British House of Commons? There were some men there who supported Mculloch's insanity about absentees.

The enlightened and liberal Alderman Waithman said, there was scarcely a position in political economy that experience did not contradict—*Et tu Brute!* The worthy alderman said, that, on the 15th of February, he would lay on the table "a string

of resolutions," to exhibit the cause of all our misfortunes. There are less sensible fellows in the world than Alderman Waithman; but he had better take care of Hunt. Two stars cannot shine at once in the same firmament.

On the 20th, in the Lords, Lord Stanhope poured forth upon the Lord Chancellor the wrath which had been swelling in his bosom since the 10th, when Lord Brougham thought fit to be sarcastically witty at his lordship's expense. Lord Stanhope's severity was bitter and contemptuous enough; it produced no reply.

The Lord Chancellor announced his intention of looking particularly to the care of the numerous lunatics of whom he is the official guardian; and spoke of the appointment of a small medical board, as a kind of cabinet council, to advise the Lord Chancellor respecting these unhappy persons. We hope there is no job in this. There are many "doctors" about the London University, who would be happy to accept the assurances of the Lord Chancellor's distinguished consideration, conveyed in the form of a snug little appointment of this sort.

In the Commons, Mr Robinson presented a petition complaining of the proceedings at the late Liverpool election; upon which Mr Ewart, the member returned at that election, said, that he came in for the representation of Liverpool by the support of the most respectable middle classes of society, and with the most cordial and enthusiastic demonstrations of popular approbation. "Even this circumstance," he continued, "however gratifying and delightful it is to my feelings, is nothing when compared with my own deep consciousness of rectitude;—with that *mens conscia recti*, within my breast, to which extraneous circumstances can add little or nothing." All this is modest; and very pleasant, after the notorious and prodigious bribery, at that seat of cotton and the muses, which lieth by the western main, a few weeks ago. How hard it is to come at truth!

Sir George Clerk took advantage of Mr Ellice's motion for the third reading of the Consolidation Fund Bill, to put a question to the Vice-

President of the Board of Trade, respecting the reduction of the duty on foreign barilla by an order from the Treasury. Mr Poulett Thomson, in his peculiarly disagreeable style, avowed this repeal of a tax, without the consent of Parliament, and coolly stated, that he would be ready to justify the conduct of the government when he brought in the bill, which is intended to give legislative sanction to what the executive is now doing out of its mere absolute will, and in defiance of an unrepealed act of Parliament. Barilla is one of the articles on which, some years ago, a heavy importation duty existed, for the protection of our domestic manufacture of kelp, which, on the coast of Scotland, and, we believe, on the western shore of Ireland also, gave profitable employment to a vast number of poor people. Since the prevalence of the "enlightened and liberal" doctrines of free trade, the supporters of which are for the most part persons of understanding too sublime to trouble themselves about what concerns the welfare of the poor, this protecting duty has been gradually diminished, first from L.11 to eight guineas, and then to five guineas. The late government, whose knowledge upon matters of trade was equal to their knowledge on most other subjects, and who had a strange alacrity in sinking into the worst errors of the worst political quacks, had an intention of submitting to Parliament a measure for the further reduction of the duty; but Mr Poulett Thomson, who, on a three days' notice of the willingness of Lord Grey to give him a place, contrived to separate himself from a mercantile concern, the principal branch of which was domiciled in Saint Petersburg, and who therefore cannot be supposed *now* to have any interest in the advance on Russian tallow, which the order in council has caused, was determined to be impeded by no such old-fashioned delays as an application to Parliament, to undo what Parliament had done, but advised an instant reduction of the duty to L.2, and the Custom-house officers received directions to admit it at that duty—the importer giving bond to pay the difference between L.2 and L.5, 5s, in

the event of Parliament not sanctioning the measure. Now, any thing more audacious than this, while Parliament was actually sitting, and in a matter in which no urgent necessity existed, we can hardly suppose possible. No doubt, a government *might* attempt to impose a tax, as well as to take one off, without the consent of Parliament, but as this is probably a stretch beyond the reach of even Mr Poulett Thomson's liberal off-hand way of managing affairs, we may set down this act of arbitrary authority as about the extremity of executive assurance, and, for the first month of office, it is pretty well. What is to become of the home manufacture of kelp, the Vice-President of the Board of Trade did not condescend to explain, and probably the awkwardness of having to answer such a question may have been one of the reasons for doing the thing first, and coming to ask leave afterwards—doubtless it will be permitted to enjoy the same glorious martyrdom to the principles of free trade that has already fallen upon British lead, and wool, and tallow, and gloves. How happy it is to live in times when philosophy guides the principles of government!

The delivery of sundry speeches on the state of Ireland, and the recent dismissals and appointments there, and a continuation of the debate on the administration of justice in the Court of Chancery, which we have already noticed, occupied the rest of the evening of the 20th.

On the 21st, Lord Wynford introduced to the House of Lords a bill for better enabling creditors to avail themselves of the property of their debtors. The present system of the law is to afford a remedy chiefly against the person of the debtor, and the chance of payment for the creditor mainly depends upon it being the desire of the debtor, rather to pay the debt than suffer the penalty awarded by the law against his person. It frequently happens, however, that the debtor, either by escaping beyond the jurisdiction of the courts of law, or by submitting to that fiction of imprisonment, called "living within the rules of the King's Bench," may continue to enjoy his landed or funded property in England, to live sumptuously, and laugh at his creditor, upon the proceeds of whose cre-

duity he may perhaps be enjoying himself. Lord Wynford's bill, therefore, is "to prevent debtors from defrauding their creditors by lying in prison, or absconding from England," and this he proposes to accomplish by certain alterations in the law respecting outlawries, and by giving power to the judges to appoint receivers of the rents of debtors during their lives, for the payment of their debts. In these days, when it is so usual for people to run a brief career of criminal extravagance, and then to run off to the continent, and live well upon their means; while their creditors at home are left unpaid, a measure of the kind that Lord Wynford proposes, if it can be brought into "working order," must be of very important benefit.

In the House of Commons, Mr Hume presented the petition agreed to at the Middlesex County Reform Meeting. The principal matters contained in the petition, the honourable member described to be, the necessity of economy and retrenchment, the mal-administration of the poor-laws, and the misapplication of the rates—the odious system of tithe collection—the necessity of parliamentary reform, and of extending the right of voting for representatives to every individual paying rates and taxes; and finally the petitioners ask for the establishment of vote by ballot, without which no reform can be productive of substantial or permanent benefit to the country. Mr Hume stated that he was convinced that *no government could exist* under the present state of the country, unless it followed the advice urged in this petition. This is not the place to enter into so large a discussion as that of the topics of the Middlesex petition, but we may observe, that Mr Hume's declaration is tantamount to his saying that *no government can exist without a revolution*. Some very good speeches were made in the course of the debate on the petition—that of Mr Atwood was the best which has been delivered against the new government since its formation. There are few men now in the House of Commons who can compete with this gentleman in practical knowledge, or in the power of sound and vigorous reasoning on the most

important questions of domestic policy which come under discussion.

The evening's business was concluded by a long discussion on the subject of a petition from Essex, respecting tithes, presented by the eternal Mr Joseph Hume. At the close of some observations by Sir Robert Inglis, he was so injudicious as to notice the obstreperous cheering of the talking member for Clare, who "spake upon that hint," until, becoming rather unendurable, he was stopped by Mr Courtenay's motion for counting in the House. The Hibernian was in a towering passion at the interruption, though he was himself the person who seconded a motion of the same description the evening before, when Sir Charles Wetherell was speaking—the difference between his motion and Mr Courtenay's lay in this, that the latter was not marked by rudeness of speech.

A great deal of business was crowded into the evening of the 23d in the House of Commons. Our limits will not permit us to allude to more than two of the topics, which we shall think it convenient to take in a different order from that which they held in the House of Commons' discussion. First, then, we have to notice Mr Guest's motion for a copy of the warrant, or other document, granting a pension of L.1200 per annum to Mrs Harriette Arbuthnot. A question of this nature, which inevitably connects the names and circumstances of private individuals with a financial document, which, when brought before the public as it has been, the public has an undoubted right to sift and examine, is one which cannot be approached without some feelings of delicate reluctance, and yet it is one, which, from the interest it excites, and which it ought to excite, cannot be passed by without a remark.

The return of the pensions charged on the civil list is, taking it for all in all, a document which we scarcely think the Ministry were justified in permitting to be printed for the general information of the public. It was granted as a bait for popularity, which has failed of its effect, and it exhibited a disrespect towards the privacy generally under-

stood to belong to royal bounties of this kind, which is as unbecoming in Ministers of the Crown, as it is embarrassing in its effects to individuals who neither supposed, nor had reason to suppose, that they were receiving allowances which the public at large were to examine and comment upon. It may be a very proper subject for discussion in the House of Commons, whether the monarch ought to have a large sum placed at his disposal, to be granted away by him in pensions to such persons as, from his own knowledge, or the recommendation of others, he may deem deserving of such bounty; but such a sum having been granted and disposed of by the King, it is scarcely fair now to drag before the public the names of all those among whom it has been shared. It is true that the King could only grant a pension on his civil list for his own life, and therefore, at the formation of a new Civil List, it may be proper to see whether the persons favoured in the former distribution ought to be continued in the receipt of money, to which, without the aid of Parliament, they have no further claim; but this is a matter in which they at least should be parties, and every pensioner should have had the option of saying—"What I received hitherto, I received from the King, and I do not choose to submit my name to the public for a continuation of the bounty."

The document being now before the public, they have, we shall not deny, much reason to regret that the money which they placed at the King's disposal should have been appropriated as in many instances it has been; and we are free to confess, that many items in this paper cannot be read without disgust, while there are but few indeed attached to names which the public will recognise as being worthy of a special interference of royal bounty. The public should therefore take care that, for the future, a sum should not be thus placed, nominally in the hands of the King, but actually in the hands of his servants, to be wasted upon objects to which, from their profligacy, they have become attached. The power should be taken away from the King's Ministers to grant away annuities, as if they were a private do-

nation from the King; and whatever pensions are not from the privy purse, should be on the consolidated fund, and come yearly before the public in the financial accounts.

It is not merely by the pensions on the civil list that the public is blinded to the sum actually spent by the country in this manner—there is no source of revenue that has not pensions saddled upon it in its progress to the Exchequer—Customs, Excise, Stamps, Post Office, &c., &c., all have their deductions for pensions before they reach the consolidated fund, and then that general fund is loaded with another most formidable list. There are also lists of pensions on the four and a half per cent sugar duties, and on the shilling, and the sixpenny, pension duties. Everywhere there are pensions—and some names there are so fortunate, as to be found in almost all the lists. It is, therefore, very desirable that all pensions should be carried to one account—that all the branches of revenue should be paid in, without any deduction but the actual expenses of collection, and a sum be taken from the aggregate to defray the whole amount of the pension list.

The other subject of this evening's debate, with which we shall conclude our Parliamentary review for this month, was the adjournment of the House to the 3d of February. Upon the consideration of this motion, it seems natural to ask what the government had done since its appointment,—or in what state of flourishing security had it left the country, that it should have been deemed reasonable or politic to take six weeks' holydays from Parliamentary labours, after about a month's exertion; and inevitably to deprive the country for all that time of the aid to be derived from Parliamentary control or advice, no matter what emergency might arise to call for it. Had the government shewn itself very powerful, or had its proceedings met with such undivided approbation as to warrant the supposition, that whatever it might be called upon to do, would be done in accordance with the views of Parliament and the people, there would have been—at all events in the popular view—some excuse for this long sus-

pension of Parliamentary interference and control ; but this has not been the case—on the contrary, in looking back at what the new government has done, we find nothing to give satisfaction to *any* party, except themselves, which does not consist in mere promises and pledges, while every act upon which they have ventured, has been productive of loud complaint, and has been decidedly despotic in its character, and inimical to the feelings of the people. They pledged themselves to peace, and increased the standing army by six thousand men; they pledged themselves to economy, and made new legal appointments in Ireland, which have saddled the country with a large unnecessary expense, while they have filled the bar of Ireland with indignation, and the people with rage. They pledged themselves to reform, and endeavoured to procure a new writ of election for a place which had just been convicted of gross bribery and corruption in the return of members of Parliament, and to crown all these, they abolish a tax laid on for the protection of a domestic manufacture, without asking the consent of Parliament, or any consent but that of their own absolute will.

On which of these acts, we should like to know, do they ground their claims for that perfect confidence which alone would justify them, in such times as these, in adjourning the parliament for six weeks ? Is it the tranquillity of Ireland, the content of England, the settled state of affairs in France, or all these things together, that they rely upon for not requiring parliamentary advice for six weeks !

The truth is, that Whigs always have that enormously high opinion of their own abilities, which makes them essentially despotic in temper and inclination. Because they can talk with smartness, they suppose they can judge of every thing better than those who do not talk so smartly, and they would feel no diffidence whatever in setting about governing the country without any Parliament, if that, according to the constitution of the country, were possible. As far as it is possible, we find them endeavouring to do so, and as usual, with the cry of liberality and popular liberty in their mouths, tyranny and jobbing mark their acts. Happily, this overweening conceit, which makes a Whig government so odious, carries with it the principle of that government's dissolution. Each individual is so vain of himself, and his own plans, that no dozen of them can continue for any length of time to act in harmony together—their councils become disturbed by disagreements and bickerings, and they soon fall asunder, and find themselves again on the Opposition benches, where they may indulge themselves in saying that which, in government, they are incapable of doing.

We have not the least doubt that this would almost immediately be the fate of Lord Grey's Ministry, were there any *party* formed, ready and competent to take up the government in its place ;—but old associations are dreadfully shaken in this country ; political confidence has gone ; hope has almost withered, and with a raging desire in the people for change, men shrink from political responsibilities.

SONNETS ON THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

I.

WHENCE rose ye? on what basement are ye stayed,
 Ye forms of wondrous grandeur? Who hath hewn
 These matchless strong proportions? Who hath strewn
 This mass of glorious power? Whom obeyed
 Nature in rearing thee, Dread Colonnade?
 Answers come sounding forth from depth and height!
 While ocean bears me on, hark from these caves
 A thousand echoes tell,—and as it raves
 Against yon headland shores, its voice of might
 Thunders the Name at which Heaven's pillars bow!
 E'en ye too mean to prop his footstool-world—
 Down at His presence shall ye quickly flow—
 Soon from your sunless rests shall ye be hurled;
 When in one flame the Universe shall glow!

II.

WHERE are the deep-laid chymic cisterns, whence
 Precipitate congealed these crystals vast?
 Or what the forges, whose wild vehemence,
 Fanned by the bellows of an earthquake-blast,
 Into these moulds the molten mineral cast?
 O! far from scenes like these be banished hence
 Proud theory and arrogant pretence!
 Memorials of a world adjudged and past!
 Ye solemn monuments, of nothing vain,
 Over some guilty race like tombs ye rise!
 Or, sweeter thought, ye shaped to Heaven's strain
 Attuning mighty order from the skies,—
 The trophied architecture of a reign
 With whose mysterious harmony it vies!

III.

A HIGHWAY for your God! and lo! the Sea
 Gave way, and wondering Spectator stood;
 Its boiling fury was at once subdued,
 And its waves kissed the mole, no longer free!
 A highway for your God! and suddenly
 The promontory cross-way clave the flood:
 And still the surge repeats that "all is good"
 To the Primeval Mandate, "Let it be!"
 So, when Thy Footsteps, Lord, are still unknown
 As through the waters deep Thou hold'st thy course,
 Thy people onward pass, not overflown,
 The wildest billows soon have spent their force,—
 Soft gales just breathe where tempests long have blown,
 All stilled and hushed to ocean's deepest source!

IV.

ARE ye not bulwarks to this lovely Isle,—
 Isle of the shamrock, of the harp and saint?
 Where verdure doth its greenest beauties paint,
 And hill, glen, lake, in each proportion smile,
 Framed in by every mountain's grim defile!
 What though among its legends, strangely quaint,
 We trace the spread of superstition's taint,
 As flaws deform thee, thou great Barrier Pile:
 The trefoil twined around Life's healing tree,—
 The song of holy burden filled the air,—
 Wide flew the seed of the devout Culdee,
 And grateful harvests well repaid his care!

And Thou wast as the Porch to which to flee,
When Erin was Earth's purest House of Prayer!

V.

AND stretches outward,—to yon Wondrous Rock,
In magic pillars rising from the deep,
Of lightest cluster or with bending sweep,
Braving the eddy's waste and billow's shock,
As placed the works of human art to mock,—
Stretches this platform's massive masonry,
As if a pathway leading through the main,
To the ne'er-closing threshold of this Fane,
Paving the ocean's dark immensity?
That hidden cloister shall no eye discern :
That sunken passage shall no plummet sound :
There only monsters plunge who may not learn
Why reaches on this sea-dividing bound,—
Secrets, till Sea shall dry and Earth shall burn !

VI.

DREAD Temple of the Waters ! Ocean-Shrine !
Oft beneath pointed roof, through lengthened aisle,
Of superstition's dight and columned style,
The Pattern we recall of Truth divine,
And as we gaze, deplore the strange decline.
No sin *thy* self-hewn pillars can defile !
No cheat *thy* self-sprung arches can beguile !
Far nobler than where golden altars shine !
Ages have seen thee ! while the piles of earth
Have mouldered : if indeed thou wast not flung
In all thy majesty from Nature's birth :
And when the Morning Stars blest jubilee sung,
Didst thou not all reverberate their mirth ?
Here Pilgrim Waves aye bowed, and Choir-Winds rung !
LEODIENSIS.

GOOD-NIGHT.

TO MARY —.

Good-night, good-night, our lamp expiring
Now sheds around still softer light,
'Tis time for friends from friends retiring,
To whisper low, Good-night, good-night.

Dim' age, in chimney corner dozing,
Now sees no more thine eyes still bright,
And tired wight from toil reposing,
Stops not to say, Good-night, good-night.

And now the tale and jest no longer
Circle round with laughter gay,
And Morpheus sooths with magic stronger
Than storied page or poet's lay.

Then haste, beneath your pillow placing
The bride-cake, charm'd with mystic spell ;
Doubt not, dear girl, some dream's wild tracing
The secret of your soul shall tell.

Oh ! should some kind propitious Fairy
Amid the darkness wandering be,

May she trip lightly round my Mary,
And fill her sleep with thoughts of me!

But when her snowy hands have braided
In glossy folds her flowing hair,
And plaited borders closely shaded
That gentle face, so kind and fair;

Ere, dear maiden, sleep has bound you
In his soft and unfelt chain,
Cast a parting glance around you
From your woodbine-latticed pane.

Faint the lonely taper gleameth
From some cottage home afar,
Its little ray but feebly streameth
Through the dark and silent air.

No sound is heard at this still hour,
Save leaf of aspen quivering light;
And nought but scent of fragrant flower
Is borne upon the breath of night.

And silent nature, deep reposing,
Sheds around a holy calm,
And mortal eyelids softly closing,
Find her sweet and gentle balm.

But while to peaceful rest betaking,
Weary man is sunk in sleep,
In heaven ten thousand eyes awaking,
Their bright immortal vigils keep.

Star beyond star for ever shineth,
Radiant in yon vast profound,
Whose dark blue depths no bound confineth,
Nor winged thought hath power to sound.

Shall fancy seek, such height ascending,
Amid their glittering orbs to soar,—
Read their bright page, and lowly bending,
Deep in your inmost soul adore?

And in that mighty Power confiding,
Who gave to beam their living light,
Oh, fear not aught of ill betiding,
But peaceful sleep—good-night, good-night!

M. J. L.

Manchester, Jan. 1831.

THE EARLY LOST.

BY DELTA.

FARE-thee-well, fair flower, that opening
To the genial smile of day,
By the storm-blast, in a twinkling,
From our sight wert swept away!
Never more thy voice shall cheer us,
Never more thy form be seen,
In our solitude we startle
But to think that thou hast been!

Now the sun illumines our dwelling,
 Sings the bird, and buds the tree;
 Nature starts as from her slumber,
 But no wakening rouseth thee!
 Never more for thee the morning
 Shall its golden gates unfold;
 Past alike are joy and sorrow,
 Summer's heat and winter's cold.

Vainly would our tears restore thee—
 Thou art now a thing of yore.
 Waves, that lull the ear with music,
 Melt for ever on the shore;
 Yet at eve, when sings the tame bird,
 By thy hand once duly fed,
 Seem its notes not nature's wailing
 Over thee, the early dead?

Softly, softly gleam'd thy ringlets,
 Braided in their auburn hue
 Keenly, keenly lustre darted
 From thine eyes of floating blue;
 Now the mould lies scatter'd o'er thee,
 And, with deep and dirge-like tone,
 Pipes at eve the haunting blackbird,
 O'er thy mansion, low and lone.

Dark, anon, shall storms be rolling,
 Through the waned autumnal sky,
 Winds be raving, waves be roaring,
 Sullen deep to deep reply;
 Winter shall resume his sceptre
 O'er the desolated earth,
 But no more wilt thou, like sunlight,
 Brighten up our cheerless hearth.

When around that hearth we gather,
 Jocund mirth no more beguiles;
 Up we gaze upon thy picture,
 Which looks down on us—and smiles;
 And we sigh, when, in our chambers,
 On the couch our limbs we lay,
 That the churchyard grass is waving,
 Lonely, o'er thy silent clay!

Why our mourning? We lament not,
 Even although our hearts be riven,
 That in being's sunny spring-time,
 Thou wert snatch'd from earth to heaven:
 Life to thee was still enchantment,
 And 'twas spared thy heart to know,
 That the beams of mortal pleasure
 Always sink in clouds of woe.

Fare-thee-well then. Time may bring us
 Other friends—but none like thee,
 Who, in thy peculiar beauty,
 Wert, what we no more shall see:
 From our ears seraphic music
 In thy voice hath died away;
 From our eyes a glorious vision
 Pass'd, to mingle in the clay!

PARTIES.

THE effervescence caused by the change of Ministry has subsided, and much has been revealed touching the policy of both the Cabinet and the Opposition; the moment, therefore, has arrived for subjecting the state of parties to impartial discussion.

The times place before us astonishing vicissitudes and incongruities. That Tory party, which a few short years since proudly stood at the head of the country, invested with all the characteristics of invincibility, and with every foe prostrate before it, has been made by suicide a ruined minority. That Wellington Ministry, which but the other day was covered with Eastern adulation, and supported by almost every newspaper and party, has been cast from office by general contempt and hostility. That Whig Earl Grey, who, three or four years ago, pathetically lamented in Parliament, that he had scarcely a friend or party left him, and who has ever since been the object of Whig attack, has been by common consent placed at the head of the Cabinet. The Whigs have gained office in defiance of Whig newspapers and partisans, and mainly through the favour and efforts of Tories. And that immaculate press which defended the Wellington Ministry with so much zeal against Whig assailants, now defends the Whig Ministry with equal zeal against the Duke and his fallen brethren.

We regard the change with pleasure, as a step towards national salvation. It is our maxim, that, in a free state, the most powerful party ought to hold office; if its doctrines be erroneous, this is essential for opposing them with the greatest effect; if they be true, it ought in common justice to have the honour and emolument derived from giving them application. Revolution has just been in France produced by the violation of this maxim; and in England it has been prevented, for the present at least, by the practice of it. For some years the present Ministers have supplied those in office with doctrines and measures, on the one hand, and with suppressed hostility to them, on the

other; they have had the part of the community which would not follow them gagged at their feet; in reality, they have been the Ministry, to the extinction of the Opposition. By gaining office, they have lost half their power; at the worst they can make no change of policy; they can only do what they would have compelled their predecessors to do, had the official existence of the latter been spared; while therefore there can be no loss, there must be this mighty profit—they can no longer govern the Opposition in Parliament, or hold in chains the mighty mass of their opponents out of it. The change has transformed them from an odious despotism, combining in itself both the Ministry and Opposition, into a constitutional Ministry—it has restored the constitution from a state of suspended animation.

The present is called a Whig Ministry, it comprehends the leading Whigs; but yet in the professions of some of its members, and even in persons, it is more a Tory one than the last was. Reform, in the better sense of the word, will be called a Tory question, by at least the Pitt Tories. Earl Grey, Sir J. Graham, and the Duke of Richmond, make a nearer approach to the policy of Pitt, than the Duke of Wellington, Sir R. Peel, or any other member of the late Cabinet. The Toryism of Mr Goulburn and Sir G. Murray does not seem to be a whit better than that of Lord Althorpe and Lord Goderich. Even Lord Brougham is evidently as sound a Tory as Lord Lyndhurst. With regard to the Board of Trade, Lord Auckland cannot be more of a free-trader than Mr Herries is; and Mr Courtenay is a blind follower of Mr P. Thomson.

The present Ministry has a certain portion of character, but the last had none; we think it will be more sensitive to public opinion than the last was.

We, of course, prefer the Grey Cabinet to the Wellington one; but our preference goes no farther than this—we deem the former the best of the bad, the least in the choice of evils. On several leading matters of

policy, we are equally and strongly opposed to both; and the shame will not be ours of tolerating that in Earl Grey, Lord Althorpe, and Mr P. Thomson, which we fought against in the Duke of Wellington, Mr Huskisson, and Mr Herries.

A kind of exemption from opposition is claimed for the new Ministry; on the ground that it has entered office at a season of great difficulty. What forms the difficulty? The country is distressed, convulsed, and on the brink of revolution. This supplies the best of all reasons for opposing it with the utmost vigour in bad principles and measures. In other respects, it entered office under circumstances favourable beyond example. It has the Opposition chained to its own policy; no rival party exists which could retain office; it has little ability, and no eloquence, to contend with in Parliament; and that part of the community not with it is neutral. The conduct displayed by its members towards others, before they obtained power, makes them less entitled, than any other living men, to tenderness, in regard to personal scrutiny and observation. We shall from all this speak of them without paying the least attention to the deprecatory doctrines against opposition.

Notwithstanding the many things in its favour, the existing Cabinet will, we think, soon fall. Party names have lost their charm, and become terms of reproach; the time is past in which a body of men could gain public favour merely by calling themselves Whigs or Tories. It has been observed that at the last election no candidate durst offer himself as a supporter of the Ministry; to this must be added, no one durst offer himself as an adherent of the Whig Opposition; all were compelled to stand on professions of independence of party. While, therefore, this Cabinet must rest chiefly on its merits, most of the things are to be seen in it which ruined the last, and which in our judgment must, and ought, to ruin every Cabinet in which they are found.

In the first place, it is composed of discordant and conflicting materials; if the past professions of its members are to be believed, scarcely any two of them think alike on great

state questions, and one part is fiercely opposed to the other. These must be the certain fruits: 1. It can only enjoy internal harmony through violation of principle. 2. It can adopt no comprehensive and effective measures. 3. At every material step, it must destroy its character, and divest itself of supporters. Its parts, as others have remarked before us, have been cast in the worst manner; almost every member has been placed in the office he is the most unfit for, in respect of talent and principle; the whole are so disposed of, that the best are made the instruments of the worst, and every one must, of necessity, be stripped of character, who possesses any.

It seems to be a law of nature, that a Whig must be a boaster, and the present Ministers possess, in an eminent degree, the talent for bestowing self-praise. They have lauded themselves, in an extravagant manner, on their consistency. Lord Brougham, with an intrepidity as matchless as it is disgusting, declares that consistency is a part of his nature; happy man, to be so gifted in times like these! Well, he broadly intimated to his Yorkshire constituents, that the Corn Law was a great evil to one part of the community, and no benefit to the other; he, however, takes office under a Premier who insists that the Corn Law, or something equivalent to it, shall stand; he is a free-trader, yet he embraces, as his colleague, that Duke of Richmond who laboured so strenuously to impose a duty on foreign wool. Earl Grey, a few years since, took occasion to sneer at political economy and Mr Huskisson's experiments; he has, on different occasions, professed friendship for bank notes; and in certain election speeches, his relatives, Lords Durham and Howick, condemned the destruction of the Navigation Laws; yet, in forming his Ministry, he has given the Exchequer and Board of Trade to romantic champions of a gold currency and free trade. Sir J. Graham, an advocate of small notes, takes office with their enemies; a year or two ago, he called for a party to oppose that of the "lawyers and free-traders;" and lo! he has plumped himself into the very thick of these ravenous animals. The

Duke of Richmond declared, not long since, that he would belong only to the "Country Party," to the "Conservative Party," and he has found these parties in the low Whigs and Economists; after labouring to give protection to the wool-grower, he joins in taking it from the kelp manufacturer. He insists on giving relief to the labouring classes in one quarter, and at the same moment, takes the bread from many thousands of them in another. Of course, the rest of the Ministers have acted in a similar manner.

These men may call this consistency, but if it be, Sir Robert Peel and those who acted like him on the Catholic Question, are very consistent people. We look not at party names; a Whig and Tory, if they think alike and violate no party obligation, may honourably act together; but there can be no consistency without general harmony of principle. Such conduct is alike ruinous to public men and the country. It strips them of integrity, and makes them ready to act with any colleagues, and sanction any measures for the sake of personal gain. The example thus set in the Cabinet extends to the great borough proprietors, spreads through Parliament, and is irresistible to the elector. If a Minister or Legislator sell his principles for place, why may not freeholders and burgesses sell theirs for money? It renders it impossible for the country to possess a consistent, effective Ministry. A large part of the Ministerial side, and a large part of the Opposition one, are hostile to free trade, and friendly to small notes; if both were separated from their brethren and formed into a whole, what would follow? The members of each great party would think alike in essentials, party contests would turn on the questions which divide the community, and the best principles would be practised with due effect. Consistency and integrity, moreover, would be restored amidst public men. The sordid and profligate system now in fashion does much worse than neutralize the Ministry on great questions. It blinds and deludes the country; and in every Ministry, from the Liverpool to the Grey one, including both, it has given the ascendancy to the

bad side: the best side has only defended and sacrificed, while the other has attacked and gained.

The present Cabinet practises that wretched imposture on the country, which former ones practised. Here is a Ministry, forsooth! which combines men of every mode of thinking—here are old Whigs and low ones; old and liberal Tories, the Canning party, paper and metal people, restrictive men and free-traders, all blended together in happy union! How, then, can any man, no matter what may be his creed, be other than the friend of such a Ministry? This is the surface—the tale of the false impostor; let us now look at the reality.

Earl Grey, as we have said, has been for some years obnoxious to the Whig body, on the score of principle; he owes his office mainly to his dissent from the general doctrines of the low Whigs and Liberals. How is he fixed in the Cabinet? He has filled the Treasury, Exchequer, and Board of Trade offices with Liberals and free-traders, and he cannot be other than their instrument.

Sir J. Graham possesses a masculine understanding, and much originality and independence of thought; his powers seem to be peculiarly adapted to financial matters. He might have made an able, practical Chancellor of the Exchequer; but he is placed in an office in which his merits, touching powers and principles, cannot be brought into action.

The Duke of Richmond is a man of plain, but solid sense; he was allowed on all hands to display much practical ability in the enquiry touching wool. He might have been of great value in an office connected with trade, but he has one assigned him which makes him a cipher.

In this manner the Ministers of one side are disposed of; let us now see how the offices are filled, they are the best fitted for.

Lord Althorpe is a pure piece of second-hand commonplace; he plods at the reviews and newspapers of his own side with incredible patience; recites their contents with marvellous accuracy; and yet never displays a ray of original thought, or particle of independent judgment. His powers will not permit him to

be other than a theorist, and he is a fanatical follower of the free-traders, which is far worse than if he were a head. He is the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons !

Who is Lord Auckland ? asks every publication ;—who is Lord Auckland ? echoes every member of the community ; and the only reply is—Lord Auckland is one of Lord Brougham's people ; moreover, he is one of the M'Culloch people of the London University, and belongs to the Liberals of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge ; but beyond this, nothing is known of Lord Auckland ! Here, then, is an individual who is totally unknown to the country—who is an utter stranger as a public man—who never opens his lips in the Legislature—whose talents and creed are involved in mystery—and who has never put forward the slightest legitimate claim, to entitle him to the meanest office—placed in almost the most important office in the Ministry ;—that of President of the Board of Trade. What has produced this most gross and scandalous job ? for that cannot be other than such a job, which, in the present state of the country, has given such an office to such a man. Are we to find its parentage in Lord Brougham's anxiety to provide for his friends, or in the learned Aristocrat's magnanimous resolve to be both Lord Chancellor and President of the Board of Trade, or in the paternal solicitude of the whole Cabinet to create a man of straw, for the benefit of Mr P. Thompson ? If not, where can it be discovered ?

A President of the Board of Trade like this has, as his Vice-President, Mr P. Thompson. The latter is the gentleman who, in former Parliaments, fought with such desperation in favour of the destructive changes which benefited the foreign trade he was engaged in as a merchant—stood between the petitions of the ship-owners, &c., and the legislature—and defended Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant, by insulting and defaming their victims. The appointment of this person to the office he holds, excited general disgust and indignation ; even the more sober friends of free trade were ashamed of it ; to various important parts of the com-

munity, it was a deliberate insult. This man is a servile follower of the very worst doctrines of the very worst Economists—he is publicly pledged against every iota of protection to either property or labour—he has always manifested a spirit which ought never to be found in an English Minister—and his parliamentary speeches have scarcely raised him to the third class of politicians : yet he is not only the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, but, according to appearances, the real President also.

Are we to be told that Sir J. Graham would not have made a more capable Chancellor of the Exchequer than Lord Althorpe—that the Duke of Richmond, who is known to the country, and in some respects tried, would not have made a better head of the Board of Trade than the unknown Lord Auckland—and that a Vice-President infinitely superior to Mr P. Thompson could not have been discovered ? No ; the audacity of telling us this, will not be ventured on by any person. Farther, will any one say that Lord Althorpe would not do as well at the head of the Admiralty as Sir J. Graham ; and that Lord Auckland would not be as efficient in the Post-office as the Duke of Richmond ? No.

Thus, then, leading offices are filled by the least competent, and by very incompetent, men, merely that one set of opinions may prevail against another—that the professed opponents of the Economists in the Cabinet may have no influence. In regard to disputed points, there is no division of power ; but on the contrary, all is withheld from the one side and given to the other. In so far as there is a party in the Cabinet opposed to the free-traders and bullionists, it forms but a stalking-horse to blind and delude the country ; the party it pretends to oppose, monopolize every office requisite for enabling them to give effect to their doctrines. Still the Corn Law is to be saved. For this we are devoutly thankful ; but how long is it to be saved ? Earl Grey, the Duke of Richmond, and Sir J. Graham, intrench themselves in this law, and surrender every thing else ; they give a part to save a part ; the other side is only allowed to take the fortifications at first ;

but in this it gets sufficient for insuring its possession of the whole. It is ridiculous to think that this law can be preserved, if other protections are to be destroyed.

In consequence of all this, the Ministry has, in general matters, disabled itself for accomplishing any thing, save public evil, and its own ruin. Earl Grey solemnly pledged himself at the outset, that the fullest enquiry should be made into the causes of public suffering. He has ever since strenuously resisted all Parliamentary enquiry, saving the Marquis of Salisbury's motion, which he and the Duke of Richmond were bound to before they gained office, and which only relates to the paupers of certain districts. But then he pledged himself that government would enquire:—if you plead this, look, we beseech you, at his means of redemption. All sides, including the noble Premier himself, declare that the suffering has been in a considerable degree produced by the change of currency; of course it at least will be rigidly scrutinised by government. No! asserts the Premier, and his words are repeated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer—this cause of suffering shall be sacred from the profane gaze of enquiry. Landowners and farmers are sustaining great loss, and it is alleged that it flows largely from the change of Corn Law: this, therefore, will of necessity be investigated. No, says Earl Grey, this cause must only be touched by enquiry at a future time, with a view to its enlargement. The lead-miners have been long in great misery, and the cause here will doubtlessly be sought. No, says Mr P. Thompson, we will neither enquire nor regard facts forced on us respecting it. Will enquiry seek the cause which distresses the people employed in the manufacture of kelp? No; Mr P. Thompson declares that the cause here shall be increased without enquiry. In a similar manner, Ministers are rigidly bound, not only from enquiry, but also from noticing voluntary evidence, no matter how conclusive, respecting the most important of the alleged causes of public suffering.

What then becomes of the Premier's solemn pledge in favour of the most comprehensive enquiry?

It is manifestly a mockery and delusion. It is coupled with a counter-pledge equally solemn, which alone is to be redeemed. Demonstration is before the eyes of all, that it cannot and will not be more than a broken promise.

But perhaps Ministers intend to remove the causes of suffering without enquiry. Well, what have they done already? The constitution of this country is a most distasteful thing to the low Whigs and Liberals; no sooner does Mr P. Thompson hang on himself the habiliments of office, than in virtue of his own "economic science," or of "education," drawn by Lord Auckland from the London University, or Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, he places it under his feet, and strips Parliament of its power over taxation:—why? Is he so anxious to substitute prosperity for loss—to give bread to the hungry, and raiment to the naked, that his benevolent soul cannot brook the delay of Parliamentary formalities? It is to heap additional misery on the heads of the many thousands engaged in the manufacture of kelp, by reducing the duty on barilla.

Thus the first act of this distress-removing Ministry is to increase public distress—the Duke of Richmond's "conservative party" begins its career with a work of destruction. Let us look a little more at this trumpery experiment—this weak and wicked violation of promise and pledge.

Our readers are aware that the removal or reduction of a duty frequently causes a rise of price which counterbalances it. Leather was lately exempted from duty, and the fruits are, hides have risen, shoes are as dear as ever, and the benefits are monopolized by foreigners, butchers, tanners, &c. Barilla is used in the manufacture of soap, and so is tallow. If one ingredient in an article be cheapened by the removal of duty, it is pretty sure to cause a rise of price, both in this and other ingredients, particularly if it give the least impulse to consumption. The reduction of duty will add something to the price of barilla, and the benefit here, saving for the moment, will go mainly to foreigners. Tallow, from the comparatively small number of

houses to which the bulk of its importation is confined, is, to a considerable extent, under a monopoly, which can regulate its price almost at pleasure: a great rise in its price, confessedly made by monopoly, has therefore very naturally accompanied the reduction of duty on barilla, and the benefit of it must go chiefly to foreigners, merchants, butchers, &c.

Thus the gain from this exquisite morsel of relief from taxation, will be principally, if not wholly, monopolized by foreigners, merchants, soap-makers, and butchers. Are they in such distress, that it must be mitigated, by taking away the bread of the labouring classes? Complaint speaks not in the affirmative. If soap be cheapened, let it be remembered that the paltry gain to one part of the community is bought with the heavy loss of another. The matter concerns more than one kind of manufacturers; tallow is an article of some moment to candle-makers, and it is consumed to a vast extent by machinery; consequently, if its price be raised, the matter will stand thus—the duty will in effect be taken off barilla and laid on tallow; one part of the manufacturers will be injured as much as another will be benefited, and the community at large will lose more in dear candles than it will gain in cheap soap.

Contrast this with what a reduction of duty on soap, sugar, and similar articles would have been. Such reduction on soap would have injured no one; it would have been clear gain to all. The case would have been the same with sugar; not a soul would have been deprived of capital, profit, or employment; but the whole community would have been benefited; if sugar had risen, the profit would have gone, not to foreigners, but to his Majesty's colonial subjects, and from them it would have partly returned to the population at home.

This will shew the absurdity of Mr P. Thompson's wild generalities, that raw produce used in manufactures ought not to be taxed, &c. These generalities are more frequently false than true. That tremendous mass of errors which is called the science of political economy, is really a body of deductions formed in utter ignorance of three-fourths of those com-

mon facts, the knowledge of which is essential for preventing deduction from being false and destructive. It will, moreover, throw light on the imbecility, nay, the guilt of legislating on these wretched generalities, without reference to facts and circumstances, when the latter are in different cases the reverse of each other.

It is pleaded by Ministers in their defence, that in this barilla matter they have only done what their predecessors had resolved to do. Why was the Ministry changed, if they gained office to imitate their predecessors? They, however, have made the matter their own in principle.

Let us now glance at another of their acts. Great as the errors of Mr Canning and Mr Huskisson were, they yet both saw correctly the position in which America stood towards this country, and they constantly shewed a wish to add nothing to her power which peace would justify them in withholding. After their vigorous and wise stroke for excluding her ships from the West India colonies, they took ground which almost precluded negotiation for the re-admission of these ships. The imbecile Wellington Ministry naturally disregarded this, and concluded a treaty with her, as its scribes say, without thinking of shipping; this treaty, of course, expels British ships from the carrying trade in favour of hers, and places her, as her President asserts, in more favourable circumstances than ever. To what portentous cause is it owing that, in every negotiation between England and America, the former is betrayed and despoiled, to place the latter in better circumstances than ever? To this agreement for sacrificing British ships to American ones, was appended another, for imposing protecting duties on American produce admitted into the West India islands, in favour of similar produce of British America.

Well, it might have been hoped that America had got enough in respect of her shipping, and that, after befooling Mr Herries and his brethren, she would not have an opportunity of befooling a second set of official sages in the selfsame negotiation. Alas! what can escape ill-luck! Just after the treaties, per-

factly completed, are laid before Parliament, the Grey Ministry assumes being; it of course warmly sanctions that for transferring the carrying trade from British to American shipping; but the other fares differently. What! that Lord Althorpe, who is so passionate an "admirer" of Mr Hume's principles of free trade—that Lord Auckland, who is the associate of Professor M'Culloch—that Mr P. Thompson, who maintains that industry, like the "mountain plant," thrives the best without shelter and aliment, approve of a treaty which gives advantages to British colonies at the expense of a foreign nation! No—no, political economy shudders at the enormity. These scientific statesmen can carry into effect a mere intention of the late Ministry touching barilla, because the evils will fall solely on British inhabitants; but they must annul a completed treaty, because it is intended to operate for such inhabitants against foreigners. The treaty is hastily withdrawn, and the negotiation is reopened, solely to injure British colonies for the benefit of America. And what America? That which equals Britain in quality and tonnage of shipping—always displays a hostile spirit to her—and is only separated by a disputed boundary-line from some of her most valuable colonies, is a near neighbour of others, and asserts even through her rulers a natural right to the whole.

The American negotiator is evidently, in cupidity and craft, a genuine scion of Brother Jonathan; but still, perhaps, he does not wholly know the men he has to deal with. Let him take a hint even from us. Mr P. Thompson belongs to the school which holds that the colonies of this country form a pernicious burden to her. Lord Auckland must be a disciple of it also, of course, and so must Lord Althorpe, he being such a devoted admirer of Mr Hume's political economy. Let Jonathan, then, propose to these Ministers, that, as Britain is in such great suffering, his country, with such generosity as only a republic could exhibit, will gratuitously relieve her from the ruinous burden formed by her American colonies—will actually, without equivalent, take the ownership of these

and evils. They will be delighted with his proposal, but he must not hope that it will be wholly acceded to. The Cabinet must be consulted, and in all probability Earl Grey, Sir J. Graham, and the Duke of Richmond, will demur; the latter, however, on being pressed by their colleagues, will doubtless consent for him to have part; and if he shew common dexterity, we imagine he may gain all save Nova Scotia.

Thus far we have no more acts to look at, therefore we turn to other things. Ministers are making every thing fly before them in the way of retrenchment, and are even surrendering a part of their own salaries. We say that retrenchment ought to be carried as far as possible; but in saying this, we must soberly enquire what quantum of relief can be drawn from it; and the crime shall not be ours of asserting that it will remove distress and disaffection. The nature of things demonstrates that it is utterly impossible for reduction of taxes to afford any sensible relief to national loss and want. Ten times more taxes have been repealed in the last fifteen years than these Ministers can repeal, yet the population is far more distressed than it was when it had the whole to pay. A large amount was removed in the last year, yet the cry of distress continues, and discontent has been fearfully enlarged. Is there the slightest ground for believing that if even four or five millions be removed in the current year, it will have any material effect in abating suffering, and subduing dangerous feelings?

A more astonishing and humiliating spectacle was never seen in the world than this—in such a boasting age as the present one, the British government and legislature, amidst national loss, hunger, convulsion, and revolution, content themselves with bawling "retrenchment!" and asserting that a paltry reduction of taxes must form the only, and the infallible, remedy. In charity to the intellect of man, let us for once have a government and legislature of old women! we are sure they would display infinitely more knowledge and wisdom than have been found in the male ones of late years.

The important question now comes before us—what taxes will Ministers

he developed it last session, is, to remove duties from articles used in manufactures. Many of these duties are protecting ones; therefore, like that on barilla, their abolition cannot benefit one producer, without injuring another. Others are duties of revenue, and their removal would not enable the manufactured articles they bear on to sustain foreign competition, or to be sufficiently reduced in price to yield general relief. In great part they rest on imported commodities. It may almost be taken as an axiom, that price must be in some degree raised by repeal of duty; of course the relief gained by repealing the duties in question must, to a large extent, go to foreigners. Farther, the repeal will injure some, as much as it will benefit other parts of the community, in many cases; and in other cases, the profit will be confined to manufacturers and the wealthy classes. Ministers, therefore, will make such a reduction of taxes, as will not reach, in any sensible degree, the losing and starving part of the community; on the contrary, it will frequently add to distress in one quarter, by giving relief not needed in another.

This is not the whole. Ministers are pledged to an immediate settlement of the slavery question, and it is acknowledged by their adherents, that it must give compensation to the colonists for the loss of their slaves. If such compensation be paid by annual instalments, it will, for some years, exceed in amount any reduction that can be made in taxes. Of course, retrenchment can produce no decrease of taxation.

The childish, silly, guilty cry of Retrenchment and Economy, kept up by Ministers, is, in motive and object, mockery and delusion. It feeds the spirit of revolution in every way; and it is resorted to for the purpose of blinding the country to the real causes of its distress, that this distress may be increased by the empirics of the Cabinet.

What general measures are Ministers bound to? It is one of the grand principles of Mr P. Thompson, as he stated in Parliament a year or two ago, that there ought to be no protections of any kind—that property and labour ought to be stripped of all protecting duty. If this empire had not been

for its sins doomed to overthrow, such a man could scarcely have gained possession of the Board of Trade. This is one of the principles of which Lord Althorpe is so passionate an admirer; and we may safely take for granted, that it is an immense favourite with the mute Lord Auckland. From, therefore, their pledges and acts, it must be the policy of Ministers to continually sweep away protection. Commencing with the colonies, they are at this moment striking a deadly blow at the trade, property, and labour of the North American ones. Slavery must be abolished, and foreign sugar admitted for home consumption, almost immediately; and this can hardly fail of plunging the West India ones into ruin. Then, to bring British India and the other colonies into the vortex of calamity, the discriminating duties on cotton, &c. &c. must cease to exist.

At home, all this must have mighty effect in enlarging suffering. The abolition of the discriminating duties on timber, and various other colonial productions, must operate ruinously to the shipping interest and all connected with it, chiefly to enrich foreign producers of different kinds, and foreign shipowners. The loss to one part of the community will not be counterpoised by gain to another; on the contrary, the gain will be principally reaped by foreigners. Then every interest in detail must have suffering heaped on it. The kelp manufacturers are now smitten; from them the blow will pass in succession to the silk throwsters, linen manufacturers, producers of butter, cheese, and salted provisions, hop-growers, &c. &c., until it reaches the heart of agriculture.

We need not appeal to common sense; we have only to look at the history of late years for the most conclusive proof that all this must continually increase public suffering and discontent. It is idle to tell us that the loss of the part must be the gain of the whole; because the whole must lose as much as the part. It is ridiculous to speak of extracting relief from the repeal of taxes, because the loss of means for paying the latter far outstrips the reduction of them. Why is the landed interest distressed at present, when the property-tax

and others did not prevent it from enjoying great prosperity? Because its rents, profits, and wages have been reduced by law much more than its taxes. The case is similar with the community at large.

We now put these questions:—

1. When the reduction of taxes made in the last year has not diminished public suffering in any material degree, abated the clamour against taxes, or prevented discontent and disaffection from increasing in the most alarming manner; is it possible for the Ministry to make, by retrenchment and economy, such a reduction as will be sensibly felt in lessening distress and bad feelings?

2. When the Ministry does not even promise to resort to any remedy beyond retrenchment and economy, and when it is evident, from the principles of certain of its members and its acts, that its policy will be of a kind to inflict bitter injuries on one part of the community, without conferring corresponding benefit on the other; is it not demonstrable that it will produce more suffering than its reduction of taxes will balance, and that on the whole it will add largely to distress and discontent?

3. Is it possible for the present Ministry, or any other, to escape ruin, if, amidst public suffering and disaffection, its measures be only calculated to increase them?

4. Can the British empire be saved from revolution and fall, if a sufficiency of employment and adequate wages be not given to the labouring classes; and proper profits be not granted to the middle ones?

Our conviction from all this is, that the Ministry will soon ruin itself, and destroy the character of all its members who possess any. We, however, still think it the best of the bad—the only party of character willing to save the essential portion of what is left of property and subsistence. It is willing to spare, for a time, that mass of property and subsistence which is protected by the Corn Law; and this is more than can be said for the foolish men who would replace such law with a fixed duty. We have been, and still are, anxious to confide in it; but our confidence is only to be gained by proper policy; our hope was, that its free-trade members would be restrained by the rest, but this hope,

its acts, and the speeches of these members, have destroyed. We shall oppose bad principles and measures in it, precisely as we would oppose them in any other body of men.

But we speak not thus to support any other body; where is the body we could support without the sacrifice of honour and integrity? A call is put forth for the union of the Tories; and, in reply, we ask, who are the Tories? We look not at names and persons; our question refers only to principles and character—who then, we say again, are the Tories? Here are two, if not three, great parties, which all bear the name, and yet are flatly opposed to each other in creed; of course they cannot all be Tories. If the union is to be compassed by allowing each party to retain its creed and leaders, our solemn resolution is, to have no connexion with it whatever. It would form just such a body as the Ministry is,—one divided against itself, holding, in its ascendant division, the worst doctrines of the Ministry, and moreover ruled by the Opposition. If the hard choice were before us, we would rather support the present Ministry, than such a body.

The call is pathetically made on behalf of the Opposition; and as it contains no intimation that Sir R. Peel and his brethren have renounced their errors, it may be taken for granted that they merely seek assistance to regain office. We cannot but remember that, even in Mr Canning's time, the younger of these men scoffed at the anti-liberals, lauded Mr Huskisson's theories, heaped insult on the Tories, and allied themselves with the Whigs and Radicals. We cannot forget, that after the Wellington Ministry was formed, it betrayed and laboured to destroy those who had given it power, carried on an exterminating war against Tories, and used every means, not excepting the worst, to unite itself with the Whigs and Liberals. It cannot be unknown to us, that if the latter had not contemptuously cast them off, these men would still have been the bitter enemies of the Tories.

If public good imposed on us the sacrifice, we would readily put these things out of remembrance; but instead of commanding us to believe the false and trust the faithless, it does the contrary. What principle

do we hold in common with these men? On free trade—the currency—reform—the police—and nearly all important matters, we are decidedly opposed to them. On what material points do they dissent from the Whigs and Liberals? Those only on which we believe them to be as far in error as the latter. If they could regain office, they would, at the best, act as the existing Ministry will do; but we suspect they would do worse. We cannot desire to exchange Lord Althorpe for Sir R. Peel, Lord Auckland for Mr Herries, or Mr P. Thompson for Mr Courtenay, when in essentials they hold the same doctrines. These men really are a continuation—the tag-rag-and-bobtail—of the Whigs and Liberals, yet we are to support them because they once professed to be, and still are called, Tories. As a Ministry, they would be no better than the Grey one; as an Opposition, they will be in some degree useful; therefore, on the score of public good, we cannot wish to see them in office.

From the other Tories who speak in Parliament, saving certainly one or two in each House, we differ very widely. They trim their lamps with Whig oil, and we hate both stealing and borrowing. They ascribe public suffering mainly to the change of currency; we ascribe it mainly to other things. By them it is asserted that this change has been injurious by its effects on prices and contracts; by us it is believed that its effects on these were but temporary; and in support of this belief, we find that the prices of leading commodities have been for some time higher than they were before small notes were suppressed, and that we should for several months past have had war prices with the gold currency, if law and situation had been what they were during the war. Their panacea is to allow small notes to circulate on the security of exchequer bills; and our conviction is, that it makes little difference to the banker whether he be compelled to buy exchequer bills or sovereigns. Far be it from us to say any thing to the general disparagement of Mr Attwood, who is one of the most acute, able, and honest men in the Legislature; but his plan we must dissent from. Passing over its objectionable features, it could not, in our judg-

ment, cause any real rise in profits and wages to the mass of the community. Taxes consist chiefly of duties; therefore, if a debased currency reduce them, it must reduce protecting duties equally; no advance of price and wages could be made on goods which are exported. The suppression of small notes has, we believe, done great injury to manufactures and trade in many country parts, by diminishing capital; but we have never been able to discover that it has materially injured farmers by disabling them for obtaining loans. The farmers had abundance of capital of their own; they have not occasion for discounts and loans, like people engaged in trade; their distress has been caused by want, not of capital, but of remunerating prices; and this want has been produced by the change of corn law, and other free-trade measures. We think the restoration of small notes would yield considerable benefit, but would be incapable of removing distress, particularly that of agriculture.

The origin of this currency conduct in these Tories deserves some notice. Up to a certain period, they and their publications cast the blame chiefly on free-trade; then they suddenly became silent on the latter, and arraigned sovereigns. Why? The Whigs and Economists, to conceal the total failure of their wretched experiments, furiously protested that the distress was caused solely by the change of currency; these Tories had not nerve to gainsay them; moreover, they sought a left-handed alliance with the Whigs, and even Mr Huskisson shewed symptoms of joining them. In addition, Sir R. Peel had betrayed them, the change of currency was the measure of him and his colleagues, and the Ministry was the great object of attack. Thus, from sheer cowardice, anxiety to gain Whig and Huskisson heads, and hostility to Sir R. Peel and the Ministry, these Tories transferred their animosity from free-trade to the gold currency. A vast portion of the abuse heaped on the latter has flowed solely from enmity to Sir R. Peel.

We cannot imitate such conduct. We may be assured by Whig, Economist, and Tory, that it was the change of currency only which brought dis-

treas on the shipping interest, silk trade, lead-miners, various other interests, and the London shop-keepers and labouring classes, and agriculture in general; but we must treat it with contempt. We have the fact before us, that, in the last year alone, nearly two millions and a half of quarters of foreign corn, including flour, were cleared for home consumption; and the clearances in previous years were extremely great; we cannot follow those who argue that this corn had no material effect on prices. We have the additional fact before us, that the free-trade measures have depressed the price of every article produced by the farmer, as well as corn; and that they have stripped Ireland of some of her markets for salted provisions, and compelled her to export cheap horned cattle and swine; we cannot ascribe the bad prices here to the change of currency.

We wish to see the small notes restored as a secondary matter of relief, therefore we should have been silent on this conduct in the Tories in question, had they not, from their most erroneous opinions touching the effect of currency on prices, offered to change the corn law for a "moderate fixed duty," provided they might have small notes again. By this they would take a pound from agriculture on the one hand, to give it a penny on the other. If the currency-people take ground like this, a determined stand must be made against them.

If these two bodies of Tories unite, what can they accomplish? We assure them that names have now no weight; the distinctions of name perished with those of principle and character; the country cares not a straw for the title of Whig, it cares as little for that of Tory, and it regards both with much more contempt than reverence. Thus, disabled for accomplishing any thing through name, what can they do by act? They must support the general measures of Ministers, echo the doctrines of the Whigs and Liberals, and only oppose when it will cover them with public odium. This will ensure them a somewhat longer exclusion from office than the Whigs have had.

What ruined them? Their adoption of Whig principles. So long as they had a separate creed, the coun-

try had to choose between creeds as well as parties; and because it preferred theirs, it preferred them. When they cast their principles away for those of their opponents, it naturally transferred its preference to the latter as their confessed superiors. In this lies the lesson for enabling them to recover what they have lost.

To regain public favour and power, they must be at least equal to their opponents in personal character, and superior to them in principle and policy. A Ministry composed wholly or principally of the Peel party, if it could gain being, would produce revolution; the members of it, who did not apostatize on the Catholic question, have as few friends in the country, as those who did; on other matters, nearly all have displayed conduct which has stripped them of respect and confidence. The Tories, to a large extent, must have new leaders, whose personal virtues will form a pledge, that another Tory Ministry would consist in essentials of high minded, consistent, and patriotic men.

Then the party generally must be purged of diversity of principle. We think nothing could be more preposterous than the existing distinctions between Whig and Tory. One man calls himself a Whig, and yet professes Tory doctrines; another calls himself a Tory, but holds Whig doctrines. Here are two great parties in hostility, and yet each as a whole declares it entertains the creed of the other; half the Ministry, in leader and follower, is opposed to the other half, and allied in sentiment with half the Tory Opposition: and half the latter is opposed to the other half, and united in principle with half the Ministry. Suppose the part of the Ministry and that of the Tories, which think alike on free-trade, currency, &c., should separate from the other, and unite, what would follow? A Ministry and Opposition properly at issue on leading matters of policy, and each as properly in harmony with itself on such matters: a party of real Whigs, and another of real Tories. Why cannot this be done? Oh! it would be unpardonable inconsistency! The Whig must support those he dissents from, and oppose those he agrees with; the Tory must do the same; both must really renounce, betray, and war against their

own principles to be consistent! As we have already said, this monstrous system utterly destroys principle and honour amidst public men, and it is ruinous to the empire.

We think it would yield much public benefit if all Tories, who agree in opinion with the free-trade part of the Ministry, would go over to it. Consistency demands that they should do so. It matters not if this should include Sir R. Peel as well as Mr Dawson, Mr Herries as well as Mr Courtenay. They would do less mischief to the Tory body on the ministerial, than they will do on the Tory side. If the Tories expect to rise again, they must treat every man who holds the creed of their opponents as a betrayer and enemy.

They must not only be harmonious in creed, but have one which the community will support. What matters of policy divide the latter at present? The currency and free-trade measures. The former is completed; but the latter are not much more than begun. Nothing could be of more vital importance than these matters, yet the Tory heads agree on them with the Ministry, in direct opposition to the Tory part of the community. It is, in the nature of things, impossible for any party of public men to gain the favour of the country if they do not identify themselves with it in feeling, and fight its battles of policy. When, therefore, the Tory heads are fiercely at variance with it on these things, or merely agree with that part of it which supports the Ministry, they must necessarily gain its animosity; that part of it which thinks as they do, regards them as enemies who wish to supplant its favourites, and the other sees in them the enemies of every thing it values.

The Tories, or, at least, the Peel members of them, have this choice—national contempt and dislike; or, in various points, a change of creed. It unfortunately happens, that, in these days, men can only change from good to bad—they can be led to change by speculative doctrine or personal profit, but not by proof of error. The principles on which this empire has been governed for the last six or seven years, have produced incalculable loss and unexampled misery—they have filled the land with irreligion, vice, crime, and disaffection

—they have, in a very large degree, destroyed the connecting links and cement between, not only class and class in society, but also part and part in the empire—they have generated present convulsion and insurrection, and almost made revolution and fall things of certainty. It might be expected that these horrible and distressing demonstrations of their falsehood would be sufficient to produce conviction in the most besotted and hardened of the human race; but no! public men must still cling to them—to apostatise to them is still a virtue, and to forsake them infamy!

According to the newspapers, Sir R. Peel lately said in Parliament, political economy had for its object the production of public wealth, and if it produced this by injuring morals he must oppose it. The sentiment does him honour; we must, however, say, if morals be destroyed, public wealth must perish with them. Let us apply it as a test to his consistency. The Economists assert that, previously to the last six or seven years, the reverse of political economy was practised in this empire. Now, we call on Sir Robert, as a public man, to say where that wealth is hidden, which in those years has been produced by political economy. Is it buried in the banking-accounts of landowners, or the stacks of farmers, or the iron chests of manufacturers, merchants, and tradesmen, or the stomachs and pockets of the labouring classes? No. It cannot be discovered: the indisputable fact is, that political economy—we mean the false impostor which has usurped the name—has been, ever since it was resorted to, a wholesale destroyer of wealth; while that which is called the reverse, was a wholesale producer of it. This is an incontrovertible fact, or there can be no such fact in the world.

We have another call to make on Sir Robert. Has political economy done no injury to morals amidst the silk weavers, glove makers, &c.—amidst the people employed in the manufacture of kelp, the lead miners, fishermen, &c.—amidst the farmers, looking at the opinions they express touching tithes—and amidst the husbandry labourers, who, alas! alas! are suffering and dying by expatriation and the hand of the public

executioner? Have not morals suffered from it amidst the rebellious part of the inhabitants of the metropolis? Have morals escaped its pestilential influence amidst the tremendous combinations of the manufacturing districts, and that gigantic portion of the population which seeks to fly from loss and hunger into revolution and general spoliation?

A farther call remains. Political economy is confessedly to proceed until it destroys every trade which cannot sustain foreign competition, and greatly narrows agriculture. It is demonstrable, that in this it must increase, to an incalculable extent, distress and disorder amidst the whole of the husbandry labourers, and an immense mass of others engaged in various manufactures and trades; it must also force a vast additional population into the larger manufacturing districts. Every Minister worthy the name of statesman, would labour to create a balance to the cotton and woollen trades, even for their own sake; but this insane political economy attempts, by the most unnatural and savage means, to force the whole population into dependence on them, direct or remote. We ask the Right Honourable Gentleman if this must not of necessity have the very worst effects on private and public morals?

We call on Sir Robert Peel to answer us before his God and his country.

Here, then, is proof, against which nothing can stand, that this political economy is a destroyer, not only of morals, but of wealth likewise; in consequence, on Sir Robert's own declaration, he is bound to be its mortal foe—to war against it openly and sternly, to extermination. Will he discharge the obligation?

When Mr Goulburn was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was an adorer of free-trade; he boasted of his devotion to Mr Huskisson's theories, as something immutable. Unhappily Mr Huskisson ran foul of him in the sugar business, and the crash beat his free-trade passion out of him. Then, when moved by interest, he could retort on the theorist as the parent of "a system which had not yielded the benefits expected from it." Is Mr Goulburn, after this confession, still a free-trader?

Without speaking further of indi-

viduals, we will observe, the Peel party must lie where it is, the despised appendage of the Ministry, or take up the creed of the country. No change of opinion is called for on hypothesis and assumption; here are the results of decisive experiments—conclusive demonstrations to answer the question—are the doctrines on which this empire has been governed in late years true or erroneous?

The Tories, as a body, must not only have a creed strongly defined, distinctly opposed to that of the Ministry, and rooted in the reason and affection of the country; but they must support it like bold and able men. There must be no more of the crouching, canting, and supplicating to the "Press"—the puerile and cowardly concessions to the Economists—the trimming, and cutting, and shifting, to appease this quarter and win that—the hinting, and suppressing, and disavowing, which have so long disgraced them.

It is by such means alone that the Tories can regain their ascendancy; if without them they, by intrigue or accident, obtain office, it will only be for a moment; to get lasting hold of power, they must stand before the country as the men possessing the best character, and maintaining the best principles.

We, of course, are merely speaking of them; we do not belong to them, therefore we ask no favour, and offer no counsel. Names, as we have said, are to us nothing; and when we look amidst public men for Tories, in respect of faith, we can find none. Those who existed only three short years ago, ultras included, have vanished. On different occasions we have spoken in the strongest manner against the apostacy of Sir R. Peel, and those who acted like him on the Catholic Question, and our opinion of it is unchanged; but we must render to these men impartial justice. They have been just as consistent as many of their revilers. One of the latter leaps into the depths of Radical Reform, another embraces the low Whigs as his party, and a third proclaims he has changed sides touching currency and free-trade; yet these worthies rail against the apostacy of Sir R. Peel! It was very evident before the death of Mr Huskisson, that no small number of these

apostate-haters were anxious to make him one of their leaders! We find ourselves as much opposed to the Tories amidst public men, as to the Whigs and Liberals; from this plain reason, that such Tories are now in creed Whigs and Liberals. This gives us no concern, because we have followed neither individual nor party; and the fruits of the new Tory principles are abundantly sufficient to satisfy us, that in obeying conscience we have adhered to the cause of truth and our country. On one point we deem it a gain; that we can no longer be numbered amidst those who are called Tory writers, is to us, as any one may easily believe, a matter of unfeigned rejoicing.

Yet, unchanged in faith and cause as we are and shall remain, we feel most anxious, in utter scorn of names, to see a party arise which will strike for the empire. Turning, then, from the dependents, to those on whom the debt of atonement for past errors, and personal interest in the public weal, impose the duty of providing such a party, we say to the Lonsdales and Northumberlands, the Hertfords and Rutlands—How long is the empire to be scourged and devastated by the doctrines which have placed it in its present appalling condition?

You see that no change of measures can be hoped for from the Ministry; and you know that the policy it is pursuing has been proved, and is generally acknowledged, to be a total and destructive failure. Here is the country distressed, convulsed, and on the brink of revolution; yet, from this Ministry, only the reverse of remedy can be expected.

Are you, too, landowners as you are, ignorant of the causes which distress your tenants and their labourers? Are you, too, Englishmen as you are, dupes of the disgraceful infatuation, that the import of foreign corn, to the extent of two millions and a half of quarters in a single year, can have no effect on the price of British corn—that the farmers of this country cannot be injured by being brought into competition, in almost every article, with foreign ones? Are you, too, sane as you are, cheated into the vulgar delusion that a paltry repeal of taxes is all that is necessary for removing loss and suffering?

If public good demand that the landowner shall lose half his income and property, the farmer shall be reduced to insolvency, and the husbandry labourer shall be deprived of bread—that agriculture shall be transformed into a mass of debt, beggary, want, crime, and insurrection—let the harsh necessity be submitted to. But add not insult and mockery to ruin and starvation. Let the proofs of the necessity appear: and let old English truth be told touching cause and effect.

But public good demands the contrary; it adjures you, in the demonstrations of all history, to give prosperity to agriculture. If the present prices of corn could be generally maintained, they would be sufficient; but they exist only for the moment through speculation, and the belief that there will be scarcity abroad. What has the rise in them produced? General benefit, but not evil. The whole matter in dispute amounts only to eight or ten shillings per quarter; this sum makes the difference to agriculture between moderate prosperity and great suffering; the consumer cannot lose or obtain this trifle to himself, without enjoying the mighty profit, or sustaining the tremendous loss, arising from the prosperity or distress of half the population! To give the sum to the producer, is evidently to confer a gain on the consumer.

Insurrection is quelled for the time, but how long can it be kept down? The causes are not removed, but enlarged; the farmers are already taking off the advance of wages it extorted; bad feelings have been aggravated by punishment, which would have been more just had it been less severe; and the breach between servant and master is greatly widened. It cannot be expected that the landowner will give up his property, and make himself a pauper, to relieve the pauperism of others. Where, then, is the security that the incendiary and rebel will not again appear? And if they do, what—looking at the gigantic extent of country in which their spirit has been manifested—will they not accomplish?

Can you be ignorant that the wretched system of sacrificing part after part of the community to the whole, has been proved to be ruin-

ous? Where is the general prosperity which has been drawn from the distress of agriculture, the shipping interest, and the silk trade? What perceptible benefit does the suffering of the souls engaged in manufacturing kelp, the lead miners, &c. &c. yield to the community at large?

And can you be ignorant that the prosperity of the part is essential for that of the whole? Is it not as clear in reason, as it is in fact, that if the community have to pay somewhat higher prices to the producers of corn, ships, silks, &c. &c., in order to give them prosperity, the loss is nothing in the balance against the gigantic profit their prosperity gives it in the increase of its general prices and trade?

Are those men capable of teaching political economy who make no distinction in regard to importation between commodities produced by this country, and those which are not—between articles used in manufactures, and those only used in individual consumption—who place corn and cotton, wrought silks and indigo, on an equality? Are they capable of instructing a nation who insist, that the ruin of half the population must of necessity greatly benefit the other half?

Are those just and equal laws which give enlarged means of wealth to the manufacturers and merchants by stripping the landowners, farmers, shipowners, &c. &c. of income and property—which increase the means of subsistence of the lesser part of the labouring classes, by taking food and morals from the greater—which plunge portion after portion of the population into ruin and hunger to give riches and abundance to the remainder? In the name of England we protest against them; in virtue of our birthright, we demand at your hands equal law, and equal protection of property.

Why are you and your aristocratic brethren no longer followed? Why are you so far fallen that even your own tenants are in rebellion against you, and in the battles of agriculture are ranged with your enemies? Because you no longer act as leaders—because you have degraded yourselves into followers—because you have sunk into the spiritless, trembling, indolent, womanish, sordid im-

becility which envelopes the continental aristocracy—because you have made yourselves the instruments of innovators, empirics, and mercenary traffickers in creeds and parties—because you have become the tools of men who use you to sacrifice public good for the concealment of their own incapacity and profligacy, and to enable themselves to adhere to principle and pledge, when they are faithless to all but the false and ruinous!

Arise! and let England once more find worthy leaders in her nobles! Let her proud coronet again adorn the foreheads of the patriotic, the chivalrous, and the princely, who can only find gain and enjoyment in her prosperity and happiness! To you, your country looks for deliverance from the official quack, the imbecile party, and the unprincipled faction. Shake off your chains; display the manly port, courageous spirit, and sterling sense of the Barons of old; and take the place amidst your countrymen which belongs to you. Only deserve it, and you will again be followed! In utter scorn of theorist, demagogue, and pledged partisan, form a paternal government—one which will think as well as act, feel as well as speak; and banish loss, want, and wretchedness, according to the precepts of the great fathers of British riches and grandeur. In this lies not only the recovery of what you have lost, but the preservation of what you still have. Deceive not yourselves, for the charged mine is beneath you; the fatal taint has reached the heart of the body politic.

For ourselves we speak not; we have no alliance to offer, and we can accept no counsel. We shall steadily adhere to that course of independence, which has been ours for many years, without enquiring who are friends or enemies; and without caring whether it bring us into conflict with Whig or Liberal, old Tory or Peelite, manly assailant or impostor and cut-throat. If any men stand forward and strike in single-mindedness for the empire, they shall, in total disregard of party names and distinctions, have our unsolicited assistance; and they will find it neither lukewarm nor powerless.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAP. VII.

The Spectre-Smitten.

Few topics of medical literature have occasioned more wide and contradictory speculation than that of insanity, with reference, as well to its predisposing and immediate causes, as its best method of treatment;—since experience is the only substratum of real knowledge, the easiest and surest way of arriving at those general principles which may regulate both our pathological and therapeutical researches, especially concerning the subtle, almost inscrutable disorder—*mania*—is, when one does meet with some striking, well-marked case, to watch it closely throughout, and be particularly anxious to seize on all those smaller features, those more transient evanescent indications which are truer characteristics of the complaint than perhaps any other. With this object did I pay close attention to the very singular and affecting case detailed in the following narrative. I have not given the *whole* of my observations—far from it; those only are recorded which seemed to me to have some claims to the consideration of both medical and general readers. The apparent eccentricity of the title will be found accounted for in the course of the narrative.

Mr M——, as one of a very large party, had been enjoying the splendid hospitality of Lady ——, and did not leave till a late—or rather, early, hour in the morning. Pretty women, music, and champagne, had almost turned his head; and it was rather fortunate for him that a hackney-coach stand was within a stone's throw of the house he was leaving. Muffling his cloak closely around him, he contrived to move towards it in a tolerably direct line, and a few moments' time beheld him driving, at the usual snail's pace of those ricketty vehicles, to Lincoln's-Inn; for Mr M—— was a law student. In spite of the transient exhilaration produced by the scenes he had just quitted, and the excitement consequent on the prominent share he

took in an animated discussion, in the presence of about thirty of the most elegant women that could well be brought together, he found himself becoming the subject of a most unaccountable depression of spirits. Even while at Lady ——'s, he had latterly perceived himself talking often for mere talking's sake—the chain of his thoughts perpetually broken—and an impatience and irritability of manner towards those whom he addressed, which he readily resolved into the reaction following high excitement. M ——, I ought before, perhaps, to have mentioned, was a man of great talent, chiefly, however, imaginative, and had that evening been particularly brilliant on his favourite topic—*diablerie* and mysticism; towards which he generally contrived to incline every conversation in which he bore a part. He had been dilating, in particular, on the power which Mr Maturin had of exciting the most fearful and horrific ideas in the minds of his readers, instancing one of his romances, the title of which I have forgotten. Long before he had reached home, the fumes of wine had evaporated, and the influence of excitement subsided; and, with reference to intoxication, he was as sober and calm as ever he was in his life. *Why*—he knew not, but his heart seemed to grow heavier and heavier, and his thoughts gloomier, every step by which he neared Lincoln's-Inn. It struck three o'clock as he entered the sombre portals of the ancient inn of court. The perfect silence, the moonlight shining sadly on the dusky buildings—the cold quivering stars—all these, together, combined to enhance his nervousness. He described it to me as though things seemed to wear a strange, spectral, supernatural aspect. Not a watchman of the inn was heard crying the hour—not a porter moving—no living being but himself visible in the large square he was crossing. As he neared his staircase, he felt his heart

fluttering; in short, he felt under some strange unaccountable influence, which, had he reflected a little, he would have discovered to arise merely from an excitable nervous temperament, operating on an imagination peculiarly attuned to sympathize with terror. His chambers lay on the third floor of the staircase; and on reaching it, he found his door-lamp glimmering with its last expiring ray. He opened his door, and after groping some time in the dark of his sitting-room, found his chamber candlestick. In attempting to light it, he put out the lamp. He went down stairs, but found that the lamp of every landing had shared the fate of his own; so he returned, rather irritated, thinking to amerce the porter of his customary Christmas-box for his niggard supply of oil. After some time spent in the search, he discovered his tinder-box, and proceeded to strike a light. This was not the work of a moment. And where is the bachelor to whom it is? The potent spark, however, dropped at last into the very centre of the soft tinder. M—— blew—it caught—spread—the match quickly kindled, and he lighted his candle. He took it in his hand, and was making for bed, when his eyes caught a glimpse of an object which brought him senseless to the floor. The furniture of his room was disposed as when he had left it; for his laundress had neglected to come and put things in order; the table, with a few books on it, drawn towards the fire-place, and by its side the ample-cushioned easy-chair. The first object visible, with sudden distinctness, was a figure sitting in the arm-chair. It was that of a gentleman, dressed in dark-coloured clothes, his hands, white as alabaster, closed together over his lap, and the face looking away; but it turned slowly towards M——, revealing to him a countenance of a ghastly hue—the features glowing like steel heated to a white heat, and the two eyes turned full towards him, and blazing—absolutely blazing—he described it—with a most horrible lustre. The appalling spectre, while M——’s eyes were riveted upon it, though glazing fast with fright, slowly rose from its seat, stretched out both its arms, and seemed approaching him, when he fell down senseless

on the floor, as if smitten with apoplexy. He recollected nothing more, till he found himself, about the middle of the next day, in bed, his laundress, myself, an apothecary, and several others, standing round him. His situation was not discovered till more than an hour after he had fallen, as nearly as could be subsequently ascertained, nor would it then, but for a truly fortunate accident. He had neglected to close either of his outer-doors, (I believe it is usual for chambers in the inns of court to have double outer-doors,) and a woman, who happened to be leaving the adjoining set, about five o’clock, on seeing Mr M——’s doors both open at such an untimely hour, was induced, by feelings of curiosity and alarm, to return to the rooms she had left for a light, with which she entered his chambers, after having repeatedly called his name without receiving any answer. What will it be supposed had been her occupation at such an early hour in the adjoining chambers? Laying out the corpse of their occupant, a Mr T——, who had expired about eight o’clock the preceding evening!

Mr M—— had known him, though not very intimately: and there were some painful circumstances attending his death, which, even though on no other grounds than mere sympathy, M—— had laid much to heart. In addition to this, he had been observed by his friends as being latterly the subject of very high excitement, owing to the successful prosecution of an affair of great interest and importance. We all accounted for his present situation, by referring it to some apoplectic seizure; for we were of course ignorant of the real occasion, fright, which I did not learn till long afterwards. The laundress told me that she found Mr M——, to her great terror, stretched motionless along the floor, in his cloak and full dress, and with a candlestick lying beside him. She at first supposed him drunk; but on finding all her efforts to rouse him unsuccessful, and seeing his fixed features and rigid frame, she hastily summoned to her assistance a fellow-laundress, whom she had left in charge of the corpse next door, undressed him, and laid him on the bed. A neighbouring medical man was then call-

ed in, who pronounced it to be a case of epilepsy; and he was sufficiently warranted by the appearance of a little froth about the lips—prolonged stupor, resembling sleep—and frequent convulsions of the most violent kind. The remedies resorted to produced no alleviation of the symptoms; and matters continued to wear such a threatening and alarming aspect, that I was summoned in by his brother, and was at his bedside by two o'clock. His countenance was dark and highly intellectual: its lineaments were naturally full of power and energy; but now overclouded with an expression of trouble and horror. He was seized with a dreadful fit soon after I had entered the room. Oh, it is a piteous and shocking spectacle to see the human frame subject to such demoniacal twitchings, and contortions, which are so sudden—so irresistible, as to give the idea of some vague, terrible exciting cause, which cannot be discovered: as though the sufferer lay passive in the grasp of some messenger of darkness “sent to buffet him.”*

M— was a very powerful man; and during the fits, it was next to impossible for all present, united, to control his movements. The foam at his mouth suggested to his terrified brother the harrowing suspicion that the case was one of hydrophobia. None of my remonstrances or assurances to the contrary sufficed to quiet him, and his distress added to the confusion of the scene. After prescribing to the best of my ability,

I left, considering the case to be one of simple epilepsy. During the rest of the day and night, the fits abated both in violence and frequency; but he was left in a state of the utmost exhaustion, from which, however, he seemed to be rapidly recovering, during the space of the four succeeding days; when I was suddenly summoned to his bedside, which I had left only two hours before, with the intelligence that he had disclosed symptoms of more alarming illness than ever. I hurried to his chambers, and found that the danger had not been magnified. One of his friends met me on the staircase, and told me that about half an hour before, while he and Mr C— M—, the patient's brother, were sitting beside him, he suddenly turned to the latter, and enquired, in a tone full of apprehension and terror—“Is Mr T— dead?”

“Oh dear, yes—he died several days ago”—was the reply.

“Then it was he”—he gasped—“it was he whom I saw, and he is surely—*damned*!—Yes, merciful Maker!—he is!—he is!”—he continued, elevating his voice to a perfect roar—“and the flames have reduced his face to ashes!—Horror! horror! horror!”—He then shut his eyes, and relapsed into silence for about ten minutes: when he exclaimed—“Hark you, there—secure me! tie me! make me fast, or I shall burst upon you and destroy you all—for I'm going mad—I feel it!”—He ceased, and commenced breathing fast and heavily—his chest

* The popular etymology of the word *epilepsy*, sanctioned by several reputable class-books of the profession, which are now lying before me,—i. e. “*ἐπιλειψις*,” is totally erroneous, and more—nonsensical. For the information of *general* readers, I may state, that its true derivation is from *λαμβάνω*, through its Ionic obsolete form *λήβω*: whence *ἐπι-λήψις*—a “seizing,” a “holding fast.” Therefore we speak of an *ATTACK* of epilepsy. This etymology is highly descriptive of the disease in question; for the sudden prostration, rigidity, contortions, &c. of the patient, strongly suggest the idea that he has been *taken* or *seized* (*ἐπιληφθεὶς*) by, as it were, some external, invisible agent. It is worthy of notice, by the way, that *ἐπιληπτικός* is used by ecclesiastical writers to denote a person *possessed by a demon*. *Ἐπίλειψις*, signifies simply “failure, deficiency.” I shall conclude this note with a practical illustration of the necessity which calls it forth—the correction of a prevalent error. A flippant student who, I was given to understand, plumed himself much among his companions on his Greek, was suddenly asked by one of his examiners for a definition of *epilepsy*, grounded on its etymology. I forget the definition, which was given with infinite self-sufficiency of tone and manner; but the fine trick of scholarship with which it was finished off, I well recollect:—“From *ἐπιλειψις*—(*ἐπί-λειπω*)—I fail, am wanting; therefore, sir, epilepsy is a *failure of animal functions*!!”—The same sage definition is regularly given by a well-known metropolitan lecturer!

heaving as though under the pressure of enormous weight; and his swelling, quivering features, evidencing the dreadful uproar within. Presently he began to grind his teeth, and his expanding eyes glared about in all directions, as though following the motions of some frightful object, and muttering fiercely through his closed teeth—"Oh save me from him—save me—save me!"—It was a fearful thing to see him lying in such a state—grinding his teeth as though he would crush them to powder—his livid lips crested with foam—his features swollen—writhing—blackening; and, which gave his face a peculiarly horrible and fiendish expression, his eyes distorted, or inverted upwards, so that nothing but the glaring whites of them could be seen—his whole frame rigid—and his hands clenched, as though they would never open again!—It is a dreadful tax on one's nerves to have to encounter such objects, familiar though medical men are with such and similar spectacles; and in the present instance, every one round the bedside of the unfortunate patient, stood trembling with pale and momentarily-averted faces. The ghastly, fixed, upturning of the eyes in epileptic patients, fills me with horror whenever I recall their image to my mind!

The return of these epileptic fits, in such violence, and after such an interval, alarmed me with apprehensions, lest, as is not unfrequently the case, apoplexy should supervene, or even ultimate insanity. It was rather singular that M—— was never known to have had an epileptic fit previous to the present seizure, and he was then in his twenty-fifth year. I was conjecturing what sudden fright or blow, or accident of any kind, or congestion of the vessels of the brain from frequent inebriation, could have brought on the present fit—when my patient, whose features had gradually sunk again into their natural disposition, gave a sigh of exhaustion—the perspiration burst forth, and he murmured—some time before we could distinctly catch the words—"Oh—spectre-smitten!—spectre-smitten!"—which expression I have adopted as the title of this paper—"I shall never recover again!"—Though sufficient-

ly surprised, and perplexed about the import of the words, we took no notice of them; but endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the phantasy, if such there were, which seemed to possess them, by enquiring into the nature of his symptoms. He disregarded us, however; feebly grasped my hand in his clammy fingers, and looking at me languidly, muttered—"What—Oh, what brought the fiend into my chambers?"—and I felt his whole frame pervaded by a cold shiver—"Poor T——! Horrid fate!"—On hearing him mention T——'s name, we all looked simultaneously at one another, but without speaking; for a suspicion crossed our minds, that his highly-wrought feelings, acting on a strong imagination, always tainted with superstitious terrors, had conjured up some hideous object, which had scared him nearly to madness—probably some fancied apparition of his deceased neighbour. He began again to utter long deep-drawn groans, that gradually gave place to the heavy stertorous breathing, which, with other symptoms—his pulse, for instance, beating about 115 a-minute—confirmed me in the opinion that he was suffering from a very severe congestion of the vessels of the brain. I directed copious venesection—his head to be shaven, and covered perpetually with cloths soaked in evaporating lotions—and blisters behind his ears, and at the nape of the neck—and appropriate internal medicines. I then left him, apprehending the worst consequences: for I had once before a similar case under my care—one in which a young lady was, which I strongly suspected to be the case with M——, absolutely frightened to death, and went through nearly the same round of symptoms as were beginning to make their appearance in my present patient: a sudden epileptic seizure, terminating in outrageous madness, which destroyed both the physical and intellectual energies, and the young lady expired. I may possibly hereafter prepare for publication some of my notes of *her* case, which had some very remarkable features.

The next morning, about eleven, saw me again at Mr M——'s chambers, where I found three or four members of his family—two of them

his married sisters—seated round his sitting-room fire, in melancholy silence. Mr —, the apothecary, had just left, but was expected to return every moment, to meet me in consultation. My patient lay alone in his bed-room, asleep, and apparently better than he had been since his first seizure. He had had only one slight fit during the night; and though he had been a little delirious in the earlier part of the evening, he had been on the whole so calm and quiet, that his friends' apprehensions of insanity were beginning to subside; so he was left, as I said, *alone*; for the nurse, just before my arrival, had left her seat by his bedside for a few moments, thinking him "in a comfortable and easy nap," and was engaged, in a low whisper, conversing with the members of M——'s family who were in the sitting-room. Hearing such a report of my patient, I sat down quietly among his relations, determining not to disturb him, at least till the arrival of the apothecary. Thus were we engaged, questioning the nurse in an under tone, when a loud laugh from the bed-room suddenly silenced our whisperings, and turned us all pale. We started to our feet, with blank amazement in each countenance, scarcely crediting the evidence of our senses. Could it be M——? It *must*; there was none else in the room. What, then, was he laughing about?

While we were standing silently gazing on one another, with much agitation, the laugh was repeated, but longer and louder than before, accompanied with the sound of footsteps, now crossing the room—then, as if of one jumping! The ladies turned paler than before, and seemed scarcely able to stand. They sunk again into their chairs, gasping with terror. "Go in, nurse, and see what's the matter," said I, standing by the side of the younger of the ladies, whom I expected every instant to fall into my arms in a swoon.

"Doctor!—go in?—I—I—I dare not!" stammered the nurse, pale as ashes, and trembling violently.

"Do you come *here*, then, and attend to Mrs —," said I, "and I will go in." The nurse staggered to my place, in a state not far removed from that of the lady whom she was called to attend; for a third laugh,

—long, loud, uproarious,—had burst from the room while I was speaking. After cautioning the ladies and the nurse to observe profound silence, and not to attempt following me, till I sent for them, I stepped noiselessly to the bed-room door, and opened it slowly and softly, not to alarm him. All was silent within; but the first object that presented itself when I saw fairly into the room, can never be effaced from my mind to the day of my death. Mr M—— had got out of bed, pulled off his shirt, and stepped to the dressing-table, where he stood stark-naked before the glass, with a razor in his right hand, with which he had just finished shaving off his eyebrows; and he was eyeing himself steadfastly in the glass, holding the razor elevated above his head. On seeing the door open, and my face peering at him, he turned full towards me—(the grotesque aspect of his countenance denuded of so prominent a feature as the eyebrows, and his head completely shaved, and the wild fire of madness flashing from his staring eyes, exciting the most frightful ideas)—brandishing the razor over his head with an air of triumph, and shouting nearly at the top of his voice—"Ah, ha, ha!—What do you think of this?"

Merciful Powers! May I never be placed again in such perilous circumstances, nor have my mind overwhelmed with such a gush of horror as burst over it at that moment! What was I to do? Obeying a sudden impulse, I had entered the room, shutting the door after me; and, should any one in the sitting-room suddenly attempt to open it again, or make a noise or disturbance of any kind, by giving vent to their emotions, what was to become of the madman or ourselves? He might, in an instant, almost sever his head from his shoulders, or burst upon me or his sisters, and do us some deadly mischief!—I felt conscious that the lives of all of us depended on my conduct; and I do devoutly thank God for the measure of tolerable self-possession which was vouchsafed me at that dreadful moment. I continued standing like a statue—motionless—silent—endeavouring to fix my eye on him, that I might gain the command of *his*; that successful, I had some hopes of being

am!" said he, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and eyeing the razor intently. "I must get calm and cool—and then—then for the sacrifice! Ah, ha, the sacrifice!—An offering—expiation—even as Abraham—ha, ha, ha!—But, by the way, how did Abraham do it—that is, how did he intend to have done it?—Ah, I must ask my familiar!"

"A sacrifice, Mr M——?—Why, what do you mean?" I enquired, attempting a laugh—I say, *attempting*—for my blood trickled chillily through my veins, and my heart seemed frozen.

"What do I mean, eh? Wretch! Dolt!—What do I mean?—Why, a peace-offering to my Maker, for a badly-spent life, to be sure!—One would think you had never *heard* of such a thing as religion—you sow!"

"I deny that the sacrifice would be accepted, and for two reasons," I replied, suddenly recollecting that he plumed himself on his casuistry, and hoping to engage him on some new crotchet, which might keep him in play till Mr —— returned with assistance—but I was mistaken!

"Well, well, doctor ——!—Let that be, now—I can't resolve doubts, now—no, no," he replied, solemnly,—" 'tis a time for action—for action—for action," he continued gradually elevating his voice, using vehement gesticulations, and rising from his seat.

"Yes, yes," said I, warmly; "but though you've followed closely enough the advice of the Talmudist, in shaving off your eyebrows, as a preparatory"——

"Aha! aha!—What! have you seen the Talmud?—Have you, really!—Well," he added, after a doubtful pause, "in what do you think I've failed, eh?"

[I need hardly say, that I myself scarcely knew what led me to utter the nonsense in question; but I have several times found, in cases of insanity, that suddenly and readily *supplying a motive for the patient's conduct*—referring it to a *cause*, of some sort or other, with steadfast intrepidity—even be the said cause never so preposterously absurd—has been attended with the happiest effects, in arresting the patient's attention—chiming in with his eccentric fancies, and *piquing* his disturbed facul-

ties into *acquiescence* in what he sees coolly taken for granted, as quite true—a thing of course—mere matter-of-fact—by the person he is addressing. I have several times recommended this little device to them who have been intrusted with the care of the insane, and have been assured of its success.]

"You are very near the mark, I own; but it strikes me that you have shaved them off too equally—too uniformly. You ought to have left some little ridges—furrows—hem, hem!—to—to—terminate, or resemble the—the—the *striped stick* which Jacob held up before the ewes!"

"Oh—aye—aye! Exactly—true!—Strange oversight!" he replied, as if struck with the truth of the remark, and yet puzzled by vain attempts to corroborate it by his own recollections—"I—I recollect it now—but it isn't too late yet—is it?"

"I think not," I replied, with apparent hesitation, hardly crediting the success of my strange stratagem. "To be sure, it will require very great delicacy; but as you've not shaved them off *very* closely, I think I can manage it," I continued, doubtfully.

"Oh, oh, oh!" growled the maniac, while his eyes flashed fire at me. "There's one sitting by me that tells me you are dealing falsely with me—oh, you villain! oh, you wretch!" At that moment the door opened gently behind me, and the voice of Mr ——, the apothecary, whispered, in a low hurried tone, "Doctor, I've got three of the importers here, in the sitting-room." Though the whisper was almost inaudible even to me, when uttered close to my ear, to my utter amazement, M—— had heard every syllable of it, and understood it too, as if some official minion of the devil himself had quickened his ears, or conveyed the intelligence to him.

"Ah—ha—ha!—Ha, ha, ha!—Fools! Knaves! Harpies!—and what are you and your three hired desperadoes, to me?—Thus—thus do I outwit you, fools—thus!" and springing from his seat, he suddenly drew up the lower part of the window-frame, and looked through it—then at the razor—and again at me, with one of the most awful glances—full of dark diabolical meaning, the mo-

mentary suggestion of the great tempter, that I ever encountered in my life.

"Which!—which!—which!" he muttered fiercely through his closed teeth, while his right foot rested on the window-seat, ready for him to spring out, and his eye travelled, as before, rapidly from the razor to the window. Can any thing be conceived more palsying to the beholders? "Why did not you and your strong reinforcement spring at once upon him, and overpower him?" possibly, some one is asking.—Aha! and he armed with a *naked razor*? His head might have been severed from his shoulders, before we could have over-mastered him—or we might ourselves—at least one of us—have been murdered in the attempt. We knew not *what* to do! M—— suddenly withdrew his head from the window, through which he had been gazing, with a shuddering, horror-stricken motion, and groaned—"No! no! no!—I won't—can't—for there's T—— standing just beneath, his face all blazing, and waiting with outspread arms to catch me," standing, at the same time, shading his eyes with his left hand—when I whispered,—"Now, now! go up to him—secure him—all three spring on him at once, and disarm him!" They obeyed me, and were in the act of rushing into the room, when M—— suddenly planted himself in a posture of defiance, elevated the razor to his throat, and almost *howled*—"One step—one step nearer—and I—I—I—so!" motioning as though he would draw it from one ear to the other. We all fell back, horror-struck, and in silence. What could we do? If we moved towards him, or made use of any threatening gesture, we should see the floor in an instant deluged with his blood. I once more crossed my arms on my breast, with an air of mute submission.

"Ha—ha!" he exclaimed, after a pause, evidently pleased with such a demonstration of his power, "obedient, however!—come—that's one merit! But still, what a set of cowards—bullies—cowards you must all be!—What!—all four of you afraid of *one* man?" In the course of his frantic gesticulations, he had drawn

the razor so close to his neck, that its edge had slightly grazed the skin under his left ear, and a little blood trickled from it over his shoulders and breast.

"Blood!—*blood*?—What a strange feeling! How coldly it fell on my breast!—How did I do it?—Shall—I—go—on, as I have made a beginning?" he exclaimed, drawling the words at great length. He shuddered, and—to my unutterable joy and astonishment—deliberately closed the razor, replaced it in its case, put both in the drawer; and having done all this, before we ventured to approach him, he fell at his full length on the floor, and began to yell in a manner that was perfectly frightful; but in a few moments, he burst into tears, and cried and sobbed like a child. We took him up in our arms, he groaning—"Oh, shorn of my strength!—shorn! shorn! like Samson!—Why part with my weapon?—The Philistines be upon me!"—and laid him down on the bed, where, after a few moments, he fell asleep. When he woke again, a strait waistcoat put all his tremendous strugglings at defiance—though his strength seemed increased in a tenfold degree—and prevented his attempting either his own life, or that of any one near him. When he found all his writhings and heavings utterly useless, he gnashed his teeth, the foam issued from his mouth, and he shouted,—*"I'll be even with you, you incarnate devils!—I will!—I'll suffocate myself!"* and he held his breath till he grew black in the face, when he gave over the attempt. It was found necessary to have him strapped down to the bed; and his howlings were so shocking and loud, that we began to think of removing him, even in that dreadful condition, to a mad-house. I ordered his head to be shaved again, and kept perpetually covered with cloths soaked in evaporating lotions—blisters to be applied behind each ear, and at the nape of the neck—leeches to the temples, and the appropriate internal medicines in such cases—and left him, begging I might be sent for instantly, in the event of his getting worse.* Oh, I shall never forget this harrowing scene!—my feelings

* I ought to have mentioned, a little way back, that in obedience to my hurried

were wound up almost to bursting ; nor did they receive their proper tone for many a week. I cannot conceive that the people whom the New Testament speaks of as being "possessed of devils," could have been more dreadful in appearance, or more outrageous in their actions, than was Mr M—— ; nor can I help suggesting the thought, that, possibly, they were in reality nothing more than maniacs of the worst kind. And is not a man transformed into a devil, when his reason is utterly overturned ?

On seeing M—— the next morning, I found he had passed a terrible night—that the constraint of the strait-waistcoat filled him incessantly with a fury that was absolutely diabolical. His tongue was dreadfully lacerated ; and the whites of his eyes, with perpetual straining, were discoloured with a reddish hue, like ferrets' eyes. He was truly a piteous spectacle ! One's heart ached to look at him, and think, for a moment, of the fearful contrast he formed to the gay Mr M—— he was only a few days before, the delight of refined society, and the idol of all his friends ! He lay in a most precarious state for a fortnight ; and though the fits of outrageous madness had ceased, or become much mitigated, and interrupted, not infrequently, with "lucid intervals"—as the phrase is,—I began to be apprehensive of his sinking eventually into that hopeless, deplorable condition, idiocy. During one of his intervals of sanity—when the savage fiend relaxed, for a moment, the hold he had taken of the victim's faculties—M—— said something according with a fact which it was impossible for him to have any knowledge of by the senses, which was to me singular and inexplicable. It was about nine o'clock in the morning of the third day after that on which the scene above described took place, that M——, who was lying in a state of the utmost lassitude and exhaustion, scarcely able to open his eyes, turned his head slowly towards Mr ——, the

apothecary, who was sitting by his bed-side, and whispered to him—"They are preparing to bury that wretched fellow next door—hush ! hush !—one of the coffin-trestles has fallen—hush !" Mr ——, and the nurse, who had heard him, both strained their ears to listen, but could hear not even "a mouse stirring"—"there's somebody come in—a lady, kissing his lips before he's screwed down—oh, I hope she won't be scorched—that's all !" He then turned away his head, with no appearance of emotion, and presently fell asleep. Through mere curiosity, Mr —— looked at his watch ; and from subsequent enquiry ascertained that—sure enough—about the time when his patient had spoken, they were about burying his neighbour ; that one of the trestles *did* slip a little aside, and the coffin, in consequence, was near falling ; and finally, marvellous to tell, that a lady, one of the deceased's relatives, I believe, did come and kiss the corpse, and cry bitterly over it ! Neither Mr —— nor the nurse heard any noise whatever during the time of the burial preparations next door, for the people had been earnestly requested to be as quiet about them as possible, and really made no disturbance whatever. By what strange means he had acquired his information—whether or not he was indebted for it to the exquisite delicacy, the morbid sensitiveness of the organs of hearing, I cannot conjecture ; especially am I at a loss to account for the latter part of what he uttered, about the lady's kissing the corpse. On another occasion, during one of his most placid moods, but *not* in any lucid interval, he insisted on my taking pen, ink, and paper, and turning amanuensis. To quiet him I acquiesced, and wrote what he dictated ; and the manuscript now lies before me, and is *verbatim et literatim* as follows :—

"I, T—— M——, saw—what saw I ? A solemn silver grove—there were *innumerable spirits* sleeping among the branches—(and it is this,

injunctions, the ladies suffered themselves, almost fainting with fright, to be conducted silently into the adjoining chambers—and it was well they did. Suppose they had uttered any sudden shriek, or attempted to interfere, or made a disturbance of any kind—what would have become of us all ?

though unobserved of naturalists, that makes the aspen-tree's leaves to quiver so much—it is this, I say, namely, the rustling movements of the spirits,)—and in the midst of this grove was a beautiful site for a statue, and one there assuredly was—but *what* a statue! Transparent, of stupendous size, through which (the sky was cloudy and troubled) a ship was seen sinking at sea, and the crew at cards; but the *good spirit* of the HIM saved them; for he shewed them the key of the universe, and a shoal of sharks, with murderous eyes, were disappointed of a meal. Lo, man, behold—another part of this statue—what an one!—has a fissure in it—it opens—widens into a parlour, in darkness; and shall be disclosed the *horror of horrors*, for, lo some one sitting—sitting—easy-chair—fiery-face—fiend—fiend—oh, God! oh, God! save me,” cried he. He ceased speaking, with a shudder—nor did he resume the dictation, for he seemed in a moment to have forgotten that he had dictated at all. I preserved the paper; and gibberish though it is, I consider it both curious, and highly characteristic throughout. Judging from the latter part of it, where he speaks of a “*dark parlour, with some fiery-faced fiend sitting in an arm-chair;*” and coupling this with various similar expressions and allusions which he made during his ravings, I felt convinced that his fancy was occupied with some one individual image of horror, which had scared him into madness, and now clung to his disordered faculties like a fiend. He often talked about “spectres,” “spectral”—and uttered incessantly the words, “spectre-smitten.” The nurse once asked him what he meant by these words; he started—grew disturbed—his eye glanced with afflict—his eye glanced with afflict—and he shook his head, exclaiming, “horror!” A few days afterwards he hired an amanuensis, who, of course, was duly apprised of the sort of person he had to deal with; and after a painfully ludicrous scene, he attempting to beat down the man's terms from a guinea and a half a week to *half-a-crown*—he engaged him for *three guineas*, he said, and insisted on his taking up his station at the side of the bed, in order that

he might take down every word that was uttered. M—— told him he was going to dictate a *romance*! It would have required, in truth, the “pen of a ready writer” to keep pace with poor M——’s utterance; for he raved on at a prodigious rate, in a strain, it need hardly be said, of unconnected absurdities. Really it was inconceivable nonsense, rhapsodical rantings in the Maturin style, full of vaults, sepulchres, spectres, devils, magic—with here and there a thought of real poetry. It was piteous to peruse it! His amanuensis found it impossible to keep up with him, and, therefore, profited by a hint from one of us, and, instead of writing, merely moved his pen rapidly over the paper, scrawling all sorts of ragged lines and figures, to resemble writing! M—— never asked him to read it over, nor requested to see it himself; but, after about fifty pages were done, dictated a title-page—pitched on publishers—settled the price and the number of volumes—*four*!—and then exclaimed—“Well!—thank God—that’s off my mind at last!” He never mentioned it afterwards; and his brother committed the *whole* to the flames about a week after.

M—— had not, however, yet done with his amanuensis—but put his services in requisition in quite another capacity—that of reader. Milton was the book he selected—and actually they went through very nearly nine books of it—M—— perpetually interrupting him with comments, sometimes saying surpassingly absurd, and occasionally very fine, forcible things. All this formed a truly touching illustration of that beautiful, often quoted sentiment of Horace—

“Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit
odorem
Testa diu.”

(*Epist. Lib. I. Ep. 2. 69, 70.*)

As there was no prospect of his speedily recovering the use of his reasoning faculties, he was removed to a private asylum, where I attended him regularly for more than six months. He was reduced to a state of drivelling idiotcy; complete fatuity! Lamentable! heart-rending! Oh, how deplorable to see a man of

superior intellect—one whose services are really wanted in society—the prey of madness!

Dr Johnson was well known to express a peculiar horror of insanity. "Oh, God! afflict my body with what tortures thou wilt; but spare my reason!" Where is he that does not join him in uttering such a prayer?

It would be beside my purpose here to enter into abstract speculations or purely professional details concerning insanity; but one or two brief and simple remarks, the fruits of much experience and consideration, may perhaps be pardoned me. It is still a *vexatu questio* in our profession, whether persons of strong or weak minds—whether the ignorant or the highly cultivated, are most frequently the subjects of insanity. If we are disposed to listen to a generally shrewd and intelligent writer, [Dr Monro, in his "*Philosophy of Human Nature*,"] we are to understand, that "children, and people of weak minds, are never subject to madness; for," adds the Doctor, "how can he despair, who cannot think?" Though the logic here is somewhat loose and leaky, I am disposed to agree with the Doctor, in the main; and I ground my acquiescence, first, on the truth of Locke's distinction, laid down in his great work, [book ii. c. ii. § 12 and 13] where he mentions the difference "between idiots and madmen," and thus states the sum of his observations:

"In short, herein seems to lie the difference between idiots and madmen, that madmen put wrong ideas together, and do make wrong propositions, but argue and reason right from them; but idiots make very few or no propositions, and reason scarce at all."

Secondly, On the corroboration afforded to it by my own experience. I have generally found that those persons who are most distinguished for their powers of thought and reasoning, when of sound mind, continue to exercise that power but incorrectly, and be distinguished by their exercise of that power—when of unsound mind—their understand-

ing retaining, even after such a shock, and revolution of its faculties, the bent and bias impressed upon it before-hand; and I have found, further, that it has been chiefly those of such character—i. e. thinkers—that have fallen into madness; and that it is the perpetual straining and taxing of their strong intellects, at the expense of their bodies, that has brought them into such a calamity. Suppose, therefore, we say, in short, that *madness* is the fate of strong minds, or at least of minds many degrees removed from weak; and *idiocy* of weak, imbecile minds. This supposition, however, involves a sorry sort of compliment to the fair sex; for it is notorious that the annual majority of those received into lunatic asylums, are *females*! I have found imaginative, fanciful people, the most liable to attacks of insanity; and have had under my care four such instances, or at least very nearly resembling the one I am now relating, in which insanity has ensued from sudden *fright*. And it is easily accounted for. The imagination—the predominant faculty—is immediately appealed to—and, eminently lively and tenacious of impressions, exerts its superior and more practised powers, at the expense of the judgment, or reason, which it tramples upon and crushes. There is then nothing left in the mind that may make head against this unnatural dominancy; and the result is generally not unlike that in the present instance. As for my general system of treatment, it may all be comprised in a word or two—acquiescence; submission; suggestion; soothing.* Had I pursued a different plan with M—, what might have been the disastrous issue?

To return, however—The reader may possibly recollect seeing something like the following expression, occurring in "The Broken Heart:"† "A candle flickering and expiring in its socket, which suddenly shoots up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then is utterly extinguished." I have referred to it, merely because it affords a very apt illustration—after far than any that now suggests itself

* See the case, "*Intriguing and Madness*," vol. xxviii. p. 609.

† Ibid. p. 622.

to me, of what sometimes takes place in madness. The roaring flame of insanity sinks suddenly into the sullen smouldering embers of complete fatuity, and remains so for months; when, like that of the candle just alluded to, it will instantaneously gather up and concentrate its expiring energies into one terrific blaze—one final paroxysm of outrageous mania—and lo! it has consumed itself utterly—burnt itself out—and the patient is unexpectedly restored to reason. The experience of my medical readers, if it have lain at all in the track of insanity, must have presented such cases to their notice not unfrequently. However metaphysical ingenuity may set us speculating about the “why and wherefore” of it—the *fact* is undeniable. It was thus with Mr M——. He had sunk into the deplorable condition of a simple, harmless, melancholy idiot, and was released from formal constraint: but suddenly, one morning, while at breakfast, he sprung upon the person who always attended him—and, had not the man been very muscular, and practised in such matters, he must have been soon overpowered, and perhaps murdered. A long and deadly wrestle took place between them. Thrice they threw each other—and the keeper saw that the madman several times cast a longing eye towards a knife which lay on the breakfast-table, and endeavoured to swing his antagonist so as to get himself within its reach. Both were getting exhausted with the prolonged struggle—and the keeper, really afraid for his life, determined to settle matters as soon as possible. The instant therefore, that he could get his right arm disengaged, he hit poor Mr M—— a cruel blow on the side of the head, which felled him, and he lay senseless on the floor, the blood pouring fast from his ears, nose, and mouth. He was again confined in a strait waistcoat, and conveyed to bed—when, what with exhaustion, and the effect of the medicines which had been administered, he fell into profound sleep, which continued all day, and, with little intermission, through the night. When he awoke in the morning, lo! he was “in his right mind!” His calmed, tranquillized features, and

the sobered expression of his eyes, shewed that the sun of reason had really once more dawned upon his long benighted faculties. Aye—he was

—— “himself again!”

I heard of the good news before I saw him, and on hastening to his room, I found it was indeed so—his altered appearance at first sight amply corroborated it! How different the mild, sad smile now beaming on his pallid faded features, from the vacant stare—the unmeaning laugh of idiotcy—or the fiendish glare of madness!—the contrast was strong as that between the soft, stealing, expansive twilight, and the burning blaze of noonday. He spoke in a very feeble, almost inarticulate voice, complained of dreadful exhaustion, and whispered something indistinctly about “waking from a long and dreary dream;” and said that he felt, as it were, only half awake—or alive. All was new—strange—startling! Fearful of taxing too much his newborn powers, I feigned an excuse, and took my leave, recommended him cooling and quieting medicines, and perfect seclusion from visitors. How exhilarated I felt my own spirits all that day!

He gradually, very gradually, but surely, recovered. One of the earliest indications of his reviving interest in life—

“And all its busy, thronging scenes,”

was an abrupt enquiry whether Trinity term had commenced—and whether or not he was now eligible to be called to the bar. He was utterly unconscious that *three* terms had flitted over him, while he lay in the gloomy wilderness of insanity; and when I satisfied him of this fact, he alluded with a sigh to the beautiful thought of one of our old dramatists, who, illustrating the unconscious lapse of years over “Endymion”—makes one tell him—

“Lo, the twig against which thou leantest when thou didst fall asleep, is now become a tree when thou awakest!”

It was not till several days after his restoration to reason, that I ventured to enter into any thing like detailed conversation with him, or to make particular allusions to his late illness; and on this occasion it was that he

related to me his *rencontre* with the fearful object which had overturned his reason—adding with intense feeling, that not ten thousand a-year should induce him to live in the same chambers any more.

During the course of his progress towards complete recovery, memory shot its strengthening rays further and further back into the inspissated gloom in which the long interval of insanity had shrouded his mind; but it was too dense—too “palpable an obscure”—to be ever completely and thoroughly illuminated. The rays of recollection, however, settled distinctly on some of the more prominent points; and I was several times astonished by his sudden reference to things which he had said and done, during the “depth of his disorder.” He asked me, once, for instance, whether he had not made an attempt on his life, and with a razor, and how it was that he did not succeed. He had no recollection, however, of his long and deadly struggle with his keeper—at least he never made the slightest allusion to it,—nor of course did any one else.

“I don’t much mind talking these horrid things over with you, Doctor—for you know all the *ins and outs* of the whole affair; but if any of my friends or relatives presume to torture me with any allusions or enquiries of this sort—I’ll fight them! they’ll drive me mad again!” The reader may suppose the hint was not disregarded. All recovered maniacs have a dread—an absolute horror—of any reference being made to their madness, or any thing they have said or done during the course of it; and is it not easily accounted for?

“Did the horrible spectre which occasioned your illness, in the first instance, ever present itself to you afterwards?” I once enquired. He paused and turned pale. Presently he replied, with considerable agitation—“Yes, yes—it scarcely ever left me. It has not always preserved its spectral consistency, but has entered into the most astounding—the most preposterous combinations conceivable, with other objects and scenes—all of them, however, more or less, of a distressing, or fearful

character—many of them terrific!” I begged him, if it were not unpleasant to him, to give me a specimen of them.

“It is certainly far from gratifying to trace scenes of such shame and horror—but I will comply as far as I am able,” said he rather gloomily. “Once I saw him,” meaning the spectre, “leading on an army of huge speckled and crested serpents against me; and when they came upon me—for I had no power to run away—I suddenly found myself in the midst of a pool of stagnant water, absolutely alive with slimy shapeless reptiles; and while endeavouring to make my way out, *he* rose to the surface, his face hissing in the water, and blazing bright as ever! Again, I thought I saw him in single combat, by the gates of Eden, with Satan—and the air thronged and heated with swart faces looking on!” This was unquestionably some dim confused recollection of the Milton-readings, in the earlier part of his illness. “Again, I thought I was in the act of opening my snuff-box, when *he* issued from it, diminutive, at first, in size—but swelling, soon, into gigantic proportions, and his fiery features diffusing a light and heat around, that absolutely scorched and blasted! At another time, I thought I was gazing upwards on a sultry summer sky—and in the midst of a luminous fissure in it, made by the lightning—I distinguished *his* accursed figure, with his glowing features wearing an expression of horror, and his limbs outstretched, as if he had been hurled down from some height or other, and was falling through the sky towards *me*. He came—he came—flung himself into my recoiling arms—and clung to me—burning, scorching, withering my soul within me! I thought further, that I was all the while the subject of strange, paradoxical, contradictory feelings towards him;—that I at one and the same time loved and loathed—feared and despised him!” He mentioned several other instances of the confusions in his “chamber of imagery.” I told him of his sudden exclamation concerning Mr T—’s burial, and its singular corroboration; but he either did not, or affected not to recol-

lect any thing about it. He told me he had a full and distinct recollection of being for a long time possessed with the notion of making himself a "sacrifice" of some sort or other, and that he was seduced or goaded on to do so, by the spectre, in the most dazzling temptations—and under the most appalling threats—one of which latter was, that God would plunge him into hell forever, if he did not offer up himself;—that if he did so, he should be a sublime spectacle to the universe," &c. &c. &c.

"Do you recollect of dictating a novel or a romance?" He started as if struck with some sudden recollection. "No—but I'll tell you what I recollect well—that the spectre and I were set to copy all the tales and romances that ever had been written, in a large, bold, round hand, and then translate them into Greek or Latin verse!" He smiled, nay even laughed at the thought, almost the first time of his giving way to such emotions since his recovery. He added, that, as to the latter, the idea of the utter hopelessness of ever getting through such a stupendous undertaking, never once presented itself to him, and that he should have gone on with it, but that he lost his inkstand!!

"Had you ever a clear and distinct idea that you had lost the right use of reason?"

"Why, about that, to tell the truth, I've been puzzling myself a good deal, and yet I cannot say any thing decisive. I *do* fancy that at times I had short, transient glimpses into the real state of things, but they were so evanescent. I am conscious of feeling at these times incessant fury arising from a sense of personal constraint, and I longed once to strangle some one who was giving me medicine."

But one of the most singular of all is yet to come. He still persisted *then*, after his complete recovery, as we supposed, in avowing his belief that we had hired a huge boa serpent from Exeter Change, to come and keep constant watch over him, to constrain his movements when he threatened to become violent; that it lay constantly coiled up under his bed for that purpose; that he could

now and then feel the motions—the writhing undulating motions of its coils—hear it utter a sort of *sigh*, and see it often elevate its head over the bed, and play with its soft, slippery, delicate forked tongue over his face, to soothe him to sleep. When poor M——, with a serious, sober, earnest air, assured me he *still* believed all this, my hopes of his complete and final restoration to sanity were dashed at once! How such an absurd—in short I have no terms in which I may adequately characterise it—how, I say, such an idea could possibly be persisted in, I was bewildered in attempting to conceive. I frequently strove to reason him out of it, but in vain. To no purpose did I burlesque and caricature the notion almost beyond all bounds; it was useless to remind him of the blank impossibility of it; he regarded me with such a face as I should exhibit to a fluent personage, quite in earnest in demonstrating to me that the moon was made of green cheese.

I have once before heard of a patient who, after recovering from an attack of insanity, retained one solitary crotchet—one little stain or speck of lunacy—about which, and which alone, he was mad to the end of his life. I supposed such to be the case with M——. It was possible—barely so, I thought—that he might entertain his preposterous notion about the boa; and yet be sound in the general texture of his mind. I prayed God it might; I "hoped against hope." The last evening I ever spent with him, was occupied with my endeavouring, once for all, to disabuse him of the idea in question; and in the course of our conversation, he disclosed one or two other little symptoms—specks of lunacy—which made me leave him, filled with disheartening doubts as to the probability of a permanent recovery.

* * * * *

My worst fears were awfully realised. In about five years from the period above alluded to, M——, who had got married, and had enjoyed excellent general health, was spending the summer with his family at Brussels—and one night destroyed himself—alas, alas, *destroyed* himself in a manner too horrible to mention!

DR PARR AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

No. II.

READER! perhaps you have heard of churls, who, being embarked in the same ship for an East-India voyage, or engaged as associates in the same literary undertakings, have manifested no interest at all in the partners of their hopes and hazards. We, for our parts, have heard of a monster—and otherwise not a bad monster—among the contributors to this very Journal, who sent his “article” most punctually—punctually received his *honorarium*—punctually acknowledged its receipt by return of post, but in no one instance, through a period of several years, thought proper to express satisfaction in any one “article” of his *collaborateurs*, or interest in their characters, or curiosity about their names; who seemed, in fact, wilfully and doggedly unaware of their existence; and, in one word, by a single act of profound selfishness, annihilated, to his own consciousness, all contemporary authors, however closely brought into connexion with himself.

Far be such apathy from Christopher North and his friends! The merest *poco-curante* or misanthrope, whom long experience of the world has brought to the temper of fixed and contemptuous disregard for man as a species, not seldom makes an exception in favour of the particular John, William, or James, whom accident has embarked in the same little boat with himself. Dan Dancer, the miser, fought the battles of the paupers in his own neighbourhood, and headed them in their campaigns for rights of common and turbary with the most disinterested heroism. Elwes, the prince of misers, sometimes laid aside his narrow cares for the duties of a patriot. No man so memorably selfish, who has not, on some occasion of his life, felt the social instinct which connects his else contemptible race, and acknowledged the duties which grow out of it. As to the good and generous, they cannot travel so much as a Jewish Sabbath-day’s journey in company with another, participating

in common purposes for the time, and liable to common inconveniences of weather or accident, and even to common possibilities of danger, without recognizing something beyond a stranger’s claim to offices of kindness or courtesy in the transient relations of a fellow traveller.

Yet these are, in their nature, felt to be perishable connexions; neighbourhood is a relation either purely of accident, or of choice not determined by consideration of neighbours. And the brief associations of public carriages or inns are as evanescent as the sandy columns of the Great Desert, which the caprices of the wind build up and scatter, shape and unshape in a moment. Seldom, indeed, does a second sun shine upon fellow travellers in modern England. And neighbourhood, if a more durable tie, is often one even less consciously made known to the parties concerned. If, then, connexions casual as these, where the *vinculum* of the relation is so finely spun as to furnish rather a verbal classification to the logician than a practical subject of duties to the moralist, are yet acknowledged by the benevolent as imposing some slight obligations of consideration and service, much more ought an author to find, in the important circumstances which connect the ministers of the press, in their extensive fellowship of duties, rights, powers, interests, and necessities, a bond of fraternal alliance, and more than fraternal sympathy. Too true it is, that authors are sometimes blockheads, very probably coxcombs, and by possibility even knaves. Too commonly it happens that, in the occasions and the motives which originally drew them into authorship, there is little or nothing to command respect. *Venter largitor ingenti* is the great feeder of the Metropolitan press; and, amongst the few who commence authors upon arguments less gross and instant, there are not many who do so from impulses entirely honourable.

Considerations such as these, are at war with all sentiments of regard

for the mere hacks of the press, who, having no *natural* summons to so fine a vocation, pervert literature—the noblest of professions—into the vilest of trades. But wherever *that* is not *primâ facie* presumable, wherever circumstances allow us to suppose that a man has taken up the office of author with adequate pretensions, and a proper sense of his responsibilities—every other author of generous nature will allow him the benefit of that privilege which all over the world attaches to co-membership in any craft, calling, or guild whatsoever—even those which are illiberal or mechanical; *à fortiori* in those which are intellectual. Surgeons bleed surgeons for love, physicians assassinate physicians gratis. Superannuated actors are everywhere free, or ought to be, of the theatre. And an author who has exercised his craft in a liberal and gentlemanly spirit, is entitled in that character to the courtesies of all professional authors, and to entire amnesty as respects his politics. These claims we cheerfully allow; and we come to the consideration of Dr Parr as a scholar and as an author with perfect freedom from all prejudice, anxious to give him the fullest benefit of his real merits, and dismissing all unpleasant recollections of that factious and intemperate character which he put forward in politics and divinity.

Dr Parr as an author! That very word in our ear sounds ridiculous, apart from every question upon the quality or value of what he wrote. As a literary man, as a scholar, prepared by reading and research for appreciating a considerable proportion of the past or the current literature—we are willing to concede that Dr Parr stood upon somewhat higher ground than the great body of his clerical brethren. But even this we say with hesitation. For it is scarcely to be believed, except by those who have gone with an observing eye into English society, how many rural clergymen go down to their graves unheard of by the world, and unacquainted with the press, unless perhaps by some anonymous communication to a religious magazine, or by an occasional sermon; who have beguiled the pains of life by researches unusually deep into some neglected or unpopular branches of

professional learning. Such persons, it is true, are in general unequally learned; so indeed are most men; so, beyond all men, was Dr Parr. We do not believe that he possessed any one part of knowledge accurately, unless it were that section of classical learning which fell within his province as a schoolmaster. The practice of a long life naturally made him perfect in that; perfect at least in relation to the standard of that profession. But how small a part of classical researches lie within the prescriptive range of a practising schoolmaster! The duties of a professor in the universities or final schools have a wider compass. But it must be a pure labour of supererogation in a teacher of any school for boys, if he should make his cycle of study very comprehensive. Even within that cycle, as at this time professed by some first-rate teachers, was Dr Parr master of everything? In some of its divisions was he even master of any thing? For example, how much did he know—has he left it upon record, in any one note, exegetical or illustrative, upon any one obscure or disputed passage of any one classic, that he knew any thing at all in the vast and interminable field of classical antiquities? The formulæ of the Roman calendar were known to him as a writer of Latin epitaphs. True, but those are mastered easily in ten minutes: did he know, even on that subject, any thing farther? To take one case amongst a thousand, when the year 1800 brought up a question in its train—was it to be considered the last year of the eighteenth century, or the first of the nineteenth? Did Dr Parr come forward with an oracular determination of our scruples, or did he silently resign that pleading to the humble hands of the laureate—Pye? Or again, shifting from questions of time to those of space, has Dr Parr contributed so much as his mite to the very interesting, important, and difficult subject of classical geography? Yet these were topics which lay within his beat as a schoolmaster. If we should come upon the still higher ground of divinity, and Christian antiquities, perhaps upon those it might appear that Dr Parr had absolutely no pretensions at all. But not to press such questions too close-

ly or invidiously, whatever might be the amount of his attainments under these heads, were it little or were it much, scanty as the measure of our faith in them, or co-extensive with the vaunts of his friends,—still all this has reference only to his general capacity as a man of letters : whereas we are called upon to consider Dr Parr also as an author; indeed we have now no other means for estimating his *posse* as a scholar, than through his *esse* as a writer for the press.

This is our task; and this it is which moves our mirth, whilst it taxes the worthy doctor and his friends with a spirit of outrageous self-delusion. Dr Parr as an author! and what now might happen to be the doctor's works? For we protest, upon our honour, that we never heard their names. Was ever case like this? Here is a learned doctor, whose learned friend has brought him forward as a first-rate author of his times; and yet nothing is extant of his writing, beyond an occasional preface, or a pamphlet on private squabbles. But are not his *Opera Omnia* collected and published by this friendly biographer, and expanded into eight enormous tomes? True, and the eight tomes contain, severally, the following hyperbolical amount of pages:—

				PAGES.
Vol. I.	.	.	.	850
II.	.	.	.	701
III.	.	.	.	715
IV.	.	.	.	718
V.	.	.	.	715
VI.	.	.	.	699
VII.	.	.	.	680
VIII.	.	.	.	656

Total, 5734

Yes! Five thousand seven hundred and thirty-four octavo pages, many of them printed in a small type, are the apparent amount of Samuel Parr's works in the edition of Dr Johnstone; and it is true, besides, that the very *élite* of his papers are omitted—such as his critical notices of books in the Monthly and Critical Reviews, or the British Critic, and his essay on the word *Sublime*, addressed to Mr Dugald Stewart. Add what is omitted, and the whole would be little short of seven thousand pages. And yet, spite of that, not

one work of Dr Parr's is extant, which can, without laughter, assume that important name. The preface to Bellenden is, after all, by much the weightiest and most regular composition, and the least of a fugitive tract. Yet this is but a *jeu d'esprit*, or classical prolusion. And we believe the case to be unexampled, that upon so slender a basis, a man of the world, and reputed a man of sense, should set up for an author. Well might the author of the *Pursuits of Literature* (1797) demand—"What has Dr Parr written? A sermon or two, rather long; a Latin preface to Bellendenus, (rather long too,) consisting of a cento of Latin and Greek expressions, applied to political subjects; another Preface to some English Tracts; and two or three English Pamphlets about his own private quarrels—and this man is to be compared with Dr Samuel Johnson!!" [7th Edit. p. 219.]

Certainly the world had never before seen so great a pomp of pretension rising from so slight a ground. The delusion was absolutely unrivalled, and prevailed throughout Dr Parr's long life. He and his friends seemed constantly to appeal to some acknowledged literary reputation, established upon foundations that could not be shaken, and notorious to all the world. Such a mistake, and in that extent, was never heard of before. Dr Parr talked, and his friends listened, not only as giving and receiving oracles of moral wisdom, but of wisdom owned as such by all the world; whereas, this *authoritas* (to borrow a Roman word for its Roman sense) whether secretly due to the Dr or not, evidently could not exist as a fact, unless according to the weight and popularity of published works, by which the world had been taught to know him and respect him. Starting, originally, from the erroneous assumption insinuated by his preposterous self-conceit, that he was Johnson redivivus, he adopted Johnson's colloquial pretensions; and that was vain glorious folly; but he also conceived that these pretensions were familiarly recognised; and that was frenzy. To Johnson, as a known master in a particular style of conversation, every body gave way; and upon all questions with moral bearings, he was

supposed to have the rights and precedency of a judicial chair. But this prerogative he had held in right of his works; works—not which he *ought* to have written, (see Dr Johnstone's Memoirs of Parr, p. 464,) but which he *had* written, printed, and published. Strange that Dr Parr should overlook so obvious a distinction! Yet he *did* so for fifty years. Dining, for instance, at Norfolk house, the Duke having done him the honour to invite him to the same table with the Prince of Wales, such was his presumption in the presence of the heir apparent, of the Premier Peer of England, and all the illustrious leaders from the Opposition side of the two houses, that he fully believed it to be his vocation to stand forward as the spokesman of the company. It gave him no check, it suggested no faltering scruple, that Mr Fox was on one side the table, and Sheridan on the other. His right he conceived it to be to play the foremost part, and to support the burden of conversation between his Royal Highness and the splendid party assembled to meet him. Accordingly, on some casual question arising as to the comparative merits of Bishop Hurd and Archbishop Markham, as Greek scholars, in which the Prince delivered a plain and sensible evidence in favour of the latter, from facts of his own youthful experience;—Parr strutted forward with the mingled licence

of jacobinism and paradox, to maintain a thesis against him. "I," said the P. of W., "esteem Markham a much greater, wiser, and more learned man than Hurd, and a better teacher; and you will allow me to be a judge, for they were both my preceptors." Here was a direct opinion; and the Prince afterwards gave reasons for it equally direct. A simple answer, as brief as the original position, was all that good breeding or etiquette allowed. But Dr Parr found an occasion for a *conco*, and prepared to use it. "Sir," said he, "is it your royal highness's pleasure that I should enter upon the topic of their comparative merits as a subject of discussion?"—"Yes," said the Prince. "Then, sir," said Dr Parr, "I differ entirely from your Royal Highness in opinion."—One would suppose by his formal preparation, that Parr was some serjeant at law rising to argue a case before the judges in Westminster Hall. The Prince, however, had permitted him to proceed: what else could a gentleman do? And, by way of acknowledging this courteous allowance, with the true soul of a low-bred democrat, Parr starts with a point blank contradiction of his Royal Highness, put as broadly and coarsely as he knew how: this was to shew his "independence," for Jacobins always think it needful to be brutal, lest for one moment they might pass for gentlemen.*

* As disputing with a Prince of Wales is something rarer even than waltzing with a Lord Chancellor, or smoking a cigar with the Pope,—things which have been done, however,—we suppose it may entertain our readers to see the rest of the discussion; especially as it concerns two persons eminent in their day, and one of them still interesting to our literature:—

"As I knew them both so intimately, (replied the Prince,) you will not deny, that I had the power of more accurately appreciating their respective merits than you can have had. In their manner of teaching, you may judge of my estimation of Markham's superiority—his natural dignity and authority, compared with the Bishop of Worcester's smoothness and softness, and I now add, (with proper submission to your authority on such a subject,) his experience as a schoolmaster, and his better scholarship."—"Sir, (said Parr,) your Royal Highness began this conversation; and, if you permit it to go on, must tolerate a very different inference."—"Go on, (said the Prince;) I declare that Markham understood Greek better than Hurd; for, when I read Homer, and hesitated about a word, Markham immediately explained it, and then we went on; but, when I hesitated with Hurd, he always referred me to the dictionary; I therefore conclude he wanted to be informed himself."—"Sir, (replied Parr,) I venture to differ from your Royal Highness's conclusion. I am myself a schoolmaster; and I think that Dr Hurd pursued the right method, and that Dr Markham failed in his duty. Hurd desired your Royal Highness to find the word in the lexicon, not because he did not know it, but because he wished you to find by search, and learn it thoroughly. Dr Hurd was not eminent

Perhaps there are not ten men in Europe, occupying at the time no higher station than that of *country schoolmaster*, who would have had the front—in the presence of the Prince of Wales, or the Dauphin of France—to step before the assembled wits of Paris or London, and the great leaders of parties, as the rightful claimant of the royal ear, and natural representative of the illustrious party assembled at Norfolk House—all distinguished by high birth, talents, or station. Brass, triply bronzed, was requisite for this. “Thou art the great toe of this society; because that thou, being lowest, basest, meanest, still goest foremost.” But arrogance towards his fellow claimants was not enough for Dr Parr, unless he might also be arrogant towards the prince. In high-bred society, all disputation whatsoever—nay, all continued discussion—is outrageously at war with the established tone of conversation; a dispute must be managed with much more brilliancy, much more command of temper, a much more determinate theme, and a much more

obvious progress in the question at issue, than are commonly found—not to prove grievously annoying to all persons present, except the two disputants. High-breeding and low-breeding differ not more in the degrees of refinement, which characterise their usages, than in the good sense upon which these usages have arisen. Certainly mere good sense is sufficient, without any experience at all of high life, to point out the intolerable absurdity of allowing two angry champions to lock up and sequester, as it were, the whole social enjoyment of a large party, and compel them to sit “in sad civility” witnesses of a contest, which can interest the majority neither by its final object nor its management. *Social* pleasure is the end and purpose of society; and whatsoever interferes with that should be scourged out of all companies. But, if disputing be intolerable, what shall we say of blank contradiction offered to a Prince of Wales—not in prosecution of some point of public service, but as an elegant condiment to the luxuries

as a scholar; but it is not likely that he would have presumed to teach your Royal Highness, without knowing the lesson himself.”—“Have you not changed your opinion of Dr Hurd?” exclaimed the Prince. “I have read a work in which you attack him fiercely.”—“Yes, sir, I attacked him on one point which I thought important to letters; and I summoned the whole force of my mind, and took every possible pains to do it well; for I consider Hurd to be a great man. He is celebrated as such by foreign critics, who appreciate justly his wonderful acuteness, sagacity, and dexterity, in doing what he has done with his small stock of learning. There is no comparison, in my opinion, between Markham and Hurd as men of talents. Markham was a pompous schoolmaster—Hurd was a stiff and cold, but a correct gentleman. Markham was at the head of a great school, then of a great college, and finally became an archbishop. In all these stations he had trumpeters of his fame, who called him great, though he published one *concio* only, which has already sunk into oblivion. From a farm-house and village-school, Hurd emerged, the friend of Gray, and a circle of distinguished men. While fellow of a small college, he sent out works praised by foreign critics, and not despised by our own scholars. He enriched his understanding by study, and sent from the obscurity of a country village, a book, sir, which your royal father is said to have declared made him a bishop. He made himself unpopular in his own profession by the defence of a fantastical system. He had deeryers; he had no trumpeters; he was great in and by himself; and perhaps, sir, a portion of that power and adroitness, you have manifested in this debate, might have been owing to him.”—Fox, when the prince was gone, exclaimed in his high tone of voice, “He thought he had caught you! but he caught a Tartar.”

In the last words only, Parr seems to have remembered that he was addressing a prince; in what he said of Hurd’s Greek scholarship, and motive for referring the prince to the lexicon, though probably wrong as to the matter of fact, he might be right as to the principle; and at least he was there talking on a point of his own profession, which he might be presumed to understand better than the rest of the company. But who can forbear smiling, and thinking of the professor who lectured Hannibal on the art of war at that passage, where Parr, addressing the Prince of Wales, undertakes to characterise Hurd’s pretensions as a gentleman?

of colloquial intercourse? To turn your back upon the king, to put a question to him, to pull out your watch in his presence—all these are notorious trespasses against the etiquette of courts, and reasonably so; because they are all habits which presuppose a carelessness of demeanour, incompatible with that reverence and decorous homage which should never slumber in the presence of a king, considered not as an individual, but as a state creature, embodying the majesty of a great nation. A Prince of Wales, or whosoever occupies that near relation to the throne, has the same sanctity of public character; and a man of sense, though a red-hot republican from the banks of the Potowmack, would as little allow himself to forget *that*, as to insult a judge upon the bench.

Had the matter in dispute been some great question of constitutional policy, or in any way applicable to the Prince's future behaviour in life, or in many other circumstances that might be imagined, we can suppose a sort of propriety in the very breach of propriety. But the question was, in this case, too trivial to justify the least eccentricity of manner. He who courts the character of an *abnormis sapiens*, should be careful that his indecorums and singularity cover some singular strength of character or some weight of fine sense. As it was, Dr Parr was paradoxical and apparently in the wrong: the Prince direct and rational. With what disadvantage to Dr Parr, on this occasion, and afterwards in his relation to Queen Caroline, do we recall the simple dignity of Dr Johnson,* when presented to George III.! Dr Parr's introduction was at a dinner-table; Dr Johnson's in a library; and in their separate styles of behaviour, one might fancy each to have been governed by the presiding genius of the place. Johnson behaved with the dignity of a scholar and a loyal

son of the Muses, under the inspiration of "strong book-mindedness;" Parr with the violence of a pedagogue, under the irritations of wine and indigestion. In reality, Dr Parr's effrontery was chiefly to be traced to that one fact in his life—that, for forty years, he swayed the sceptre of a pedagogue. Native arrogance was the root; but the "bright consummate flower" was unfolded and matured by his long reign as a tyrant over schoolboys. To borrow his own words, with one slight omission, in speaking of a Cambridge head, his "manners and temper were spoiled by the pedantries, and pomposities, and fooleries which accompany the long exercise of petty archididaschalian authority."

"*Petty archididaschalian authority!*" Thanks to Dr Parr for one, at least, of his sesquipedalian words; for *that* one contains the key to his whole life, and to the else-mysterious fact—that a pamphleteer, a party pamphleteer, a pamphleteer in the service of private brawls, trod the stage, on all occasions, with the air of some great patriarch of letters or polemic champion of the church. Who could believe that Dr Parr's friend and biographer, in the very act of publishing eight volumes, entitled, "*Works of Dr Parr*," should yet have no better answer to the contemptuous demand of the *Pursuits of Literature*—"What has Dr Parr written?" than simply an expression of regret, (vol. i. p. 464,) "that with such powers, and such means of gathering information from every quarter, Dr Parr did *not* produce some great work on some great subject." He goes on to lament that he did not, "like Clarendon, give the history of that awful period of which he saw the spring-tide, and in part the issue; or, like Burnet, that he did not relate, in a familiar manner, the transactions of the period in which he lived; or, like Tacitus,

* Johnson had many of the elements to the composition of a gentleman in a very high degree, though it is true that these were all neutralized, at times, by some one overmastering prejudice or disgust. His silent acquiescence in the royal praise, and the reason on which he justified his acquiescence—that it did not become him to bandy compliments with his Sovereign, is in the finest spirit of high-breeding, and reminds us of a similar test of gentlemanly feeling, applied to the English Ambassador by the Regent Duke of Orleans,

paint in caustic and living colours the atrocities, of some of which he was a witness, and deliver, as an everlasting memorial to posterity, the characters of those who bore a part in them." But, with submission, Posterity are a sort of people whom it is very difficult to get at; whatever other good qualities they may have, accessibility is not one of them.—A man may write eight quartos to them, *à fortiori* then eight octavos, and get no more hearing from the wretches, than had he been a stock and they been stones. As to those "everlasting memorials," which Dr Johnstone and Thucydides talk of, it is certainly advisable to "deliver" them—but troublesome and injurious to the digestive organs.

Another biographer, who unites with Dr Johnstone in lamenting, "that he did not undertake some work of a superior kind calculated for permanent utility and more durable fame," goes on in the following terms: "It is hinted, however, by a periodical writer, that he *could not* produce more creditable works; and for this reason—that he was, as it were, overlaid with acquired knowledge; the flood of his memory burst in on his own original powers and drowned them." But, in that case, we shall venture to hope that some *Humane Society*, like that on the banks of the Serpentine, will arise to save hopeful young men from such sad catastrophes; so that "acquired knowledge" may cease to prove so fatal a possession; and native ignorance be no longer a *conditio sine quâ non* for writing "creditabile works." Meantime, whatever were the cause, the fact, we see, is admitted by Dr Parr's best friends—that he did not write any great, durable, or creditable work; and the best excuse for him which Dr Johnstone's ingenuity can devise is—that neither Archbishop Markham, nor Dean Cyril Jackson wrote any thing better. True: but the reason which makes such an excuse not entirely available to the case is this—that neither the Archbishop nor the Dean arrogated that place and authority in letters which they had not won: they had both been employed in the same sort of labour as Dr Parr; they had severally assisted in the education of a

great prince, and they were content with the kind of honour which that procured them. And for Cyril Jackson in particular, he was content with less: for he persisted to the last in declining the mitre which he had earned. No: the simple truth is, as we have stated, that Dr Parr assumed his tone of swagger and self-sufficiency in part, perhaps, from original arrogance of nature and a confidence which he had in his own powers, but chiefly from a long life of absolute monarchy within the walls of a school-room. The nature of his empire was absolute and unlimited despotism, in the worst form described by Aristotle in his politics. There is no autocrat so complete, not the czar of all the Russias, as the captain of a king's ship, and the head master of a grammar school. Both of them are irresponsible, ἀνυπεύθυνος, in the utmost degree. And for Parr in particular, not only was he an autocrat, but, if he is not greatly belied, he was a capricious tyrant, an Algerine tyrant, who went the whole length of his opportunities for shewing partial favour, or inflicting savage punishment. And he had this peculiarity, that, whilst other tyrants find a present gratification in their severities, but shrink from their contemplation,—Parr treated *his* as Plato's suppers—they were luxuries for the moment, and subjects of continued exultation in the retrospect. Long after a man had entered the world as an active citizen, Dr Parr used to recall, as the most interesting tie which could connect him with himself, that at some distant period he had flogged him: and from one biographer it appears that, in proportion to his approbation of a boy, and the hopes with which he regarded him; were the frequency and the severity of his flagellations. To a man who reigned in blood, and fed (like Moloch) with din of children's cries, we may suppose that resistance was unheard of: and hence, we repeat, the arrogance with which he came abroad before the world. But what, it will be asked, on the side of the public, gave success to this arrogance? How was it that in his lifetime this insolence of assumption *fit fortune*? Partly, we answer,

through the insolence itself: in all cases that does wonders. The great majority of men are ready to swear by any man's words if he does but speak with audacity.

In process of time, however, this resource will fail a man, unless reinforced by auxiliary means; and these we conceive to have lain in two circumstances, without which Parr never would have gained a height so disproportioned to his performances: The circumstances were, first, that Parr was a Whig; and the Whigs, as the party militant, make much of all who stick by them. Hence the excessive compliments which flowed in upon Dr Parr from Edinburgh, and from persons such as Dugald Stewart, who had otherwise no particular value for Dr Parr's pretensions. The Whigs are wise in their generation; and, like the Dissenters from the Church of England, they make men sensible that it is good to be of their faction; for they never forsake those who stick closely to them. Dr Parr, indeed, was rather a slippery partisan; but this was not generally known. His passions carried him back to Whiggism; and his general attachment was notorious, whilst his little special perfidies or acts of trimming were secrets to all but a very few. The other circumstance in his favour was this—that, as a school-master, he was throwing into public life a continual stream of pupils, who naturally became partisans and obstinate *prôneurs*. In some instances, he educated both father and son; and, though it is true that here and there an eccentric person retains too lively a remembrance of past flagellations, and is with some difficulty restrained from cudgelling or assassinating the flagellator,—still, as a general case, it may be held that such recollections of the boy do not weigh much in the feelings of the man. Most certain it is, that, had Dr Parr been other than an active Whig in politics—or had he not been a school-master of ancient and extensive practice, he never could as a literary man have risen so abruptly above the natural level of his performances as in fact he did. And now that he is dead, and the activity of such adventitious aids is rapidly beginning to fail him, he will sink doubtless quite

as abruptly to his just standard; or, perhaps, by the violence of the natural reaction, will be carried below it.

There is another scale, in which it is probable that some persons may have taken their literary estimate of the Doctor, viz. the scale, *avoirdupois*. For, it is very possible that, upon putting the eight volumes of *works* (as edited by Dr Johnstone) on a butcher's steelyard, they may have ascertained that they draw against a weight of 3 stone 6 lb. Infinite levity in particular cases amounts to gravity; and a vast host of fluttering pamphlets, and stray leaves, make up one considerable mass. It becomes necessary, therefore, to state the substance of the whole eight volumes. Briefly, then, the account stands thus: Volume the First contains *Memoirs*, (with some *Extracts from Letters*.) The two last contain *Correspondence*. Three other volumes contain *Sermons*: of which two volumes are mere parish discourses, having no more right to a place in a body of literary works than the weekly addresses to his congregation of any other rural clergyman. Thus, out of six volumes, one only is really privileged to take its rank under the general title of the Collection. The two remaining volumes, (the Third and Fourth,) contain Dr Parr's miscellaneous pamphlets, with some considerable omissions not accounted for by the Editor. These two volumes are, in fact, all that can properly be described as of a literary nature: and to these we shall resort for matter in the close of our review.

Meantime, we are satisfied that the correspondence of Dr Parr and his friends, for the very reason that it was written with no view (or no uniform view) to the press, is that part of the whole collection which will be read by most readers, and with most interest by all readers. We shall throw a glance on such parts of this correspondence as have a value in reference to the developement of Dr Parr's character, or any singular interest on their own account.

Among the earliest of the literary acquaintances which Dr Parr had the opportunity of forming was that of Dr Johnson. Writing in 1821 (Jan. 6th) to Mr Joseph Cradock, who had said a few days before, that

perhaps, upon the death of Dr Strahan, he himself "must be the oldest of Dr Johnson's friends, who knew him intimately during the last five or six years of his life," Dr Parr takes occasion to retrace the nature of his own connexion with that eminent person: "Well, dear sir, I sympathise with you in your pleasure and in your pride, when you represent yourself as the oldest remaining scholar who lived upon terms of intimacy with Samuel Johnson. You saw him often, and you met him often, in the presence of Goldsmith, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other literary heroes. I acknowledge the great superiority of your claims. Lord Stowell, I should suppose, will stand in the next place; and I challenge for myself the third. For many years, I spent a month's holidays in London, and never failed to call upon Johnson. I was not only admitted, but welcomed. I conversed with him upon numberless subjects of learning, politics, and common life. *I traversed the whole compass of his understanding*; and, by the acknowledgment of Burke and Reynolds, I distinctly understood the peculiar and transcendental properties of his mighty and virtuous mind. I intended to write his life. I laid by sixty or seventy books for the purpose of writing in such a manner as would do no discredit to myself. I intended to spread my thoughts over two volumes quarto; and if I had filled three pages, the rest would have followed. Often have I lamented my *ill fortune* in not building this monument to the fame of Johnson, and (let me not be accused of arrogance when I add) my own."

William Wordsworth, when he dedicated, in a few lines at once modest and dignified, his *Excursion* to the present Lord Lonsdale, with that accurate valuation of words which is one of his greatest poetical accomplishments, offers it as

"A token—*may it prove* a monument—
Of honour," &c.

A token, or pledge of his attachment, the poem was, at any rate, by the act of dedication; whether it should also be a monument, a monumental token, that was for posterity to determine; and if others were at liberty to anticipate that result, the au-

thor, at least, was not. And, at all events, the mere logic of the case made it inevitable, that whatever proved a monument to the fame of Dr Johnson, should be so to the fame of him who raised it; for of a structure which should happen to be durable as a record of Dr Johnson, it is mere tautology to say that it must also be durable as the workmanship of Dr Parr. One and the same work could not have a divided character, or a separate destiny, in its different relations.

But we cannot imagine that Dr Parr's clumsy masonry could raise a monument to any body. For Dr Johnson, in particular, all that he could have done with effect would have been a short *excursus* or appendix to Boswell, on the pretensions of Johnson as a classical scholar. These were greater than it is the custom to suppose. Dr John Johnstone, indeed, somewhere has thought fit to speak of him in that character as immeasurably inferior to Parr. This is not true. Certainly, we are satisfied that Dr Johnson was no very brilliant Grecian; the haste and trepidation which he shewed in declining Dr Burney's application for assistance on the Greek tragedians, sufficiently establish *that*. But there is no reason to suppose, that, in this part of scholarship, Dr Parr had the least advantage of him: if he had, why are the evidences of his superiority so singularly wanting? or in what corner of forgotten literature are we to seek them? As Latin scholars, both were excellent: Parr, from practice, had the greater command over the delicacies and varieties of prose diction: Johnson, from natural talent, had by much the greater facility in verse. Elaborate ingenuity is far more in request for metrical purposes in Latin—knowledge of the idiom for prose. It might be shewn, indeed, that exquisite facility in the management of thoughts, artifices of condensation, or of substitution, of variation or inversion, are for the writer of Latin verse transcendent to any acquaintance with the Latin idiom: the peculiar treatment of an idea, which metre justifies and vindicates from what would else seem affectation, creates its own style. Johnson, in those relics of his Latin verses which have been preserved,

benefited by that advantage: Parr, writing in Latin prose, and writing purely as a rhetorician, was taxed in the severest degree for a command over the idiomatic wealth of the language, and, for what is still less to be obtained from dictionaries, for a command over a Latin structure of sentence, and over the subsidiary forms of connexion and transition. In the preface to Bellenden, he answered the demand upon him, and displayed very unusual skill in the accomplishments of a Latin scholar. Latin composition, in fact, if we except bell-ringing, was the one sole thing, in the nature of accomplishments, which Dr Parr seems to have possessed. Among the fine arts, certainly, we admit, that he understood bell-ringing thoroughly; and we were on the point of forgetting to add, that in the art of slaughtering oxen, which he cultivated early as an amateur, his merit was conspicuous. Envy itself was driven to confess it; and none but the blackest-hearted Tory would go about at this time of day to deny it.* Still, of these three accomplishments, one only seems available to a biography of Dr Johnson; and that would barely have sufficed for the least important chapter of the work.

After all, was Parr really intimate with Johnson? We doubt it: for he must in that case have submitted to a kind of dissimulation bitter to a proud spirit. He was a Jacobite by inheritance: that would have pleased Dr Johnson well; but then by profession he was a Whig—a sort of monster which the Doctor could not abide; and (worse than that!) he was a Whig renegado—such a combination of monstrous elements in a man's character as none of us can abide. To be a Whig is bad—to be a traitor is bad—but to be a Whig and a traitor is too much for humanity. Such features of his character Parr must have dissembled; and this would at

once pique his self-love, and limit his power. One anecdote, rich in folly and absurdity, is current about an interview between Johnson and Parr, in which the latter should have stamped whenever the other stamped; and being called upon to explain this sonorous antiphony, replied, that he could not think of allowing his antagonist to be so much as a stamp ahead of him. Miss Seward, we think, was in the habit of telling this story: for she was one of the dealers in marvels, who are for ever telling of “gigantic powers” and “magnificent displays,” in conversation, beyond any thing that her heroes were ever able to effect in their writings. We remember well that she used to talk of a particular dispute between Johnson and Parr, which in her childish conceit (for she had not herself been present) was equal to some conflict between Jupiter and one of the Titans. Possibly it was the stamping dispute, which we may be assured was a fiction. No man, falling into any gesticulation or expression of fervour from a natural and uncontrollable impulse, would bear to see his own involuntary acts parodied and reverberated as it were in a cool spirit of mimicry; that would be an insult; and Johnson would have resented it by flooring his man *instantly*—a matter very easy indeed to him—for in every sense he was qualified to “take the conceit” out of Dr Parr. Or perhaps, though we rather incline to think that Miss Seward's dispute turned upon some political question, the following as recorded by Parr himself, (*Parriana*, p. 321) might be the particular case alluded to:—“Once, sir, Sam. and I” [*i. e.* Sam. Johnson] “had a vehement dispute upon that most difficult of all subjects—the origin of evil. It called forth all the powers of our minds. No two tigers ever grappled with more fury; but we never lost

* “The Doctor begged me one morning to take him into S. P.'s belfry. Secure from interruption, he proceeded with his intended object, which was, to raise and full (pull?) scientifically the tenth or largest bell. He set to work in silent, solemn formality. It took some time, I suppose a full quarter of an hour; for there was the raising, the full funereal toll, and the regular toll. When it was over, he stalked about the belfry in much pomposity. On recomposing himself, he looked at me with a smile, and said, ‘There, what think you of that?’ He was evidently very proud of the effort.” In a Greek character of Dr Parr by Sir William Jones, among the *κειμήλια* of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, neither the bell-ringing nor the ox-massacring is overlooked: “*καὶ τὸ ὅλον κωδωνίζειν δυνατὸς, καὶ παρονομάζειν, αἱ δισκύνειν, καὶ ταυροκοπεῖν.*”

sight of good manners. There was no Boswell present to detail our conversation. Sir, he would not have understood it. And then, sir, who do you think was the umpire between us? That fiend Horsley."

Miserable fudge! "Grappling like tigers" upon the origin of evil! How, but by total confusion of mind, was that possible upon such a question? One octavo page would state the outline of all that has ever been accomplished on this subject;—and the German philosopher, Kant, whom Dr Parr professed to have studied, and from whom he borrowed one polysyllable, and, apparently, one solitary idea, has in a short memoir sketched the outline of all past attempts (especially that of Leibnitz), and the causes of failure. Libraries may be written upon any question; but the whole nodus of this, as of most questions, lies in a single problem of ten words: and, as yet, no real advance has been made in solving it. As to Dr Johnson, we all happen to know what he could do in this matter; for he has given us the cream of his meditations in a review of Soame Jenyns. Trifling more absolute, on a philosophic subject, does not exist. Could Dr Parr do better? Had he one new idea on the question? If so, where is it? We remember obscurely some sentence or other of purest commonplace on this point in one of his sermons. Further on we may have an occasion for producing it. At present it is sufficient to say—that, as philosophers only, could Parr and Johnson ever converse upon equal terms; both being equally blind by natural constitution of mind, and equally unprepared by study or reading in that department, there was no room for differences between them, except such as were extra-essential or alien to the subject. On every other topic that could have arisen to divide them, Johnson, with one grasp of his muscular hand, would have throttled the whole family of Parrs. Had Parr presumed to talk that sort of incendiary politics in which he delighted, and which the French revolution ripened into Jacobinism, Johnson would have committed an assault upon him. As that does not appear to have happened, we venture to suppose that their intercourse was but

trifling; still, for one who had any at all with Johnson, many of his other acquaintance seem a most incongruous selection. The whole orchestra of rebels, incendiaries, state criminals, all who hated the church and state, all who secretly plotted against them, or openly maligned them, the faction of Jacobinism through its entire gamut, ascending from the first steps of disaffection or anti-national feeling, to the full-blown activity of the traitor and conspirator, had a plenary indulgence from the curate of Hatton, and were inscribed upon the roll of his correspondents. We pause with a sense of shame in making this bold transition from the upright Sam. Johnson, full of prejudice, but the eternal champion of social order and religion, to the fierce Septembrizers who come at intervals before us as the friends, companions, or correspondents, (in some instances as the favourites,) of Dr Parr. Learning and good morals are aghast at the association!

It is singular, or at first sight it seems so, that brigaded with so many scowling republicans are to be found as occasional correspondents of Dr Parr, nearly one half of our aristocracy—two or three personages of royal blood, eight dukes, five marquesses, six-and-twenty earls, thirteen viscounts, one-and-thirty barons, or courtesy lords; to say nothing of distinguished women—a queen, several duchesses, countesses, and daughters of Earls, besides baronesses and honourables in ample proportion. Many of these, however, may be set down as persons altogether thoughtless, or as systematically negligent of political principles in correspondents of no political power. But what are we to think of ten judges (besides Lord Stowell) addressing, with the most friendly warmth, one who looked upon all their tribe as the natural tools of oppression; and no fewer than forty bishops, and four archbishops, court-ing the notice of a proud priest, who professed it as an axiom that three out of every five on the Episcopal bench were downright knaves. Oh! for a little homely consistency; and, in a world where pride so largely tyrannizes, oh for a little in the right place! Dr Parr did not in so many words proclaim destruction to their

order as a favourite and governing principle: but he gave his countenance to principles that would, in practice, have effected that object, and his friendship to men that pursued no other.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex opens the correspondence, according to the present arrangement of the letters; if that may be called arrangement, where all is anarchy. At first we anticipated, from this precedency granted to a Prince, that the peerage and the Red Book would dictate the principle of classification; this failing, we looked to the subject, and next to the chronology. But at length we found that pretty much the same confusion obtains as in a pack of cards, that has first of all been accurately arranged in suits, and then slightly shuffled: in such a case, symptoms occur of the sorting continually disturbed by symptoms of the shuffling; two or three hearts, crossed by two or three spades; and a specious promise of diamonds, suddenly thrown into the shade by a course of clubs. Letters from the same person are usually thrown together, and sometimes a vein of the same subject prevails through a considerable tract of pages. But, generally speaking, a printer's devil seems to have determined the order of succession.

The Duke of Sussex, who has actually placed the bust of a hack dissenting book-maker, (Dr Rees, to wit,) rather than of Aristotle or Lord Bacon, as the presiding and tutelar genius of his fine library in Kensington palace, could not, of course, find any objections to Dr Parr in his hostility to the Church of England. His Royal Highness is probably indifferent on this point; whilst others, as Mr Jeremy Bentham, can hardly fail to esteem a defect in "*Church of Englandism*" one amongst the Doctor's very positive recommendations to their favour. The Duke's letters are amiable and pleasing in their temper, but otherwise (for want of specific subject) not very interesting. Mr Bentham, in more senses than one the Lucifer of the radical politicians, is still less so; and simply because he affects the humorous, in a strain of very elaborate and very infelicitous trifling, upon the names of Parr and Fox, (which he supposes to have

been anticipated by Homer, in the address to Paris, Δυσπαρι, &c., and in the description of Thersites, Φόλος τινυ κισπαλιν, &c.) In a second letter, (Feb. 17, 1823,) which abundantly displays the old gentleman's infirmity, who (like Lord Byron) cannot bear a rival in the public interest, no matter whether otherwise for good or for bad, there is one passage, which, amusing on its own account, furnishes also an occasion for bringing forward one of Parr's most extravagant follies in literature. It is this:—"The 1st of March," says Mr Bentham, "or the 1st of April, comes out a number of the European Magazine, with another portrait of ME by another hand; *considerable expectations are entertained of this likewise*. When you see a copy of a print of the House of Lords, at the time of the Queen's Trial, in the hand of Bowyer, and expected to come out in a month or two, you will (if Bowyer does not deceive me) see the phiz of your old friend" [Jeremy, to wit] "among the spectators; and these, how small soever elsewhere, will, in this print, forasmuch as their station is in the foreground, be greater than lords. Oddly enough made up the group will be. Before me he had got an old acquaintance of mine of former days—Sir Humphrey Davy: he and I might have stood arm in arm. *But then came the servile poet and novelist; and then the ultra-servile sack-guzzler*. Next to him, the old radical. What an assortment!" Certainly a strange lot of clean and unclean beasts were in that ark at that time; what with Mr Bentham's "assortment"—what with the *non mi ricordo* Italians—the lawyers, *pro* and *con*—and some others that we could name. But with regard to Mr Jeremy's companions in Bowyer's print, does the reader take his meaning? We shall be "as good as a chorus" to him, and interpret:—"The 'servile poet and novelist' is Sir Walter Scott; the 'ultra-servile sack-guzzler,' Mr Southey, a pure and high-minded man; the 'old radical,' Mr Corporal Cobbett. Now, with regard to the last of these, Dr Parr considered him a very creditable acquaintance: he visited the Corporal at Botley; and the Corporal wrote him a letter, in which he talked of

visiting Hatton. (What a glorious blunder, by the way, if the old ruffian had chanced to come whilst Dr Bridges was on duty!) Cobbett would do: but for Sir Walter, in Dr Parr's estimation, he was stark naught. One reason may be guessed at—the Queen;* there may have been others; but this was the main reason, and the reason of that particular year. Well; so far we can all allow for the Doctor's spite. Queen Caroline was gracious and confiding towards the Doctor, until, by some mysterious offence, he had incurred her heavy displeasure. It was natural that a person in Parr's rank should be grateful for her notice; and that a person of Parr's politics should befriend her cause. In that same degree, it was natural, perhaps, that he should dislike Sir Walter Scott, and look with jealousy upon his public influence, as pledged to the service of her enemies. Both were in this case party men, with the single difference in Sir Walter's favour, that he was of the right party; a fact that Dr Parr could not be expected to perceive. But was any extremity of party violence to be received as an apology for the Doctor's meanness and extravagant folly in treating so great a man (which uniformly he did) as a miserable pretender in literature? Not satisfied with simply lowering or depreciating his merits, Dr Parr spoke of him as an arrant *charlatan* and impostor.

Discussing Sir Walter's merits as a poet, there is room for wide difference of estimates. But he that can affect blindness to the brilliancy of his claims as a novelist, and generally to the extraordinary grace of his prose, must be incapacitated for the meanest functions of a critic, by original dulness of sensibility. Hear the monstrous verdict delivered by this ponderous mechanist of style, when adjudicating the *quantum meruit* of a writer who certainly has no rival among ancient or modern classics in the rare art of narrating with brilliancy and effect:—"Dr Parr's taste," says a certain Irish poet, a Rev. Mr Stewart, of whom or his works the reader probably now hears for the first time—"Dr Parr's taste was exquisite, his judgment infallible. One morning he sent for me to attend him in his library. I found him seated at one side of the fire, Mrs Parr leaning against the mantel on the opposite side, and a chair placed for me between them. 'Mrs Parr,' he began, 'you have seen Moore in this spot some time ago, *you now see Mr Stewart!*—The race of true poets is now nearly extinct. There is you, (turning to me) and Moore, and Byron, and Crabbe, and Campbell—I hardly know of another.' [All these, observe, were Whigs!] "'You, Stewart, are a man of genius, of real genius, and of science, too, as well as genius. I tell you so. It is here, it is here,' shaking his head, and sa-

* We are the last persons to apologise for that most profligate woman. That men of sense and honour could be found who seriously doubted of her guilt, is the strongest exemplification, to our minds, of the all-levelling strength of party rage that history records. As little are we likely to join the rare and weak assailants of Sir Walter Scott, whose conduct, politically, and as a public man, has been as upright and as generous as his conduct in private life. Yet in one single instance, Sir Walter departed from his usual chivalry of feeling, and most unseasonably joined in insulting a woman—dissolute, it is true, beyond example, but at that time fallen, and on that very morning reaping the bitter first fruits of her enormous guilt. Describing the morning of the Coronation, and the memorable repulse of the poor misguided Queen, Sir Walter allowed himself to speak of her as *the great Lady, with her body-guard of blackguards*. These words we doubt not that Sir Walter soon, and often, and earnestly deplored; for the anguish of her mortification, by the testimony of all who witnessed the tumultuous succession of passions that shook her, and convulsed her features, as she argued the point with the officer at the entrance of Westminster Hall, was intense; and those pitied her then who never pitied her before. There were also other reasons that must have drawn a generous regret from Sir Walter, upon remembering these words afterwards. But we all know that it was not in his nature to insult over the fallen, or to sympathise with triumphant power. In fact, he could not foresee her near approaching death; and he was reasonably disgusted with her violence at the moment; and finally, the words escaped him under circumstances of hurry, which allowed no time for revision. Few indeed are the writers who have so little to blot as this wonderful man.

gaciously touching his forehead with his finger. 'I tell you again, it is here. As to Walter Scott, his jingle will not outlive the next century. It is namby-pamby.' Dr Parr is here made to speak of Sir Walter merely as a poet; but for the same person, in any other character, he had no higher praise in reserve. In the heroic and chivalrous spirit of the poetry of Sir Walter, we pardon the Doctor for taking little interest. But what must be the condition of sense and feeling in that writer, who, without participating probably in the Doctor's delusions, could yet so complacently report to the world a body of extravagances, which terminated in placing himself, an author unknown to the public, conspicuously above one of the most illustrious writers of any age! Dr Parr might perhaps plead the privilege of his fire-side, kindness for a young friend, and a sudden call upon him for some audacity to give effect and powerful expression to his praise, as the apology for his share in such absurdities; but Mr Stewart, by recording them in print, makes himself a deliberate party, under no apology or temptation whatsoever, to the whole injustice and puerility of the scene.

Mr Bentham, Dr Parr, and Mr Douglas of Glasgow, are probably the three men in Europe, who have found Sir Walter Scott a trifle. Literature, in fact, and the fine arts, hold but a low rank in the estimate of the modern Utilitarian republicans. All that is not tangible, measurable, ponderable, falls with them into the account of mere levities, and is classed with the most frivolous decorations of life: to be an exquisite narrator is tantamount to dressing well; a fine prose style is about equal to a splendid equipage; and a finished work of art is a showy piece of upholstery. In this vulgarity of sentiment, Dr Parr could not entirely accompany his coarsest friends; for he drew largely on their indulgence himself as a trespasser in the very worst form—he was guilty of writing Latin with fluency and striking effect. It is certain, however, that the modern school of reformers had an injurious effect upon Dr Parr's literary character, by drawing out and strengthening its hardest features. His politics became harsh-

er, and his intellectual sensibilities coarser, as he advanced in years. How closely he connected himself with these people, we shall shew in the sketch we propose to give of his political history. For the present we turn with pleasure to his more elegant, though sometimes not less violent, friends, amongst the old-established Whig leaders. These, in their very intemperances, maintained the tone, breeding, and cultivation of gentlemen. They cherished and esteemed all parts of elegant letters; and, however much they have been in the habit of shocking our patriotism or constitutional principles, seldom offered annoyance to our tastes, as scholars and men of letters.

Foremost amongst these, as foremost in politics, stood Charles Fox. His letters in this collection are uniformly in the unpretending manner which he courted: what we have too generally to regret—is the absence of Dr Parr's answers, especially to those letters of Mr Fox or his friends, which communicated his *jeux d'esprit* in Greek verse. One of these we shall notice. Meantime, as perhaps the most interesting passage in the whole collection of Dr Parr's correspondence, we shall make the following extract from a letter, in which Mr Fox states the final state of his feelings with regard to Edmund Burke: the immediate occasion was a plan, at that moment agitated, for raising a monument to his memory. The date of this memorable letter is Feb. 24, 1802:—

"Mackintosh wrote to me upon the subject you mention; and I think he took my answer rather more favourably than he was strictly warranted to do. When he said I would second the proposition, I told him *support* was my word.

"The truth is, though I do not feel any malice against Burke, nor would I have in any degree thwarted any plan for his advantage or honour: though I feel the greatest gratitude for his continued kindness to me during so great a part of our lives, and a strong conviction that I owe to his friendship and conversation, a very great portion of whatever either of political or oratorical merit my friends suppose me to have displayed; notwithstanding all this, I must own, that there are some parts

of his conduct that I cannot forgive so entirely as perhaps I ought, and as I wish to do.

"His public conduct may have arisen from mistaken motives of right, carried to a length to which none but persons of his ardent imagination would have pursued them. But the letter to the Duke of Portland and Lord Fitzwilliam, with the worst possible opinion of me, is what I never can think of without sensations which are as little habitual to me as to most men. To attempt to destroy me in the opinion of those whom I so much value, and in particular that of Fitzwilliam, with whom I had lived in the strictest friendship from our infancy; to attempt it too, at a time and in a way which made it almost certain that they would not state the accusation to me, and consequently, that I should have no opportunity to defend myself—this was surely not only malice, but baseness in the extreme; and if I were to say that I have quite forgiven it, it would be boasting a magnanimity which I cannot feel.

"In these circumstances, therefore, I think that, even not opposing, much more supporting, any motion made in honour of his memory as an individual amongst the rest, without putting myself forward as a mover or seconder, is all that can be expected or desired of me by those who are not admirers of hypocrisy. I shall have great pleasure, however, in seeing your plan for an epitaph for him, and will tell you freely my opinion of it, both in general and in the detail. He was certainly a great man, and had very many good as well as great qualities; but his motto seems the very reverse of *μὴδὲν ἄγαν*; and, when his mind had got hold of an object, his whole judgment, as to prudent or imprudent, unbecoming or indecent, nay, right or wrong, was perverted when that object was in question. What Quintilian says of Ovid, '*Si ingenio temperare quam indulgere maluisset*,' was eminently applicable to him, even with respect to his passions. '*Si animi sui affectibus temperare quam indulgere maluisset quid vir iste præstare non potuerit?*' would be my short character of him. By the way, I do not know that *affectibus* is the right word; but I know no other."

Monstrous as we must consider this view of Mr Burke's conduct, which, under every provocation from the underlings of Mr Fox's party, continued irreproachably honourable towards those whom he had been compelled (*and whom others had been compelled*) to abandon,—still, under the perverse prejudices which had possession of Mr Fox, we must allow his temper and his conduct, as here stated by himself, to have been sincere, manly, and liberal. That he did not speak with more fervour of admiration, in summing up the claims of a man so immeasurably beyond his contemporaries in the fineness and compass of his understanding, is not to be imputed to jealousy of his powers, or to the smothered resentments which Mr Fox acknowledges—but entirely to the extreme plainness, simplicity, and almost homely character of his own mind, which laboured under a specific natural inaptitude for appreciating an intellect so complex, subtle, and elaborate, as that of Burke.

We see how readily he clings to the slang notion of Burke's "*imagination*" as explaining the differences between them; and how resolutely he mistakes, for an original tendency to the violence of extremes, what in fact was the mere breadth and determinateness of principle which the extremity of that crisis exacted from a mind of unusual energy. Charles Fox had one sole grandeur, one originality, in his whole composition, and that was the fervour, the intensity, the contagious vehemence of his manner. He could not endure his own speeches when stripped of the advantage they had in a tumultuous and self-kindling delivery. "I have always hated the thought," says he to Dr Parr, "of any of my speeches being published." Why was *that*? Simply because in the mere *matter*, he could not but feel himself, that there was nothing to ensure attention, nothing that could give a characteristic or memorable expression to the whole. The thoughts were every body's thoughts: Mr Burke's, on the other hand, were so peculiarly his own, that they might have been sworn to as private property in any court of law.

How was Dr Parr affected by the great schism in politics, the greatest

which ever hinged upon pure difference of abstract principle? A schism which was fatal to the unity of the Whig Club, could not but impress new determinations on the political bias, conduct, and language of every Whig partisan. At the time of the Bellenden Preface, it was a matter of course to praise Burke; he was then the ally of Fox, and the glory of the Whigs. But what tone of sentiment did Dr Parr maintain towards this great man after he had become an alien to the revolutionary cause which he himself continued to patronise, and the party whom he continued to serve? For previously to that change his homage was equivocal. It might be to the man, or it might be to his position.

There are many ways of arriving at a decision: in letters, in tracts, (Letter on Fox's James II.) and in recorded conversations, Dr Parr's sincere opinions on this question (a question as comprehensive as any personal question ever can have been) were repeatedly obtained. He wrote, besides, an inscription for Burke's public monument; and this, which (in common with all his epitaphs) was anxiously weighed and meditated in every syllable, happens to have been the most felicitous in the opinion of himself and his friends of all which he executed. What was its prevailing tone? "I remember," says Parr himself, writing to Lord Holland, "one or two of Mr Burke's admirers said to me that it was cold; and I answered, that I had indeed been successful; for as I really did not feel warmth, I had not attempted to express it." Perhaps in these words, Dr Parr, with a courtier's consideration of the person whom he was addressing, has done some injustice to himself. Enough remains on record, both in the epitaph and elsewhere, to shew that he had not indeed attained to a steady consciousness of Burke's characteristic merits; but it is manifest that he struggled with a reluctant instinct of submission to the boldest of his views, and fought up against a blind sense of his authority as greater than on many accounts it pleased him or suited him to admit.

Even in this personal accident, as it may seem, taken in connexion with the fetters of party, lay a snare to the sobriety of Parr's understanding. The French Revolution, with him as with multitudes beside, unhinged the sanity of his moral judgments. Left to the natural influences of things, he, like many of his political friends, might have recovered a steady equilibrium of mind upon this great event, and "all which it inherited." He might have written to others, as Lady Oxford, (once the most violent of democrats,) sickened by sad experience of continental frenzies, had occasion to write to *him*—"Of Burke's writings and principles I am now a very great admirer; he was a great lover of practical liberty. In my days of darkness, prejudice, and folly, I never read a line of Burke; but I am now, thank heaven, in a state of regeneration." Obstinacy, and (except by occasional starts) allegiance to his party, made this noble confession of error impossible to Dr Parr. And the intellectual results to one who lived chiefly in the atmosphere of politics, and drew his whole animation from the fluctuations of public questions, were entirely mischievous. To those who abided by the necessities of error, which grew upon a systematic opposition to Mr Burke, the French revolution had destroyed all the landmarks of constitutional distinctions, and impressed a character of indeterminate meaning upon ancient political principles. From that time forward, it will be seen, by those who will take the trouble to examine, that Dr Parr, struggling (as many others did) between the obscure convictions of his conscience, and the demands of his party, or his personal situation, maintained no uniform opinions at all; gave his faith and his hopes by turns to every vagrant adventurer, foreign or domestic, military scourge, or political reformer, whom the disjointed times brought forward; and was consistent in nothing but in those petty speculations of philology, which, growing out of his professional pursuits, served at last no end so useful as that of relieving the asperities of his political life.

MR SADLER AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEWER.*

A PROLUSION,

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE great object of Mr Malthus's celebrated Essay on the Principle of Population, is, as he himself has told us, almost, we believe, in the words we are now using, to examine the effects of one cause intimately united with the very nature of man,—one cause that has hitherto impeded the progress of mankind towards happiness—to wit, the constant tendency in all animated life to increase beyond the nourishment prepared for it. That population has this constant tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence, and that it is kept to its necessary level by some or other of the various forms of misery, or the fear of misery, sufficiently appears, he thinks, from a review of the different states of society in which man has existed. It may, he thinks, be safely pronounced, that population, when unchecked, goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years, or increases in a geometrical ratio; and he thinks that it may be fairly pronounced, that, considering the present average state of the earth, the means of subsistence, under circumstances the most favourable to human industry, could not possibly be made to increase faster than in an arithmetical ratio. The checks which repress this prodigiously superior power of population, and put its effects on a level with the means of subsistence, are, according to him, all resolvable into moral restraint, vice, and misery. To shew this, then, is, as we said, the object of his Essay—which necessarily takes a wide and various historical view of the conditions of human nature in many countries, and at many eras—and necessarily comprehends many enquiries into the operation of other causes to which that condition,

happy or miserable, had been erroneously ascribed.

The Principle of Population was laid down so clearly, that he who ran might read; the illustrations Mr Malthus collected of it from historical and statistical works, and from books of voyages and travels, were striking and impressive; the order and arrangement of his materials were free from confusion, and his style clear, animated, and eloquent, so that the work speedily attracted notice, and Mr Malthus all at once acquired the reputation of original genius, and became founder and head of a School.

But though adopted by many zealous, and, as they have always chosen to call themselves, scientific disciples, this doctrine of a supposed great Master in Political Economy, revolted not only the feelings, but the reason, of men who studied the nature and condition of their own race in the schools of common humanity; and was thought by them irreconcilable with much of what they humbly believed it had been permitted them to know of the attributes and providence of God.

Accordingly, many answers to the Essay, from time to time, appeared—written by men of very various powers—some good, some bad, and some indifferent—but, we confess, all more or less unsatisfactory, and leaving Mr Malthus intrenched behind the position he had so skillfully and laboriously taken up, and which his devoted followers continued to affirm he maintained against all such assaults, in a state, not only of security, but triumph.

But though the opponents to whom we have now alluded, cannot be said to have severely shaken the Principle of his Essay, they forced him

* The Law of Population, a Treatise, in Six Books, by Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P. London: John Murray, 1830.—Edinburgh Review, No. CII. Refutation of an Article in the Edinburgh Review, No. CII. by M. T. Sadler, Esq. M.P. London: John Murray.

to modify it; and Mr Malthus, who in the first edition of his work, we believe, did not mention moral restraint as a check at all, in subsequent editions attributed to it more and more power; and at last allowed that it was always the more and more operative as society advanced in civilisation—when the checks of vice and misery were less brought into play. It appears, therefore, that Mr Malthus was not deaf to the outcry Nature herself may be said to have raised against his doctrine as it was first promulgated; and that it assumed a shape and character less painful and revolting—though even with that important modification, most melancholy and humiliating still—and hanging like a dead-weight on the hopes of all who hoped highly of the future happiness and virtue of man.

For many years, however, the Malthusians were even more intolerant than their master of all objections to the creed of the only true faith. He answered his opponents, generally, though not always, with temper and moderation—for Mr Malthus is an amiable man; but many of his followers shewed a bad spirit—a spirit of contumely and contempt towards all who ventured to dispute or deny a single dogma of the School; and as if nature had endowed them exclusively with faculties capable of understanding the principle of population—hooted and yelled at every man who called it in question, and impugned it by reasoning, or by facts. A revelation had been made to them alone of the Great Truth—they alone had been initiated into the mysteries of the Faith—and in the pride of their philosophy, they shewed themselves the worst of bigots and fanatics.

Some of them, too, would not even suffer the modifications of the Law made by Mr Malthus himself; and pushed it to consequences—and to the recommendation of unhallowed practices, from the horrid whisper of which his kinder, and purer, and higher nature instinctively recoiled with abhorrence. We have seen in bad Latin, schemes proposed to thwart the principle of population, which, as they were disgraceful and disgusting to manhood, it was satisfactory to know origina-

ted out of the pale of humanity—*measures* which, as they were addressed, we believe, so could they only have had any temptation, to a tailor. Others, again, who did not directly recommend men to become monkeys or monsters, aimed abuse—in words to us unintelligible—against marriage. Thus one Oracle delivers this dark and dubious response to the kneelers at the inner shrine—“Legislation can sometimes produce considerable effects by its indirect operation; *as when a desire, which gratifies itself in a hurtful course of action,* (which seems, in the instance of these supplicants, to mean marriage,) *and cannot easily be counteracted by reward and punishment, is drawn to gratify itself in a less hurtful or innocent direction.*” Response second—“The progress of legislation, the improvement of the education of the people, *and the decay of superstition,* will in time, it is hoped, accomplish the difficult task of reconciling those important objects.” In these oracular responses, who may expound the meaning of the words “innocent direction” and “superstition?”

In all this horror of the pure “waters of life,” which domestic enjoyments have been always esteemed—thus preying on the very vitals of some irrational and disgusting wretches, and disturbing the reason even of such intellectual persons, and blameless in their practical ethics as the authoritative writer whom we have ventured to call an Oracle, the People of England,—for really in Scotland we do not seem ever to have cared, or indeed to have known, much about the anti-populationists,—saw the hydrophobia, in its most hideous and loathsome shape: and, though little afraid of being bitten by the rabid animals running fast and loose in all directions, not only along High-ways but By-ways, they issued what may be called a national edict, or decree, to send the monks to Coventry, a town of which it is not easy to ascertain the latitude, and there most of them at present abide. That is often sound and salutary advice, which counsels young persons not to marry and begot children, till they see a reasonable prospect of providing for them—and it is too often set at naught;

but we cannot help thinking that such advice had many million times been taken as well as rejected before the stars of Malthus, Mill, or M'Culloch rose on a benighted world—

——“ with fear of change
Perplexing workmen.”

Men are not naturally the brute beasts these writers have insultingly represented them to be. They do not propagate *more pecudum*; and Mr Malthus let some expressions escape him on that subject, of which he afterwards gave us reason to know he was both ashamed and sorry—as well he might be as a Christian clergyman. That egregious wiseacre, Ex-Professor Senior, seems to have lately felt this—and, with all the pomposity and pedantry of the school and the schools, has dedicated some pages of a lecture to prove that human beings have reason as well as passions. When it is a duty to marry, and what are the duties of marriage, Nature herself dictates; nor have there ever been wanting in this long-enlightened land, moral and religious teachers to expound such duties, not out of such books as these pragmatistical coxcombs and Cockney political economists have produced or studied, but out of a book which few of them know much about, and many of them nothing—THE BIBLE.

With regard, again, to that mighty class, which we have higher authority than that of the political economists for believing never shall cease out of the land, the Poor, the deductions drawn from the Malthusian law of population were impious as cruel; and just, generous, humane, and Christian England scorned the creed, of which it is a leading article, that they who may be dying of hunger have no *right* to life; that they had forfeited it by imprudent marriage and wicked propagation—therefore, let them die of starvation, they and their misbegotten brats—while the monks, seeking the gratification of their desires in some more “innocent direction,” and unenslaved to “superstition,” laughed and grew fat, and sent Hymen and Lucina to the dogs.

But mark now how inconsistent and unstable is even speculative vice. Why, not from any “compunctious visitings of nature” to which their hearts were shut, but from light let

in upon their darkened understandings by one who owned no communion with their faith, they all at once began eating in their own words, and their own principles, and recommending the introduction of Poor Laws—some kind of modification of the English Poor Laws—these fatal stimulants to propagation—into Ireland! An enlightened Christian philosopher in the *Quarterly Review*, while he exposed with a masterly hand the pernicious abuses—and above all, one abuse—that had vitiated the English Poor Laws by changing their very spirit—at the same time proved that there were causes existing in the rural economy of England, which had not only prevented the English Poor Laws, as long as they were not abused, from unduly increasing the population, but had absolutely made them productive of an opposite effect; and then, the economists, as we have said, first drew in their horns, and then pushed them out in right angles to their numskulls towards another “airt,” taking care, however, not to say a single syllable about the quarter from which they had derived the new light, but impudently and dishonestly claiming it as a revelation made to the world from the cloudy shrine of their own understandings.

Thus Mr M'Culloch, when examined before a Committee of the House of Commons on the state of Ireland, pompously gives a list of the statistical authorities on which he had seen reason to modify his former opinions on this question—whereas he had been taught or rather forced to give them up, by the irresistible logic and facts of the admirable writer in the *Quarterly Review*, to whose existence even he had not the common honesty to allude before the Committee. Now, we could point out a passage, had we time to tumble over some musty numbers of a Review with which he is probably familiar, written, if not by himself, by one of his brethren, in which it is averred that he who would recommend the introduction into Ireland of any modification whatever of the English poor-laws, would be fitter for a cell in Bedlam than a seat in the House of Commons. Let the cell in Bedlam, therefore, be prepared; and let it be roomy enough for

more than one Economist to sleep on the same straw.

But it may be said, that here there has been no relinquishment of principle, and perhaps, in one sense, which we shall leave to the reader's sagacity, neither there has; but "*plusquam civilia bella*" are now raging in the camp of the enemy, aye, even in the Political Economists' Club. The same persons who once thought themselves divinely inspired,—that is, by the God of their own Idolatry, whose image on earth has feet of clay and face of brass, the composition of the body being non-descript, though, in the coinage of their own brain, they believe it to be of gold,—have, for a considerable time, been at sixes and sevens, nay, after calling each other no very decorous names, they have gone to log-gerheads, and that, too, about the very axioms, and definitions, and first principles of their science. Mr Malthus, in a small volume, in which he twits several of his brethren, tells Mr M'Culloch, among other pieces of useful information, that he does not know what is capital, and what is not; and Mr M'Culloch,

"Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,"

tells Mr Malthus, in the *Scotsman*, that he does not know what is productive and what is unproductive labour, and scoffs at him as little better than a quack, a mere empiric. But it was reserved for Mr Senior to exhibit the most astounding contradictions between his own opinions, recorded in one and the same lecture, and so to explain his understanding of the law of population laid down in the celebrated Essay, as to shew us that he believes in a law of population diametrically opposite to that with which Mr Malthus has so long been deluding, not only the Political Economists' Club, but a somewhat wider sphere—the whole world.

Mr Senior's Two Lectures on Population, and the correspondence between him and Mr Malthus, in which these most marvellous inconsistencies, contradictions, misconceptions, and every imaginable blundering and blindness appear, are well worthy the attention of the curious: and we beg to be allowed to point out a gem or two in the coronets which

these two most self-complacent philosophers have mutually wreathed round each other's foreheads, on which, if the organ of causality—(should it be well developed—then that of conscientiousness)—be bigger than a pea, we relinquish our faith in Phrenology.

Mr Senior had, in his Introductory Lecture—not now before us—said, "That the population of a given district is *limited* only by moral or physical evil—or by deficiency in the means of obtaining those articles of wealth, or, in other words, those necessities, decencies, and luxuries, which the habits of the individuals of each class of the inhabitants of that district lead them to require." After meditating on this wise saw, he says, "That the only modification subsequent reflection induces me to apply to this proposition, is to substitute for the word '*deficiency*,' the words, '*the apprehension of deficiency*.' My reasons for this substitution are: first, that the actual deficiency of necessities is a part of physical evil; and, secondly, that it is not the existence of a deficiency, *but the fear of its existence*, which is the principal *check* to population, so far as necessities are concerned, and the sole *check* as respects decencies and luxuries."

Now, we request the reader to pay particular attention to this amended statement of the learned ex-Professor's creed—and then to pay particular attention to the illustrations he gives of it, drawn from the condition of our own country, as well as others—and then to judge, first, whether the ex-Professor understands himself; and, secondly, whether his doctrine and that of Mr Malthus differ but in words—by a mere *verbal* distinction—that is, a distinction without a difference—as the two clear-headed and self-complacent members of the Club, at the close of their correspondence, smirkingly declare, bowing and kissing their hands to each other with much suavity, cordiality, and respect; while the truth is, that they stand before the public—let us speak plainly—a brace of not only confounded, but self-convicted blunderers.

Let us see, then, what Mr Senior says of these checks. In page

22 of his First Lecture—the concluding page—he says, “There is not an evil, *moral or physical*, which has not a tendency directly or indirectly to shorten life, but there are many which have a *direct tendency to increase fecundity*.” Perhaps there may be—but he has not had the kindness to tell us what are the evils, *moral or physical*, which possess this *direct tendency to increase fecundity*. Let this, however, pass for the present—and we request Mr Senior to reconcile with the assertion, that there is “*not an evil, MORAL or physical, which has not a tendency to shorten life*,” with the following assertion in Lecture II., page 25—“We shall scarcely, therefore, be led into error, if, in considering the preventive checks, we confine our attention to prudence, and assume that *as nothing but physical evil diminishes the longevity of mankind*,” &c.!!!

What rapid and long strides must the science of Political Economy lately have made in Oxford under such a teacher!

But this is but a joke to what follows. The object of the Second Lecture is, to consider the “preventive checks.” The first is “promiscuous intercourse;” and Mr Senior says, that, with such exceptions as the higher classes of society in Otaheite and other of the South-sea Islands, and the West Indian negroes—on which he lays little stress—there are scarcely any females whose fecundity is prevented or diminished by promiscuous intercourse. He of course excludes those unhappy wretches whose trade is prostitution—and they constitute so small a proportion of the population of the whole world, that the check on population occasioned by their unfruitfulness may, he says, safely be disregarded.

The other preventive check is “abstinence from marriage.” “You are, of course, aware,” says Mr Senior to his pupils, “that by the word ‘marriage,’ I mean to express not the peculiar and permanent union which alone, in a Christian country, is entitled to that name; but any agreement between a man and a woman to cohabit exclusively for a period, and under circumstances likely to occasion the birth of progeny.” How the Professor’s young pupils should be aware of this extension of the meaning

of the word *marriage*, we do not exactly see—surely their mothers had not taught it to them. Would not the Professor be more easily understood if he had said,—abstinence from “sexual intercourse?” But let that, too, pass. The Professor says, that the number of persons situated so as to be deterred from “marriage,” by the only causes likely to deter them, an apprehension of a deficiency of necessities, decencies, or luxuries, is “so small, that they make an exception which would scarcely deserve attention, even if this conduct were as common among them as it is in fact rare.”

The check from an apprehended deficiency of the “luxuries is but slight,” says Mr Senior; and the reason he gives is oddly expressed: For “the motives, perhaps I might say, the instincts, that prompt the human race to marriage, are too powerful to be much restrained by the fear of losing *conveniences*,” &c. Passing that too, however, his belief, we see, is that the higher classes are almost without check. He goes on to say, that “the fear of losing decencies, or perhaps, more frequently, the hope to acquire, by a larger accumulation, during celibacy, the means of *purchasing the decencies* of a higher social rank, is of more importance.” The middling classes, therefore, may be subject to some check—not a very powerful one, it would seem, from the Professor’s language, as it is said by him, but to be “of far more importance” than another which is so slight as to be no check at all.

With regard to the poor, again, he says, that “want of actual necessities is seldom apprehended by any except the poorest classes in any country; and in England, *though it sometimes is felt, it probably is anticipated by none*.” According, then, to Mr Senior, the poorest, which is by much the most numerous class, is freed from the prudential check. So stands the Professor’s account; yet has he told us, that the preventive check (confined by himself to prudence) is twice as strong here as in America, though only half as strong as in Switzerland. How that can be, he will pardon our blindness for not being able to see, since here “it is anticipated by none;” and how nothing can be the half of one something, and

double of another, seems to be an enigma, set not by a Senior, but a Sphinx.

Has Mr Senior explained more clearly and consistently what are called the Positive Checks? We fear not. Having said (Lecture I.) that they include all the causes which lead, in any way, prematurely to shorten the duration of life, and enumerated among them "plague, famine, and large towns," he tells us, with oracular brevity, that these "are the result of moral evil." Are all physical evils the result of moral evil? A colic, caused by a too greedy and gluttonous revel in a gooseberry-bush of the small red hairy sort, might, no doubt, by a severe moralist, be given as a melancholy example of physical evil, the result of moral evil. But would he not be going a step too far, were he to affirm, that, to his certain knowledge, the Cholera Morbus, which has lately come across the Caucasus from Persia to St Petersburg, was the result of moral evil in the subjects of the Khan or the Czar? At all events, putting plague and famine aside, it does sound odd to our ears, to say that "large towns" are the "result of moral evil," though unfortunately they are too often its cause.

Mr Senior then tells us, that the want of the necessities of life is the principal and obvious check in the lowest savage state—but that, in "a high state of civilisation, it is almost imperceptible. But it is unperceived only in consequence of its substitutes!" What does he mean? Is the check there—or is it not? If he means to say it is, then he contradicts himself; for we have seen that he believes, and prides himself on the discovery, that, in civilized countries, the rate of the increase of food is generally greater than that of population. But was there ever such vague expression employed before by a lecturer on one of what he has called the Moral Sciences? It is not easy to conjecture how a thing, if it exists, should be unperceived "in consequence of its substitutes." They might prevent its existence, but never could prevent its being perceived. Were a man, who had been drawn for the militia, to procure a substitute, why, no doubt, in consequence of that substitute, he would

be "unperceived" in the ranks of the Saucy Suffolk, or the Devon Dons; but the prime reason why he was "unperceived," it seems to our simple minds would be, that the worthy, though not heroic individual was not within the range of vision, but snugly seated at home among his wife and children, at beans and bacon.

Mr Senior thus continues:—"If all other moral and physical checks could be got rid of,—if we had neither wars nor libertinism, if our institutions, and employments, and habits were all wholesome, and no fear of indigence, or loss of station, prevented or retarded our marriages, *famine would soon exercise her prerogative of controlling in the last resort, the multiplication of mankind.* But though it be certain that the absence of all other checks could only give room for the irresistible influence of famine, it is *equally certain* that such a state of things never has existed, and never will exist. In the first place, the absence of all the other moral and physical evils which retard population, implies a degree of civilisation not only high, but higher than mankind have as yet enjoyed. Such a society cannot be supposed to want sagacity sufficient to foresee the evils of a too rapidly increasing population," &c. "And, secondly, it is impossible that a positive check so goading and remorseless as Famine should prevail without bringing in her train all the others. Pestilence is her uniform companion, and Murder and War are her followers."

Nothing can exceed the confusion of ideas huddled together in the two or three pages of the Lecture over which these saws are sown or sprinkled among stony places. First, we are instructed that the absence of all the *preventive checks*, according to the new jargon, will produce the positive check—famine. But then we are consoled by the assurance, that this state of things never has existed, and never will exist. Now mark the reason why such a state of things never has or will exist. First, because civilisation will have the effect of preventing wars, and will teach men the wisdom not to involve themselves in the endearing, but, according to the Economists, pernicious

connexions of husbands and fathers. Civilisation has never hitherto been found to prevent wars; and as to unwholesome employments, it almost of necessity promotes them; neither is libertinism peculiarly disconnected with civilisation. So much for the first cause which is to prevent the operation of the positive check famine. But, secondly, quoth Mr Senior, famine is to prevent itself, by producing the evils which follow "in its train!" And he adds profoundly, "*where there is a diversity of fortunes, famine generally produces that worst form of civil war, the insurrection of the poor against the rich!*" Will this philosopher please to inform us what country has ever existed without a "diversity of fortunes" among the inhabitants? Are all countries then ravaged by that worst of civil war, the insurrection of the poor against the rich?

Mr Senior thus continues—"Among nations imperfectly civilized, the widest and most wasting of the positive checks is predatory war. A district exposed to it must suffer in their full force all the others. There, fear of invasion must keep them *pent up in crowded, and consequently unwholesome towns.*" "This is the check which has kept the whole of Africa, the western part of Asia, and the southern districts of America, in their comparatively unpeopled state." "Unwholesome towns!!" As is forcibly exemplified, we presume, by the Germans and Scandinavians of old; and more recently by the Arabs, the predatory tribes of North America, and Pindarees of India, who are all so well known to have lived, and still to live, in "crowded towns!" We should like to see a Census of the Population of the "crowded towns" of Africa, Arabia, and the Pampas.

Mr Senior, in proof of his saws and his see-saws, quotes Bruce. Bruce, it seems, passed a night at Garigara, a village, of which the crops had been destroyed, and the inhabitants starved; he calls it "*the miserable village of Garigara.*" And Mr Senior quotes that in proof of a population being, by the fear of invasion, *pent up "in crowded, and consequently unwholesome towns!"*

Finally, Mr Senior says, "the re-

mainder of the positive checks, such as *infanticide*, and unwholesomeness of climate, habit, or situation, appear *rather to act as substitutes for the PREVENTIVE CHECKS, than to produce any actual diminution, or prevent any actual increase.*" Infanticide, &c. act as substitutes for *preventive* checks; and yet they produce no actual diminution, nor *prevent* actual increase! Now, we always thought, that, according to the philosophers, the merit of the preventive checks was, that they *did prevent actual increase.* How then does it happen that their substitutes produce no such effect? Such substitutes must be discharged—for they are unfit for the service.

It appears, then, that Mr Senior is rather muddy-minded; yet so far from disagreeing with what he has said—except the expression, which is lax and confused—and except the contradictions, which shew sad oversight—we agree with him perfectly respecting the non-existence or powerlessness of many of the said checks; while neither we, nor any one else, and certainly not Mr Senior, can agree with the unintelligible remarks he has drivelled about them. We are quite prepared to go along with him, in spite of his stupidity, when he says, with an air of conscious originality, *that* which thousands of rational people have said before he was born—"that not only a taste for additional comfort and convenience, but a feeling of degradation in their absence, becomes more and more widely diffused. The increase, in many respects, of the productive powers of labour, must enable increased comforts to be enjoyed by increased numbers; and as it is the more beneficial, so it appears to me to be the more natural course of events, that increased comforts should not only accompany, but rather precede, increase of numbers." Ah, true—but not truths observed by William Nassau Senior, any more than by Christopher North. He denies, therefore, and rightly, "that under wise institutions, there is any tendency" in population to press fatally on the means of subsistence—but believes, rightly, "the tendency to be just the reverse."

Well then, here comes the rub—what is Mr Malthus's doctrine? It is given very explicitly in the following words: "According to the prin-

ciple of population, the human race has a tendency to increase faster than food. It has, therefore, *a constant tendency* to people a country fully up to the limits of subsistence; meaning by those limits, the lowest quantity of food which will maintain a stationary population."

Now place by the side of this passage our quotations from Mr Senior, and then read the correspondence of the two Professors, in which he of Oxford, with a gravity and suavity admirable but inimitable, assures his brother of Halesbury, that their doctrines perfectly coincide! "The means of subsistence have a greater tendency to increase than the population." "This is the case in every civilized country—even in Ireland!!!" So saith Mr Senior; and again, "If it be conceded that there exists in the human race a natural tendency to rise from barbarism to civilisation, and that the means of subsistence are proportionably more abundant in a civilized than in a savage state, and neither of these propositions can be denied, it must follow, *that there is a natural tendency in subsistence to increase in a greater ratio than population.*"

Compare all this, we say, with the passage quoted above from Mr Malthus—and how beautifully perfect the coincidence of the doctrines of the two learned Professors, who both assure us that they have discovered that theirs is but a "verbal dispute!!!"

But can you, any more than we, believe your eyes when you see, "*oculis subjecta fidelibus*," the following words in a letter from Mr Malthus to Mr Senior, kindly compromising the matter in question between them, and affably saying that it is but a "verbal dispute?" "The main part of the question with me, relates to the cause of the continued *poverty and misery* of the labouring classes of *society in all old states*. This surely cannot be attributed to the *tendency* of food to increase faster than population!!" Certainly not, Mr Malthus. People do not starve in the midst of plenty, and become more miserable as they are better fed. But how can you have the face to tell Mr Senior after this, that your doctrine and his is

the same? The pensive Public frowns at such a barefaced attempt to impose upon her intuitive perception that black is not white, that yes is not no—that a tendency in food to increase faster than the mouths to eat it, is not a tendency in mouths that eat it to increase faster than food.

Mr Senior's doctrine, we verily believe, is the right one—and Mr Malthus's is the wrong one—yet Mr Senior has not the sense to hold fast his own doctrine, but allows himself to be cajoled out of it by the soft insinuations of the agreeable Anti-populationist. "I must have expressed myself ill, if I have led you to suppose that I assert any thing like an *universal* increase of the proportion of subsistence to population." And then he goes on to explain—though his explanation, very excellent truth in itself, is no explanation at all—that is, it is not, as Mr Senior in his melting mood supposes it, any modification or retraction of his former doctrine. How could it be—without making the entire Two Lectures worthless as waste paper—as unprinted whitey-brown? O Lord Byron's Heaven and Earth! had he not said, page 48 and 49—"That the means of subsistence have a greater tendency to increase than the population, is the case in *every civilized country*—even in Ireland"—the country which he and his school always speak of as swarming with life, though the truth is, by the way, that it is less populous than the greater part of Europe? If Mr Senior chooses to eat in these words—the most compendious method is to open his mouth, and swallow the whole Pamphlet.

Yes, he must indeed swallow the whole Pamphlet! For—O Lord Byron's Cain! only look at this. "There never has been a period of any considerable length, when premature mortality and vice, specifically arising from the pressure of population against food, has not prevailed to a considerable extent; nor, admitting the possibility, or even the probability, of these evils being diminished, is there any rational prospect of a near approach to their entire removal." So sayeth Mr Malthus in one of his letters—and Mr Senior, delighted to see this "near approach" to his own

doctrine—after the apology quoted above for having expressed himself ill—sayeth, “if we look back through the history of the whole world, [a pretty wide look, by the by,] and compare the state of each country at distinct periods of two hundred or three hundred years, the cases in which food has increased during the preceding period of two hundred or three hundred years, in a greater ratio than population, will be found to be more numerous than those in which population has increased during the preceding period in a greater ratio than food!” And we say, “that if we look back through the history of the whole world,” we shall find no such instances of portentous folly as that which these two learned Professors have now exhibited, in thus gravely and solemnly informing themselves and mankind, the Political Economists’ Club, and the world, that should any future adventurer reach the North, he has only to turn about, and touch the South Pole.

After all this, it would be idle, at present, to point out, in Mr Senior’s Two Lectures, of which the leading doctrine is nearly right, and very ancient, the many other flagrant violations of logic of which he has been guilty—he whose logic is so much admired by Mr Whatley, that that gentleman, in his work on Logic, has called in its aid to the settlement of Definitions rendered by it clear as the sun at noonday!

One precious specimen more we cannot choose but quote. “Every addition,” quoth Mr Senior, (Lecture I., p. 12,) “made to the quantity of food produced, makes, in general, a further addition more difficult. Every addition to the existing population diffuses *wider the means of still farther addition.*” In Lecture II., page 48, quoth Mr Senior, “If a single country can be found in which there is now less poverty than is universal in a savage state, it must be true that, under the circumstances in which that country is placed, *the means of subsistence have a greater tendency to increase than the population.*” But not only can a single country be found, but Mr Senior tells us—as we have seen—(Letter to Malthus, p. 74)—“that the cases in which food has increased in a greater ratio than population, will be found to be *more*

numerous than those in which population has increased in a greater ratio than food!” Has not Mr Senior reason to be ashamed of himself for having laid down two propositions as both true—of which the truth of the one prevents the possibility of the truth of the other?

Mr Senior having thus “smoothed the raven down of Malthus till it smiled,” also tries to set right Mr Mill’s and Mr McCulloch’s opinions, which he thinks woefully wrong, on the Law of Population. Now Mr Mill’s are, beyond all doubt, those of Mr Malthus, driven unflinchingly, but legitimately, to extremest lengths; and Mr Malthus has himself passed the highest eulogium on Mr McCulloch’s exposition of the Principle of his Essay. Who, then, is right, and who is wrong? Who is Pretender, and who is King? Who is the Sir Astley Cooper—who the Mr St John Long?

Such being a slight sketch of the state in which the Science of Political Economy stands—which we observe Mr Senior calls (page 3) one of the “Moral Sciences”—with regard to the Law of Population, we turned for that reason, as well as many others, with feelings of the deepest interest to Mr Sadler’s Great Work. It is a Great Work. The Three Volumes lately published, (two being in one,) consisting of upwards of 1300 pages, are divided into Four Books. In the First, he states the principles of the theory he opposes, that of Mr Malthus, together with something of its history, shewing that it is irreconcilable with itself in all its main positions, and especially with those checks which it announces as solely regulating the redundant numbers of mankind. Mr Sadler proves, that the ratios on which it is professedly built, are, when applied to the subject, fallacious in themselves, and ridiculous as connected with each other; that the direct checks, as they are termed, have never been necessary, or otherwise than injurious, in reference to the prosperity and happiness of the population of any community; that the wars of ancient Greece, or those waged upon the Roman empire, so constantly appealed to by the assertors of human superfecundity, originated not in excessive numbers; that

the opinions of the ancient philosophers of Greece, particularly those of Plato and Aristotle, on the subject of population, have been either misunderstood or misrepresented; that the direct checks to population have diminished in their operation in every country as population has increased; and that, under the same circumstances, the influence of the preventive check has also constantly abated; that this check, the main prop of the system, is unnatural in itself, and its imposition, therefore, unlawful, wicked, and cruel; that as proposed to be enforced on the lower classes of society, it is in the utmost degree partial; that it would also be as impolitic as it is cruel and unjust, were it possible to enforce it; and lastly, that the defence put forth for the consequences it necessarily involves, is, whether considered in a political, religious, or moral point of view, utterly untenable. This Book contains twenty-three chapters.

Book Second is entitled, "Of the Theory of Human Superfecundity: its Principle, as founded upon the Population of the United States of America and of China, stated and disproved." The increase of population in the United States of America has long been appealed to, as the one triumphant demonstration of the geometric ratio so often advanced. In this section of his work, Mr Sadler shews that the data on which that demonstration is founded are utterly erroneous, both as it regards the number of inhabitants, at the period from which it dates its calculations, and the circumstances which have mainly contributed to its rapid increase. For Mr Sadler, in utter disproof of these supposed doublings, (in twelve, fifteen, twenty, or five-and-twenty years,) shews, from official records, that the population of the Colonies, at the period from which the terms of duplication are usually dated, was at least five times as large as computed by Mr Townsend, Mr Malthus, and others; that neither in the New England provinces, constantly appealed to, nor in the United States generally, has the doubling, so often assumed, nor any geometric duplication at stated intervals, ever taken place; and that the real increase of the inhabitants of America has, at all periods, been greatly ac-

celerated by emigration. That this emigration has been immense, from the earliest period of American colonization to the date of the last census, Mr Sadler shews, first, by a series of direct historical proofs, extending through the whole interval; secondly, by its effects on the manners, customs, and language of the different states, as described by American writers, and attributed by them to that sole cause; thirdly, by sundry statistical documents of various kinds, all demonstrating the same fact; fourthly, by the very censuses of the United States, which, it is proved, could not otherwise contain the facts which they exhibit, especially those striking deviations from the laws of nature, regarding the proportion of the sexes, and the rate of mortality, which they manifest throughout. The great effect which a certain, and relatively small, number of adults, proceeding to a community and marrying there, naturally has upon its increase, is computed; and, in conclusion, it is calculated, even on the admission of those who have confidently pronounced Emigration to be "immaterial," that its effect, according to their own admission, would account for the greater part of the entire increase that has taken place in that country.

Respecting China—the empire in which we have been long instructed to believe that the Principle of Population has finally produced those evils which are asserted to be its inevitable consequence—the fallacies put forth as to the number of its inhabitants, and their condition, are fully exposed, and the deductions of the anti-populationists consequently overturned. This Book consists of eighteen chapters.

In the Third Book, the numerous fundamental errors in those calculations on which the system has chiefly relied is exhibited, and a series of mistakes exposed, which Mr Sadler says he believes have been but rarely paralleled, at least in works professedly scientific, and, in his opinion, fatal to the whole theory. The fundamental error of Mr Malthus, that the number of marriages is regulated by the number of deaths, and in a direct, if not indeed exact, proportion to them, is disproved by a series of tables, relating to the

several countries where the necessary facts have been collected; and especially by those respecting England, which, during the last forty years, have been given annually in the Censuses. It is afterwards shewn also, by other tables, that periods of comparative scarcity are constantly those of greater, and not, as asserted, of less prolificness. And proofs are given, derived both from the lower and elevated classes of society, that the preventive check, as far as the postponement of marriages, to the utmost extent which the advocates of such an expedient dare propose, would not have the effect they contemplate, but the contrary one—as such a postponement, were it possible, would increase the number of the births, and diminish the proportion of the deaths, of the children resulting from the marriages so postponed. It consists of eighteen chapters.

The Fourth Book is devoted to the developement and demonstration of an essentially different Principle of Population, established by references to every national register of human existence which has hitherto been published in any part of the world, and are in perfect unison with the nature, interests, and duties of mankind, under all possible circumstances of society. To this is added a Dissertation on the Balance of Food and Numbers throughout animated nature, which still farther illustrates and extends the Principle of Reproduction in human beings, as enunciated and proved throughout the Treatise. Of this Dissertation we gave an account some time ago—accompanied with many long extracts, in which there breathed the finest spirit of religion and philosophy, and of which the eloquence is equal to that of any prose composition of our age. None of our readers can have forgotten them—none, we are sure, will dissent from our judgment of their merits. The Fourth Book consists of twenty-four chapters.

The Treatise will be concluded by two other books—Fifth and Sixth—not yet published. The Fifth will comprise an examination of different countries of the world, in reference to the principles at issue; and in which it will be shewn, contrary to

the position maintained in the prevailing theory, that as the population of each has increased, the general prosperity has been still more advanced, and that a corresponding improvement has taken place in regard to the moral and intellectual character of the species. It will also be shewn that no country upon earth contains at present any thing approaching to the number of inhabitants for which nature has evidently contemplated to provide. The last Book will consist chiefly of deductions from the Law of Population thus established, touching the rights, interests, and duties of mankind; wherein will be discussed several important principles of Political Philosophy, in reference, especially, to our own country. In conclusion, a view will be taken of the future progress and improvement of society, as suggested by the preceding principles, and which reason and religion warrant us in anticipating.

We have adopted the simplest way of letting our readers know the aim of Mr Sadler, in his great—his stupendous Work; for it is no less, whether we consider the vast range of his enquiries, or the consummate talent by which they are all conducted. To review such a Work, to any purpose, would require many long articles—many more, we fear, than we may be able to find room for, according to the plan and character of this Magazine. Yet, most assuredly, we shall do all we can to make our readers acquainted with its leading principles, and with some of the many thousand proofs by which they are established. Not now, however; at present we have an easier task—to vindicate this noble Work from one of the basest attacks ever made by ignorance and folly on learning and wisdom. But before coming to the caitiff, a few words of Mr Sadler, and of the conduct towards him of some other critics of a better kind—critics to whose talents and integrity, though we differ from them in many, perhaps most, great political questions, we have never withheld our testimony.

The great abilities of this remarkable man were known to us, and to thousands, before he entered Parliament. There he at once took his place in the highest order of speakers—and

there, now that Brougham and Huskisson are gone, we know not who is his equal—either in eloquence, talent, or information. His two speeches on the Catholic Question proved him an orator. And he has never spoken in the House since, without his power being felt, although he has not put it forth again in the same splendour with which he opened his career. So much the better that he has not—for genius like his seeks not for occasions of display, but waits till they come—till great questions arise that demand it. Such questions are now about to be debated, and on these he will bring his great powers to bear—we shall hear the voice of Sadler, we trust, above those of many would-be statesmen, on Parliamentary Reform. That he appeared in public life as a Tory, an anti-Catholic, an anti-Revolutionist, and an enemy to that disastrous mercantile system misnamed Free-Trade, was sufficient to bring upon him, at once, the abuse of a great part of the press. Whigs, republicans, radicals, all regarded him with sincere fear, and hypocritical scorn; and from all their enginery, paper-pellets were showered on the member for Newark. But they all bounded off his shining shield like hail-stones from crystal as hard as bright—and many—most of the clumsy crew, finding that they could make no impression, dropped away sullenly from the assault. A sulky sneer is almost all they now venture on—and their severest sarcasm is the epithet *eloquent* applied to him in italics, a sarcasm which sometimes escapes through the fingers of the compositor. His great work on the Law of Population, to these gentry proved a stumbling-block. They approached it with an air of mixed caution and insolence not a little ludicrous; and “into such strange vagaries fell as they would dance;” but one and all staggered over it to their discomfiture, and on recovering their feet, walked away in an opposite direction, with a few angry imprecations, not altogether uninspired by a sense of their own stupidity, for having needlessly got into a scrape which it required merely common sense to have avoided. Even such intelligent persons as the political economists

of the Globe, Morning Chronicle, Spectator, and Examiner, after their first fall, shook their heads, and knew not what to make of it—muttered some incoherent sentences about long tables and intricate calculations, and thenceforward were mute.

“’Twas pitiful—’twas wondrous pitiful”—for, men of talents like these, and men devoted, if you believe them, to economical science, in the pure love of truth, were bound, and ought to have been impelled, to sift the tables and calculations thoroughly in the fanners—and if there was nothing but chaff, the winds would have winnowed it away, and Mr Sadler stood before the public a convicted impostor. Instead of acting thus, a few paragraphs were all these scribes indited upon, and almost all against, a Treatise, on a subject of paramount importance, consisting of upwards of thirteen hundred pages; and whatever these scribes may think, or pretend to think, of the principle it propounds, discussing all the questions in political economy, which the consideration of such a subject embraces, and thus affording opportunities without end of convicting the author of ignorance or error, if ignorant and erroneous his speculations were, sophistical the reasonings, and false the facts by which they were supported,—the utmost reach to which their candour could be stretched, was to acknowledge that Mr Sadler was a man of some industry—that here and there he made a few good observations on practical matters—and that he evidently meant well though he did not know how to set about it, being an amiable person, but of ordinary abilities. Then the style of the Treatise was too declamatory—too rhetorical—too poetical—which being interpreted, means, that Mr Sadler is not as dry as Mill, nor as dull as M’Culloch.

Against such a work written by such a man, who at length “insupportably his foot advanced” in the *Edinburgh Review*? Who is the Harapath sent against Samson? But Sadler, though a Samson, is not a blind one—nor has he been captured by the Philistines. It behoved Harapath, therefore, to come on cautiously, and to know the use of his “weaver’s beam.” But instead of a giant, lo! a dwarf! And instead of a

"weaver's beam," lo! a rotten staff, or rather a "frush saugh-wan," that, at the very first attempted blow, caught on Samson's fore-arm, flies into flinders, and leaves the little Cockney-champion at the mercy of one, whose contempt, strong as it is, does not save the anility from annihilation.

To be plain, the Edinburgh Reviewers, ever since Mr Sadler's first effulgence in Parliament, have been the chief sneerers. A dozen times, at least, has his name been sibilated through the teeth of these serpents, whose hiss, however, is worse than their bite. The old fangs have expended all their poison, and the reptiles keep merely mumbling the hand they seek to sting. When these writers are at their severest, they link together the names of Sadler and Southey; thinking that, by

"Apt alliteration's artful aid,"

they expose these two distinguished persons to public derision. But the Public—of late unusually pensive—has lost her wonted relish for impertinence, and merely whispers in an under tone to a friend—perhaps Christopher North—"Chastise these Cockneys!" and they are chastised.

In their "pride of place," these high-born and high-bred gentlemen think it excessively absurd, that a Leeds manufacturer should be a Member of Parliament, and the author of a Treatise on the Law of Population. They have expressed their astonishment—nay their anger—that a "manufacturer of linens" should become a "manufacturer of speeches"—a sentiment which, we presume, was submitted in foul sheet to the Warden of the University of London for his *imprimatur*. The ablest writer in the Edinburgh Review on Political Economy, and who, we believe, has frequently in this sort of spirit sneered at Mr Sadler, was not very many years ago a common day-labourer, and might have been seen digging and ditching, if not with much skill or alacrity, at least with that dogged perseverance, for which, more than by any higher quality, he is still distinguished. To his honour, let such useful labours be here recorded; but to his dishonour, be it likewise here recorded, that his elevation from a peasant's to a profes-

sor's chair, (and a peasant's chair was his, though now he be the proprietor of a small hereditary farm, on which may the sun shine brightly, and the dews softly descend,) has not been accompanied by suitable elevation of moral feeling, else had he, who once earned his bread by the sweat, not as now of his brains, but of his brow—and perhaps the bread so won was as well-baked as that he now eats—scorned all alliance with the scorers of honest and honourable industry, far more abhorred the suspicion of being himself the bitterest among them, and moved inwardly about the midriff by the droll idea of a Leeds linen-manufacturer being able absolutely to make a speech in the London House of Commons, forgetful how much droller to him should be the idea of himself, now absolutely a professor of political economy in the University of London, in days of yore professing but to break stones on the highway, or to heap up the highway-mire in small dirt-cocks, till the dung-waggon came by, and rumbled away with the manure to fields about to rejoice in the ethereal spirit of the spring.

Now, for Professor M'Culloch we have no little respect. True, that he is still a very vulgar person,—indeed the most so of any man we can charge our memory with,—sometimes in his writings quite brutal. His native coarseness seems not to admit of any refinement—it won't polish. But we respect him for his abilities, and for that strength of character which, in untoward circumstances, supported him through a considerable education, till ultimately he became entitled by mind, though not by manners, to "sit at good men's feasts," and associate with persons in a condition of life far above what his own once was, but not much above that to which he has been raised chiefly by his own merits. For Mr Sadler, too, we entertain no little—nay, the greatest respect, even although he still is, we believe, what he has long been, a "manufacturer of linens." More fortunate than Mr M'Culloch, in early life it was his lot to receive a finished education, and to live from boyhood to the present hour among a class of persons whom we cannot help calling, whatever the Edinburgh Review may say, gentlemen. In the

prosperous town of Leeds, one of not the least prosperous in mere worldly affairs, he has for many years been admired by all his townsmen, by men of all parties, as by far the richest in mental endowments;—while honour bright, integrity without a flaw, morals unstained, and manners the most delightful, to say nothing of those accomplishments which throw a charm over all the intercourse of domestic

and social life, all meeting together in his character, have given to it a dignity which his genius—great and original as it is—of itself could never have bestowed. That such a man should be a “manufacturer of speeches” no more surprises us than that he should be a “manufacturer of linens.” Mr Sadler is an ENGLISHMAN.

But now to business.

CHAPTER II.

THE Reviewer starts boldly, and with an air of conscious superiority over Mr Sadler, which, in the long run, becomes, as we shall see by and by, almost too ludicrous to look upon in a person whose endowments are so poor. “We did not expect,” says he, “a good book from Mr Sadler; and it is well that we did not; for he has given us a very bad one. The matter of the Treatise is extraordinary, the manner more extraordinary still. His arrangement is confused, his repetitions endless, his style every thing which it ought not to be. Instead of saying what he has to say with the perspicuity, the precision, and the simplicity, in which consists the eloquence proper to scientific writing, he indulges without measure in vague, bombastic declamation! made up of those fine things which boys of fifteen admire, and which every body who is not destined to be a boy all his life weeds rigorously out of his compositions after five-and-twenty. That portion of his two thick volumes which is not made up of statistical tables, consists principally of ejaculations, apostrophes, metaphors, and similes, all the worst of their respective kinds. His thoughts are dressed up in this shabby finery with so much profusion and so little discrimination, that they remind us of a company of wretched strolling players who had huddled on suits of ragged and faded tinsel, taken from a common wardrobe, and fitting neither their persons nor parts, and who then exhibit themselves to the laughing and pitying spectators in a state of strutting, ranting, painted, gilded beggary.”

Why did the Reviewer not expect a good book from Mr Sadler? Was it because Mr Sadler had made a dis-

tinguished figure in Parliament, and delivered a first speech there which in the opinion of Plunkett entitled him to be called a debater of the highest order? Was it because Mr Sadler had published a book on Ireland, its Evils, and their Remedies, which Mr Spring Rice, a person not ignorant surely of the state of his native country, though an opponent of Mr Sadler in most great questions of domestic policy, pronounced full of wisdom, and of itself sufficient to entitle its author to the name of a public benefactor? No doubt it was. Pray did the Reviewer ever speak in Parliament? And if he did, was his eloquence of that commanding character

“Whereof all Europe rings from side to side?”

What book, good, bad, or indifferent, has he written? A few articles in Reviews—containing no “statistical tables”—we answer for it—but “ejaculations, apostrophes, metaphors, and similes,” sufficient to smother the somnolent. The “matter of the Treatise is extraordinary,” but does the Reviewer understand it? We pledge ourselves to shew, that at this moment he is as ignorant of “the contents,” as an unbegotten child. We fear, from what we have heard, that he is himself on the wrong side of five-and-twenty, by a good many years—and yet “destined to be a boy all his life;” for what have his best compositions been, but a tawdry bedizenment of flower, froth, fume, foam, flash, flutter, and feather of speech—a strange specimen, certainly, of the “perspicuity, the precision, and the simplicity, in which consists the eloquence proper to scientific writing.” As to his simile of the

strolling players, which he manifestly sports as something of his own, quite new and original, it is not so old, perhaps, as the days of Thespis, but it may be traced through a long line of owners, as ambitious as himself of novel illustration, till lost in remote antiquity. His own beggary—we shall shew—is not exactly of the kind he describes Mr Sadler's to be. "Strutting and ranting" it is—but neither "painted nor gilded," for the poor wit—it would seem—belongs himself to a set of strollers, who could not, on the present occasion, afford to go to the expense of a roll of gold leaf, or a pot of colour.

"The spirit of the book is as bad as its style," quoth Simon Sensitive; and why? Because it applies strong epithets to the theory and doctrine of Mr Malthus. These epithets, the simpleton says, are applied to Mr Malthus himself personally: "Mr Malthus is attacked in language which it would be scarcely decent to apply to Titus Oates." To this charge, Mr Sadler says, "I reply in his own language, it is 'utterly false.' I have not once applied these terms personally to him, or to any other individual. How have I differed from Mr Malthus himself when discussing the same subject, or even when treating of others infinitely less exciting? For instance, will the Reviewer say of Mr Malthus, that, when he speaks of Plato's 'detestable' views, he calls Plato detestable? That in 'execrating' the supposed expedients of the legislators and philosophers of Greece, he describes those great men as 'execrable?' Or to come to our own times, that, in asserting the end which Paley had in view, the encouragement of marriage, to be 'absolutely criminal,' he stigmatized Paley as 'absolutely criminal?'" Poo, poo, poo! The Reviewer begins already, with all his airs, to look small; and he shall be made also to sing small, before Mr Sadler lets him out of his clutches.

Mr Sadler, in his Treatise, has expressed his belief that no law unnatural in itself, grossly partial in its operations, and tending to inflict moral guilt, or unnecessary suffering on the species, can be of divine origin. Such is the nature, he thinks, of the alleged Law of Population laid

down by Mr Malthus. He has not, however, entered on the mysterious theme of the Origin of Evil.

"But fools rush in where 'wise men' fear to tread;"

and, accordingly, the Reviewer does enter on that theme, and, in a style worthy of one "destined to be a boy all his days," he asks Mr Sadler, how he accounts for mad-dogs, for malaria, and for headaches?—and twits him for possessing a piety which "would be proof against one rainy summer, but would be overcome by three or four in succession." All this is not only indecorous but irreverent; and is enough of itself to shew that the senseless scoffer and sneerer has not sense to understand how to approach so awful a subject. He concludes his wretched series of witticisms on the origin of evil, thus:—"Mr Sadler says, that it is not a light or transient evil, but a great and permanent evil. [The Reviewer is alluding to Mr Sadler's belief that the great and permanent evil of the law of population, as laid down by Mr Malthus, is not one of the laws of God.] What then? The question of the origin of evil is a question of aye or no; not a question of MORE or LESS." Such is his Natural Theology. A few passages back, he had spoken of Butler and Paley, and referred Mr Sadler to them, as to the masters of moral and religious wisdom, by which his own great mind had been enlightened. Mr Sadler then takes him at his word—and asks, "What says Paley? His express rule is this, that 'when we cannot resolve all appearances into benevolence of design, we make the FEW give place to the MANY, the LITTLE to the GREAT; that we take our judgment from a large and decided preponderance?'" Now, in weighing these two authorities, directly at issue on this point, I think there will be little trouble in determining which we should make 'to give place;' or, if we look to 'a large and decided preponderance' of either talent, learning, or benevolence, from whom we shall 'take our judgment.' The effrontery, or, to speak more charitably, the ignorance, of a reference to Paley on this subject, and in this instance, is really marvellous."

The Reviewer is indeed a pitiable

spectacle—now; and there let him stand in the stocks, like a Sabbath-breaker, while we quote a passage from Mr Sadler's reply to the culprit—as a specimen of that “portion of his two thick volumes—not made up of statistical tables—and consisting principally of ejaculations, apostrophes, metaphors, and similes—all the worst of their respective kinds.” We quote it as a specimen of “thoughts dressed up in shabby finery,” and “reminding the Reviewer of a company of wretched strolling players”—a many hundred times stolen and strayed simile, now found in possession of a person who, ostentatious as he is of its display, would be unable to explain how he honestly came by it—a person answering to the description in the Hue-and-Cry—of “shabby-genteel.”

“It has been the triumph of Moral Philosophy to exhibit Deity, even to the simplest apprehension, as dispensing the pleasures of existence among mankind, with a bountiful, indeed with an equal hand; and as also balancing even the sufferings of humanity, which it has, however, generally regarded as His kind and fatherly correctives, with a like impartiality. Such have been among the clearest, as well as the most cheering, doctrines of Natural Theology; such are the views which Butler took, and which Paley also has admirably illustrated. The latter writer, indeed, when balancing, as he often does, the respective happiness of the different ranks of life, seems constantly to give the preponderance to the labouring classes; but then, the whole of their simple enjoyments, as described by him, are compounded of the domestic charities. Bereave them of these, and Moral Philosophy is speechless. More cheerless beings in time of health, or more desolate in periods of suffering and affliction, imagination can hardly pourtray, than the labouring poor of either sex would generally be, were they to become the slaves of the ‘preventive check.’ The cottages would then be emptied of all but wretchedness; and the void so created, filled with pollution and misery. The false and pernicious system of Political Economy latterly prevalent has indeed gone far already to destroy the comforts of those former abodes of content-

ment and happiness; when it shall have applied its last and great panacea to the poor, ‘the preventive check,’ it will then have filled up the measure of its iniquity, and of their endurance. I hope, indeed, better things, and brighter days; but they will never arrive, if we continue to neglect our obvious duties, and lay the nuisances of society, which this wretched frenzy has itself chiefly occasioned, and which ought (and instantly) to be abated, upon the laws of nature and of God.”

There spoke the Christian philosopher. And here he speaks again. “I am not very willing to be betrayed into a theological dispute with an antagonist with whom, perhaps, on subjects such as this, I hold few things in common; but I may just remark, that, on the Christian hypothesis, (if it be not irreverent to call Christianity an hypothesis,) no doubt whatever exists as to the origin of evil; and I have yet to find among the fables, which some think of equal authority with divine revelation, a better solution of the mystery. Nay, even Natural Theology, by whomsoever expounded, teaches us to attribute unbounded benevolence to the Deity, and to recognise him as educing from those seeming evils which occasionally afflict mankind, the means by which he guards and perpetuates their general welfare; and above all, as manifesting, in the various dispensations of His providence, regarding every rank, the most visible and perfect impartiality. These, I think, are the views which all writers on Natural Theology have taken upon this subject; I am sure they are those of the great names to which he refers me—Butler and Paley.”

What think ye now of the critic, who has pronounced that “the spirit of Mr Sadler's Treatise is as bad as its style,”—“that its thoughts are dressed up in shabby finery,”—“that they remind him of a company of wretched strolling players, exhibiting themselves to the laughing or pitying spectators, in a state of strutting, ranting, painted, gilded beggary?” Wordsworth has told us,

——“that he who feels contempt
Even for the meanest thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used”—
a noble sentiment—and as we mean

to use all our faculties at present, that we may be able to exhibit in their true light those of Mr Sadler, even for this *meanest thing* we shall do all we can not to *feel contempt*—but 'tis impossible to prevent it—and therefore really Mr Wordsworth must pardon us, for despising “this rude indecent clown” from the very bottom of our souls—as we feel you too, gentle reader, must do from the bottom of yours—though from a long perusal of *Maga*, you are a creature made up in equal proportions of intelligence and love.

Having thus removed the rubbish which forms the porch of the Reviewer's article, let us demolish the barbarous edifice itself—raze it to the ground—and not leave one stone upon another. We shall do so sometimes by our own blows—but generally by Mr Sadler's. He is the Pounder.

“The great discovery,” says the Reviewer, “by which Mr Sadler has, as he conceives, vindicated the ways of Providence, is announced with all the pomp of capital letters.” It is—and you are a child for saying so. But let us hear what you have got to say against the “great discovery” itself—supposing that it had been announced in *Small Pica*. “The Law of Population,” says Mr Sadler, “may be thus briefly enunciated: THE PROLIFICNESS OF HUMAN BEINGS, OTHERWISE SIMILARLY CIRCUMSTANCED, VARIES INVERSELY AS THEIR NUMBERS.” Hereupon the Reviewer waxeth witty—and asserts that Mr Sadler “has not the faintest notion of what is meant by inverse variation. Had he understood the proposition which he has announced with so much pomp, its ludicrous absurdity must at once have flashed upon his mind. Let it be supposed that there is a tract in the back settlements of America, or in New South Wales, equal in size to London, with only a single couple, a man and his wife, living upon it. The population of London, with its immediate suburbs, is now probably about a million and a half. The average fecundity of a marriage in London is, as Mr Sadler tells us, 2.35. How many children will the woman in the back settlements bear according to Mr Sadler's theory? The solution of the problem is easy. As the population on this tract in

the back settlements to the population of London, so will be the number of children born from a marriage in London to the number of children born in marriage of this couple in the back settlements. That is to say—

$$2 : 1,500,000 :: 2.35 : 1.762,500.$$

The lady will have 1,762,500 children: a large ‘efflux of the fountain of life,’ to borrow Mr Sadler's sonorous rhetoric, as the most philoprogenitive parent could possibly desire.”

Now, who is he that asserts that Mr Sadler is ignorant of mathematics—even of the simplest terms of the science? A person, we believe, who at Cambridge—where he made some figure as an English and Latin versifier—with difficulty and danger passed the *Pons Asinorum*, and in the Senate-house narrowly escaped the fate of Wooden Spoon. Utterly destitute now as then of all scientific acquirements, he sports Joshua King—nay, holds his head higher than Airey. Mr Sadler rebukes him for his impertinence, and tells him, with dignity, that he is in wilful error—for that the book he professes to review contains throughout proofs that its author is not unfamiliar with the mathematics, which were with him an early and a favourite pursuit. With the Rule of Three inverse, on which proportion his criticism turns, “there is not a boy of ten years old, in the little day-school of the village where I am writing these pages, who is not as particularly conversant as the Reviewer himself with that rule of proportion, regarding which he pronounces that I have not the faintest notion.” Nothing, indeed, can be more ludicrous than the self-complacency and pride with which the Reviewer “solves his problem.” He manifestly conceives that he has performed a most profound and oporose achievement. All the “Cocker” burns in his eye, as he looks at the long array of figures his skill has conjured up—and the astonishing result—“all made out of the builder's brain—the Lady with 1,762,500 children.” Wonderful calculating boy! Bidder and Colburn, hide your diminished heads! What it is to be at once an arithmetician and a wit!

But Mr Sadler crowns our prodigy on the spot—ere he has ceased to wonder at the miracle he has wrought

—with a paper fool's cap. He shews that he had himself disclaimed the use of the terms in their mathematical and consequently secondary sense, and of course adopted them in the literal and primary sense, as expounded by our best lexicographers, and used by our best writers. He expressed himself thus:—"THE PROLIFICNESS OF HUMAN BEINGS UNDER EQUAL CIRCUMSTANCES, VARIES INVERSELY (inverse-like; *Horne Tooke!*) (in an inverted order; *Bailey!*) (reversely; *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*) AS THEIR NUMBERS, (comparative multitude; *Johnson,*) OR, AS (at the same time as, *Johnson*) THEIR NUMBERS vary." He also limited and fixed the sense in which he used those terms thus: "the prolificness of a given number of marriages will, all other circumstances being the same, vary in proportion to the condensation of the population; so that that prolificness shall be greatest, where the numbers on an equal space are the fewest, and on the contrary, the smallest, where those numbers are the largest." He has also "defined practically," throughout his work, the sense in which he used the word "inversely" as applied to the influence on population of prolificness, so that, according to the law of population which he has developed, "more" (population) "requires less" (prolificness), "or less" (population) "requires more" (prolificness): agreeably to the definition of the term in question given by Dr Hutton in his mathematical and philosophical dictionary. Pray, Master Reviewer, how do you feel now? We need not ask how you look. The fool's cap becomes you exceedingly—and you are really a very pretty fellow.

But a word or two more in your ear. You say that Mr Malthus knows well the meaning of the mathematical terms he uses—but that Mr Sadler has not the faintest notion of the meaning of those he "enounces." Now, Mr Malthus, in his book of Definitions, in which his avowed, and indeed his sole aim, is perspicuity and precision, speaks thus: "Prices and values vary as the demand directly and the supply *inversely*. When, therefore, the demand is given, prices and values *vary inversely* as the supply; when the supply is given, directly as the demand." Now,

Master Reviewer, does Mr Malthus here intend what the words used in their mathematical sense imply? Don't be in a hurry—for then you would be in a flurry—and then you would smack of the Wooden Spoon. Does Mr Malthus mean to say, that the demand for wheat being given, and remaining the same both as to the numbers requiring it and the quantity required, that if the supply were to fail one half, the price would be merely doubled? Do you think, sir, that that is his meaning? Why, by your stupid stare, we begin to suspect you do—in which case, you must believe Mr Malthus to be as utterly ignorant of political economy as you are yourself; but if, in spite of your stupid stare, you are forced to confess that Mr Malthus is no such ignoramus, then please to play off a little of the same exquisite wit on the reverend gentleman, as you flashed into the eyes of the Honourable Member, for he too, in spite of his anti-population principles, and we must say, in violation of the conduct proper in a clergyman, has by the word *inversely*, let out the secret of his connexion with the "Lady with 1,762,500 children!"

One other whisper in your ear. Mr Malthus, speaking of M. Muret's Theory, says, that it implies "that the fruitfulness of women should *vary inversely* as their health." Now, sir, do you think that Mr Malthus imputes to M. Muret this belief—that the women who survive to double the average age, shall be endowed with only just half the average fruitfulness? You cannot—you may depend upon it—be such an ass. Be assured you cannot—for the births and deaths in the places M. Muret refers to, are given by him in numbers—and the proportions these exhibit do not *vary* in the inverse ratio, M. Muret's term—or *vary inversely*—Mr Malthus's—in a mathematical sense—but they "vary *inversely*," according to the literal, primary, and common acceptation of the terms—as they have been explained by Horne Tooke, Bailey, Johnson, and Richardson—and used by M. Muret, Mr Malthus, and Mr Sadler.

Gentle readers all—we request you to look at the Reviewer standing there crowned with his paper fool's cap—

with one finger in his mouth, and another in his eye—and what think you of the wit and arithmetician now? You think just as Mr Sadler thinks—who says, “I would not needlessly dwell upon a mere verbal dispute; but as the Reviewer, who passes over great part of my argument in a convenient silence, is so ostentatiously learned for several pages together upon this ridiculous quibble, it seemed proper in me to retort upon him his own imputation of ‘ignorance;’ and I will, without pronouncing as confidently regarding him as he has of me, just hint a suspicion, which his parade of learning has forced upon me, that he is in reality about as deep in mathematics as Goldsmith’s Ephraim Jenkinson was in Greek. After all, whether my principle is happily expressed, is not the dispute; definitions rarely are, there being nothing, as Sir Humphrey Davy says, ‘more difficult than a good definition;’ but that I was ignorant of the mathematical meaning of the term which I used in a popular, and, as I still contend, in a proper sense, is—to retort the language of the Reviewer—‘FALSE.’” We “announce” this “great discovery”—though Mr Sadler has not done so—“with all the pomp of Capital letters.”

Let us now exhibit our fool’s-cap-crowned Reviewer in another light. Hitherto Mr Sadler has been exposing him as a hypercritic—a would-be wit—an ignoramus—and the booby of the lowest form of arithmeticians in a little day-school of a pleasantly-situated village, in the midst of meadows, and embosomed in trees. See him now misrepresenting and mutilating the meaning of a statement simple as truth can be, and clear as the day.

Mr Sadler, in speaking of Mr Malthus’s geometrical and arithmetical ratios, said, that “as far as nature has to do with the question, men might plant twice the number of peas, and breed from a double number of the same animals, *with equal prospect of their multiplication.*” And so he might. But what says the Reviewer to this? He says, “Why, if Mr Sadler thinks, as far as nature is concerned, that four sheep will double as fast as two, and eight as fast as four, how can he deny that the geometrical ratio does exist in the

works of nature? Or has he a definition of his own for *geometrical progression*, as well as for *inverse proportion*?”

A word in your ear. Never has Mr Sadler admitted that the geometrical principle of increase, either of plants or animals, any more than of human beings, is, on the same space, possible—on the contrary, it is the grand aim of his work to prove it impossible; but the truth is, that the Reviewer first garbles a sentence to suit his purpose, and then shews that he is ignorant of the meaning of the terms it contains! What are Mr Sadler’s words? “*With equal prospect of their multiplication.*” And what is the meaning the Reviewer attributes to these words? “*With prospect of their equal multiplication!*” This is either foolish or knavish—foolish if he cannot see the distinction—knavish if he does—and yet boldly denies that there is any—for the distinction expresses a difference which involves the entire dispute.

Thus it is that Mr Sadler cuffs the Reviewer’s ears, which find the paper fool’s cap no protection. “Let me ask the learned divines who contribute to the pages of the same Review, whether, in the beautiful parable of the Sower, our Saviour does not hold forth to all who receive his word into honest and good hearts, an *equal prospect of increase*—and whether that is the *prospect of an equal increase*? Or, to avoid again falling under the lash of such critics, in taking illustrations from the Sacred Volume, and to appeal to the Reviewer himself as a profound mathematician, which, from his familiarity with the Rule of Three inverse, it is evident he must be,—I would ask him—whether, if I say that on the Newtonian system there is *equal prospect of the motions of Jupiter and Saturn*, I am saying that, on the Newtonian system, there is a prospect of the *equal motions* of Jupiter and Saturn? Or, as doubtless he is as great a politician as he is a mathematician, will he say whether, when Horne Tooke (probably as good a philologist as himself) says, that ‘there is a very great difference between having an *equal right* to a share, and a right to an *equal share* in the representation,’ he is uttering nonsense?” The Reviewer is abso-

lutely ignorant of the plainest principles of construction."

Is it not pleasant to see a clear-headed, well-informed man flogging the bottom of a muddy-noddled and ignorant boy? It is.

But the flogging the Reviewer has got as yet is far from being equal to his deserts. So he must get some more—one other stripe—but a tingler. For to ignorance he has added, in the attempt at argument noticed above, wilful misrepresentation. Not only does he totally suppress the nature of the argument in which the passage he criticises occurs, but he has actually omitted the first part of the sentence itself, so as to make the remainder express, as he sillily thinks, what he knew was not the meaning of Mr Sadler. Mr Sadler was shewing that human food could be made to multiply as fast as human beings—in a world, generally speaking, "all but unoccupied;" where he said, for instance, that men might plant twice the number of peas, and breed from a double number of the same animals, with equal prospect of the multiplication. Expound that sentence in his own way, and the Reviewer, being, though a boy, not exactly Wordsworth's Idiot Boy, son of Betty Foy, must see that there is no inconsistency between it and Mr Sadler's entire theory. Nay, he knows that the equal multiplication of the same number of human beings, under otherwise similar circumstances, on an equal space, is a part of Mr Sadler's theory. Aye, so well does he know it, that elsewhere he interprets the principle so rigidly, as to demand in proof of it, the very same degree of multiplication, though the circumstances Mr Sadler has specially enumerated as constantly affecting the principle, are dissimilar! And yet, here, the poor creature dreams that he has detected ignorance and inconsistency in Mr Sadler, when, in treating of the subject as referable to a world "all but unoccupied," that gentleman assumes that a pea might be planted, or a sheep introduced, in the unoccupied parts, with at least equal prospect of multiplication, compared with the increase in parts possessed and cultivated! The brazen effrontery of misrepresentation can go no farther

than this. So the other stripe—the tingler.

Here is an example of the ludicrous and loathsome love of malicious misrepresentation, which, in the mind of this Reviewer, is absolutely a disease. Mr Sadler gives a list of the number of emigrants who had arrived in ten of the ports of the United States in the year 1817—for which he is indebted to Dr Seybert, an author of whom he speaks in terms of the highest respect. He thinks that the number in that list is probably too small—the accounts from which it was framed having been, in all likelihood, casually obtained. Indeed, he proves that the numbers received by Dr Seybert fell far short of the real ones—and he proves it by direct evidence—no less than twenty ports having been omitted, which, even as early as 1796, had been placed under custom-house regulations. And having proved it, he very properly says, "that accounts thus obtained, if not wilfully exaggerated, must always fall short of the truth." The infatuated Reviewer, after some other unprincipled impertinence, says, "We will, however, suppose with Mr Sadler, that Dr Seybert, finding himself compelled to choose between two sins, *preferred telling a falsehood*, to exaggerating, and consequently underrated the number of emigrants!!!!" If the Reviewer be not Wordsworth's Idiot Boy, and the son of Betty Foy—*what is he?*

But Mr Sadler, having thus "flogged the offending Adam out of him," finds that the offending Adam, after a short flight, will return to his former habitation. No alternative is left—but to resume the knout, which he wields "with a skill and dexterity" which may well excite the envy even of Christopher North.

Intoxicated with the fumes of his own vanity served up to his nostrils by his own flattering self on a flaming censor, of which the smell is far from being agreeable to the bystanders, who rather turn their faces a little to the one side, the Reviewer exclaims, "Does this principle" (the law of population illustrated by Mr Sadler) "vindicate the honour of God? Does it hold out any new hope or comfort to man? Not at all. We

pledge ourselves to shew, with the utmost strictness of reasoning, from Mr Sadler's own principles, and from facts of the most notorious description, that every consequence which follows from the law of geometrical progression, laid down by Mr Malthus, will follow from the law, miscalled a law of inverse variation by Mr Sadler."

Mr Sadler and Christopher North will force you to redeem that pledge—or behold the knout. Step forth then, sir, to the middle of the floor—and now for your "utmost strictness of reasoning," and your "facts of the most notorious description." Here they are. "London is the most thickly peopled spot of its size in the known world. Therefore the fecundity of the population of London must, according to Mr Sadler, be less than the fecundity of human beings living on any other spot of equal size. But though, according to Mr Sadler, the fecundity is less in London than elsewhere, and though the mortality is greater there than elsewhere, we find that even in London, the number of births greatly exceeds the number of deaths. During the ten years which ended with 1820, there were 50,000 more baptisms than burials within the bills of mortality. It follows, therefore, that even within London itself, an increase of the population is taking place by internal propagation alone."

Mr Sadler begins with contradicting the whole statement. Perhaps the Reviewer is the only man in London who does not know that an immense number of the propagators there, are, and have always been, derived from a constant and immense influx of inhabitants from the country. Dr Price states, that of 3226 married persons examined at the Westminster Infirmary, only 824 were born in London. In the higher ranks the proportion would be smaller. The Reviewer might have seen this fact quoted by Mr Malthus.

But the Reviewer, in his all-comprehensive ignorance of "facts of the most notorious description," of course does not know one fact which has never been lost sight of by any one writer who has hitherto addressed himself to the subject,—that the registers of the burials in London

are notoriously and immensely deficient. Neither has it been once denied, that, relatively to the registered births, the registered burials have constituted a great and growing deficiency.

The population of London, Mr Sadler observes, from 1700 to 1750, appears to have been nearly stationary. In the former year it is calculated to have been 674,350; in the latter, 676,250—but from that time to the date of the last census in 1821, it had nearly doubled, having become 1,274,800. Now, the births nearly conformed to this increase, the ratio having somewhat diminished, so far, therefore, confirming Mr Sadler's principle. From 1700 to 1750, the annual registered births averaged, according to the published registers, 17,099; from 1810 to 1820, that average was 28,489; thus the population had increased 72 per cent, the births 67 per cent. Now, presuming that the entered burials were equally complete, it is obvious that the deaths also would have increased in something like the same proportion. But how stands the fact? Why, the deaths from 1700 to 1750 averaged, in the same tables, 24,368; from 1810 to 1820, (the population having then nearly doubled,) they averaged 22,331 only!! Most absurd would it indeed be to attempt to account for so immense a relative diminution by any minute calculation about the improvement of human life—and well, therefore, is Mr Sadler, after such a statement, entitled to say, "Can another word be necessary to expose to ridicule the equally confident and ignorant assumptions of our Reviewer, founded upon such data as these?"

But Mr Sadler does not quit the Reviewer on this exposure of his ignorance—but, following up his blow, prostrates him on the bosom of his old mother earth. According to the foregoing number of annual burials, the mortality in the metropolis is only one in between forty-nine and fifty of the entire population. In the bills of mortality the ages of the deaths are classified; and it appears that more than a third of the number of the born die under the age of five years. Suppose then, for a moment, that the documents on which the Reviewer builds

his refutation of Mr Sadler's theory were true—what follows? Why, that even were the population stationary, all Londoners who survive the age of five, live, on the average, above threescore and ten years! What a shew of grey-headed Cockneys!

But Mr Sadler cannot help giving a slight kick to the Reviewer, now that he is down—not to hurt him—but simply to shew his contempt. It is stated in the abstract of the registers of 1811, and also in that of 1821, that in the last *six months* of 1794, it was ascertained by the collector on the then tax on burials, that 3148 persons were interred without being registered, and that it is not likely that the whole number of interments, or even of burial grounds, were discoverable for the purpose of taxation. This rectification was imperfect, even in 1794—what then ought to be the additions at the present day? But let the Reviewer take the fact, as stated in the abstract of the registers in 1794—and apply it to his calculation of an increase of above 50,000, decennially, to the population of London, by internal propagation only, and pray, what has become of his “utmost strictness of reasoning,” and his “facts of the most notorious description,” and his pledge to prove Mr Sadler a Malthusian?

But the Reviewer stirring on the ground, as if he were striving to get up, Mr Sadler, to keep him down as long as it may be his will and pleasure, sets his foot upon his neck—thus. The accounts which prostrate Pomposo has assumed as relatively correct, regarding the prolificness of London, inform us, that there were 284,897 registered births, and 120,605 marriages, during the ten years from 1810 to 1820. These numbers give 2.36 as the prolificness of each marriage. Now, we learn from other documents, that about half the deaths in London consist of persons under twenty years of age. It follows, therefore, that if even all the survivors were to marry at twenty, still that a married couple can only yield on the average 1.18 child each, that will survive to marry. Therefore, in a single generation, according to those statements, as far “as internal propagation is concerned,” 2 diminish to $1\frac{18}{100}$, or 200 persons to 118;

and yet the gentleman on the ground-flat maintains that there is nothing in Mr Sadler's “boasted principle” to prevent the whole earth from becoming “as thick with human beings as St Giles's!” But assuming the correctness of the documents to which he appeals, and on which he builds his pretended refutation of Mr Sadler, then, asks that inexorable statist, what is there, on the principle of the person prostrate beneath his feet, to prevent St Giles's parish from becoming a Salisbury Plain?

“It is thus,” quoth Mr Sadler, “that the Reviewer has redeemed his pledge, evinced ‘the utmost strictness of reasoning,’ and shewn, ‘from facts of the most notorious description,’ that my principle is one of superfecundity. He has done this by assuming that there are fewer deaths in London now than there were a century ago, (now when there are more than double the number of people to die,) and consequently that half the population bid fair to be what are called, in Gulliver's Travels, Struldbrugs, or immortal; or, at all events, that those who survive the age of five years, live, at present, to between three and fourscore each, not here and there one, but the whole of them on an average. An old Parr, therefore, according to him, would be no curiosity in London.” The imagination again beholds in astonishment street and square all crowded with Cockneys,

“Who look so old and grey,
In truth you find it hard to say
They e'er could have been young.”

The Reviewer having, he says, shewn (shewn!!) that Mr Sadler's Theory, if it be true, is as much a theory of superfecundity as that of Mr Malthus, then says: “but it is not true—and from Mr Sadler's own tables we will prove that that is not true.” Mr Sadler answers, “if he does not make use of my tables for the purpose, his chance of refutation is very slight.”—And indeed it is—for no table, poor fellow, does he keep of his own—he cannot afford it—and most ungratefully, but impotently, tries to upset the table spread for him in the wilderness of his own intellectual powers, by a man who is entitled, by the endowment of nature, to be liberal of gifts to paupers—

even though, as in this case, they too often prey on the charity they abuse. The Reviewer, accordingly, suppresses every thing that is necessary, either to comprehend or prove Mr Sadler's Theory, and selects from two or three tables, out of a hundred, one fact or two, out of thousands, which, in his ignorant spite, he conceives to be irreconcilable with it. Such is his method of induction—and yet, would you believe it? he quotes Lord Bacon—and, no doubt, prides himself on being a strict disciple of the Verulam School!

Now, had the Reviewer shewn not one or two facts merely, but dozens—aye scores—irreconcilable with Mr Sadler's theory, he would not, by such shewing, have proved it false—but, as a philosopher, would have been called upon by the love of truth to find some explanation of these apparent inconsistencies—since many hundred facts had been not only brought forward all reconcilable with it, but accountable only by it, for one that might seem to contradict it. But it is somewhat surprising—if, indeed, any thing can be surprising in the stupidity of the person of whom Mr Sadler has made such an exposure, and such a spectacle, that the fact or two which he has put his paws upon among the mighty multitude, turn out utterly “feckless,” admit of the easiest explanation, or rather have no bearing whatever against the theory he in vain would, even in the most insignificant point, impugn.

Thus, among a great number of others, Mr Sadler gives one table, which proves the principle for which he contends, from the counties of England classed, most scrupulously, according to the condensation of their inhabitants. And he has afterwards added one of the county of Lancaster, from which he deduces that the same principle seems to be in operation even in the minuter divisions of the county when similarly classed. But on the strict accuracy of this table, having had to compute the areas of the several Hundreds himself, he lays no stress; nor, of course, did he expect that in single instances the existence of the principle would have been clearly manifested, nor indeed does the nature of his proof require it. Knowing all this, the Re-

viewer, most unlike an honest enquirer after truth, and most like a dishonest enquirer after falsehood, takes this very table, to fish out of it, if possible, “some fack,” to prove that Mr Sadler's theory cannot be true!

But he is no angler—either with the fly or worm—ignorant alike of surface and ground-fishing—and accordingly he flogs the waters he has muddied in vain—not a fish will either rise or bite, to reward his pains and his patience; he has not so much even as “one glorious nibble.”

Here is his objection. “In Almondness, where, Mr Sadler tells us, the population is 267 to the square mile, there are 415 births to 100 marriages. The population of Almondness is twice as thick as the population of the nine counties referred to in the other table; yet the number of births to a marriage is greater in Almondness than in those counties. Once more, Mr Sadler tells us, that in three counties in which the population was from 300 to 350 on the square mile, the births to 100 marriages were 353; and he afterwards rates them at 375. Again, we say, let him take his choice. But from his table of the population of Lancashire, it appears that in the Hundred of Leyland, where the population is 364 to the square mile, the number of births to 100 marriages, is 391. Here, then, we have the marriages becoming more fruitful as the population becomes denser.”

Here we think we hear the little Bantam—feathered down to the toes—and as proud of his red fiery comb and wattles, as if what

——“seems his head,

The likeness of a kingly crown had on”—

clap his wings and crow—forgetting that even in the fable it is not such a cock that is said to frighten the lion.

Mr Sadler asks him if he does not recollect a reason more than adequate to produce this difference, which he himself, the Reviewer, recognises, when talking of the New States of North America? That reason is—the removals which take place to any particular country or district, consisting mostly of indivi-

duals in the prime of life. Many of these, doubtless, are unmarried; but many are married; and thither they go to better their condition, or to find employment for their children. Now, does the Reviewer, asks Mr Sadler, write in English, and not know that there are vast numbers of such settlers, who annually proceed to Lancashire? Ignorant as he is, how should he have known that in respect of the two very divisions in question, their rate of increase during ten years, from 1811 and 1821, proves the fact? For the Hundred of Almondness has increased 26 per cent during that term, and that of Leyland above 21 per cent; so that the increase on both is above 24 per cent in ten years, or about half as much again as that which was taking place in the kingdom at large during the same period! Yet Mr Sadler has ascertained that there is a much smaller proportion of marriages celebrated in these two hundreds, than there is, on the average, in the whole kingdom. Why? Because, obviously, a considerable portion of the increase is made up of the constant accessions of those who are already married. Is not, then, a difference of about four per cent in the prolificness of Leyland, for instance, compared with that of the four English counties the Reviewer refers to, most satisfactorily accounted for? Nor dare he to deny it. For the Reviewer himself has accounted for differences, in some cases amounting to about 100 per cent, in the proportion of the children in America to the prolific females, to the same cause—emigration. Will he swallow a camel, and boggle at a gnat?—the body of an elephant, and choke upon the tail?

Mr Sadler has given what the Reviewer calls "a long table of all the towns of England." It, he says, "is alone sufficient to upset the whole theory." Hear him. "We find that the fecundity in towns of fewer than 3000 inhabitants is actually much greater than the average fecundity of the kingdom, and that the fecundity in towns of between 3000 and 4000, is at least as great as the average fecundity of the kingdom. The average fecundity of a marriage in towns of fewer than 3000 inhabitants is

about four; in towns of between 3000 and 4000 inhabitants, it is 3.60. Now, the average fecundity of England, when it contained only 160 inhabitants to a square mile, and when, therefore, according to the new law of population, the fecundity must have been greater than it now is, was, according to Mr Sadler, 3.66 to a marriage. To proceed: the fecundity of a marriage in the English towns of between 3000 and 4000 is stated at 3.56. But when we turn to Mr Sadler's table of the counties, we find the fecundity of a marriage in Warwickshire and Staffordshire rated at only 3.48; and in Lancashire and Surrey at only 3.41. These facts disprove Mr Sadler's principle; and the fact on which he lays so much stress, that the fecundity is less in the great towns than in the small towns, does not tend in any degree to prove his principle."

Again we hear the Bantam crowing. He ceases his scraugh—and says that the fact of the fecundity of Manchester being less than the fecundity of Sandwich or Guildford, is a circumstance that has nothing to do with Mr Sadler's theory; but that the fecundity of Sandwich is greater than the average fecundity of Kent—that the fecundity of Guildford is greater than the average fecundity of Surrey—as from Mr Sadler's own tables appears to be the case—these are facts, he says, utterly inconsistent with his theory. We say they are not.

The statistical account of all the places mentioned by the Reviewer in this triumphant passage is thoroughly known to Mr Sadler. The Reviewer knows no more of it than if they were in the moon. All he knows is what Mr Sadler has told him in his tables, about the mere numbers of their population. And did the infatuated quibbler never for a moment stop to consider, whether it was likely or not that the man who constructed the tables should know how they bore upon his own theory? Did no suspicion ever enter his mind that, in all this botheration of his about tables, he might flounder into a trap-door in the floor, and break his neck? In the first place, then, concerning the very first town he mentions, Sandwich, the census remarks, that part of its liberties lie in the adjacent

hundreds, and are entered among them, a fact which of itself divests the computation of all certainty.

Secondly, as to Guildford, the other instance, the same census states, that its registers include those of three Dissenting congregations, the only ones inserted in the returns of the whole county, with the exception of that of a small body of Quakers, which, as including the marriages also of that denomination, does not at all affect the proportion. So ignorant is the Reviewer of the very census he selects for his purpose! Indeed, he will not learn, let Mr Sadler din it into his ears ever so often, that there are frequently such variations in the ecclesiastical jurisdictions, that in some cases they leave a town without a single marriage—as in the case of Macclesfield.

But, thirdly, Mr Sadler flings these answers from him, in the carelessness of a man provided with other irresistible proofs of the ignorance of his antagonist, and proceeds by a more simple and decisive method to dispose of the entire objection. He leaves the Reviewer in the condition of a braggadocio, who, having called upon a crowd to behold in what grand style he would run you through the body, finds his own weapon twitched out of his hand and over his head, and yours beating a tattoo on his skull, which rings like an alarm-bell all round the neighbourhood. "That the fecundity of Guildford is greater than the average fecundity of Surrey—as from his own tables appears to be the case—these are facts utterly inconsistent with his theory." So has said the Reviewer—believing the population of Surrey to be rural in the extreme, and to be sprinkled over hill and plain in pretty little single cottages, fitter themes for Poetry than Political Economy. This assertion, Mr Sadler rightly represents as the climax of absurdity. In the last census, Surrey numbered 398,658 inhabitants, and to say not a word of the other towns in the county, *above two hundred thousand of these are within the bills of mortality.* Pray be so good as to inform us and yourself, good Master Lieutenant, how it is utterly inconsistent with Mr Sadler's principle, that the fecundity of Guildford, which numbers about 3000 inhabitants, should

be greater than the average fecundity of Surrey, made up, as the bulk of the population is, of the inhabitants of some of the worst parts of the metropolis? And, pray be so good as to inform us and yourself, good Master Lieutenant, after you have drawn in your breath on having answered the above query, why the fecundity of a given number of marriages in the clean little rural towns you allude to, while in the act, as you suppose, of demolishing Mr Sadler's principle, should not, according to that principle, be somewhat higher than that of an equal number, half-taken from the heart of Birmingham or Manchester, and half from the populous districts by which they are surrounded? Why should you stare like a stuck pig, or make mouths like a monkey at Mr Sadler, on being told by that gentleman that the average fecundity in towns of fewer than 3000 inhabitants is about four, or towns of between 4000 and 5000, 3.66 to a marriage, while that of a marriage in Warwickshire and Staffordshire—where you think according to his principles it should be greater—is somewhat less—being 3.48—in Lancashire and Surrey but 3.41? Surrey is settled. Well, then, with respect to Warwickshire. Do you not know that in Warwickshire, *far above half the population is comprised in large towns?* On the top of the "cheap and nasty," did you never pass through Birmingham? Soho! Soho!—As to Staffordshire, besides the large and populous towns in its iron districts, situated so close together as almost to form, for considerable distances, a continuous street—heard you never of the potteries, a great population recently accumulated, not included, indeed, in the towns distinctly recorded in the censuses, but vastly exceeding in its condensation that found in the places to which you allude? What puzzles you with Lancashire? Don't you know that one fourth of the entire population is made up of the inhabitants of two only of the towns of that county? And that far above half of it is contained in towns, compared with which, those you refer to are villages? Nay, even the very hamlets of the manufacturing parts of Lancashire are often more populous. So you perceive, silly sir, that when

you asserted, and pledged yourself to prove, that "Mr Sadler's own tables," the "long table of all the towns of England," "are alone sufficient to upset his whole theory;" you had "not the faintest notion" of the consequences of your rashness—namely, an exhibition or rather ex-

posure of your own ignorance—an ignorance almost too perfect to be credible in a world like this—too perfect, assuredly, long to live pure here below—and destined, after passing before our eyes in brief Review, to be for ever relegated to Limbo.

CHAPTER III.

PERHAPS the Reviewer, whose total ignorance of his own country has been exposed in the preceding Chapter, is more at home in Prussia, or the Netherlands, or America—countries into which he follows Mr Sadler, to smash his principle there too—that is, to fling plate after plate of cracked crockery against the walls of a church, with the savage purpose of reducing the whole fabric to ruins.

He fixes upon a table regarding Prussia, which, of course, as usual, "completely disproves Mr Sadler's whole principle." Such is the grim look of this table, that he is at first loath to approach it. "We are sorry," quoth he, "to disturb Mr Sadler's complacency." But this amiable weakness—this Christian repugnance to the infliction of mental pain—by an effort of stoical magnanimity he conquers—and forthwith, to the disturbance of Mr Sadler's complacency, like a giant refreshed with wine, doth he, as we said before,

"Insupportably his foot advance."

But something catches his toe—he stumbles and trips—and Mr Sadler, sorry to have even thus far had "his complacency disturbed," comes across the nape of his neck with his critical cane—almost like the very Crutch—and lo! the Reviewer on the ground, for the fortieth time at least—for no one of the most unfortunate among the unfortunate youths of whom we read in the annual registers of many lands, ever in so short a time experienced as many ups-and-downs—to say nothing of the rubs—of life.

From the table in question, regarding Prussia, it appears, that at more than one period (1754-1784) when collections of the facts required were made, those facts are found to corroborate Mr Sadler's principle. But Mr Sadler plainly intimated that

the later document was the more complete and correct. Indeed the table of the date 1754, is very imperfect. But Mr Sadler gives two others—of the same date, 1784—one drawn up by Baumaunn, the other by Basching—which also vary considerably; and because they did so, Mr Sadler inserted them all in his work—for though never dreaming, he tells us, of their critical accuracy, more especially of the correctness of the first one, still he found they were equally confirmatory of his principle, though taken at two different periods, and by three different individuals. But the Reviewer appeals exclusively to the document notoriously and grossly defective, and then exclaims that it is perfectly clear, that Mr Sadler's principle is erroneous. He then prates about the Seven Years' War—the 1754, and the 1784—of which Mr Sadler shews that he knows nothing, except a small portion of misunderstanding, picked out of a table given as defective, but which, though told to the contrary, little Obstinacy would persist in quoting as complete.

But Mr Sadler, no way "sorry to disturb his complacency," does not suffer the Reviewer to continue chuckling over the said table—with his legs under the mahogany—and as he waxeth pot-valiant, prating of the Seven Years' War. The documents now referred to, when properly arranged, and they were properly arranged, though our wiseacre could not see how, indicated the truth of Mr Sadler's theory—and he never said they did more—they tended to shew that the prolificness of human beings, however estimated, varied in Prussia, at these different periods, inversely to the condensation of the population. But since the publication of Mr Sadler's work, he has seen another census of Prussia, namely, that of the

year 1827, in the *Bulletin Universel*. See how it corroborates the principle. In those provinces of Prussia where there are less than 2000 inhabitants to the "mille carré," the births to 100 marriages were 491—where there are from 2000 to 4000 on the same space, the proportion lessened to 452; where there are from 4000 to 6000 inhabitants on the same space, it sunk to 443; while in the capital the proportion was 371 only.

But farther. Between the years 1784 and 1827, the population of Prussia has considerably increased. In 1784, there were in Prussia 44,679 marriages, and 209,819 births; or a proportion of very near 470 births to every 100 marriages. In 1827, however, the marriages were 106,270, and the births 490,660; or 461 births to 100 marriages, shewing that in Prussia, as elsewhere, the prolificness of marriages diminishes as the population condensates.

But finally, the population of Prussia, within the ten years ending with 1828, had increased about two millions. Yes, good Master Lieutenant, it had; and as we believe there were some wars, not long before that period, in which Prussia was not allowed to stand altogether aloof, you may perhaps ask Mr Sadler how this increase is reconcilable with his theory, just as you asked him, a little while ago, very foolishly we fear, to look at the increase of the Prussian population during the long peace which followed the Seven Years' War, than which you say no fact is better ascertained in history, and which, we are sure, Mr Sadler never felt the slightest intention to doubt or deny—the good old worthy and well-ascertained fact being of the most harmless description. The population of Prussia, then, within the ten years aforesaid, has increased, Mr Sadler tells us, about two millions. But in what proportions? Taking periods of three years each, and commencing with 1819—from that year to 1822, the increase was $6\frac{2}{10}$ per cent; from 1822 to 1825, it was five per cent; from 1825 to 1828 it was $3\frac{8}{10}$ per cent: therefore the annual increase has been regularly diminishing, though the country has been all the while rapidly advancing in prosperity, and

receiving annually, according to Malte-Brun, a vast accession of inhabitants by emigration.

The Reviewer has not made much of his motion to Prussia. But he is off to the Netherlands—and so is Mr Sadler—and so is Christopher North.

"It is scarcely necessary," says the Reviewer, "to say any thing about the censuses of the Netherlands, as Mr Sadler himself confesses that there is some difficulty in reconciling them with his theory, and helps out his awkward explanation by supposing, quite gratuitously, as it seems to us, that the official documents are inaccurate." To this piece of impertinence, Mr Sadler thus gives the squabash. "As it was scarcely necessary to say any thing about the censuses of the Netherlands, it is a pity that what has been said is again mere misrepresentation. What he says about my supposition being gratuitous, is gratuitously 'false.' The fact is as well known as that there are censuses of the Netherlands in existence; and moreover, I refer the Reviewer, for my 'quite gratuitous' supposition, to M. Que-telet, whom, had he understood the subject on which he has ventured to write, he would have known to be the great authority on this branch of the statistics of the Pays-Bas."

And what truth may there be in the Reviewer's other assertion, "that Mr Sadler himself confesses that there is some difficulty in reconciling the censuses of the Netherlands with his theory?" Why it is as "gratuitously false" as Mr Sadler has declared the other to be; for Mr Sadler, having examined and faithfully presented us with the striking proofs which they give of the truth of his theory, so far from "confessing that he had some difficulty in reconciling them with it," says, "these, then, are the results deduced from examination of the censuses of the kingdom of the Netherlands, which *superficial observers have observed negative the principle I have examined*; on the contrary, they establish a species of proof in its favour, founded even on the very objections which have been urged against it, exhibiting the law of population accomplishing, with equal certainty, its ultimate designs, when the circumstances under which

it operates are the most varied, and so adjusting them into a series of minute and constant adaptations, as still to regulate the increase of human beings by the space they have to possess, and the means provided for their sustentation."

Mr Sadler, then, has said and shewn, that the Reviewer went to the Netherlands for no other purpose, at least he has not attempted to effect any other, than to tell two gratuitous falsehoods.

Let us now accompany him to America—to the United States.

"The argument which Mr Sadler has drawn from the United States, will detain us but for a very short time. He has not told us—perhaps he had not the means of telling us—what proportion the number of births, in different parts of that country, bears to the number of marriages. He shews, that in the thinly peopled States, the number of children bears a greater proportion to the number of grown-up people, than in the old States; and this, he conceives, is a sufficient proof that the condensation of the population is unfavourable to fecundity. We deny the inference altogether. Nothing can be more obvious than the explanation of the phenomenon. The back settlements are, for the most part, peopled by emigration from the old States, and emigrants are almost always breeders."

Let us see how Mr Sadler smashes this basket of brittle ware.

First, why should the argument drawn from the United States, detain the Reviewer but a short time? Mr Sadler has devoted several hundred pages of his work to America, and given numerous tables. Is that large part of his work good or bad—strong or weak—true or false? A glorious opportunity does it afford—if bad, weak, and false—for the Reviewer to settle Mr Sadler; but he saw that it is good—strong—and true—and therefore, he could waste page after page of puerile, yea "maist bairnly" botheration about mere words, shying things—and is in a hurry to be off—"the United States will detain us but a very short time"—and during that very short time, why he keeps shut eyes and ears, and on his return home, begins verifying his experi-

ence, by reference to some paragraphs in pamphlets, about the back settlements.

Secondly, Mr Sadler is in no such hurry to quit the United States—nor are we—nor—gentle reader—we hope are you; for Mr Sadler, having proved, by the direct evidence of the registers of the births and marriages of every country in Europe which has furnished these facts, that the prolificness of human beings, under similar circumstances, varies inversely as their condensation, proceeds, in his Great Work, to deduce the same important principle from the statistics of America. "But why not from the registers of the births and marriages here too?" The Reviewer, with his usual candour, slyly says, "Mr Sadler has not told us—perhaps he had not the means of telling us." "I had not the means of telling you," replies Mr Sadler—"but for a reason of which, from your ignorance of the subject, which may be some apology for your mode of speech, you do not seem to be aware—namely, because no such lists exist."

Thirdly, the Reviewer, in the passage quoted from him, and now undergoing the process, not of gradual decay, but sudden demolition, says "that Mr Sadler merely shews, that in the thinly peopled States, the number of children bears a greater proportion to the number of grown-up people than in the old States; and this, Mr Sadler conceives, is a sufficient proof that the 'condensation of the population is unfavourable to fecundity.'" "This," replies Mr Sadler, "is also, I regret to say, a wilful misrepresentation. I say nothing of 'grown-up people' as such—and the Reviewer again misstates my argument, for the express purpose of concealing it from those of his readers whom he hopes, by a tissue of such falsifications as these, to prevent from reading it for themselves." But read it will be—in good time—by many thousands—in the original Work—meanwhile, what it is, shall shortly be stated in *Maga*.

Fourthly, then, Mr Sadler states his own proposition—which the Reviewer has basely misstated—thus. The proportion of children under ten, to the females between sixteen and forty-five—or in other words—

the child-bearing women—varies inversely to the condensation of the population. Will the Reviewer dare to deny that Mr Sadler has proved this? If he do, he must at the same time deny that the children under ten in America have been born of females between sixteen and forty-five. Mr Sadler's demonstration is founded on great and uniform variations, obeying the degree of condensation of the population, and the Reviewer, preposterously as he opines on all the topics on which he blindly touches, would hardly on this occasion shuffle in the preventive check. But to be sure, there is no saying what opinions the witty father or husband—we wot not what to call him—of the lady with 1.762,500 children, may hold about the period by nature allowed for child-bearing—and it is very possible, so odd are some of his other notions—odd enough to startle the most enthusiastic of Malthusians—that infancy is not the bearer of mere dolls—nor old age the season of mere dotage—but that human beings, “to speak with strict accuracy,” never precocious or premature—and never effete—from bright-haired childhood to “hoary eld,” may be, and are, actively occupied in peopling the earth.

Fifthly, the Reviewer having, as we have seen, misstated Mr Sadler's argument, let us now see how he refutes it. We must here, too, requote a few of his words. “Nothing can be more obvious than the explanation of this phenomenon. The back settlements are, for the most part, peopled by emigration from the old states—and emigrants are almost always breeders. They are almost always vigorous people in the prime of life.” Good—granted—and given to him by Mr Sadler, from whom, notwithstanding, he stole it. But though good—granted—and given to him by Mr Sadler, from whom, notwithstanding, he stole it, the observation of the Reviewer about the vigour of emigrants has nothing whatever to do with the question at issue. For the question at issue is not whether emigrants in the prime of life multiply in proportion to their numbers infinitely faster than can an entire population, consisting of due proportions of infancy, childhood, old age, weakness, and decrepitude, in short,

made up of all ages and conditions of life—a fact which none but he, and the school of which he is a most ignorant disciple, ever doubted—but the question at issue is, whether an equal number of married women, from sixteen to forty-five years of age, would not, on his principle, have an equal chance of prolificness, whether they were, for example, residing in the state of Massachusetts or Missouri? In this total eclipse and irrecoverable dark—the Reviewer accounts for the great difference and variations in the prolificness of these populations, by what Mr Sadler justly calls one of the strangest reasons ever urged, and which it is indeed “difficult to keep one's countenance” (a favourite expression of countenance with the Reviewer) while reading, to wit, “that emigrants to the back settlements are almost all vigorous people in the prime of life.” They are; but pray—thou “wale o' wiseacres”—is a given number of females between sixteen and forty-five, in the back settlements, more “vigorous,” more in the “prime of life,” than an equal number of precisely the same age in the other states—in the front settlements? If they are, what made them so? From what race of parents were they born? of what wondrous land are they the Antochthenes? “Had I,” says Mr Sadler, “in proof of my theory, asserted that the females migrating with their fathers or husbands, to London or Manchester, were, just as the argument demanded, more or less vigorous than those they left behind, it would have sounded somewhat paradoxical; but that they should be a younger class, though at exactly the same ages, would indeed involve a ‘phenomenon;’ and yet this is the very reason which the Reviewer has assigned, why there are, in proportion to the females of the ages specified, more children under ten in the new than in the old states of America; and why the difference is constantly and precisely conformable to the variations in the density of the population! ‘Nothing can be more obvious,’ says he, ‘than this explanation of the phenomenon.’ One thing, however, is full as much so, namely, his reason for misstating my position, and for his writing ‘grown-up people’ instead of *je-*

males between sixteen and forty-five; the truth simply stated would have exposed his 'obvious reason' to the derision which it deserves. But if the Reviewer will truly meet my position, and offer me a reason 'obvious' or occult, distinct from my principle, why, in an universally marrying country, the proportion of children compared with that of the *prolific females*, is greatest where the population is least, and least where the population is greatest, and why the variations in this prolificness should conform constantly, uniformly, and universally to the principle now fully explained—he will then do more than he has yet attempted. At present, the most charitable conclusion I can form regarding my antagonist, is, that he is perfectly ignorant of the subject, an opinion fully confirmed by the reckless confidence, and the amazing complacency, with which he pronounces concerning it."

Sixthly—"It is perfectly clear," says the Reviewer, "that children are more numerous in the back settlements than in the maritime states." Why so? Why should the children in the maritime states be less numerous than in the back settlements? You will not avail yourself of Mr Sadler's "reason why"—so we ask your own? Does the preventive check operate so much more powerfully in the maritime states as to account for the "phenomenon?" No. It cannot—for your school holds that the preventive check is almost unknown any where in America, and therefore surely not experienced in the most prosperous part of it. Do the children under ten years of age emigrate—in large bands adorned with flowers, and led in hymning procession by their guardian angel—unaccompanied by their parents, who from their lily or dandelion hands fling adieu-kisses to their disappearing progeny with their pretty faces turned towards the back settlements—where their vigour will be found far to surpass that of the native children of the same age, nay their very age itself to be younger than the same age of the white peccaninnies born under laws that afford an astounding specimen of the Irreducible Case? No. None of these reasonable-looking solutions is the right one. They are all plausible—but here is the true solution

—and it is indeed, as Mr Sadler says, an unique. "It is perfectly clear," quoth the Reviewer, "that the most prolific people go to the unoccupied land!" "He indeed betakes himself to miracles infinitely more monstrous than any my theory involves, even as expounded by himself. He thus finally attempts to account for the superior prolificness of the thinly-peopled states of America, by a sort of migratory principle or instinct operative on human beings, infinitely more incomprehensible than any thing that has hitherto been said to occur in the animal kingdom. It seems that in this wonderfully marrying and prolific country, those who are destined to be the most prolific, are made aware of it by a sort of second-sight, and accordingly move off to the unoccupied parts! The argument regarding the United States, he said, should detain him but for a short time. I think it would have been wiser in him not to have been detained by it at all."

Seventhly, Mr Sadler has not yet done with the Reviewer on his Trans-atlantic trip—who seems not only to have gone and come in a steamer, but to have lived when in the new world in vapour, and since his return to the old, to have ended in smoke. "He is a poor philosopher," says Mr Sadler, "who can gravely expound a phenomenon" of a general character, by a reason which *can* only apply to a single instance, but which in this single instance *does* not apply. Other documents there are, to which the "perfectly clear reason" of the Reviewer ought to be equally applicable—but which they leave entirely in the dark. These documents Mr Sadler furnished him with in his Work—but the Reviewer saw and shyed them—for they struck him blind and dumb. There are almost as many inhabitants in Ireland as there are free white persons in America. Now, many as are the circumstances to disturb those ratios of increase, in Ireland, on which Mr Sadler's argument is founded, still they are sufficiently manifest to corroborate the general conclusion, and to silence the Reviewer's objection, already however, say we, silenced as dead as any mud-fort with a single

gun and a single engineer as blind as the sand-bag behind which he in vain sought to shelter himself, was ever silenced by one discharge from a park of heavy artillery. Mr Sadler gives a table which proves this; and if he declines entering into particulars respecting towns of various population, and does not compare, for example, the small town and territory of Carrick-Fergus with the metropolitan county of Ireland, it is for the same reason that induced him not to acquiesce in the solution which, we have seen, the Reviewer insisted on in an earlier part of his discourse, namely, that on Mr Sadler's principle, the town of Guildford ought to be less prolific than the borough of Southwark! Mr Sadler did not choose again to crush in that empty noddle such another crotchet, as that the inhabitants of Surrey were the most rural in the modern Arcadia, though some hundred thousands of them were comprehended—as a species of nondescripts—a queer kind of half-breed between cultivators and Cockneys—living paradoxically within the Bills of Mortality—and freakishly interred in burial-grounds—once severely taxed—in that enormous city, by Cobbett ycleped “The Wen.” But supposing that the Reviewer were to summon up resolution to look at these tables, and that his eyes told him that the facts therein contained were true, would he then begin to draw comparisons between the “maritime and back settlements” of Ireland? Would he talk of the people of Ulster “moving off to the unoccupied land” of Munster, and so forth? Would he picture bands of emigrants more “in the prime of life,” and more “vigorous” than the natives of the spots to which they progressed, whose prime of life, and whose vigour, were necessarily the same as their own? Would he paint in their faces and figures, in the dashing style of a Salvator Rosa, the consciousness, or rather the prophetic intimation, mysteriously inspired, of their superior prolificness to that of their brethren, blessed indeed with equal brogue, but not with an equal power of begetting a progeny to speak and preserve it in its racy richness?

What the better is the Reviewer of having paid a visit to Prussia, the

Netherlands, and America? The air of England and Ireland did not seem to suit his constitution. The poor fellow was somewhat sickly—but he is now in the last stage of a galloping consumption—not a dainty on any one of the many tables Mr Sadler has covered for him can he even taste with the tip of his tongue—and nothing is left for him but to lay him down and die—to give up the *Edinburgh Review*, Sadler, and the Ghost.

But we are sorry to see that he is determined to die hard—an impatient sinner. He indulges in misrepresentation in what his affrighted friends fear may be the last gasp. All unlike as the “puny whipster” is to the strong man described dying in that powerful and original poem, the *Grave*, by Blair, yet of him it may be said, in the last convulsions,

“See how he lays about him!”

Mr Sadler, before proceeding to prove that his theory of population, which he has hitherto established by statistical evidence, is in unison with, or rather required by, the principles of physiology, reminds his readers of the difference between those who hold the fecundity of mankind and himself, in regard to those principles which are to form the basis of his argument. They contend—Malthus, though not Senior—that production precedes population; he, on the contrary, maintains, that population precedes production, and is the cause of it. They teach, that man breeds up to the capital, or in proportion to the abundance of food, he possesses; he asserts, that man is comparatively sterile when he is wealthy, and that he breeds in proportion to his poverty. But he tells us, that he does not mean by poverty a state of privation approaching to actual starvation, any more than the persons he opposes would contend that extreme and culpable excess is the grand patron of population. In a word, they hold, that a state of ease and affluence is the great promoter of prolificness—he maintains, that a considerable degree of labour, and even privation, is a more efficient cause of an increased degree of human fecundity.

Mr Sadler's Assailant then returns to the charge—and after saying in his usual small sneering way—a way, by

the by, very common, and exceedingly disgusting in social life—"that to prove this point [what point? which one of several points?] Mr Sadler quotes Aristotle, Hippocrates, Dr Short, Dr Gregory, Dr Perceval, M. Villermi, Lord Bacon, and Rousseau." He does. But now Mr Sadler has a greater authority for "this point" than any of these—that of the equally witty and wise person, whose article now in hand shews what a world this would have been, had it been produced by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. "We will not dispute it," quoth the Oracle. But though he will not dispute—he will mangle and misrepresent it—and finding it easier and safer to buffet a dead body than a living soul, the *caput mortuum* of his own imagination, than the bold brow of Mr Sadler's reason, he commences his operations—thus. "The poverty of man—must (according to Mr Sadler) be in *inverse proportion* to their numbers." "These are his own words"—says Mr Sadler, "not mine." But let him use what words he will—can he look at Ireland, where the condition of society is perhaps presented in more appalling extremes than in any other civilized community on earth, and deny that the fact he attempts to controvert exists? "Mr Sadler tells us"—quoth he—"in one of those tables which we have already quoted, that, in the United States, the population is four to a square mile, and the fecundity 5.22 to a marriage; and that, in Russia, the population is twenty-three to a square mile, and the fecundity 4.94 to a marriage. Is the North American labourer poorer than the Russian boor? If not, what becomes of Mr Sadler's argument?" Oh! dolt! dolt! dolt! What infatuation has sent him to Russia? He asks what has become of Mr Sadler's argument? Let him go to the fourteenth chapter of the first book of Mr Sadler's Treatise, and there he will find it in all its vigour, intrenched against all attacks even of stoutest foes—let him assail it there, and like a rat he will be drowned in the ditch. "Does he not see," eloquently asks Mr Sadler, "a difference between the American freeman and the Russian slave, in every thing that gives superiority to human beings—in his origin,

his information, his capital, his country—in a word, in his entire condition, physical, moral, political? And whence did he derive those advantages, but from the circumstance of his having been schooled in, and recently sprung from, the most densely peopled districts of Europe? And to his close intercourse with these, he still mainly owes his retention of them. If the Reviewer means to meet the question fairly, let him compare countries *otherwise similarly circumstanced*, and then see whether my position, even as he has 'announced' it, will not hold good. Let him say, for instance, whether the Russian boors would not be richer and happier, if they were liberated in their condition, and multiplied in their numbers. Or, as he seems to argue that the poverty of men must be, not in inverse, but direct proportion to their numbers, will he say, to compare nearer neighbours, whether the Russian boor is richer than the Dutch boor, who belongs to one of the most densely populated districts in the world; where, in the very same number of the Review, we are told of 'opulence and a taste for the conveniences and enjoyments of life, diffused even among the lowest classes,' and 'that at this moment the Dutch are, beyond all question, the richest and most industrious people on earth?' Or, if he compare districts of the same country, will he contend that the richest population is that which is found in the least populous parts; or, that, as the population increases, the community becomes poorer? He refers to Russia and America—is such the case in either instance? As to the latter country, the periodical valuations which have taken place there have disproved such a supposition altogether. Hence one of their latest writers, who glories not a little in their growing numbers, nevertheless remarks, concerning the different states, that it has been calculated that 'capital accumulates with more than twice the velocity of population.'"

Miserable indeed—and wretched beyond any condition ever seen before—except perhaps, that of some poor diseased creature among one of the forlorn tribes who extract maintenance from worms wriggling from the wet wood of wreck-drift

rarely blown on the shores of Terra del Fuego—is now the plight of our Reviewer. But though stripped to the skin—a worse fate befalls him—that skin itself is stripped off his body—yes, Mr Sadler flays him alive—and over the entire superficial “establishes a raw.”

For having, as he thinks, demolished Mr Sadler's system, nothing will satisfy him but to establish his own—having pulled down—he must needs build up—but alas! the poor mason has neither materials nor tools, nothing but heaps of rubbish and his two awkward and unhappy hands. Yet to work he sets, as if he were sole master-builder—at once architect, journeyman, and apprentice—and all the while that the shapeless rubbish is blinding his eyes with small particles of dusty lime till they water like the rheumy optics of an old woman, does he remain in the delusion that he is building—a School! Aye,—a School of Political Economy!

Mr Sadler, after proving the geometrical duplication of a given population in twenty-five years, to be impossible—and by many calculations, as he thinks, demonstrated it to be an arithmetical one—assuming too, the very degree of prolificness attributed to the Americans by Mr Malthus, or even by Dr Franklin—has then shewn, not by a series of suppositions, but of tables, that the prolificness assigned by the former to American marriages, is quite insufficient to double the population every twenty-five years, which Mr Malthus asserts has been there the very slowest increase. Why kept the Reviewer aloof from all these calculations—calculations which, even on Dr Franklin's hypothesis, that all should marry at twenty, and all the married should have eight children, of whom one-half should also live to marry at twenty, (suppositions which Dr Barton's tables quoted by all the Economists shew to be false,) and that these again should be similarly fruitful—that no marriages whatsoever should be barren, nor any interrupted by the death of either of the parties before they had yielded their full number of children—and lastly, that all who marry should live sixty-five years each, one with another—calculations too, through a series of regular entries continued through the term of 208 years—and

proving, to what Mr Sadler boldly avers is no less than a mathematical demonstration, the slowest rate of duplication contended for by this Reviewer, doglike sneaking at the heels of these supposed masters in science—to be—impossible? Why, we repeat the question, did this illustrious geometrician and arithmetician keep far aloof from all these calculations? Why did not the Wooden Spoon shew that he was worthy of standing high on the Tripes, or rather that whatever men might idly suppose, he could count his fingers, without any very long and laborious process, and declare, as if by the intuition of genius, that they were—ten, including a brace of Tom Thumbs?

Instead of thus covering his digits with glory, what does he? Why—“Keen,” says Mr Sadler, contemptuously, “as he is in checking my arithmetic, he passes over this part of my work, comprising many chapters, without a single observation, and still has ‘disposed of my principle;’ and having thus disposed of it, he goes about to contend for the opposite notion, by assuming as a fact, that which, after having examined my tables, he knows to be impossible, and proving it, by what all Europe, and I may add America, knows to be false.”

What is that? Why, that the white population of the United States does increase by 32 per cent every ten years. Mr Sadler defies him to the proof—and is willing even that he shall proceed in leading it on all the incredible—the unnatural—the impossible suppositions of Dr Franklin.

But it would puzzle Mr Babbage himself to make a calculating machine in the shape of a Wooden Spoon—and this one fresh from the hand of nature, declines the task. Yet it attempts to reason, and really in a style not a little remarkable for timber. “Our reason,” quoth the Spoon, “is this”—our reason for assuming an increase every ten years of 32 per cent. “There is in the United States a class of persons whose numbers are not increased by emigration—the negro slaves. During the interval which elapsed between the census of 1810, and the census of 1820, the change in their numbers must have been produced by procreation, and by procreation alone. Their situation, though much hap-

pier than that of the wretched beings who cultivate the sugar plantations of Trinidad and Demerara, cannot be supposed to be more favourable to health and fecundity, than that of free labourers. In 1810, the slave-trade had been but recently abolished, and *there were, in consequence, many more male than female slaves*—a circumstance, of course, very unfavourable to procreation. Slaves are perpetually passing into the class of free men; *but no freeman ever descends into servitude*—so that the census will not exhibit the whole effect of the procreation which really takes place. We find, by the census of 1810, that the number of slaves in the Union was then 1,191,000—in 1820, they had increased to 1,538,000—that is to say, in ten years they had increased 29 per cent—within 3 per cent of that rate of increase, which would double the number in twenty-five years. We may, we think, fairly calculate, that if the female slaves had been as numerous as the males, and if no manumissions had taken place, the census of the slave population would have exhibited an increase of ten per cent in ten years.”

The folly and ignorance of this is indeed portentous. That increase which Mr Sadler has shewn to be impossible, under all the suppositions of Dr Franklin, who created a golden age, in which people had nothing else to do but propagate, and to propagate from earliest puberty on to green old age, in neither sex becoming impotent or effete—this ninny believes to have been realized by negro slaves, in an American house of bondage, in spite of numbers of them perpetually passing into the class of freemen, and in spite of the comparative scarcity of females in proportion to males, a circumstance which he very profoundly remarks, is “of course very unfavourable to procreation!”

But every single statement or assertion, in this, “our reason,” is false. Do not mind the lines in Italics. Mr Sadler tears to pieces the whole concern.

In the first place, the female slaves were, at a nubile age, as numerous as the males, which we kindly mention, just that the Reviewer may see

that he can't open his mouth, but out comes a mistake.

For, even if the computation be made to commence at fourteen, instead of about sixteen, and to end at twenty-six, the whole difference between the males and females at that age, in a population of above a million and a half, is only 652. Our arithmetician does not see this, but Mr Sadler does; and so, at his pointing out, does all the world, but the Wooden Spoon.

Secondly, The Reviewer says, “And if no manumissions had taken place.” What have manumissions to do with the matter? Nothing. Do manumitted slaves not propagate? They do—and none the worse or less frequently, one would think, for manumission. Add, then, the free coloured population, and the slave population, in 1810, and in 1820, and the deuce is in it, if you do not get at all the manumissions. Now, the total number in 1810, is 1,377,810; and, in 1820, it is 1,771,658, actually giving a less increase than that in the slaves only, instead of amounting, as it ought to do, on the principle of the Reviewer, to 32 per cent! “I can retort the Reviewer's compliment, with the utmost sincerity,” adds Mr Sadler; “he is, indeed, a bad arithmetician.”

Thirdly, “Slaves,” says the Reviewer, “are perpetually passing into manumission.” Be it so. “I hope and believe,” says Mr Sadler, “this to be the case in America and to a considerable degree. But the Reviewer does not mean to say, that, in gaining their freedom, they lose their country or their colour. There they are; and included among another class of persons in North America, the free-coloured population,—to which I have in vain directed the Reviewer's attention in the volumes under criticism. I will make another attempt. As the number of them is not more than a sixth or a seventh of that of the slaves, it is very obvious, that the constant passing of numbers, however moderately estimated, from the large to the small community, must have had a great effect upon the increase of the latter. Now, the free coloured population have women enough among them to satisfy even the Reviewer's ideas on

the subject. The number of these free coloured inhabitants, of both sexes and of all ages, in 1810, was 186,446; in 1820, it amounted to 233,530; having, therefore, increased, during that period, something above 25 per cent. But to take the very lowest supposition regarding manumissions, at how much smaller an increase than that must he arrive, when we calculate that which has taken place *from procreation only*! Thus, then, the population of America contains within itself a distinct class, exhibiting those results which completely overturn all the fables which have been uttered regarding American increase 'by procreation, and by procreation alone.'

Fourthly, Now for the squabash. The Reviewer has most audaciously said, that, between 1810 and 1820, "the numbers of the slaves in the United States were not increased by emigration." The assertion is false; and if the Reviewer did not know it to be so, he is the most ignorant man now extant. Is there a man, asks Mr Sadler, who is not aware, that long after the act of Congress of the 2d of March, 1807, and up to a very recent date, if not even to the present hour, the slave-trade has been carried on in America to a prodigious extent? Why, the proceedings of the legislature, and of the courts of justice there, give witness to the fact. In Congress, several acts have been passed between 1810 and 1820, of which the object was the suppression of the slave-trade. On the 15th of May, 1820, Congress passed an act constituting the offence piracy, and in spite of the aversion of the legislature of that country to capital punishments, adjudging those found guilty to suffer death! Nor has even that law, with such a penalty annexed to its violation, been found effectual; for, in 1821, in a report of the House of Representatives, we find, that "it is still a melancholy fact, that the disgraceful practice is now carried on to a surprising extent!" In April, 1822, a committee of the Senate declare, "The African slave-trade *now* prevails to a great extent." Mr Sadler does not say that this nefarious trade, so extensively carried on by the Americans during the period in question, was directed to the supply of the home-market exclusively—he is

too well-informed on the whole question to say so; neither does he attempt to extricate the proportion of it that was so engaged. But he refers the *Edinburgh Reviewer* to the *American Reviewer*, who says, "in 1824, the laws were *still* found to be imperfect, as they neither afforded a sufficient check to the trade of American citizens on the coast of Africa, nor provided any means of redeeming and restoring to their country the unfortunate victims who might, in violation of the laws, be *introduced into the States*." Indeed, distinct information has been frequently given, and from undoubted authority, of the different stations where, and the various channels through which, it has been conducted, and imports of slaves effected into the Southern States.

That the actual number of slaves introduced between the years 1810 and 1820—during which period the infatuated Reviewer says there were none at all—was vast, is most certain. In the report of the American Society for colonizing Free People of Colour, for the year 1821, it is stated, that in the course of twenty-five years, during one half of which period the Reviewer asserts that the import had entirely ceased, 1,500,000 slaves have been imported from Africa! The report of a Committee of the House of Representatives states the "average annually withdrawn from Western Africa to be a mean somewhere between fifty and eighty thousand!" Now, what is the sole object of the American Colonization Society? The re-emigration of the blacks. And why should Congress have assisted that Society, in that attempt, and also put forth a similar estimate in proof of its absolute necessity, if America had not fully shared in these immense African importations?

Fifthly, Now for the squabash of squabashes. The Reviewer, to prove his position that the American slave population doubled itself in twenty-five years, or nearly so, by procreation alone, asserted, as we have now seen, in the face of all evidence, that there was no importation of slaves between 1810 and 1820. But, grant for a moment that this monstrous falsehood is a truth, and let Mr Sadler be let loose upon him as he lies behind that position. Why, if the

importation of slaves between 1790 and 1800 was unlimited, which nobody is denying, and between 1810 and 1820 it had totally ceased; and if the laws of nature were not reversed during these periods, merely to serve the Reviewer's argument, and to render America in this respect "independent of commerce," would not, Mr Sadler asks, the increase between 1790 and 1800 have been vastly greater than that between 1810 and 1820? But, alas! and alack-a-day for the simpleton, it is absolutely less! The number of the slaves in 1790 was 697,697; in 1800, 896,849, exhibiting an increase of 28 per cent. But in 1810 they amounted to 1,191,364, and in 1820, 1,538,128, or an increase of 29 per cent. And still the Reviewer argues, with figures like these before him, and against facts of the most striking and "notorious description," that the increase in the latter period was "from procreation only!"

Finally, Now for the squabash of all squabashes, intensified beyond itself into something for which squabash is an inadequate appellation. In the slave-holding states, it appears, that there are astonishing irregularities in their increase—and we might almost say, decrease. They cannot be said to be owing to variations, surely, in procreation—more especially by the Reviewer, and the school in which he is booby of the lowest form—who all contend with so much pertinacity for an arbitrary and fixed ratio of human increase, under all circumstances, as a law of nature. Now, in the states in which it is well known that the law of abolition has been in a great measure operative, little increase, and in one of them a positive decrease, has taken place; but in the new slave-holding states, where it is as notorious as the sun at noonday, that that trade has been actively pursued, there have these varying and vast augmentations occurred. Mr Sadler gives us a table from which it appears, that in the district of Colombia,—in which we are assured the slaves are exceedingly well treated, marry universally, and in which slave-labour and service is constantly preferred,—and where on that as well as on many other accounts, we may rest assured that the slaves are increased by other means than pro-

creation only—a fact, indeed, to which Dr Torrey bears witness—still the increase there in this favoured Colombia—is little more than half of what it ought to be on the Reviewer's hypothesis—it being but 18 per cent instead of 32—while in Missouri again, it has been 239—and in Illinois 445. The table contains all the slave-holding states of the great American republic—with the rate of increase of the slave population in each, during the periods 1790—1800, and 1810—1820. To these Mr Sadler adds—separately—Alabama—which in 1820 contained 41,879 slaves, claimed by the Reviewer as the product of "American procreation alone," though in 1816, the total number was only 10,494, giving an increase, therefore, of about 300 per cent in—four years! "Procreation alone," indeed! Why they must at least have imported one propagator—the daughter, with all her mother's powers and charms, of the Reviewer's lady, with the *small family*, as we say in Scotland, meaning a large family of small children—the Reviewer's lady who sat, like the myriad-breasted Cybele, with 1,762,500 children round her knees!

The Reviewer, we think, had better never return to England, but, becoming a citizen of the United States, remain in America all the rest of his days. Nay, perhaps, since he so greatly admires the slave population there, who are not only "so much happier than the wretched beings who cultivate the sugar plantations of Trinidad and Demerara," but increase their numbers by "procreation alone," in a style which sets all imitation on the part of free labourers at defiance, bidding

"Europe and her pallid sons go weep,"

who knows but he may become himself a Slave Proprietor, and crack his finger and his thumb at the Anti-slavery Reporter, the African Institution, and at all that his friend Thomas Babington Macauley has written and spoken against all sorts of slavery, and in favour of all sorts of liberty all over the world?

We must now bid the Reviewer farewell. We wished to have shewn how Mr Sadler has proved that his ignorance of the British Peerage is

equal to his ignorance of the American slaveage; but we cannot encroach on another sheet, having limited the Double Number of *Maga* to 288 pages—enough surely to satisfy the maw of the most greedy subscriber.

A very few words—at parting—with the Public. Pamphlets seldom or never sell very widely—and therefore Mr Sadler's assailant has hitherto had a great advantage over him, in the circulation of his wit, wisdom, and erudition. But now Mr Sadler is on something more, perhaps, than an equality with him there; and we call upon the Public to judge between the combatants. We also call upon the Periodical Press to do Mr Sadler justice—if not for his own sake, for that of the best interests of mankind. The settlement of such a question cannot be barren of consequences to Society; on all hands it is admitted to bear most powerfully on the welfare and well-being of the State. There may be others, but we have not seen any thing like justice done to Mr Sadler by any of the London newspapers, except the *Atlas* and the *Standard*. In the *Atlas* appeared an enlightened view of his doctrines very soon after the publication of the work; and we do not doubt that the same able writer will continue to defend and vindicate the cause of Truth. The great talents of the Editors of the *Standard* are well known, and such a daily paper has it in its power to expose, widely, the ignorance and presumption of the spiteful persecutors of a man who is one of the brightest ornaments of this age. We shall go hand in hand, and heart with heart, with such allies, in the support of principles, of which the maintenance is essential to the liberties of the land—the civilisation of the species.

The Reviewer has accused Mr Sadler of carrying on his controversy with Mr Malthus, "with all the license of the *seventeenth* century"—and adds, "We are quite as little afraid of a contest, in which quarter shall be neither given nor taken, as he. But we would advise him seriously to consider, before he publishes the promised continuation of his work, whether he be not one of that class of writers who stand peculiarly in need of the candour which he insults, and who would have most to fear from that unsparing severity which he practises and recommends."

Nothing can be more ludicrous than the sight of these words *now*; and as the Reviewer—in spite of the buffeting and bastinadoing he has received at the hands of Mr Sadler, whom, without any provocation—for how could that gentleman have insulted *him*?—he attacked with all the license of the *nineteenth* century—will probably be instigated, by the bruises under which he must still be smarting, to return to the charge,—it is our intention to be present at the conflict, to see fair play, and to record the issue. In a former number of the *Edinburgh Review*, "Malthus is backed against Sadler—more fearful odds than any offered at Tattersall's." We know not if that celebrated courser is going to start for the stakes; but should he, and also Auchingoul, and half-a-dozen untried horses besides—we back Sadler ten to one against the field; odds which we believe never were offered at Tattersall's, but which were offered, but not taken, in the days of Eclipse. We also offer a thousand to one—meaning thereby a thousand gold sovereigns glowing from the mint, to one brass shilling, pale from the pot—against Reviewer.

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ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, AND PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

No. III.

"WHAT surprised me most," says the elder Segur, "on my return from Russia to Paris in 1790, after an absence of four years, was the sudden metamorphosis which many of our *ci-devant* philosophers had undergone, and the vehemence with which they declaimed against a revolution which they had been mainly instrumental in producing. They could only endure their own doctrines, it would appear, in theory. One day some one reproached the Abbé Sabatier with his ill humour at the States General, which he had been *the first to demand*, and of which he was in reality the father—'True,' he replied, '*but they have changed my States General at nurse.*'"*

These words convey a brief abstract of what has occurred in all sudden changes of the form or equilibrium of government, with a view to extend the power or ascendancy of the lower orders. Universally it will be found, that "the States General have been changed at nurse." The principles adopted by the populace, when they become the electors, have gone so far beyond what was contemplated or intended by the first promoters of the measure, that they could no longer recognise their own offspring, and found, with an-

guish, that a spurious, base-born progeny had been substituted in its room.

Yielding to the popular clamour, and in the hope of regulating the movement of the revolution, Necker granted a liberal parliamentary reform to France. He doubled the number of popular representatives, by a royal ordinance, six months before the meeting of the States General in 1789. It is impossible to study, with sufficient minuteness, the consequences of this great concession, because it was adopted from precisely the same views as the reform now so much the object of discussion. The proceedings of the Constituent Assembly, are the picture of the unavoidable consequences of such sudden additions to popular power—the pacification of France, the prototype of what may be anticipated from the great supposed tranquillizing measure of the British empire.

The first measure of the reformed Parliament of France, was to compel the House of Peers to sit and vote with them in one assembly, which at once rendered the commons omnipotent, because they out-numbered the peers two to one.

The next step was, to confiscate

* Segur's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 469.

the whole property of the church to the service of the state, reserving only a miserable pittance to the ministers of religion.

The third, to give a right of voting at elections for the legislature to every man in France who was major, not a pauper, and worth the produce of three days' labour.

The fourth, to abolish all titles of honour, and privileges attached to land of every description.

The fifth, to put all offices under government—judges, bishops, prefects, mayors, magistrates, officers in the national guard, into the immediate gift of the whole people.

The sixth, to confiscate the whole property of such of the emigrant nobles as failed, by a certain day, to return to France.

The seventh, to issue a paper currency on the credit of the confiscated landed property, which soon fell to a discount of one-fifteenth of the sum for which it was originally issued. In other words, an assignat, originally worth fifteen francs, fell to the value of one franc.

These violent convulsions produced, as their natural consequence, a prodigious embarrassment of the finances, and diminution of the public revenue. The national income, which in 1789 was L.24,000,000 sterling, fell in 1790 to L.17,000,000. It was found impracticable to continue paying the dividends on the public debt, notwithstanding the lavish confiscation of land which took place for behoof of the treasury; and some years after, the revolutionary government solved the difficulty, by striking off, at one blow, two-thirds of the national debt; in other words, destroying two-thirds of the uninvested capital of the kingdom.

It might have been imagined, that these concessions would have satisfied the warmest advocate for freedom in France. According to the argument of the conceders, tranquillity, unanimity, and happiness should have prevailed, for the people had got every thing for which they contended. Was this the case? Were the succeeding years of France distinguished by harmony, unanimity, and prosperity? The Constituent Assembly expired, and a new legislature, framed on the principle of universal suffrage, convened. The

whole corporations of France were dissolved, and the magistrates of every description chosen by the universal suffrage of the inhabitants. The freest discussion of every thing went forward—all restrictions were thrown down—the majestic body of the people installed in the full possession of sovereignty—and the fairest trial given to democracy which the world had ever beheld.

The first effect of this universal enfranchisement was to rouse the democratic spirit to the very uttermost through all France. The people would no longer brook any control or government from their superiors. To be in office, to hold power, was a sufficient ground for unpopularity; and all the ministers who were successively placed at the head of affairs were dismissed, after an unprosperous reign of a few months. Next, the legislature itself, the creature of public favour, the darling of the democracy—the assembly, purged of all aristocratic influence, in which neither the king nor the nobles had returned a single member, fell into universal obloquy. The whole history of the Legislative Assembly was that of a general conspiracy to overthrow the representatives of the people, by the very persons who had seated them in power.

This insurrection at length took place; the people broke loose on the governors they had chosen for themselves, and the 10th August overturned at once the throne, the legislature, and the altar. The municipality of Paris, albeit chosen by the universal suffrage of the householders of that great city, was dispossessed as not sufficiently democratic, and a new and more determined set of men seated in their stead. The National Convention ensued, during which the very elements of society seemed to be falling to pieces. The new municipality of Paris, within three weeks after they had entered upon their functions, hired a band of murderers to massacre all the captives in the prisons; and within three days 6000 innocent victims were slain by the populace. The sovereign multitude would not delegate to others the holy work of extermination; with their own hands they hewed down the victims who were let loose from jail, to be baited

by the dogs of the Revolution. Shouts of joy rent the air as they fell, screaming, beneath the blows of the people; while benches were prepared for the neighbouring "gentlemen and ladies" to behold the spectacle, and bands of drunken cannibals danced like furies of hell round the dead bodies of the slain. Mounted on a pile of dead, Billaud Varennes exclaimed, "This day, illustrious citizens, you have risen above yourselves; continue your glorious work; a louis d'or is prepared for every one who joins in the holy enterprise; assert the majesty of the people, and let every blow which descends strike terror into the sanguinary despots who are preparing to enslave us."

The dissolution of every other tie in society tends to strengthen the last and greatest, that of terror.—Anarchy leads to despotism; amidst the strife of contending multitudes, a few men of iron arise, who rule with bloody sway their trembling subjects. Danton, St Just, and Robespierre, were the natural result of the Revolution—of that universal frenzy, which, dissolving all other ties, brings men back to the unerring and unextinguishable instinct of self-preservation. The Reign of Terror, the establishment of five hundred Bastiles in France, the daily execution of an hundred victims in Paris, the immuring of two hundred thousand captives in the revolutionary dungeons, were the natural and inevitable consequences of the sudden and fatal concession of power to the people.

Well might Sabatier exclaim, they had changed his States-General at nurse. But if he said this in 1790, when the ferment was beginning—when every thing was as yet *couleur de rose*, when philanthropy was in every mouth, when the people were exulting in their new-born sovereignty, when the regeneration of society was still fondly anticipated, when no blood had as yet been shed, what would he have said in 1794, when darkness, thick as midnight, had settled over France, when her best and bravest had perished on the scaffold, when her people, in sullen despair, writhed under the famine which their violence had created, or sunk under the agony which their passions had produced. "The strongest of all human instincts,"

says Freron, himself one of the warmest of the republicans, "was fast giving way under the protracted suspense of the Reign of Terror. Death itself seemed preferable to the incessant apprehension of it."

Symptoms of this terrible progress being about to commence may already be seen in this country. Since the question of reform was agitated as a party measure in November last, what extraordinary progress the principles of anarchy have made in the minds of the people! How easily proposals are entertained, and projects canvassed, which, a year ago, would have excited the well-founded alarm of every thinking man! The vote by ballot is demanded with loud cries in all the popular meetings; a reform which does not, at the very least, disfranchise the rotten boroughs, and give a vote to every householder in every great town, is spoken of as worse than nothing. The property of the church is already marked out as the first victim; and hints, not obscure, are thrown out, that no relief can be effectual till the fundholder is cut down. All these wild and extravagant ideas have been set afloat within three months by the mere prospect of concession to the people. Till that was held out, no such ideas were prevalent. The nation was thinking nothing about reform in June last. History will not fail to record that remarkable fact. All the subsequent outcry has arisen from the acquisition of power by the populace in Paris, and the prospect of its acquisition by the levellers in this country.

It is a total mistake to suppose, as the reformers all endeavour to represent, that the fall of the Duke of Wellington's ministry was owing to his declaration against reform. That, no doubt, stirred up a host of newspaper writers against him; but the vote in the House of Commons was occasioned by very different and many concurring causes. The first of these was the original and fatal secession of a large portion of the Tories at the time of Mr Canning's elevation to power. This divided them into distinct bodies, actuated by no small rancour at each other, at the very time when the antagonists were hourly increasing in vi-

gour, and indefatigable in their endeavours to gain proselytes. The second was the emancipation of the Catholics; a measure which, as it jarred on the strongest feelings of our nature, excited the most vehement animosities among the partisans of administration. The third, the successful issue of the Paris revolt, which awakened the revolutionary ardour of the democratical, and blinded the eyes of a large proportion of the conservative party.

These causes, but especially the fatal schism consequent on the emancipation of the Catholics, had so much weakened the supporters of the Wellington administration, that it was foreseen by all persons at all acquainted with Parliamentary tactics, that it could not stand the first shock of a new parliament. Indeed, it is well known, that, in the preceding session, they had existed on a kind of tolerance only; and that, in the divisions on the King's speech in spring 1830, they would have been thrown into a minority, but for the desertion of Mr Hobhouse and a large portion of the Whigs, avowedly done to prevent Ministers being outvoted. Every member of Parliament knew, before the reform question was ever agitated, that Ministers would be in a minority on the first important division. Such were the consequences of the divisions among the Tories, and the heart-burnings consequent on the adoption of a measure hostile to the feelings of a large and respectable part of their number.

"Il ne faut pas nous fâcher," said Napoleon, "*des choses passées.*" We refer to these facts merely as disproving the assertion, that it was the popular wish for Reform which overturned the Duke of Wellington's ministry. It fell owing to very different causes: prior concession was its original bane; grasping at popularity its inherent vice; the division among its friends the immediate cause of its overthrow.

In truth, nothing has so completely demonstrated the appalling danger of Reform, as the effect which has resulted from the prospect even of obtaining it. The vehemence of the democratic faction, the vigour of the revolutionary press, the extravagance of the levelling party, have been quau-

drupled since it was announced as a Cabinet question by the present Ministry. We are much mistaken if Lord Grey has not already found that his Reform has been changed at nurse.

The mania for Reform is now quite equal to the rage for joint-stock companies five years ago. We all recollect the mischief done by the warm and enthusiastic colouring which Lord Goderich, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave to the prospects of the nation at the commencement of 1824. Similar and greater disasters are threatened by the vigorous exertions made in favour of Reform at this time by the radical faction. It is not now individual fortunes which are likely to be ruined, but the institutions of society which are threatened with overthrow—the whole capital of the kingdom which is likely to become the victim of spoliation. If the measure be at all successful, no prudence or moderation on the part of Government will be able to prevent its consequences. They will speedily fall under the tempest they have excited, the moment they attempt to moderate its fury.

No argument is more frequently urged by the Reformers, and none is more utterly unfounded, than that the concession of Reform is the only way to prevent a revolution. In truth, there is no danger whatever of such a catastrophe but from its adoption.

We would widely err if we estimated the opinion of the really influential and respectable portion of the community, from the speeches at public meetings, or the intemperate discussions of the daily press. The quiet and inoffensive citizens do not frequent such assemblies; they detest the strife of the forum, and form their opinion by their firesides, from the obvious tendency of the proposed measure upon their interests and fortunes. The speeches of the violent reformers have fortunately unfolded their views: they see, that though a moderate and rational reform is contemplated by Ministers, most immoderate and irrational changes are looked for by the great bulk of their followers. They see, moreover, that even if the wisdom of the Cabinet were to reject all such extravagant projects at this time, the evil is only

postponed, not removed;—that the ground now gained by the levelling party would immediately be entrenched, and made the point from which future attacks would be directed against the constitution;—and that within a few years, every outwork would successively be lost, and the bulwark of order assailed from the very posts which had been established for its defence.

It is a trite observation, but not the less true, that the inroads of popular ambition are like the letting out of the waters: a child's hand can at first repair the chink in the dyke; but when the aperture is enlarged, and the flood has begun to rush through, the strength of a nation is unequal to the task. We need not turn to the French Revolution for a proof of this eternal truth. The history of the last three months demonstrates it in this country. The theme of all the reform meetings, the boast of all the democratic press, that "the cause of reform is making such rapid progress, that it is advancing with unheard of velocity, that you might as well stop the fall of Niagara as arrest its course," only demonstrates the extreme peril of agitating such subjects, and the inundation of revolutionary changes with which we would be overwhelmed if the projects of the reformers, even to the smallest extent, were carried into execution.

Of all the errors which are boldly put forth by the democratical party, and which, by constant repetition, impose upon the uninformed, there is none more extraordinary than the assertion, that the French Revolution was owing to the resistance made to popular reform. The fact is diametrically the reverse: its horrors were not owing to resistance, but concession. "The life of Louis XVI," says Mignet, the ablest of the republican historians, "was one uninterrupted course of ameliorations, without any good result. He fell under his projects of reform, as another monarch might have been expected to do from their refusal."^{*} "History will record," said Tronchet, in the eloquent peroration of his speech in defence of Louis, "that the king ascending the throne at 20 years of age, gave a shi-

ning example of morality, justice, and economy: he dishonoured it by no weakness, no corrupt passion, and he was the constant friend of the people. The people wished that a destructive tax should be removed—he removed it: they wished the abolition of servitude—he abolished it: they demanded reforms—he granted them: they wished to change the laws—he consented to it: they wished that millions of Frenchmen should recover their rights—he restored them: they demanded freedom—he gave it: no one can dispute that he had the glory of anticipating his people in sacrifices, and now he is himself demanded as such!—Citizens! I add no more; I pause before the Genius of history; but recollect that she will judge of your decision, and that hers will be the voice of ages." Well might the historian add, "it was all in vain: the passions were deaf, and incapable of foresight."[†]

In truth, whoever attentively considers the influence of passion on human conduct, and the history of revolutions, will be at no loss to perceive, that such consequences must necessarily result from the sudden concession of power to the people. On the verge of a revolution, and for years preceding it, the passions of all classes are roused, and of course the voice of reason is unheard. We have only to look, therefore, to the causes which inflame the passions of the individual, to discover what will convulse the frame of society in such circumstances. Now, what inflames the passion of love, or hope, or revenge? The prospect of success, and the near approach of gratification. The desire for reform with which all revolutions are more or less allied, is influenced by the same causes. It is repressed by the absence, and stimulated by the presence of hope. Meet it manfully, shew a determined front to the designs of the innovators, and the passion for change which, like love, lives only on hope, speedily dies. Concede any thing, rouse expectation of future acquisition, and the tempest of anarchy is at hand.

Let no one delude himself with the opinion, that there is no danger of a revolution in this country, be-

^{*} Mignet, i. 13.

[†] Ibid. i. 23.

cause we have not the real grievances to complain of which weighed down the French peasantry prior to the first revolution. He is but a novice in history who imagines that real grievances have much influence in producing revolutions. It is not experienced evil which excites the passions, but anticipated power. In no part of the world is oppression so severe as in Turkey; but in none is a revolution less likely; in none is it felt so little as in England, but in none is the revolutionary spirit in a certain class more powerful. France had not, for centuries, enjoyed such general prosperity as from 1815 to 1830; but the government under which all these advantages had been experienced, was annihilated, without any practical evil being felt, the moment it attempted to invade the influence of the people.

The state into which society has grown in Great Britain, in consequence of the immense extent of our manufacturing establishments, renders our population in a peculiar manner open to the seduction of revolutionary principles. Hundreds of thousands of men are assembled within a narrow compass, incessantly kept in communication with each other, and fed by the intemperate discussions of the public press. When they are told that all their distress is owing to the borough-mongers—that justice, equality, and universal prosperity, would immediately follow reform—that the public burdens would be instantly reduced by a popular parliament, is it surprising, if they imbibe revolutionary principles, and become ripe for any convulsion? In England, property is more unequally divided than in any other country in the world: 1,800,000 persons are stated by Colquhoun to be vagrants and paupers, while the great bulk of the national property is in the hand of a comparatively small number of individuals. The land is almost entirely engrossed by a few hundred great proprietors, and the labourers have seldom any fixed interest in the soil. This is a most dangerous state of society; at least as likely to lead to a convulsion as the old *régime* in France:

But if the condition of a large portion of the people renders the spread of revolutionary principles unavoid

able, the state of another affords the best security against their excesses. All that is necessary, is to rouse this great but inert mass into action. The higher and more enlightened classes possess a vigour and determination, a habit of acting for themselves, and combining for the public security, which do not belong to the aristocracy of any other country. The moment property is endangered, the most respectable part of the middling ranks will join them. The most unthinking must perceive, that if the property of the freeholders is menaced, (and reform, notwithstanding all the efforts of Ministry, would speedily lead to that,) public credit is gone: that every bank in the island would break—every man's creditors be instantly brought upon him, and universal bankruptcy deprive the lower orders of their only means of subsistence. The only danger consists in this powerful body being disunited: in timidity paralysing their ranks, and division of opinion rendering them incapable of any exertions for the common cause. *Now*, therefore, is the time: this is the moment to come forward, and steadily resist all those projects which, commencing with reform, would terminate with revolution. As yet, they are the ruling party; a powerful demonstration of strength, a triumphant vote in Parliament, would at once dispel the danger: if they are absent from their posts, or disunited, all the efforts of patriotism may hereafter be unable to avert unheard of public calamities.

It is worthy of especial consideration, what would be the consequence of any *sudden* accession, however small, to the influence of the popular party in the House of Commons. If twenty boroughs, now in the hands of the aristocracy, are disfranchised, and the representations given to twenty considerable unrepresented towns, there will be forty votes *added* to the popular, and forty *subtracted* from the aristocratic side. This, of itself, is sufficient to overturn the constitution. No one can doubt, that the whole, or nearly the whole, members returned by these great towns would be on the popular side. Every one knows with what difficulty the aristocracy maintain their ground against the encroach-

ments of their opponents, even under the present constitution of the House of Commons: what would they do if forty were withdrawn from their ranks, and added to those of their enemies?

When we use the word aristocracy, we mean the possessors of property, the higher classes generally, and not the titled proprietors in particular. In this sense, it includes all those whose expenditure and influence vivifies and directs the remainder of society.

No argument can be more unfounded than that which contends, that because the peers have a separate house of their own, therefore they should be excluded from any share in the commons, and that that branch of the Legislature should be yielded up entirely to the popular representatives. Whatever the theory of the constitution may have been, its working, as Delolme long ago observed, is, that the three powers balance themselves in the House of Commons. It is there that the real struggle is sought, and the equipoise of the constitution maintained. Nothing could be more discordant to society, more dangerous in its consequences, than to see the House of Peers and the House of Commons arrayed in open contest with each other: the one urging the ambition of the populace, the other actuated by the tenacity of the aristocracy. The example of France proves, that such a contest could not go on, without the peace of the state being endangered, and blood flowing from the collision of such opposing bodies. But if the peers are to be deprived of all influence in returning members for the lower house, how is such a collision to be prevented? If the House of Commons is composed of mere popular representatives, the aristocracy must either resign the struggle, or defend themselves within the precincts of their own branch of the legislature. And thus, on all the numerous questions in which the interests of the different classes of society run counter to each other—in the corn laws, the regulations of trade, the church tithes, &c., the indecent and ruinous spectacle would be presented of one branch of the legislature arrayed in open hostility against the other. All

this is prevented at present, by the unobtrusive and unnoticed contests between these different classes which go on in the House of Commons; and of this immense advantage we should be deprived, if reform were carried.

Farther, the supporters of reform forget that the peers are disqualified for such a contest by the important circumstance, that, by immemorial custom, they are excluded from the management of the public purse; and, consequently, do not possess the means of maintaining their ground against their adversaries. It is quite evident, that a body, possessing the exclusive control of a revenue of L.50,000,000, would speedily annihilate one that could reckon on nothing but the revenue of their private estates. Without supposing that they actually came to blows, the influence and ascendancy of the Commons, from this circumstance, would be paramount. In all societies of men, those who keep the purse speedily become the ruling power.

Are, then, the reformers prepared to concede to the House of Peers an equal share with the Commons, in originating, modifying, or negating money bills? Are they willing to have a Chancellor of Exchequer in the House of Lords, whose jurisdiction and powers are to be co-extensive with those of the same office in the House of Commons? And on what principle of justice can this be denied to the aristocracy, if they are to be deprived of the boroughs which alone permit them to be represented in the money assembly of the lower house? At present they are represented, because the members returned from their boroughs attend to their interests in the matter of taxation: but if they are deprived of their members, who is to attend to their interests? Certainly it will not be the members for the great cities, for they will be instructed by their constituents to lay as large a portion of taxation as possible on the nobility. Certainly it will not be the county members, for they will be sufficiently burdened with the maintenance of the interests of the commoner proprietors, without adopting those of the other branch of the Legislature. Certainly it will not be the tribunes of the

people, for they will be incessantly waging war with the aristocracy. Thus the result will be, that the greatest mass of property in the country must remain unrepresented in an assembly, disposing, with absolute sway, of the powers of taxation, and professing to represent all the great interests in the community.

The aristocracy, say the reformers, return a large proportion of the House of Commons. This is the eternal theme of complaint; and such a state of things is said to be an entire perversion of the object of the popular branch of the legislature. Unquestionably they do, and unquestionably they ought ever so to do. The greatest proprietors in the country ought to return the largest part of the representatives who are to dispose of the money concerns of the whole community.

The objection is founded entirely on the sound of words. It is inconsistent with freedom, say the reformers, that the peers should return any considerable number of members in the House of Commons. Call the House of Commons "the Finance Committee of the Nation," which it really is in the matter which we are now discussing; and the futility of the objection is at once apparent. Can any thing be more reasonable, than that the persons who have the greatest interests at stake, should have the principal voice in the management of the common purse?

Suppose an objection were made to the proceedings of a copartnery, or a body of creditors on a bankrupt estate, upon the ground that the greatest partners, or the largest creditors, had contrived to get a preponderating influence in the management of the common stock; would such an objection be tenable? Does not the law of every country, the practice of every copartnery, the common sense of mankind, demonstrate that such a result is indispensable for the common good? And what else is it that is so much complained of in the influence of peers in the House of Commons?

But property, it is urged, would still have its weight, even under the reformed system: its influence can

never be destroyed: what is desired is not to deprive it of its just preponderance, but of the undue ascendancy which it has acquired.

The private, or, as they are called, the rotten boroughs, are the channel by which this influence is *now* exercised, and it is this channel which it is proposed to stop up. If it be removed, in what way is the influence of property to be felt, except by bribing the electors? It is quite clear there is no other means of attaining the object: for experience has demonstrated, that when the elective franchise is generally thrown open, the lower orders become inaccessible to any other influence from the higher. In America, under the system of universal suffrage and vote by ballot, men of the greatest fortunes cannot command a single vote; their own menial servants vote against them. In France, upon the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly in 1791, the experiment was tried on a great scale, of the effect of universal suffrage; and the consequence was, that *not one* member was returned in the interest of the crown or the nobility. "The influence of the aristocracy," says Lacretelle, "was totally sunk in the Legislative Assembly; not one deputy was returned either in their interest, or that of the throne."* In so far, therefore, as experience goes, there is no reason to believe that wealth would possess any influence upon elections, if the elective franchise were considerably extended, except through the medium of actual corruption.

Bribery, it is said, is the immoral influence of wealth. Its genuine and legitimate influence is independent of such base expedients, and will remain the same under any, even the most liberal, system of government.† The argument is plausible, and has been ably put; but its sophistry is apparent upon attending to a well-known distinction.

Great possessions in the country, and among the rural population, unquestionably secure a certain degree of influence, if the landlords are resident among their tenantry, and conduct themselves with an ordinary degree of humanity towards the poor.

* Lacretelle, vii. 124.

† Westminster Review on Fallot.

If England were composed, as it once was, of such a peasantry, there would be comparatively little danger in reform. But the case is widely different with the manufacturers in towns, or with the manufacturing population in country villages. They have no sympathy with their employers—they are bound to them by no ties of affection—swayed by no feelings of common advantage. The landlord generally knows his tenantry, and the connexion between them descends from father to son: the master manufacturer knows nothing of his operatives, and his employment of them is often as transient as their affections. History, in every age, has recorded examples of the country proprietors taking the field, supported by their tenantry; but it has none to produce of manufacturers appearing, backed by their workmen, except in support of revolutionary projects. Santerre, and the great manufacturers of the Fauxbourg St Antoine, came forth at the head of their terrific bands of pikemen, to besiege the National Convention, and attend the cars that led the victims from the prisons to the guillotine: but on none but such occasions have the manufacturing classes been in the least swayed by their employers.

It is impossible it should ever be otherwise. Large bodies of men, when assembled together, are always governed by their passions: the manufacturers, from being permanently put in close contact with each other, are everlastingly in the condition of a mob. Attachment to their superiors or employers they have none; jealousy and animosity towards them they have in abundance. The radical press rapidly circulates through their dense columns, incessantly stimulating their passions, and urging them to measures of hostility to the higher classes in the state. It is in vain to say, their interests will teach them to act otherwise. Interest and the deductions of reason have no influence when the passions are excited. It had none at Paris, though the first effect of the glorious three days was to steep the artisans who gained them in unheard of misery: it had none at Brussels, though the Flemings were immediately reduced to the most squalid wretchedness: it had none in Ireland, though the con-

tinued agitation of that unhappy country blasts its inhabitants with a desolation worse than the simoom of the desert.

Indeed, if the matter be considered abstractly, there seems no reason to doubt that this always must be the case with representatives chosen by the great body of the people. There is a natural jealousy in the middling orders of their superiors; an aversion which is so nearly allied to noble and independent feeling, that it is impossible either to wonder at or blame it. It will subsist as long as the human race. It was as strong in the days of Gracchus and Marius as at this time. It will be found admirably stated in the speech of Marius in the Jugurthine war. Declamations against the vices of the nobility; invectives at patrician corruption; extravagant eulogiums on plebeian virtue, always have, and always will be, the most popular topics with the middling and lower ranks. It consoles them for the inequality of fortune, to have the pleasure, at least, of abusing those who are above them.

Nothing can demonstrate the prevalence of this feeling so strongly in the people in this country, as the character of the journals which have the largest circulation among the middling ranks. Read the papers which are most in request with that numerous body. Are they the moderate or aristocratic papers, those which support the Constitution as it stands, and throw cold water on the sanguine anticipations of the reformers? These journals are universally abandoned, and the whole columns of the popular newspapers filled with invectives against the higher orders. This disposition, being a fixed principle in human nature, may be calculated upon with perfect certainty, as one of the moving powers in society. Every plan of reform must be founded on this, as an inherent principle in the machine.

But if this be the case even at this time, how much more strongly would the same principle operate, if reform were carried, and the ambition of the lower orders continually excited by exercise of their franchise! The abuse of the higher orders in the London press is already sufficiently strong, but it is nothing to what would ensue if reform were carried. This is the usual

progress of all such changes. Stronger flattery of the populace is required, more abject submission to the majesty of the people imposed, with every successive addition made to their power. Moderate language is immediately derided; extravagant eulogiums upon themselves, unmeasured vituperation of their superiors, considered as an essential preliminary to the favour of the people. To those who are unacquainted with the history of the French Revolution, it is hardly credible in how short a time this change in the popular taste can be effected. To those who are, innumerable illustrations of these observations will suggest themselves.

If such be the unavoidable tendency of human nature, upon every concession of power to the lower orders, upon what conceivable basis, save actual corruption, is the influence of the great proprietors to be founded? Let any man say, whether a great Tory proprietor in the neighbourhood of Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, or Glasgow, could induce the householders of those great cities to support him in a contest with a popular candidate. Who are the members returned for Westminster, Preston, Middlesex? If the right of voting be extended to a great number of similar places, popular representatives of the same description will be returned from them all.

But if the aristocracy are to be driven to the necessity of expending their fortunes to maintain their ground against the incessant attacks of the democracy, what a boundless scene of corruption and venality must ensue! The late scandalous scenes at the election in an English great town, demonstrate in how wholesale a manner corruption will be carried on, when it is necessary for men of fortune to exert themselves to secure the return from numerous bodies of electors. The gratuity of ten or fifteen pounds a man, is the simple expedient by which, and by which alone, a return from large classes of electors can be secured.

Thus the result of reform will be, either that the higher ranks will lose their influence altogether, and become the victims of the encroachment and spoliation of their inferiors, or that, in defence of their existence, they will be driven to an extensive

system of corruption. Either alternative is infinitely to be dreaded. The first is the commencement of a revolution; the last is poisoning the sources of freedom, and converting the poor into the hireling supporters of the rich.

No method could be devised by which the influence of the aristocracy, that influence which is essential to the existence of a mixed government, could be secured in a way so little obnoxious, so little subversive of public morals, so little conducive to corruption, so little galling to the feelings of the people, as by the decayed boroughs. It is usual to hold up these boroughs, Old Sarum, for example, in which there are only two or three voters, as the most scandalous instances of corruption. It might with as much reason be contended, that a city in which there are only two or three alehouses, is the most scandalous example of inebriety. If corruption is to be exercised, it is incomparably better that it should be dispensed on a *few* than a number of voters; on two or three householders in Cornwall, or ten or twelve bailies in Scotland, than on 20,000 or 30,000 weavers in Manchester, or as many radicals at Glasgow. The conduct of the reformers who exclaim against corruption in the rotten boroughs with one breath, and with another contend for the extension of the elective franchise to hundreds of thousands of corruptible weavers at another, is just as absurd as it would be to condemn two or three gin-shops in back alleys of the city, and at the same time set up two or three thousand in all the streets of the metropolis.

The aristocracy of land and of wealth will not submit without a struggle to be deprived of all their influence. The great merchants, bankers, and freeholders, will soon discover the tendency of the violent reformers: they will see that, under the name of reducing the burdens of the people, a fatal blow will be struck at public credit, and all their enterprises ruined by general bankruptcy. The landholders will see that the church is only the first victim; that their own estates are the real and ultimate object, and that strenuous exertions must be made to avert a catastrophe worse than death itself.

Corruption, incessant wholesale corruption, *must* be practised to dilute the fountains of popular ambition, by mingling with them the poison of private selfishness. The great cities, like the Prætorian Guards of Rome, will sell the empire to the highest bidder; and corruption, emerging from the decent obscurity of the rotten boroughs, will stalk with shameless prostitution through the land, and convert the rights of freemen into the vehicle of the basest passions.

Our object, say the reformers, is not revolution but restoration. We do not wish to change the constitution, but to remove those excrescences which time has fastened upon its parts. The observation is plausible, and has been illustrated with much eloquence; but it admits of an easy answer. Can the reformers, when they abolish the decayed boroughs, abolish at the same time the changes in society which have rendered them necessary? Can they abolish the millions of manufacturers who have sprung up within the last century, crowded together in great cities, limited in information, profligate in habits, reckless in disposition? Can they abolish the swarms of Irish who are always ready to fill up the vacancies in the ranks of labour, lowering thereby their wages, degrading their habits, augmenting their discontent? Can they abolish the national debt, which is a continual source of oppression to the people, and yet cannot be touched without producing evils far greater than its continuance? Can they abolish the democratic press, which panders with incessant activity to the diseased appetites of these enormous assemblages of men; ever inflaming their passions, never strengthening their reason, or correcting their infirmities? Can they abolish the mental cultivation which has given the craving for political excitation to multitudes incapable of acquiring the information, or exercising the thought, which political subjects require? Can they restore the good old days of English simplicity; when the moral evils of manufacturing cities were unknown; when the largest borough out of London did not contain 20,000 inhabitants; when every three or four acres had their little farmer; when the barons lived in rustic plenty on their

estates, diffusing plenty by their hospitality, exercising influence by their example? If they can do this, they may with some reason contend for the disfranchisement of the decayed boroughs; if not, let them not deceive mankind by professions of restoring the Constitution to its pristine state, or destroy the bulwarks which time has gradually raised against the new and portentous flood of democracy.

There is no person who must not be sensible that the power of the people "has increased, and is increasing." Whether it ought to be diminished, is an ulterior question, upon which parties will of course differ; but the simple fact that it has increased, is too obvious to admit of dispute. Indeed, it is upon the assumption of this fact, that the reformers ground their main argument for a change in the state of the representation, because it is said the Constitution must be modified according to the increased intelligence of the lower orders. But if this be the fact upon which all parties are agreed, on what principle of expedience are their passions to be inflamed by a still farther increase? If there were any symptoms of the liberties of the people being on the decline; if the popular journals were fast veering round to arbitrary principles; if the people were become careless or negligent of their rights; if infringements on public freedom were evidently in the contemplation of Government, and passive acquiescence were to be expected from the people, then it would indeed be reasonable to propose reform, as the only means of reviving the democratic spring of the Constitution. But if the reverse of all this is avowedly the case; if the power of the people is evidently increasing with extraordinary rapidity; if the boast of the reformers be true, that at every successive dissolution of Parliament a number of boroughs are thrown open, and that on no occasion did this happen to such an extent as on the last election; if the aristocracy are now evidently and avowedly overmatched by the Commons, where is the expedience, or what is the necessity for the concession of additional Parliamentary influence to the popular party? If a man's pulse be already risen to 100,

is that any reason for invigorating his system with brandy till it rises to 120? If the system already evince a flow of blood to the head, is that a reason for indulging him in seasoned dishes until the tendency to apoplexy is irremediable?

In the lapse of time, the popular and aristocratic influence have become predominant in different parts of the country; but, upon the whole, their opposing powers have been so nearly balanced, that no violent change has taken place in the constitution, nor any thing farther been effected than a considerable addition to the power of the people. Cornwall and Scotland are the great fortresses of the aristocratic; London and the manufacturing districts, of the democratic factions. If the fortresses are to be dismantled on either, it should be on *both sides*. If the Scotch and Cornish boroughs, which enable the aristocracy to maintain the struggle with the democracy, are to be demolished, then let the great fountains of democracy be closed; let the manufacturing districts be shorn of their members, and the agitation of the London press discontinued. If the reformers will propose this, then they will have some title to insist for the demolition of the strongholds of the aristocracy; if not, there is no reciprocity in their measures, and under the name of reform they are really aiming at the extinction of the opposite party.

The reformers printed lists of the majority and minority on the famous division on Sir H. Parnell's motion, which threw out the late ministers, and pointed with exultation to the difference between the county members of England and those of Scotland. Two-thirds of the former, it was said, voted against ministers; two-thirds of the latter in their favour. This was deemed decisive in favour of reform in Scotland. It is astonishing that they did not see that the inference lay the other way. Assuming that to have been a trial of strength between the conservative and reforming party, is it not clear, that if the composition of the English county members be such, that two-thirds of them incline to the democratic, it is indispensable that the Scotch and borough members should incline to the aristocratic side? If

they did not do this, the whole weight would be on one side, and the constitution speedily subverted.

This is the true answer to the constant complaints which are made of the elections in Scotland, and of the close boroughs in England. They are the means, and the only means, by which the aristocracy in either country maintain their ground, and the constitution is prevented from being swallowed up in the flood of democracy. The very fact to which the reformers so constantly refer in favour of their argument, viz. that the county members of England, and those who are elected for large boroughs, are for the most part favourable to reform, that is, inclined to the democracy, is decisive against any farther change in the representation. It demonstrates that the popular party have already got as much as is consistent with the existence of a mixed government; and that if they got more, or the aristocracy lose any part of what they now possess, the balance will be so loaded on the other side, that the equilibrium will be destroyed, and a revolution must ensue.

To make out a case of expedience, the reformer should be able to shew that the fact was just the reverse; that the most popularly elected members were the most disposed to uphold the Constitution; that the county members of England were the firmest friends of the existing order of things; and then they might come forward with much reason and argue: "You now see how it is; the county members, the representatives of the great towns, are for the most part ranged on the side of Government. Liberty is evidently endangered; an infusion of popular vigour is requisite to prevent the privileges of the people from being overwhelmed by the ascendancy of the aristocracy." Can any man of sense doubt that *this reasoning* would indeed be well founded; and that in such circumstances of declining public spirit and endangered liberty, an infusion of popular power would really be requisite? But how can the same change be required in circumstances confessedly just the reverse? If reform would be requisite upon the decay of popular influence in the Constitution, how can it be also requisite upon its increase?

According to the arguments of the popular party, the stronger they are, the more power they should receive in the Legislature. This was just the principle of Napoleon; the stronger he was the more he required; and because he was fenced round with the Confederation of the Rhine and a girdle of vassal thrones, therefore it was indispensable that he should demolish Russia also. It is curious to observe how ambition in every department of human affairs adopts the same principles. Possibly there may be a retreat from Moscow for popular as well as imperial ambition.

The three great causes which render the maintenance of the aristocratic boroughs indispensable to the balance of the Constitution, are, 1. The prodigious increase of our manufacturing population. 2. The experienced democratic tendency of that body. 3. The revolutionary tendency of the public press, which feeds their passions.

In every age, and in every part of the world, large manufacturing bodies have been actuated by turbulent and democratic principles. The democracies of Athens and Rome in ancient, of Florence and Genoa in modern times, were nothing but the artisans and manufacturers of those great cities. Ghent and Bruges have in every age been turbulent in the extreme; and Lyons and Rouen were, through all the French Revolution, the stronghold of extreme republican principles. It was from the Fauxbourg St Antoine, the seat of all the manufactories of Paris, that those terrific bands issued,—who deluged France with blood, and filled every house with mourning. And it was on the same spot, and to support the same principles, that those columns proceeded, who, by overturning the Bourbon dynasty, have already steeped Paris in unheard of distress, and promise to unfurl the standard of revolution through Europe. What the principles of our manufacturers are, is already known, from the journals which they read. Nobody take in papers which displease them; and the manufacturers read nothing but the most extreme radical publications.

The number of this democratic body is a most formidable consideration. From the census of 1821, it appears, that out of a population of somewhat above 14,000,000, only 4,800,000 were employed in agriculture.* At this time, it is certain, that the population of the island exceeds 15,000,000; and that of them, only 5,000,000 are employed in the cultivation of the soil. In other words, *two-thirds* of the whole population are engaged in trade and manufactures. The great bulk of this enormous body are, and ever will remain, attached to radical principles. If any approach to universal suffrage is made, two-thirds of the House of Commons will be returned in their interest, and they will soon rival the Constituent Assembly of France.

Every concession, however small, made to the manufacturing interest in the House of Commons, is to the highest degree dangerous. They are already too strong, and have been gradually becoming so for a century back. The same silent change which has covered rural districts with crowded cities, and converted two-thirds of our people into artisans, has wrought a corresponding alteration in the balance of power in the Constitution. The power of the manufacturers "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Concede to them Parliamentary reform, even in a modified form, and they will speedily become irresistible. The present clamour is raised precisely because they know that, if conceded, it will make them the ruling power in the State.

The liberal and radical press is another *power in the Constitution*, the growth of the last forty years, which has already become of the most formidable character. Nothing is more erroneous than to imagine that public discussion, as now carried on in this country, leads to the present extrication of truth. It tends, on the contrary, more than any thing else, to the diffusion of error. Truth will indeed be in the end triumphant; but it will become so only on the cooling of passion, and the decay of interest. *It will not be found while the newspapers are seeking it.*

* Hamilton, 121.

Future ages will observe, with astonishment, the mental hallucinations under which the present generation have laboured. The delusion about the national debt was one; the joint-stock mania a second; the cry for reform a third. It is the public press which perpetuates and spreads these baneful eras of national insanity. Nobody reads any thing but what coincides with his wishes; the arguments are followed which fall in with preconceived opinions; none other so much as looked at. The moment either party meet with any thing hostile to their wishes, they lay it aside; but there is this essential difference between the two, that the clamour of the reformers, as it is addressed to the passions of the great bulk of readers, becomes proportionally louder, and forces itself upon the consideration of the opposite party; while the arguments of their opponents, being acceptable to a comparatively inconsiderable class, are less heard of, and remain utterly unknown to the great body of the people.

Public opinion, of which so much is said, when formed upon the public press or the events of the day, and not on a cool consideration of history, is just as unworthy of consideration as the transports of a mob. It is all formed on hearing one side only. It is not like the verdict of a jury, made up on a consideration of the evidence on both sides; eleven out of the twelve, of the great jury of the nation, stop their ears the moment the evidence for the opposite party begins.

"It is for the interest of the people," say the reformers, "that they should be well governed; they, therefore, will choose the best representatives: the thing is as clear as demonstration."* It is for the interest of mankind, it may be added, not to sin; vice is as imprudent as it is dangerous: therefore, all men will be virtuous. To hold that the *real* interests of men always govern their actions, is to know little, very little, of human nature. Does youth, thoughtless extravagant youth, never follow the career of passion, to the utter ruin of the real and permanent inte-

rests of life? Is the voice of reason always heard in opposition to that of passion? Whence the hundred thousand prostitutes who nightly walk the streets of London, or the ten thousand illegitimate children who are annually thrown upon the public in Paris? Whence the innumerable gin-shops, which disgrace the metropolis, and swallow up all the fortunes of life, for the gratification of a few intoxicated moments? When these evils have ceased; when intoxication is unknown, irregular passion exterminated, and sober industry universal, the people may, possibly, follow their real interests in the choice of representatives, but not till then.

Was it for the real interests of the electors of Preston to return Mr Hunt? Has reason been triumphant, passion unfelt, at all the reform meetings which have been held to support the administration in the measures they are to propose? Were the French electors all governed by reason when they returned the Constituent Assembly which unhinged the fabric of society, or the Convention which bathed the nation in blood? One would imagine that history is forgotten in political discussion at this time; the best proof that the people will *not* choose proper representatives is, that they are deemed capable, by able men, of being misled by such an argument.

Deeming themselves secure, under the wings of administration, of obtaining reform, the democratic party have lately made the most strenuous efforts to support *vote by ballot*. This, it is said, will effectually prevent bribery. Nobody will buy a secret vote. By this simple expedient corruption will be destroyed, and the constitution restored to its pristine purity.

If it were really true that the ballot would destroy bribery, we hold that of itself a decisive argument against its adoption. If it be true that the great bulk of the manufacturing interests, and of the inhabitants of towns generally, are, and ever must be, democratical in their principle, then the adoption of a mode of election, which destroys the influence of wealth, gives the finishing stroke to the aristocracy, the free-

holders, and the proprietors of every description. If the borough electors are to be swayed by nothing but their inclinations, independent of the sway of property, the great majority of them will return a revolutionary parliament as certainly as a stone will fall to the ground. The law of gravitation is not more fixed or universal than the democratic tendency of all such bodies of men.

It is in vain to say, that the *interests* of the electors will induce them to pause before they return a parliament inclined to support such extreme measures. Did not the electors of France, the moment they obtained vote by ballot and an extended representation, return the Convention which brought the king to the scaffold, consigned 200,000 captives to the revolutionary dungeons, and supported the unspeakable horrors of the Reign of Terror? Do not the American electors, who vote by ballot, return a set of men, so slavishly bound to their separate interests, that no man of independence or fortune will submit to the degradation; and that they are actually obliged to pay their Deputies at Congress a *salary* to enable them to bear their expenses? Have not the Americans, in consequence, been driven by separate interests into a set of illiberal commercial measures, utterly ruinous to the best interests of the state? And what do these examples prove, but that the lower orders, voting for themselves by secret ballot, are alternately swayed by their immediate interests and their sanguinary passions; destroying, at one time, their whole superiors to gratify their revenge or quiet their fears; and drying up, at another, the real sources of national prosperity to forward the local interests of the prevailing faction?

If, therefore, the matter came to a choice of evils, it would be incomparably better to have corruption at elections, and preserve the Constitution, than to get quit of it by vote by ballot, and bring on a revolution. It is no doubt a degrading thing to see the people of a great town openly and avowedly swayed by mercenary motives; but it is a thousand times better than to see a whole nation overwhelmed by a democratic convulsion. If the passions of the peo-

ple are to be the moving principle of Government, we would rather it was their passion for gold than their passion for blood. If a revolting spectacle must be exhibited, it is better to see drunken manufacturers spending their bribes at the alehouse, than millions of industrious men writhing under the agonies of famine, as they are now doing in Flanders, from the insane passions of demagogues.

But the truth is, that the vote by ballot would *not* extinguish corruption. Human ingenuity is too strong for any such precautions; the thirst for gold too powerful to be checked by any possible devices. In a country such as Britain, where such mighty interests are at stake in the Government, where men of fortune have such powerful motives for entering the Legislature, wealth will always be exerted to command a place, till it is utterly swept away by a revolution. In one obvious way bribery may be continued in spite of the ballot. A *whole borough* may be purchased, as the Prætorian Guards of old, by a promised gratuity to every man, in the event of a particular candidate being successful. One candidate lets it be understood that, in the event of his being returned, he will give L.20 to every elector; another goes as high as L.30. The electors lay their heads together, as the Roman prætorians, and see weighty and sufficient reasons for preferring the L.30 candidate. The election takes place by ballot—the L.30 candidate is elected—and each elector gets that sum. No money is paid till the return is made, and the election unchallengeable; the candidate incurs no expense till his object is gained, and every thing goes smoothly on. At a recent election in England, it is said, this plan was adopted, and that every elector pocketed L.13, 14s. on a subsequent division of the spoil. Against this species of bribery, the ballot is no sort of protection; and that it will be adopted, if that fatal measure is carried, is as certain as that the passion for gold will then actuate mankind, if not suspended by the passion for power.

Thus the introduction of vote by ballot will unnecessarily and gratuitously do mischief. The baser passions will love the shelter of a hidden act; multitudes, who are shamed into

an upright vote by the prospect of exposure, will yield to the unseen temptation of mending their fortune. Bribery will be applied to the whole mass of the citizens; and independence, unable to stem the torrent, and deprived of the public reward of virtue, will, in hopeless resignation, yield to the baser motive. Corruption will be increased, because the multitudes who share it will at once diminish responsibility, and extinguish shame; and the safeguards, both of private virtue and public security, irrecoverably destroyed, for no other purpose but to afford concealment to venality and accelerate the march of revolution.

As the Constitution now stands, every interest is substantially represented. The agricultural interest send forth the county members,—men, in general, of ancient and respectable descent,—whose personal or family influence goes much beyond the numerical strength of their votes. The manufacturers, besides the cities which they actually command, purchase numbers of the aristocratic boroughs; and the most strenuous supporters of their interests are to be found in the representatives of the Cornish and Scottish freeholders. Nobody can maintain that *their* interests, at least, are not fully attended to in Parliament. The aristocratic party are represented by such of the close boroughs as are not sold to the mercantile or manufacturing interest; the radicals, by the members for the populous cities. Young men of talent, from the bar, or connected with the old families, are selected to support the different parties in Parliament, and thus obtain an entrance into the Legislature, which they could not obtain under any other system. In this way the aristocratic, the commercial, and the democratic parties are blended together; and each body obtain, by the purchase of boroughs or the members returned in their interest, an adequate share in the Legislature.

Who can ensure that, under the reformed or more democratical constitution which is proposed, the same, or any balance at all, will be maintained? How are young men of talent, such as Mr Canning, Mr Brougham, Mr Sheridan, or Mr Pitt, to obtain seats under the new sys-

tem? They will be entirely excluded; for talent, unless actuated by the basest motives, will never submit to the degradation necessarily imposed upon the candidates for favour from a corruptible mob. In America, they have long since been utterly excluded from Congress; and their debates are conducted by a mere band of pensioned delegates, compelled to maintain the separate and rival interests of the bodies by whom they have been elected.

No delusion can be more dangerous, than that reform may be safely conceded if it does not go too far. It might as well be said, that the outworks of a fortification might safely be abandoned if the rampart is maintained. The democratic party are insatiable. They never will be satisfied till republican institutions prevail; and how can they exist with a national debt of L.28,000,000 yearly, with great estates and a titled nobility? Let the example of Ireland prove a warning, where every concession has been immediately followed by increased demands; and the country never was so near revolt as after the great tranquillizing measure which was held out as the only means of pacifying it. Let the example of France prove a warning, where reform, amelioration, and concession, were the harbingers of revolution; where the nobility, after voluntarily surrendering all their privileges, were rewarded by confiscation, banishment, and proscription; and the King, whose whole life had been an incessant series of concessions, was at length brought to an ignominious death. It is the nature of sudden concession to produce such fatal effects, because it excites the passions and awakens the hopes of a revolution.

The early friends of reform, the greatest statesmen of England, checked the cry of innovation, when it was excited, not by the experienced wants of their country, but the influence of foreign example. Mr Burke and Mr Pitt, who both supported it in early life, became its strongest enemies when the French Revolution had proved its consequences and spread its contagion. Nothing can be so absurd, as to accuse them of inconsistency for so doing. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

—The statesman must adapt his measures to the temper of the times, and not look for the sun all day in the east, because it once rose there in the morning.

Does the present state of society afford no reasons for similar caution? Is this the time to select for a sudden and portentous change in the Constitution, when the minds of men have been so strongly excited by the events in the neighbouring kingdom, where the revolutionary fever has again broke out, and the reckless and desperate in every country are roused from inactivity by the extraordinary success of the French convulsion? Changes which might be safely introduced in ordinary periods, become to the last degree perilous when following such an example.

Does the present state of France or Belgium afford any argument for an extension of the democratic spirit by enlarging the elective franchise in England? Look at the public securities of those countries. The French three per cents, which were at 87 in June, are now at 62. Two-thirds of the mercantile houses of Paris have become bankrupt; the misery pervading its dense population has been unequalled since the days of Robespierre. How are the government proposing to draw off the excited spirits, and employ the destitute workmen, of their country? By plunging in foreign wars, and leading the republican legions again into the career of European conquest. Such is the natural career of revolutions; convulsion produces misery, and misery goads on to war. War, in its turn, restores order, and liberty perishes in the conflagration she has raised. With this terrible prospect before our eyes, is there no warning to the legislators of Britain to beware; to leave any, even the smallest changes, to peaceable times, and cling the more steadily to the ark of the Constitution, that it is assailed by the winds and buffeted by the waves?

The duty of the nobles and commons of England in this emergency is sufficiently evident. Let them firmly resist the clamour for innovation; let them disregard the threats of revolt; let them rally round the conservative party. A little longer,

and it may be too late. One reforming measure carried, and the democratic party are entrenched in the Legislature, never again to be shaken. Their fortunes, their lives, the salvation of their country, are at stake. There is no evading the danger but by steady and determined resistance. But to be able to face it, the fatal divisions of former times must be forgotten. They have brought the country, by their disunion, to the brink of ruin. Every man must be at his post; unbroken union among the friends of the Constitution is indispensable to save it from farther inroads.

And steady and determined resistance will most certainly save the Constitution. The excitement of the moment must subside if it is not kept alive by the prospect of victory. With such a prospect it never will be extinguished. Yield any thing, and no eye can foresee a termination to the convulsion; hold by the Constitution, and their speedy termination is at hand. Let the House of Commons pass one decided vote on the question, and the danger is at an end.

Revolt is never dangerous in any country but when it is headed by a large portion of the higher ranks; least of all is such a catastrophe to be dreaded but from such a beginning in this country. There has never been a revolution in England which was not headed by the House of Commons; never a formidable insurrection but such as was led by the nobility. Revolution will never begin but with measures adopted by the Legislature. The conflagrations of the peasantry are nowise formidable; mere physical strength, unsupported by moral influence, is speedily checked. It is the conflagration springing from rash measures of reform which is to be dreaded; it is the words spoken from authority that set the world on fire. Steadily resisting all such projects, let the British Legislature set themselves, not to "disturb the peace of all the world," but "to rule it when 'tis wildest;" let them attend only to the real evils of the country, and disregard the visionary projects for a novel distribution of its powers; let them investigate the condition of

its poor, soften the severity of its laws, widen the channels of its industry.—By so doing, they may not gain the applause of the multitude; they may not be the idols of the populace one day, to become their victims the next; but they will command the esteem of the enlightened,

and secure the admiration of the good; and when the madness of the people has passed away, when the spectre of discord has sunk, they will be venerated by the reformers themselves, not less for what they have refused than for what they have bestowed.

THE STORY OF AZIMANTIUM.

CONCLUDED.

MENENIUS sat in the lonely hut which had been appointed for his dwelling, and while the shadows of night fell like the darkening hues of time, as they come deeper and deeper upon the brightness of our youth, hope waxed faint in his heart, and dim despondency spread like twilight over his mind. Alone, in the midst of a wild and barbarous land, the depths of whose obscure forest were probably unknown even to the fierce monarch whose sway they owned, how could he, unfriended, unaided, dream that he would ever discover that lost jewel, which had been torn from the coronet of his happiness? Never! never! never! to behold her again! To journey through a weary life, and fall into the chill, solitary tomb, without the blessed light of those dear eyes which had been the starlike lamps of his existence—to dwell for ever in ignorance of her fate, while his fancy, like the damned in Hades, could find nothing but the bitter food of horror and despair—Such was his destiny.

“Attila the king!” exclaimed aloud voice, as he pondered, and Menenius stood face to face with the Monarch of the North, while the light of the pinewood torch glared red upon the dark features of the Scythian, and gave to those grim and powerful lines a sterner character and fiercer shade. His voice was gentle, however; and, seating himself on the couch, he spoke with words which had in them the tone of unshared, undisputed, unlimited authority, but elevated by the consciousness of mental greatness, and tempered by admiration and esteem.

“Chief of Azimantium,” said the Hun, “while the slaves of a vain

and treacherous king wait long ere they are permitted to breathe the same air with Attila, the king of nations disdains not to visit the leader of the brave. Mark me, thou chief of the last free sons of Greece! The sword of thy country is broken—the sceptre of thine emperors passed away. The seed is gathered which shall sow grass in the palaces of kings—the clouds are collected which shall water the harvest of desolation. Greek, I boast not of my victories—it sufficeth Attila to conquer. But calmly, reasonably measure thy people against mine, and think whether the small band of Azimantians, were they all inspired by the God of battles with courage like thine own, could save the whole of degenerate Greece from the innumerable and warrior people of the north. What—what can Azimantium do, all unsupported, against a world?”

“Each son of Azimantium,” replied Menenius, “can offer up a hecatomb of Scythian strangers, and give his soul to heaven upon the wings of victory. This will Azimantium—and then—perish Greece!”

A shadow passed across the monarch’s brow.

“Be not too proud,” he said, “be not too proud! A better fate may yet befall thy city and thy land. So well does Attila love Azimantium, that he claims her as his own from the Greek emperor; and to win her citizens to willingness, he offers his daughter—his loved—his lovely daughter to her chief. Pause!” he added, seeing the quivering of Menenius’ lip; “pause and think! Reply not! but remember that thus may Greece be saved—that the safety or destruction of thy land is upon thy tongue. Pause, and let the sun rise

twice upon the meditation of thine answer."

Thus spoke the monarch, and in a moment after, the Azimantine chief was once more left to solitude. Deep and bitter was the smile of contempt that curled the lip of Menenius; for in the proud glory of his own heart, he forgot how low Greece had fallen amongst the people of the earth, and in the imperishable memory of his love, the mention of another bride was but as the raving of insanity. "I!—I!—Menenius of Azimantium—I wed the daughter of the barbarian! I become a subject of the Hun!—I forget Honoria!"

Another day went down, and Menenius, with the Grecian ambassador, was seated in the halls of Attila, at the banquet which the proud monarch gave at once to the envoys of the Eastern and Western empire. On a raised platform in the midst of the hall was the couch and table of Attila, covered with fine linen and precious stuffs, while fifty small tables on either side were spread out for the guests invited to the royal feast. An open space was before the board of the monarch, and behind him the hall was filled with a dark fantastic crowd of guards, and attendants, and barbarian slaves. On the same couch with Attila sat his daughter Iërnë,—that beautiful daughter whom Menenius had beheld at the dwelling of Bleda's widow; and as the Azimantine chief passed by, and poured the required libation to "Attila the Brave," the maiden's eyes fixed motionless on the ground, and the blood rose fast into her cheek, like the red morning sun rising up into the pale twilight sky. Menenius passed on unchanged and cold, and took his place with Maximin, the ambassador of Theodosius.

The fare of Attila was plain and rude, but the tables of his guests were spread with all that the fearful luxury of Rome itself could have culled from earth and sea. Ere long the cupbearer filled the golden goblet, and the monarch, rising from his couch, drank to Berek, the bravest of the Huns. Again, after a pause, he rose, but the cup was given him by his daughter, and Attila drank to Menenius, the bravest of the Greeks! Quick and sparkling flowed the mead, and then an old grey man poured

the wild chords of a barbaric lyre, a song of triumph and of battles, while at every close he proclaimed Attila's bridal day. At length a bright troop of young and happy maidens led in, surrounded by their linked arms, three brighter than themselves, from whom the Monarch of the North was about to choose a new partner for his mighty throne. Their faces were veiled; but through the long white robes that clothed them shone out that radiant light of grace and beauty which nothing can conceal. Slowly, and as if reluctant, they were brought into the monarch's presence. * *

Why quivered the lip of Menenius? Why strained his eye upon that first veiled figure? The veil is gone!—To him! To him she stretches forth her hands!—The table and banquet is dashed to atoms at his feet, and Honoria is in Menenius' arms.

A thousand swords sprang from their sheaths—a thousand javelins quivered round the hall. Traitor! Madman! Sacrilegious slave! was shouted in a thousand fierce voices, and a thousand barbarous tongues. But unquailing in the midst stood the Azimantine chief—his left arm round the beating heart of his young bride—his right, armed with that sword which had bowed many a hero to the dust, raised appealing to the Scythian king. "Monarch of the Huns," he cried, "this is the captive I have come to seek. As you are a man—as you are a warrior—as you are a king! By your oath—by your honour—by your justice! yield her to me, her promised husband, and put us safely off your land. Then if of all these brave and mighty men," he added with a frown, "who draw the sword against a single Greek, there be but ten who will meet me brow to brow in the battle plain, I will write it in their blood that I am neither slave nor traitor, but a bold man, who dares to claim and to defend his own!"

Fierce wrath, stern revenge, majestic admiration, had swept over the countenance of Attila, like the broken masses of a rent thunder-cloud hurled over the sky by the succeeding blast. "Hold!" he cried; "Warriors! put up your swords. Chief of Azimantium! you rob me of a bride; but if this be the captive you have come to seek, Attila's word

is given, and safely, surely, she shall be returned to her home, were she as lovely as the moon. But with you, Greek, with your companions, Maximin, Priscus, and Vigilius, the king has still to deal, and, after what has befallen this day, expect nothing more than justice." As he spoke, he rolled his dark eyes fearfully around, then suddenly raised his hand, exclaiming, "Now, warriors! now!" and before he could strike a blow, Menenius, unprepared, was seized on all sides, and bound tight in every limb, together with the envoys from Theodosius.

All, for an instant, was wild confusion. Honoria, with the other women, were hurried from the hall; and Menenius found himself ranged with Priscus and Maximin before the throne of Attila; while, in the deathlike, ashy, quivering countenance of Vigilius, the interpreter, who stood beside him, he read detected guilt and certain death.

"Hired murderers, sent by an imperial slave to slay his conqueror and master," exclaimed Attila, after he had gazed for some minutes upon the Greeks, "do ye not tremble to find your baseness exposed in the eyes of all the universe? Stand forth, Edecon, and tell the warriors of Attila, how these men came here, under the garb of ambassadors; to slay by treachery, in peace, the king that, by battle, they could not vanquish in war. And you, warriors, lay not your hands upon your swords—Attila will do justice to Attila."

At the command of the king, Edecon, who had been ambassador for Attila at Constantinople, stood forth, and declared, that in an interview with the Eunuch Chrysaphius, that favourite of the weak Monarch of the East had proposed to him the assassination of his master, and offered him an immense reward. He had affected to consent, and had that very day received a purse of gold and jewels from Vigilius, the interpreter, who was privy to the whole. The plot he had instantly communicated to Attila, and the purse he now produced. Maximin and Priscus, he doubted not, were cunning men, sent to accomplish the scheme with art; and Menenius, beyond question, was the daring murderer to strike the final blow,

Maximin spoke loudly in his own defence, and Priscus learnedly on the improbability of the tale, while the mouth of Vigilius opened, and his lips quivered, but no sound found utterance. Menenius was silent, but he fixed his bold eye upon Attila, who glared upon them all like a tiger crouching for the spring.

"Maximin and Priscus," said the King at length, "Ye are innocent! Let them be freed. As for yon trembling traitor, guilt is in his eye and on his cheek; but the sword that should smite Vigilius would be disgraced for ever, and find no blood in his coward heart. Let him buy his life, and pay two hundred pounds weight of gold to him he sought to bribe.—As for thee, Chief of Azimantium!"

"Thou knowest I am guiltless, Hun!" replied Menenius, "and bonds such as these have pressed upon my arms too long."

"Of thy guilt or innocence I know nought," replied the King; "but this I know, that I will guard thee safely till thine Emperor send me the head of Chrysaphius, the murdering slave who first sought to tempt my subjects into treachery. Away with Vigilius, till he pay the purchase of his base life; and away with this Azimantine, till Orestes and Eslaw, my envoys, bring me the head of the eunuch from my slave the Emperor."

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In the solitude of a dark unlighted hut, stretched upon a bear's hide, which had been cast down for his bed, lay the young Chief of Azimantium, pondering his hard fate, while the sounds of many a gay and happy voice without, struck with painful discord upon his unattuned ear. Dark and melancholy, the fancies flitted across his brain like the visions of dead friends seen in the dim atmosphere of troubled sleep, and he revolved in his mind that bold cowardice of his ancestors, which taught them to fly from the sorrows and dangers of their fate, by the sure but gloomy passage of the tomb. Was it virtue, he asked himself, or vice? wisdom, or insanity, that allied the last despair to the last hope, and made self-murder the cure of other ills? And, as he thought, sorrow took arms against his better mind, and whispered like a fiend, "Die! Die, Menenius! Peace is in the grave!" A new

and painful struggle was added to the evils of his state, and still he thought of death as hours and days went by. Nor was this all; for, as the Dacians tame the lions for the imperial shows, the Huns strove to break his spirit, and subdue his high heart, by reiterated anxieties and cares. Now, he was told of wars with the Empire, and the fall of Greece: now, strange whispers were poured into his ear, of some direful fate reserved for himself: now, he heard of the great annual sacrifice offered at the altar of Mars, where a hundred captive maidens washed the platform with their blood. But still, like the great hero of the mighty founder of the Epic song, he rose above the waves that were poured upon his head, and still answered, "Never! Never!" when the name of Azimantium was connected with the dominion of the Huns.

It was one night when a darker melancholy than ever oppressed his mind, and despondency sat most heavy on his soul, that the door was cast open, and a blaze of light burst upon his sight. His eyes, familiar with the darkness, refused at first to scan the broad glare; but when at length they did their office, he beheld, in the midst of her slaves, that fair girl Iërnë, whose offered hand he had refused. Her cheek, which had been as warm as the last cloud of the summer evening, was now as pale as the same cloud when, spirit-like, it flits across the risen moon. But her eye had lost none of its lustre; and it seemed, in truth, as if her whole soul had concentrated there to give fuller effulgence to its living light.

"Chief of Azimantium," said the maiden, "it is my father's will that you be freed, and I—that the generosity of Attila should know no penury—I have prayed, that though Menenius slighted Iërnë, he should wed the woman of his love even in Iërnë's father's halls. My prayer has been granted—the banquet is prepared—the maiden is warned, and the blushes are on her cheek—a priest of thine own God is ready.—Rise, then, Chief of Azimantium, and change a prison for thy bridal bed. Rise, and follow the slighted Iërnë."

"Oh, lady!" answered Menenius, "call not thyself by so unkind a name. Write on your memory, that,

long ere my eyes rested on your loveliness, Honoria was bound to my heart by ties of old affection; and, as your soul is generous and noble, fancy all the gratitude that your blessed words waken in my bosom. Oh! let the thought of having raised me from despair—of having freed me from bonds—of having crowned me with happiness, find responsive joy in your bosom, and let the blessing that you give, return and bless you also."

Iërnë pressed her hand firm upon her forehead, and gazed upon Menenius while he spoke, with eyes whose bright but unsteady beams seemed borrowed from the shifting meteors of the night. The graceful arch of her full coral lip quivered; but she spoke not; and, waving with her hand, the attendants loosened the chains from the hands of the Azimantine, and, starting on his feet, Menenius was free.

* * * * *

In the brightness and the blaze of a thousand torches, the Chief of Azimantium stood in the halls of Attila, with the hand of Honoria clasped in his own. Sorrow and anxiety had touched, but not stolen, her beauty—had changed, but not withered, a charm. Every glance was softened—every feature had a deeper interest—and joy shone the brighter for the sorrow that was gone, like the mighty glory of the sun when the clouds and the tempests roll away.

The dark Monarch of the barbarians gazed on the work he had wrought, and the joy that he had given; and a triumphant splendour, more glorious than the beams of battle, radiated from his brow. "Chief of Azimantium," he said, "thou art gold tried in the fire, and Attila admires thee though a Greek—Not for the beauty of thy form at all—let girls and pitiful limners think of that!—not for thy strength and daring alone—such qualities are for soldiers and gladiators; but for thy dauntless, unshrinking, unalterable resolution—the virtue of kings, the attribute of gods—Were Attila not Attila, he would be Menenius. Thou hast robbed me of a bride! Thou hast taken a husband from my daughter; but Attila can conquer—even himself. Sound the hymeneal! Advance to the altar! Yon priest has long been

a captive among us, but his blessing on Honoria and Menenius shall bring down freedom on his own head."

The solemnity was over—the barbarian guests were gone, and through the flower-strewn passages of the palace, Honoria and Menenius were led to their bridal chamber; while a thousand thrilling feelings of joy, and hope, and thankfulness, blended into one tide of delight, poured from their mutual hearts through all their frames, like the dazzling sunshine of the glorious noon streaming down some fair valley amidst the mountains, and investing every object round in misty splendour, and dream-like light. The fruition of long delayed hope, the gratification of early and passionate love, was not all; but it seemed as if the dark cloudy veil between the present and the future had been rent for them by some divine hand, and that a long vista of happy years lay before their eyes in bright perspective to the very horizon of being. Such were the feelings of both their bosoms, as, with linked hands and beating hearts, they approached the chamber assigned to them; but their lips were silent, and it was only the love-lighted eye of Menenius, as it rested on the form of his bride, and the timid, downcast, but not unhappy glance of Honoria, that spoke the world of thoughts that crowded in their breasts.

A band of young girls, with the pale Iërnä at their head, met them singing at the door of their chamber. The maidens strewed their couch with flowers, and Iërnä gave the marriage cup to the hand of Honoria; but as she did so, there was a wild uncertain light in her eye, and a quivering eagerness on her lip, that made Menenius hold Honoria's arm as she was about to raise the chalice to her mouth. "Ha! I had forgot," said the Princess, taking back the goblet with a placid smile, "I must drink first, and then, before the moon be eleven times renewed, I too shall be a bride.—Menenius the brave! Honoria the fair! Happy lovers, I drink to your good rest! May your sleep be sound! May your repose be unbroken!" and with calm and graceful dignity, she drank a third part of the mead. Honoria drank also, according to the custom; Me-

nenius drained the cup, and the maidens withdrawing, left the lovers to their couch. Honoria hid her eyes upon the bosom of Menenius, and the warrior, pressing her to his bosom, spoke gentle words of kind assurance, but in a moment her hand grew deathly cold. "Menenius, I am faint," she cried: "What is it that I feel? My heart seems as it were suddenly frozen, and my blood changed into snow. Oh, Menenius! Oh, my beloved! we are poisoned; I am dying! That cup of mead—that frantic girl—she has doomed us and herself to death."

As she spoke, through his own frame the same chill and icy feelings spread. A weight was upon his heart, his warm and fiery blood grew cold, the strong sinews lost their power, the courageous soul was quelled, and he gazed in speechless, unnerved horror on Honoria, while shade by shade, the living rose left her cheek, and the "pale standard" of life's great enemy marked his fresh conquest on her brow. Her eyes which, in the hour of joy and expectation, had been bent to the earth, now fixed on his with a long, deep, earnest, imploring gaze of last affection. Her arms, no longer timid, circled his form, and the last beatings of her heart throbbed against his bosom. "Thou too art dying!" she said, as she saw the potent hemlock spread death over his countenance, "thou too art dying! Menenius will not leave Honoria even in this last long journey.—We go—we go together;" and faintly she raised her hand, and pointed to the sky, where, through the casement, the bright autumn moon poured her melancholy splendour over the Hungarian hills.—A film came over her eyes—a dark unspeakable grey shadow! and oh, it was horrible to see the bright angel part from its clay tabernacle!

In the athletic frame of the lover, the poison did not its cruel office so rapidly. He saw her fade away before his eyes—he saw her pass like a flower that had lived its summer day, in perfume and beauty, and faded with the falling of the night. He could not—he would not so lose her.—He would call for aid—some precious antidote should give her

back to life. He unclasped the faint arms that still clung upon his neck. He rose upon his feet, with limbs reduced to infant weakness. His brain reeled. His heart seemed crushed beneath a mountain: but still he staggered forth. He heard voices before him. "Help! Help!" he cried, "Help, ere Honoria die!" With the last effort of existence, he rushed forward, tore open the curtain before him, reeled forward to the throne on which Attila held his midnight council—stretched forth his arms—but power—voice—sense—being—passed away, and Menenius fell dead at the Monarch's feet. "Who has done this?" exclaimed the King, in a voice of thunder. "Who has done this? By the god of battles, if it be my own children, they shall die! Is this the fate of Menenius? Is this the death that the hero of Azimantium should have known?—No! No! No! red on the battle-field—gilded with the blood of enemies—the last of a slain, but not a conquered host—so should the chief have died.—Menenius! Kinsman in glory! Attila weeps for the fate of his enemy!"

"Lord of the world! Lord of the world!" exclaimed a voice that hurried forward from the chambers beyond, "thy daughter is dead in the arms of her maidens; and dying, she sent thee word, that sooner than forbear to slay her enemies, she had drunk of the cup which she had mingled for them."

* * * * *

Attila smote his breast. "She was my daughter," he exclaimed, "she

was, indeed, my daughter! But let her die, for she has brought a stain upon the hospitality of her father; and the world will say that Attila, though bold, was faithless."

There was woe in Azimantium, while, with slow and solemn pomp, the ashes of Honoria and Menenius were borne into the city. In the face of the assembled people, the deputies of Attila, by oath and imprecation, purified their lord from the fate of the lovers. The tale was simple, and soon told, and the children of Azimantium believed.

Days, and years, and centuries, rolled by, and a race of weak and effeminate monarchs, living alone by the feebleness and barbarism of their enemies, took care that Azimantium should not long remain as a monument of reproach to their degenerate baseness. Nation followed nation; dynasty succeeded dynasty; a change came over the earth and its inhabitants, and Azimantium was no more. Still, however, the rock on which it stood bears its bold front towards the stormy sky, with the same aspect of courageous daring with which its children encountered the tempest of the Huns.

A few ruins, too—rifted walls, and dark fragments of fallen fanes—the pavement of some sweet domestic hearth long cold—a graceful capital, or a broken statue, still tell that a city has been there; and through the country round about, the wild and scattered peasantry, still in the song, and the tale, and the vague tradition, preserve in various shapes
The Story of Azimantium!

THE PROCESSION.

BY MRS HEMANS.

"The peace which passeth all understanding," disclosed itself in her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance like a steady unshadowed moonlight.

COLERIDGE.

THERE were trampling sounds of many feet,
And music rush'd through the crowded street;
Proud music, such as tells the sky,
Of a chief returned from victory.

There were banners to the winds unroll'd,
With haughty words on each blazon'd fold;
High battle-names, which had rung of yore,
When lances clash'd on the Syrian shore.

Borne from their dwellings, green and lone,
There were flowers of the woods on the pathway strown;
And wheels that crush'd as they swept along—
Oh! what doth the violet amidst the throng?

I saw where a bright Procession pass'd
The gates of a Minster, old and vast;
And a king to his crowning place was led,
Through a sculptur'd line of the warrior dead.

I saw, far gleaming, the long array
Of trophies, on those high tombs that lay,
And the coloured light, that wrapp'd them all,
Rich, deep, and sad, as a royal pall.

But a lowlier grave soon won mine eye
Away from th' ancestral pageantry:
A grave by the lordly Minster's gate,
Unhonour'd, and yet not desolate.

It was but a dewy greensward bed,
Meet for the rest of a peasant head;
But Love—Oh! lovelier than all beside!—
That lone place guarded and glorified.

For a gentle form stood watching there,
Young—but how sorrowfully fair!
Keeping the flowers of the holy spot,
That reckless feet might profane them not.

Clear, pale and clear, was the tender cheek,
And her eye, though tearful, serenely meek;
And I deem'd, by its lifted gaze of love,
That her sad heart's treasure was all above.

For alone she seem'd midst the throng to be,
Like a bird of the waves far away at sea;
Alone, in a mourner's vest array'd,
And with folded hands, e'en as if she pray'd.

It faded before me, that masque of pride,
The haughty swell of the music died;
Banner, and armour, and tossing plume,
All melted away in the twilight's gloom.

But that orphan form, with its willowy grace,
And the speaking prayer in that pale, calm face,
Still, still o'er my thoughts in the night-hour glide—
—Oh! Love is lovelier than all beside.

THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT.

BY MRS HEMANS.

How weeps yon gallant Band
O'er him their valour could not save !
For the bayonet is red with gore,
And he, the beautiful and brave,
Now sleeps in Egypt's sand.—WILSON.

IN the shadow of the Pyramid
Our brother's grave we made,
When the battle-day was done,
And the Desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

The blood-red sky above us
Was darkening into night,
And the Arab watching silently
Our sad and hurried rite.

The voice of Egypt's river
Came hollow and profound,
And one lone palm-tree, where we stood,
Rock'd with a shivery sound :

While the shadow of the Pyramid
Hung o'er the grave we made,
When the battle-day was done,
And the Desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

The fathers of our brother
Were borne to knightly tombs,
With torch-light and with anthem-note,
And many waving plumes :

But he, the last and noblest
Of that high Norman race,
With a few brief words of soldier-love
Was gather'd to his place ;

IN the shadow of the Pyramid,
Where his youthful form we laid,
When the battle-day was done,
And the Desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

But let him, let him slumber
By the old Egyptian wave !
It is well with those who bear their fame
Unsullied to the grave !

When brightest names are breathed on,
When loftiest fall so fast,
We would not call our brother back
On dark days to be cast,

From the shadow of the Pyramid,
Where his noble heart we laid,
When the battle-day was done,
And the Desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

BRITISH COLONIES—JAMES STEPHEN.

LETTER TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL GREY, &c. &c. &c.

By James Macqueen, Esq.

MY LORD,

IN my letter, under date January 4th, I pointed out to your-Lordship, in some remarkable examples, the total disregard for truth which rules the enemies of the Colonies in every publication which they put forth. The statements which Mr Stephen has thought proper to promulgate in his new volume on Colonial Slavery, reflecting upon my character as an individual, and upon my works in defence of the Colonies, compel me for a moment to return to the same disgusting labour.

Accustomed as I have been to Anti-Colonial slanders, and to the bitter gall of the pens of its champions, such conduct and accusations as I am about to allude to, give me little concern. Their unguarded attacks only lay them open to severer castigation, while the soreness which they feel is evidence sufficient that the exposures which I have made of their scandalous proceedings have been felt in the proper quarters.

Not having, as Mr Stephen has, £3600 per annum from a public establishment in Great Britain, and being, moreover, one of those unfortunate individuals, who, by the laws of this free country, may be rendered the "PROPERTY" of some of my fellow-countrymen, if I fail to pay for the food, clothing, and other necessities sent from Great Britain for the use of those slaves which Mr Stephen and his righteous associates seek to take away, I cannot, on that account, spare five years, or one year (this time it would require) to make up a book which could properly expose all his tortuous windings, misrepresentations, and obvious falsehoods. I must therefore confine myself to a few of those, premising that these afford a fair specimen of the contents of his book, and of the manner in which every point and subject in it is treated and misrepresented.

At the close of his Preface, page 33, Mr Stephen tells us, that he took nearly a "year" to print his volume; the publications in defence of the Colonies, which he had to notice, "having just appeared, or met my

eye at certain points." Fudge! The report of the Privy Council in 1789, and the report of the House of Commons in 1788, Moody's, Macdonnell's, Macqueen's, Barclay's Colonial works, which Mr Stephen refers to, were all, with the exception of the last short pamphlet, written by the latter gentleman in 1829, published several years ago, and seen and noticed by Mr Stephen and his friends at the earliest day. So much for the confusion of facts and dates by Mr Stephen at the very outset!

At page 197, Mr Stephen, with his characteristic Anti-Colonial rancour, designates me the "dashing pensioner of the Planters," who "has exceeded his instructions;" and, not content with these epithets, he adds:

"Having mentioned this writer more than once as a *mercenary* antagonist, employed by the Assemblies and the planters, and largely paid by them for his pre-eminent zeal in their service, it may be right to apprise my readers, that the fact of his liberal retainers is far from matter of secrecy or reserve in the sugar colonies. His rewards have been repeatedly announced in strains of eulogy by various newspapers there; and I have now before me the *Jamaica Courant* of April 28th, 1828, in which the fact of his having received, in one instance, £3000 sterling, is noticed in a different style, 'you, Master Macqueen, have received £3000 sterling money;' and again, 'you, Mr Macqueen, are the hired advocate of slavery,' &c. Mr Macqueen is thus contemptuously treated for having censured the *alleged* communication to a Jamaica printer of the Duke of Manchester's private letter to Lord Bathurst, and for his opposition to Mr Beaumont, and his pamphlet, entitled '*Compensation to Slave Owners*;' a work which, it is added, has obtained the sanction of all liberal men in Jamaica—'not for a sum of money, Master Macqueen,' &c.

This compound of undiluted venom is collected at the expense of truth, merely to give colour to the insinuation that your humble servant is, as a Colonist, hostile to emancipation, even if compensation was given. Here it is necessary shortly to observe, that Mr Beaumont is the Jamaica printer alluded to; that I never saw his "*Compensation to Slave*

Owners;" that it is the first time I ever heard there was such a work in existence; and therefore, it is, as Mr Stephen knew it to be, false, that I ever opposed it; while it was not an "*alleged communication*," but an actual communication to a Jamaica printer, not of a private letter from the Duke of Manchester to Lord Bathurst, but of a private and *confidential* letter from Lord Bathurst to the Duke of Manchester, which was given and published; and the publication of which was censured. This censure was the sole ground of Mr Beaumont's gratuitous and unjustifiable attack upon me, which should never have been noticed, unless I had found it garbled, and, for a vindictive purpose, brought forward in a work addressed to the King. Mr Stephen thus takes a polluted source as his authority, and he is welcome to the full benefit of it.

To refute the authority on which Mr Stephen grounds his slanders, and also Mr Stephen himself, I adduce the unanimous resolution and vote of the Assembly of Jamaica, Nov. 26th, 1825, and acceded to by the Council and the Governor, thus:

"Resolved, That it be recommended to the House, to direct the Receiver-General to remit to the agent, out of monies in his hands, the sum of three thousand pounds sterling, to be paid by him to James M'Queen of the City of Glasgow, free of all deduction, as a testimony of the high sense this House entertains of the valuable and *UNSOLICITED SERVICES* he has rendered by his writings to the CAUSE OF JUSTICE and the West India Colonies, in *REPLYING TO AND REFUTING THE INNUMERABLE CALUMNIES OF A MALIGNANT FACTION IN THE MOTHER COUNTRY.*"

Here, my Lord, are no pensions, no mercenary applications, no "instructions," but the unexpected reward for "*unsolicited services*," in the cause of justice," and for "*refuting the innumerable calumnies of a malignant faction in the mother country.*" Such were my labours; such was the reward. This was my offence in the eyes of Mr Stephen and his associates. I am proud, my Lord, of the reward, and the manner in which it was given. It refutes the silly accusations of Mr Beaumont, and the base application of these by Mr Stephen; and while I throw back in the teeth of both, with scorn, the

charge of being "a mercenary antagonist,"—"a hired advocate of slavery," I fix upon Mr Stephen, without the fear of contradiction, the disgraceful brand, that to do me an injury, he has uttered a mean and a malevolent falsehood.

The censure, which, according to Mr Stephen, called forth the anger of his friend, Mr Beaumont, arose out of the following circumstance which took place in the House of Commons, February 27th, 1828:—

"Mr WILMOT HORTON observed, that it appeared that a person of the name of Beaumont, in Jamaica, had in some manner possessed himself of a *confidential correspondence* between the Secretary of the Colonies and the Government of Jamaica, which he had published in a newspaper there. He *boasted* that he had received it from Mr HUME. He mentioned this to afford the honourable member an opportunity of stating, whether Mr Beaumont's statement was correct.

"Mr Hume observed, that he never had seen the correspondence, nor was it ever in his possession, and, as a matter of course, it could not emanate from him. All he knew of Mr Beaumont was, that he had presented a petition which he had brought to him from the people of colour in Jamaica."

In the *Glasgow Courier* of March 4th, 1828, the following observations were made by me on the preceding conversation:—

"A conversation, short, but of some interest, took place in the House of Commons between Mr Horton and Mr Hume, when the former stated, that Mr Beaumont had published, in a public journal in Jamaica, some private and confidential correspondence betwixt Lord Bathurst and the Duke of Manchester upon colonial subjects, which Mr Beaumont stated he had obtained from Mr Hume. This Mr Hume denies, and says that he never saw the correspondence in question. By whatever means Mr Beaumont got possession of the correspondence, is immaterial; but nothing could be more unwarrantable and imprudent than the publication of it by him, knowing, as he must have known, that the correspondence was confidential," &c.

I leave the public to judge what cause of offence I had given to either Mr Beaumont or Mr Stephen in the preceding observations; and with this remark I leave the latter gentleman to consider what the world will think of him for dedicating and presenting a falsehood to our gracious Sovereign.

Mr Stephen, Preface, page 16, tells

us, "It is not true, then, that zeal for Christianity, or what my opponents call enthusiasm in religion, made me an enemy to slavery. It would be much nearer the truth, *for certain reasons*, to say, that this enmity made me a Christian."

I for one, my Lord, disclaim ever having by such a charge done either Mr Stephen or Christianity such injustice. "Certain reasons" always appeared to me to excite his inveterate hostility to the colonies. Some of these may be found in the following list of places and salaries which this gentleman, and his family and relatives, receive from the public purse:—

	Income.
"James Stephen, senior, Master in Chancery, - - -	L.3600
James Stephen, junior, Colonial office Law-adviser, &c.* - -	2000
Mr Serjeant Stephen, Com. Law Commissioner, - - -	800
John Stephen, brother to James Stephen, a Judge in New South Wales,† - - -	2000
Alfred Stephen, late Attorney-General, New South Wales, -	1000
John Stephen, jun. Commissioner Crown Lands, ditto, - -	800
— Stephen, Clerk Supreme Court, ditto, - - -	500
Francis Forbes, relative to James Stephen, Chief Justice Supreme Court, New South Wales, -	3000
George Stephen, Solicitor to Anti-Slavery Society, profitable, but uncertain.	

L.13,700

The words "mercenary," "hired," "pensioned," &c., should never therefore escape Mr Stephen's lips, nor the lips of any of his family. They ought not to use such weapons. If they have no other and better arguments to adduce against an opponent, they ought to relinquish the contest.

Mr Stephen knows that I have no pension from any quarter. I challenge him to contradict me by producing one. My pension, my Lord, is the persecutions and the calumnies of himself and his associates. With regard to "*instructions*," I dare him, and I defy him, to bring forward the

assembly, the planter, or the individual, either abroad or at home, who instructs or advises me, or who ever dared either to instruct or to advise me, what to write on colonial subjects. The praise, or the reproach of my writings in defence of the Colonies, are my own. I knew no adviser, instigator, instructor, or assistant in the cause.

By dislocating sentences, and suppressing words, Mr Stephen ekes out pages. I adduce the following as a specimen. Quoting a statement, originally I believe, from his own pen, viz.:—"The slaves, whether male or female, are driven to hard labour by the impulse of the cart-whip;" he connects with this, *part* of a sentence written by me in refutation, thus:—"This is either wholly false, or the facts are misrepresented. The slaves are not driven to work," &c.; and then, says he, the extract referred to "goes on as in my former quotation." This "former quotation," in page 120, of his work, runs thus:—"The persons called drivers, so far from driving them to the field, leave their houses and reach the places where they are to work, at least half an hour before a single negro approaches the place," and clinging to the subject dislocated, Mr Stephen, p. 196, further adds regarding this refutation; "but he does not stop here: he has the inconceivable confidence to add, 'wherever they go, or whatever they do, he goes before them, and stands before them, and not behind them; nor dare he use a whip to any one unless he is commanded.'"

The quotation, thus mangled and dislocated, Mr Stephen, moreover, introduces with the assertion, that it was in my work "*ushered in* with the following exclamation,"—"when will the anti-colonial party tell truth? Never, while they can substitute falsehood or misrepresentation for it!"

Now, my Lord, the preceding "exclamation" did *not* usher in the quotation particularly referred to, but concluded observations upon, and a refutation of, the huge anti-colonial

* Official return of last Session gives this L.1500. With cheese-parings and candle-ends, I am told it is equal to L.2000.

† This gentleman was formerly a slave proprietor in the West Indies. He sold his property some years ago, and has with his family been well provided for.

falsehood, that the 800,000 slaves in the West India colonies were branded with *red-hot irons*!

To understand Mr Stephen's special-pleading practice more clearly, however, I lay before your Lordship entire the accusation and the refutation alluded to, thus:—

Anti-colonist,—“The slaves, whether male or female, are driven to hard labour by the impulse of the cart-whip, for the sole benefit of their owners, from whom they receive no wages; and this labour is continued (with certain intermissions for breakfast and dinner) from morning to night throughout the year.”

To this my answer, page 256, was:—

“This is either wholly false, or else the facts are misrepresented. The slaves are not driven to their work; THE WHIP IS ONLY USED TO PUNISH THEM WHEN THEY NEGLECT THEIR DUTY OR COMMIT A CRIME; the persons called drivers, so far from driving them to the field, leave their houses and reach the places where they are to work, at least half an hour before a single negro turns out or approaches the place. Wherever they go, and whatever they are about, he goes before them, and stands before them, nor dare he use the whip to any one unless he is commanded. The master indeed gives his slave no wages, in that acceptance of the word; but he gives him better, what the slave can less easily abuse, viz.: clothing, food, a house, utensils for it, lands to cultivate for himself, implements to cultivate his own fields; he protects and supports him in sickness, infirmity, and old age; good or bad times make no difference to him, he is still provided for; justice is obtained for him without a fee, and he has NO TAXES TO PAY. Are these things nothing? Are they not wages such as millions of free men cannot possibly obtain? Why should those undeniable truths be so disingenuously concealed?”

This was my reply and refutation. Mr Stephen has refuted no part of it; but your Lordship will observe, that he has, with “*inconceivable confidence*,” suppressed the chief point at issue, in the words in capitals, viz. “The whip is only used to punish them when they neglect their duty or commit a crime.” Suppressing this, omitting a portion of what he had written, and withholding above three-fourths of my refutation, which bore on his whole charge, he makes it appear as if the part he quotes were the whole, and that whole di-

rected against all, instead of being, as he makes it, directed against a fraction of his. What dishonesty! Moreover, because a black man is intrusted with a whip for the purposes above mentioned, is this country to be told, that every slave is driven to his work and at his work? Why, my lord, we may with equal propriety be told, that British soldiers and British sailors are driven to their duty and at their duty—to exercise and to battle, by “*the cat o’ nine tails*” and halberds, because these weapons are, under superior authority, used to designate authority, and to punish offences, or any neglect of duty amongst them.

The Report of the Legislature of St Vincent’s, adduced by Mr Stephen, confirms my statement, that no driver is permitted to use the whip, unless he is commanded. To refute this, Mr Stephen, with special-pleading sophistry, quotes (p. 199) a section of the St Vincent’s Slave law, thus:—

“That in order to restrain arbitrary punishment, no slave on any plantation or estate shall receive more than *ten stripes* at one time, and for one offence, unless the owner, attorney, guardian, executor, administrator, or *manager* of such plantation or estate, having such slave under his care, shall be present.”

Mr Stephen knows, and must know, that there is still one subordinate authority on every estate, besides those above enumerated, namely, the “*overseer*,” as he is called in the Windward Islands, and in Jamaica “*book-keeper*,” a white man; and it is his authority, not the authority of the driver, which is limited to *ten stripes*. There is, therefore, no error or contradiction on the part of either the Legislature of St Vincent’s, or your humble servant.

But the contradiction already alluded to extended to the latter clause of the anti-colonial accusation, thus:—

“The nature of this labour, and whether it was ‘*hard labour*’ or not, will best be ascertained by laying fully before the reader a plain and undeniable statement.”

“The days and nights in our West India islands are so nearly equal, that the difference is not worth taking into account, and may be taken at twelve hours each. The negroes are called to their work in the morning, on some estates by a bell, on some by the blow—

ing of a shell, and on others by the crack of the whip; they seldom assemble till half-past six o'clock, and they quit their work again at six in the evening. During this period they have two hours to dinner, and one hour to breakfast, the latter of which meals is carried out to them by women appointed for that purpose, and who also carry water during the heat of the day to such as may require it to drink. If a heavy rain falls, they are ordered to their houses, and if they get wet, they receive, each who may choose to take it, a dram. Women who have families are allowed to remain in their houses till nine o'clock, in order to take care of their children, and cook their husbands' breakfasts, which they carry to the field warm, leaving their children under the care of an old woman, who receives a quantity of rice and abundance of milk to feed them with.

"She, the mother, is allowed to go home half an hour before noon, to stay half an hour later than the other negroes when they turn out in the afternoon, and again gets liberty to go home half an hour before sunset; she never works above six hours in the day, nor does any negro out of crop work above nine hours."

I remark here, in order to prevent all cavil and dispute, that what is meant by *nine hours' labour each day*, applies to the average time the slaves are actually at work, and does not include the time which is taken up in coming from and going to their work, which is more or less, accord-

ing to the distance which the fields are from their homes; but which may average on estates thirty-five minutes more; while the nine hours also is applied to the average of the year, exclusive of the extra labour which is performed by the able-bodied slaves on some estates during crop, six hours more every third night. But this night labour is, I understand, generally abandoned, from the introduction of improved machinery.

Mr Stephen spins out eighty closely printed octavo pages with miserable quibbles, to which a few words are a sufficient reply, beginning (p. 109) his labour with a senseless and silly sneer, thus:—

"The courageous Mr Macqueen assures us, in what he calls a *plain and undeniable statement*, that the *days and nights* in the West India islands are so nearly equal, that the difference is not worth taking into account, and may be taken at *twelve hours each*; and from which, and other premises equally undeniable, he concludes, and expressly asserts, that no negro out of crop works above nine hours!"

The slaves *work from sunrise till sunset*. Any nautical almanack will determine this time. In three parallels the length of the days stands thus:—

N. Lat.	Longest Day.		Shortest Day.	
	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.
6° Demerara	5h. 50m.	6h. 10m.	6h. 10m.	5h. 50m.
12° Grenada	5 39	6 21	6 29	5 39
18° Jamaica	5 28	6 32	6 32	5 28

Garbling, dislocating, and suppressing documents and words in the manner mentioned, Mr Stephen makes up his work, extending his own labour without being able to extend the daily labours of the slave. What that is has been seen, and is well known. Compared with the labours performed in this country, how does it stand? Exclusive of the time taken up in going and in coming from his work, the day labourer in Britain works twelve hours each day, with only *two hours* out of the twelve for his meals. Agricultural servants and house servants work still longer hours each day, exclusive of the extra hours which the former labour in harvest, and on other emergencies. Individuals, and even children employed in cotton and other manufactories,

including two hours set apart for meals, and exclusive of the time occupied in going to, and in coming from, their labour, work *fourteen hours* each day. Hand-loom weavers work sixteen and eighteen hours each day, and housekeepers of the middle classes frequently work twenty hours each day, and a portion of Sunday besides, without one day's relaxation throughout the year, unless their wages cease; and all this without a single whimper or whine ever being heard from any anti-colonial mouth about it.

"Judge not, lest ye be judged:"—"with the same measure which ye mete, it shall be meted unto you again," says the highest authority. Mr Stephen has subjected himself to be judged by this, when he comes be-

fore us, Preface, p. 15, in the following character, forcibly drawn by himself :—

“ When I first knew the West Indies I was a very young man, and no less ignorant and regardless of Christianity, as of all at least that exclusively belongs to it, than young men in my own sphere of life then too generally were. I had early imbibed such theological opinions as are commonly called *liberal*, and though religion was not wholly left out of *my scheme*, either in theory or practice, it was a religion in which not only Christians of the *lowest standard*, but *enlightened heathens*, might have concurred,” &c.

True Christianity, my Lord, is that system of theology—“ which thinketh no evil—which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.” Mr Stephen, in all his colonial warfare, never rejoices but in iniquity, nor mourns but at the appearance of truth. Consequently, his boasted Christianity cannot be genuine Christianity.

This liberal Christian and half-enlightened heathen system of theology, Mr Stephen informs us, first induced him to turn his attention and his energies to the emancipation of the Colonial slaves. The world, it appears from history, has aforetime had in it individuals guided by similar “ theological opinions” and objects. The Apostle Paul in the course of his ministry was much annoyed with men professing similar principles and opinions, and who, acting upon those principles and opinions, wished, by rash, precipitate, and unjust acts, to break asunder hastily, and by violence, the bonds of civil society then subsisting. In 1st Timothy, chap. vi. ver. 1–5, he has drawn their character in a very forcible manner, and which equally applies to all men in every age who follow their footsteps :

“ Let as many servants [*slaves*] as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed. And they that have believing masters let them not despise them, because they are brethren ; but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit. These things teach and exhort. If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, EVEN THE WORDS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness ; he is proud, [*Greek, a fool*] knowing nothing, but doting [*Greek,*

sich] about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railing, evil surmisings, perverse disputings [*Greek, gallings one of another*] of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness : from such withdraw thyself.”

Mr Stephen denies that, in his anti-colonial proceedings, he is actuated by religious enthusiasm ; but if the following is not religious enthusiasm, and that of the most dangerous description, I confess myself ignorant of the terms. In pages 395–6–7 of his new work, Mr Stephen tells us, that the murder of Louis the XVI., the dethronement of Louis the XVIII. by Bonaparte, in 1815, the misfortunes of two Kings of Spain, and two of Portugal, and the Prince of Orange, and also the exile of Charles the X., were all produced because the nations which they ruled bought African slaves, and maintained colonial slavery ! He further informs us, that this country, from the same cause, was unsuccessful in the war in which she was engaged, until she abolished the African slave trade in 1807 ; after which, “ the favour of Divine Providence continued manifest to be with us,” causing Napoleon to go to Spain, Portugal, and Russia, when we were wonderfully rescued from dangers more alarming than the country had ever known, and by means not less extraordinary than unforeseen. Public credit, national prosperity, commerce, and manufactures, flourished and increased until within the last six years, when lo ! because we have not emancipated the African slaves which we have in our colonies, “ Divine vengeance” is “ armed against us ;” and we consequently have a “ licentious, seditious press, poor-laws, taxes, debt, depressed landowners, farmers, and agricultural peasants,” and dissatisfied “ starving labourers,” and “ the portentous movements on the continent,” the forerunners of revolution and civil war !!

Mr Stephen forgets that colonial slavery existed during all those years in which, by the “ interference of a righteous Providence,” Europe saw Napoleon overthrown. Mr Stephen also forgets that all our glorious naval victories, which swept the navies of all our foes from the ocean, had been gained before this country abo-

lished the slave-trade, and I leave him to reconcile the facts according to his doctrine; how comes it to pass, that while this country is suffering in the way he describes, because she maintains slavery in her colonies, the American President only the other day is found ascribing thanks to the Most High, for the peace and prosperity which these States are enjoying, although, by their laws, they maintain personal slavery in them to a much greater extent than that which exists in the colonies belonging to Great Britain? According to Mr Stephen, if this country had not abolished the slave-trade in 1807, Bonaparte would not have invaded Portugal, Spain, Germany and Russia, nor France, and he have been humbled after such a prodigious expense of blood and treasure on the part of all concerned! Such doctrines, my Lord, are truly distressing, when we thus see the Creator of heaven and earth brought into action as the heated, prejudiced, and erring mind of a human individual thinks proper to point out and to determine; and Mr Stephen must consider the intellect of the people of this country very limited, or very disordered indeed, before he could call upon them to take such doctrines for their guide; and which, if put in practice, will most assuredly cover our empire with anarchy and destruction.

It is sickening to contemplate such proceedings and such principles, more especially on the part of one who, from the interest which he has gained by calumniating our colonies, has fastened himself, his family, and his relations, upon the richest quarter of the British Treasury; and having done so, proceeds with impunity to defame and to ruin those vast and valuable appendages of our empire,

from which a large portion of the heavy taxes raised in this country is procured to fill that Treasury. Away with the stupidity of a nation and a Government which can suffer themselves to be rode rough-shod over by such mischievous fanatics!

The party to which I allude are in fact the rulers of our colonial empire. The heroes who bore our flag in triumph through blood and death at Trafalgar and at Waterloo, if appointed to command in our colonies, tremble before the cabal which assembles in Aldermanbury Street, and which has been allowed to beard our Government, to insult our Legislature, and to trample upon our laws, and to endanger the existence of our colonial empire.

It is a fact, notorious to the most attentive observer, that they seek to have every authority in the colonies the creature of their hands. Governors, judges, lawyers, protectors, customhouse officers, &c., must either all be their slaves, or, if they presume to do their duty, and to tell the truth, submit to have themselves traduced, and rendered obnoxious in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen, by those periodical vehicles of falsehood which the faction I allude to patronise and control. All the disturbers of the public peace, incendiaries, canting tyrants, and legal plunderers, which the colonies are compelled to see and to suffer—every discontented knave, clerical and lay, who has been driven in disgrace from colonial society, has only to throw himself into the arms of the party alluded to, and commence a system of calumny and falsehood against the colonies, when he is instantly taken by the hand and provided for, and set beyond the reach of the laws and the indignation of an insulted people.*

* The Anti-Colonists pitch upon as champions all weak heads and heavy purses, and flatter the one while they fleece the other, and especially they call to their aid all clergymen who like to hear themselves declaim everywhere rather than in their own pulpits,—young ones seeking churches and wives, and widowers seeking widows and jointures,—all, in short, who have influence with the fair sex, and both these they doze with their publications till they render them incapable of discovering between truth and falsehood; and joining to these cunning Quakers, old sinners pretending repentance, and needy liberal lawyers, they form a noisy body which guides and misleads the public, or prosecutes individuals as may suit their purpose.

If it was worth while, many remarkable examples of this kind might be adduced. About the commencement of the anti-colonial crusade, an Episcopalian clergyman, who had been

Every thing is done to and for that party which they think their interest requires. They pitch upon the coast of Africa, as a gutter through which they may draw the wealth of the British Treasury into their purses, and it is accordingly fitted up for them. To secure, as they think, wealth from its shores, the African black, liberated in our other tropical possessions, is prohibited from being employed in the labours of agriculture. To secure this object, the labour of free men in the Mauritius has, as I shewed in my last letter, been annihilated; and to secure the same object, the labour of free agriculturists in Hindostan is secretly and insidiously discountenanced and opposed. In order to throw the tropical commerce of Great Britain into the coast of Africa, which they control and direct as they please, the industry of the West India colonies is everywhere crushed, and the population of them in many places is fixed by law to barren rocks, where even the wild goat can hardly find food sufficient to live. Their interest, their contemplated interest, hatched the oppressive and iniquitous law, which, in several colonies, plunges master and slave into equal want and misery, while they have dared and been suffered to tell some of your predecessors in office to their faces, that though they knew the law to be oppressive and unjust, and as much so to the slave as to the mas-

ter, yet that it should be maintained as it is, in order to compel the ruined master to emancipate his slave on impoverished land, where they know well no labour could ever raise any thing to injure that forced labour, which they could readily obtain, and which competition done away with, they would just as readily seek on the coast of Africa. These are the real springs which direct the proceedings of our domineering anti-colonists, and which deceive, and are suffered to deceive, the population of this country.

The colonial regulations are, in fact, their regulations; and the colonial appointments too frequently their appointments; and when enquiry is sought into colonial matters, the government is obliged to consult them, and even to saddle every commission with individuals of their stamp, and of their choosing. Whenever the government proceeded to deliberate on colonial affairs, they were obliged, as the compulsory manumission laws shew, to inform that party of their proceedings, and it would appear, to follow their directions, otherwise the enacting of these laws in the teeth of the evidence brought forward upon the enquiry, remains inexplicable. To the disgrace of our country, the government have, in every colonial proceeding, been forced to truckle to that party, while a dozen of men, which the same number of old wo-

obliged to leave St Kitt's on account of the detestation in which he was held for severity to his slaves, comes to England. He got acquainted with Mr Wilberforce, and by representing the general treatment of the slaves as most barbarous, he ingratiated himself with the party, got a good fat living by their influence in the west of England, where he continued a bitter anti-colonial enemy to the day of his death!

Amongst those who in Parliament and out of Parliament last year declaimed most loudly and violently against the colonies, we find EDWARD PROTHEROE, jun. in order to catch Bristolian radical votes. This gentleman's whole fortune is derived from the West Indies; and at the moment he was declaiming most loudly against West India slavery, the proceeds of the sale of estates and slaves were daily tumbling into his coffers, or into coffers from which he partakes, and which will be wholly his if he live!!

A similar instance of inconsistency and popular vanity lately occurred in this city. Dr WARDLAW, a clergyman of some celebrity in the *Independent* persuasion, has, during the last six years, allowed himself to be made the slave of Quakers and other Anti-Colonists, and has on every occasion stood forward a most violent enemy to the colonies, denouncing all West India property as the "accursed thing," and "meat offered to idols." Dr Wardlaw, however, when he was about twenty-three years of age, and about the time he was licensed for the ministry, sold, along with other branches of his family, to a gentleman in the vicinity of Glasgow, his share of an estate and slaves in Jamaica, left by an uncle, and for which he received L. 2000 sterling, and stating, when the bargain was made, that it was a most advantageous one for all concerned! In this way the colonies are black-balled by men who have been enriched by them.

men, in any part of Great Britain, would not think it worth their while to drive out of their way, have been allowed to goad this country into madness and injustice, to make Liverpool shake, Canning quail, and the hero of Waterloo, as a matter of expediency, to leave the wrongs of our colonies unredressed, and unattended to.

By the resolutions of 1823, the House of Commons, driven by the party so often alluded to, levelled in the dust the barrier that guards private property, and adopted the hideous principle, that it might be invaded, and regulated whenever, and as the nation pleased, without the perils of the state calling for or requiring it. The orders in Council, consequent upon these, made bad worse, and the arbitrary act of this country commenced that interference which goes to take away, or to deteriorate private property, without compensation, as circumstances, prejudices, and sudden impulses, may lead the nation to demand. Disguise matters as we may, my Lord, this is the plain and constitutional English of this interference, of these resolutions, and of these orders.

The firmest stone of the British constitution was undermined and shaken in its place by these proceedings. Where, my Lord, I will ask, is the British Minister who would, upon resolutions of the House of Commons, venture to issue an order in council, to take away, or to pull down an old building, or any building, in any one of our cities, to drive a road, a canal, or a railway, as they might direct, through any private property, without compensation, and without the damages having been, under the judicial tribunals, and the laws of the country, previously fixed and paid? The property of the colonies is just as much the creature of the law, and as much under its safe-guard and protection, as any description of property in this country; and why then should the colonies be subjected to proceedings against, and an interference with, private property, to which no one in this country can be subjected?

The nation stood silent while the injustice proceeded. The declaimers had it all their own way. The colonies suffered—they remonstrated—they complained—but their

monstrances were treated with contempt, and their complaints proclaimed "*contumacy*." Your predecessor in office, Mr Canning, threatened their destruction by a wag of his hand, and by "*Fiscal regulations*." The weak heads in the British legislature applauded his unconstitutional and anti-British threats and bravadoes, and the anti-British threats and bravadoes of the anti-colonial fry which followed in his footsteps, while Europe saw, with astonishment, and a part of it with secret satisfaction, a large portion of the British empire subjected to measures enacted by authority as arbitrary as the decrees of the Czar of Russia, or the Sultan of Constantinople, and the consequences of which, they know, are certain to sap and destroy the resources and the naval preponderance of this country.

Legislation, my Lord, to be right and to do good, must be founded on truth, and truth can only be ascertained on important questions relating to countries at a distance, from practical information, and by sober and solemn enquiry. If this course be neglected, tremendous evils must ensue. Now, in all that concerns our Colonies, this country has, during the last fifteen years, legislated without previous enquiry, and the results hitherto have been irritation, error, and wrongs innumerable.

Within the metropolis of this country, we behold an irresponsible and unconstitutional society established, with branches extended into almost every town in the kingdom; and under the very eye of our government, and in the very teeth of our laws, we find this society advocating and calling for the invasion and destruction of private property, in vast appendages of our empire, as a measure of prudence, justice, and humanity, and which society and its branches exclude from their deliberations every individual who refuses to give his most unqualified assent to their hideous and destructive principles!

In consequence of the exertions of this society, this country believes, and is taught to believe, that the Slave Trade carried on by Europeans with the States of Africa, is the cause of African ignorance, debasement, and barbarity, instead of these being, as they really are, the cause of

African Slave Trade. Under the former belief, however, we legislate, and we accordingly waste our time, our exertions, and our money, and find that personal slavery in Africa, and the African Slave Trade, are increased, not lessened, by the means we have taken to extinguish it.*

This country purchased in Africa, from the established rulers thereof, and took a multitude of African savages to the Colonies, and there placed them as slaves to enlightened and civilized masters, who, under humane laws and regulated authority, teach them industry, moral habits, and civilization, and create wealth for the parent State. Great Britain disbelieves, and is taught to disbelieve, these facts. Under this belief, she is called upon to legislate; she does so, and the consequences are, that she commits injustice, and goes by arbitrary legislation to reproduce idleness and barbarism amongst a people comparatively industrious and civilized.

In proceeding despotically to abolish personal slavery, Great Britain acts under the belief that the slave population of her colonies are deteriorated and deteriorating, instead of these being, as they are, improved and improving; and she goes further wrong by legislating as if the population in these colonies, both free and bond, were of one colour, of the same ideas and habits, equal in numbers, and, in fact, as if there were no difference whatever amongst them on all these points.

Commencing with savages, nay, with the very refuse, the criminals of savage nations, as this country did when she collected the African slaves

in her colonies, it is clear that ages of progressive improvement must precede the establishment, amongst such a race, of that rational freedom which is established in civilized states. If mankind proceed on other principles when legislating for such a race, they must, and they will, infallibly produce revolution and bloodshed, injustice and ruin.

Admitting that half the population of this country, men of the same colour, were slaves, I ask, could such a state of society be abrogated in a moment by act of Parliament, and the slave and the country benefited by the ruin and the beggary of the master, even admitting that no other political convulsion ensued, and also that the enfranchised people were willing to labour, or that the government were strong enough to compel them to do so? The answer which any thinking mind must give to the question, would be, certainly not!

How much more difficult and dangerous then, my Lord, must it be to abrogate, by act of Parliament, a similar state of society in the Tropical World, where the number of bond to free is as *ten to one*—where the colour of the skin and the smell of the one race separate the races by almost impassable barriers—where barbarous manners prevail amongst one class, and where, above all, from the ideas, the pursuits, the wants and the inclinations—from the influence of climate and habits amongst the most numerous class—these are disinclined to labour, and more especially disinclined to engage in every species of agricultural labour. These, my Lord, are formidable, and, I fear, insurmountable barriers; at least, they

* Take the following in proof from what is going on at Sierra Leone.

(From the *Standard of Thursday, January 27, 1831.*)

We have received the following interesting letter, of a very late date, from Sierra Leone. It is strange that this pestiferous colony is still retained:—

“*Sierra Leone, December 6, 1830.*

“Great mortality has prevailed here lately. *The slave trade has been carrying on in the heart of this Colony*; every day and every hour brings forward fresh facts in corroboration of Chief Justice JEFFCOT'S observations on this point. Last session, a man was sentenced to ten years' hard labour, for kidnapping four boys, and another to five years' for selling a little girl. There are at present TWENTY-THREE persons in jail for this offence, and TWO BRITISH MERCHANTS are at large on their own recognisances, for aiding and abetting the slave trade; among the prisoners are some disciples of the Missionaries. The saints may raise a hue and cry at this statement, but facts are stubborn things. The Grand Jury, at the close of the last session, came into court, and the foreman handed the Chief Justice a written address, thanking the Governor and the Chief Justice for their unwearied efforts to promote the interests of the Colony, and for the zeal they manifested on every occasion, to suppress the slave trade.”

must for a long time be so. Yet the people of this country disbelieve these facts, and, disbelieving them, they proceed to gain their object by a course which is most dangerously wrong.

This country has been deafened with asseverations about the success of voluntary African labour in raising tropical produce. There is not a syllable of truth in any one of the statements put forth. It is not found amongst the enfranchised people of colour in the United States of America, in Hayti, or in Sierra Leone; nor is there, I may say, beyond perhaps a single solitary instance, any such a thing known amongst the whole free coloured population, in the British and other European colonies. Moreover, my Lord, what has become of Mr Buxton's boasted Hindostan Free Labour Company,—capital five millions sterling? Where is it, or what has it accomplished?

When I say the labours of agriculture, I allude to those articles of Tropical produce which Europeans seek in exchange for their merchandise, and without the production of which no Tropical colony is of any value to any European nation. Every one knows, and no one denies, that negroes in general will labour to procure country provisions necessary to supply their few wants. They did so in Africa; they do so in the colonies; but without coercion, to a certain extent, they will do no more; and it is equally obvious and well known, that such productions are not, and never can be made, articles of barter or exchange in a trade with the nations of Europe.

Even if this nation were able and willing to give full compensation to the colonial proprietors, it would be a most dangerous and impolitic step to take, both as it regards herself and the slaves, to enfranchise them. It would be a fearful loss to this country by the total ruin of the colonies as productive agricultural settlements,—while the ruin of these settlements would inevitably tend to stimulate the production of tropical produce in the colonies of foreign and rival states; and thus in a double ratio, go to deteriorate the strength and resources of this country. To the slaves themselves the loss would be irremediable, and their return to

idleness and anarchy the certain and inevitable result.

It belongs to the wisdom of the present day to propose to civilize and to instruct savages, and to teach them morality and religion by pampering and making them as idle as possible. It belongs to the philanthropy of the present hour to cry that no slave can commit a crime, and to weep at the report of the infliction of a few stripes upon him, when he deserves them; while their own countrymen receive ten times more for less offences; and while their own vagrant laws condemn to work-houses, tread-mills, stocks and *jougs*, the idle and the dissolute among them; and it peculiarly belongs to the anti-colonial wisdom of this age to destroy L.140,000,000 of property, in order to improve a people and to enrich a country; and to maintain that the half savages in the Torrid Zone, where the spontaneous productions of nature can supply their few wants, will readily perform voluntary labour, while they see, or they may see, under their own eyes, hundreds of thousands of men and women following their respective callings of swindlers, thieves, and prostitutes, merely because they abhor labour, and will not labour.

The anti-colonists, my Lord, may say and assert what they will, but civilisation never can advance in our colonies if the authority of the European master is withdrawn, and protection to his interest and his property is refused or neglected. If Africans are left to themselves, they can neither civilize themselves nor rule each other with safety. They are deficient in the knowledge or judgment necessary to do either. The greater the number of slaves that are enfranchised by arbitrary and compulsory laws, the more extensive will be the idleness, poverty, misery, and crime, which will be produced in the Colonies, unless something effectual is done, by the hand of power, to induce or to oblige these enfranchised blacks to engage in agricultural labour, by which labour only they can rear exchangeable produce fit for the European trade, in order to obtain the necessaries and the luxuries of life. Unless they do so, they must remain as they are—poor, idle, and ignorant—a nuisance to the commu-

nity, or a burden upon it. The proprietors of estates and slaves are surely not to be compelled, or to be taxed, to support and instruct these people. Who, then, is to pay for it? for they neither will nor can do it themselves? It is here, it is amongst this class, my Lord, that the authority of the British Government ought to begin improvement by commanding industry. First induce this class to labour in agriculture for such wages as the proprietor can afford to give, and a nucleus of free labour is at once established; which, increasing in number and industry, would supply the place of the slaves gradually emancipated. Accomplish this, my Lord, and you will quickly find that, when the colonial proprietor can obtain a supply of labourers for such wages as he can afford to give, he is not more, nay less, attached to personal slavery than his ungrateful countrymen; who so cruelly vilify and defame him, and clamour so loudly against the system. Do this, my Lord; reform the laws and the courts of justice in the Colonies; make governors, judges, and crown lawyers independent and honest, and all men in these possessions, speak the truth of them; protect and encourage all those individuals who do so; free the march and administration of justice from ignorance, error, and the influence of local feuds and prejudices, and give to the British colonial agricultural proprietor protection and profit, and you will have little more to do in order to extinguish personal slavery in the Colonies; but, unless all these things are done, and wisely done, Great Britain can only extinguish personal slavery in her Colonies by the total ruin of every individual in them.

The improvement and civilisation of the slave must not only be retarded, but in fact be wholly prevented, by the degradation and ruin of the master. Yet it is in this way the anti-colonists seek to accomplish their object, and it is with regret and sorrow I state, that government appear to follow too closely in their footsteps. Hence, every thing that can really improve the slave, through the prosperity of the master, is wholly lost sight of, as unworthy of consideration. The judicial establishments in the colonies have got into the most dreadful disorder. Property,

and the interests of the European creditor, are torn to pieces by legal chicanery and ignorance. The most flagrant violations of law and justice are rendered secure by the support which the violators can readily obtain from the powerful anti-colonial party in this country, by pretending affection for the slave, and by furnishing tales of fictitious woe, to assist anti-colonial misrepresentation. The master, calumniated and reviled beyond all precedent, the produce of his property rendered valueless, and that property itself threatened to be taken away by the anti-colonists, and shattered by the proceedings of their creatures, go to prevent improvement; and for the want of funds and means, not of inclination, every thing is left to languish in the colonies; while violent sectarians, and liberalised churchmen, contrary, I am certain, to the wishes and instructions of the societies in this country which employ them, proceed, under the patronage and support which they are sure to obtain from the reckless anti-colonists, to undermine the principles of the established church in matters of faith, and the authority of the masters in matters of power and policy, in order that the whole direction of the slave population may be thrown into their hands—thus sowing dissension, and engendering strife, amongst and between all classes of the population in the colonies.

These, and more and worse than these, my Lord, are evils notorious and undeniable, which are spread and daily spreading in the colonies, and which, it would appear, are rather encouraged than discountenanced by the government. How, or where, are the colonists to obtain the pecuniary means to forward the instruction of their slaves, while the produce of their lands does not nearly pay the expenses of raising it? And where are they to obtain credit to aid them, when they and the world are told, that their property is an illegal and an "*accursed thing*," and, as such, ought to be swept away? Moreover, while the master is anxious to extend to his bondmen the benefits of the faith in which he has been instructed, is it reasonable to require of the master, that he shall be compelled to permit his slave to be instructed in a different creed?

He merely prefers the Established Church to the unsteady conventicle.

To remedy the evils pointed out, and to fix the necessary remedies on a sure foundation, you must, my Lord, have, *first*, a strict and impartial enquiry, by honest and unprejudiced men, into the actual state of the society which exists in the colonies; and, *secondly*, that enquiry must be gone into, without the assistance or admission into it of men who proclaim the robbery of the colonies as a Christian duty; and also free from the chains, the terrors, and the persecutions, which the anti-colonists have been permitted to place upon, and to carry on against every honest man who dared to oppose their schemes, their objects, and their interests.

The laws for the government of the slaves in our colonies, even if they were emancipated, must, as emanating from this country, always be arbitrary and despotic; and while they are slaves, it is obvious they must also be governed by laws, different in power, though not in spirit, from the laws which are enacted to govern the free population of this country.

It is not, my Lord, slavery in the abstract that I defend; but it is the circumstances, the acts, and the deeds, which the anti-colonists assert occur, and are committed under the system, which I have disputed, denied, and refuted. The anti-colonists assert, that the West India colonists obtained their slaves contrary to the laws of the African states, and contrary to the laws of this country, and that personal slavery in any part of our empire was also contrary to the laws of Great Britain. They assert that personal slavery is contrary to the laws of God, and a crime in his sight. They state that the slaves in our colonies are not recognised as having any rights in the eye of any law. They assert, that they enjoy no protection, and are treated with systematic and unrelenting cruelty, ill fed, and overworked. They assert, that the slaves decrease in numbers from these causes, and they adduce particular instances of severity and cruelty as the general rule. They assert that the slaves in our colonies are deteriorated in moral habits, feelings, and industry, from the state they are in. They

colonies produced by their labour exportable produce, and they denied that there were any personal slaves in Hindostan, &c. &c.

From the laws of God, the laws of my country, the laws of the colonies; from authentic facts, proofs, and references, which cannot be gainsayed, I shewed that there was not a syllable of truth in any one of their statements; and for doing this I have been loaded with many insulting epithets by Mr Stephen and his associates. Let the public judge between us. Truth and honesty will prevail over falsehood, dishonesty, and hypocrisy; and neither misrepresentation, calumny, nor reproach, can turn me from my purpose, nor make me forsake the path which I have chosen, and which I know to be straight-forward, correct, and honest.

Turn to this important colonial question, my Lord, as a national question; take it up and regulate it, not according to the interests of individuals, or parties, but according to the principles of justice, and of the great interests of the nation. Unite the interests of our whole colonial possessions, east, west, north, and south, in one connecting chain, and bind the whole to the mother country by the indissoluble link of justice and protection. While you throw behind your back the interested-clamours of East India partisans, and the childish and dangerous schemes of the anti-colonial enthusiasts, trample, at the same time, below your feet the mean and miserable intrigues for popularity, place, power, and individual gain, which too often appear amongst the West India interests in this country, and which lead them, in some instances, even to support the mad schemes of their enemies, and to surrender for political favour, and fancied advantages, the independence of colonial rights, and security of colonial property; and which political intrigues and party jealousies, have done them more injury than the efforts of all their open enemies. Tread all these, my Lord, below your feet, and then all our colonies will be united and protected, flourish and be happy, and with their prosperity the best interests of the mother country must also inevitably be increased and flourish. I am, &c.

JAMES MACQUEEN.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

OUR readers will remember, that in opposing what was called Catholic Emancipation, we took no narrow, or abstract grounds. Respecting highly many of its more distinguished opponents, we yet deeply regretted in private the line of argument they adopted, and we, in silence, avoided what we thought a capital error in them. In consequence, we rested not on the Coronation Oath, or the Protestantism of the Constitution, and we called for no perpetual exclusion; putting other things aside, we argued the matter on right and expediency, with reference to the actual condition of Ireland. We insisted that emancipation ought to be delayed until it could be granted with safety—that it ought to be preceded by the destruction of the despotism of the Catholic priests—the reconstruction of Irish society by means of the removal of surplus inhabitants—the introduction of poor-laws, &c.—the proper repair and purgation of the Established Church—the production of due obedience to law—the formation of a balance of Protestants in the Catholic parts of the country—the restoration of its legitimate political influence to Protestant property, &c. &c. While we thus strenuously maintained that power ought not to be conceded until the essential qualifications and safeguards for preventing its abuse, should be created, we laboured to make the agitation of the question a means of spurring Protestant and Catholic, ruler and subject, into co-operation for civilizing, pacifying, and enriching Ireland. On the confessions of the demagogues, we predicted that the Duke of Wellington's "great measure" would only add to evil, and clear the field for the introduction of infinitely more dangerous questions.

Experiment has refuted us as little on this, as it has done on other matters; we stand not among those whom it has covered with contempt and infamy.

Our opponents, the Cabinet, Parliamentary, Review, and Newspaper, sages—the monopolists of knowledge—the great "Taught"—the only "liberal and enlightened"—the exclu-

sive proprietors of talent, wisdom, and honesty, of course acted differently. They could not deign to see any thing, save abstract principle and generality; for people so perfect as themselves to look at vulgar fact and circumstance, men and things, at the actual condition of Ireland and the empire, was a matter not to be thought of. On their wild abstract generalities, they protested that unconditional emancipation would be an infallible nostrum for every Irish malady—would destroy the power of O'Connell and the demagogues—annihilate the political influence of the Catholic priests—extinguish the strife between Protestant and Catholic—convert the Catholics to Protestantism—replace tenant under the control of landlord—fill Ireland with British capital—reduce the army—create in two years a clear sinking fund of ten millions—bestow incalculable benefits on the Established Church—indissolubly unite Ireland with Britain—overwhelm Ireland with prosperity—and produce we know not how many other similar benefits. The Irish black and grey horses were to draw together at so furious a rate on the uphill road of wealth, as to completely distance the slow, heavy English ones. The English national team was to be put in no small danger of being run over by that of the sister island.

In what condition has experiment placed these sages? These self-same identical people are proclaiming that emancipation has created a new Catholic Question infinitely more mischievous and dangerous than the old one—has only emancipated the Catholics from the disabilities which restricted them from attempting to dismember the empire. According to their asseverations, the power of the demagogues and priests is even more irresistible than ever—in so far as Protestant and Catholic have been reconciled, they have been combined in guilt, convulsion, and rebellion—the religious labours of Protestantism are suspended, and it is put in peril of extermination—the influence of the landlord is farther destroyed—not only is British capital still excluded, but Irish is in course of

banishment—the need for troops is greatly enlarged—the sinking-fund is likely to be replaced by a great deficiency of revenue—the existence of the Church is endangered—the separation of Ireland from Britain is made a matter of open attempt and probability—and the sufferings of the former are increased. The Irish blacks and greys still pull in opposite directions, or only draw together on the road of civil war and ruin.

In all this these sages really say—“People of England, we insulted, deceived, and betrayed you—the mighty change of law and institution which we forced on you by tyranny and fraud is operating in a ruinous manner—our liberal opinions are alike false and destructive—and we are the knaves, boobies, bigots, and intolerants, we asserted our opponents to be. We are utterly unworthy of belief and trust!”

Thus Catholic Emancipation is confessed by those who advocated it to be a total failure—a failure as complete and destructive as Free-Trade, and the other nostrums which have filled the empire with calamity and convulsion. Liberal opinions—modern Whiggism and Liberalism—have now been in essentials brought to the decisive test of experiment, and the result is, overwhelming refutation throughout. In all material points of creed and measure, the Greys, Broughams, and Plunketts—the Goderichs, Grants, and Thompsons—the Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews—and the liberal newspapers, stand covered with such blasting demonstrations of false principle, incorrect view, and imbecile understanding, as never before fell on men and publications in any age or nation.

Why are they still followed? Because not only public spirit, but honourable party spirit is no more. From the sordid, blind, unprincipled, mountebankism which seems to have taken possession of Whig, Liberal, Old Tory, and Peelite alike, the object of creed and measure now is personal and factious profits. What matters it, if a change involve the empire in calamity and peril? this faction has gained, or that has preserved, power; one part of the community has beaten and ruined another—the Aristocracy has been

smote, the Church has been mutilated, the Landed Interest has been plundered, therefore the change is a most proper and beneficial one, even if it have ensured public destruction. If these men and publications were known to be lunatic and treasonable in the last degree, they would be followed with the same servility, provided they should war against the laws and institutions of the realm, and assist one part of the population in robbing and starving the other.

The confession is, that Catholic Emancipation has not left things as it found them, but has made their state infinitely worse. The old Catholic Question, not only made the Irish Protestants determined adherents of the constitution, government, and England, but restricted the Catholics from revolutionary instruction and objects. Granting that it produced party strife and convulsion, these very evils formed a source of inflexible loyalty amidst one part of the inhabitants, and a bulwark against disloyalty amidst the other; they disarmed the rebel, and compelled the traitor to wear the mask of fidelity, and caution his deluded followers against disaffection and treason. The party contention would not have been in any material degree injurious, had it not been for the Whig and Liberal Tory factions in England. When these profligate bodies were silent, and government did its duty, the party war caused by the Catholic Question in Ireland was not more violent and injurious than that between English Whigs and Tories. The Broughams and Plunketts were the leading agitators who enabled the O'Connells and Shiels to labour in security and with effect; it was solely owing to the criminality of men like these, and the criminality of Ministers, British and Irish, that the Catholic Question produced any evils worthy of notice. Taking into account what kind of subjects the Irish people always were, it has long been our deliberate opinion that this Question, on the fair balance between good and evil, yielded vast benefit to the empire. Present events amply prove that without it Ireland could only have been retained by the extreme of despotism; and they almost prove, that on several occasions during the

war, the sword could scarcely have retained her.

So long as the Catholic Question remained, that for repealing the Union could not be agitated; it was confessed by the demagogues, and obvious to all men, save the cloud-gazers—the knowledge-manufacturers—that the one kept down the other, and that the choice lay between them. Of course the death of the Catholic Question has been the birth of the Repeal one. And what are the fruits of the exchange? For a religious question of individual privilege, we have got a political one of national dismemberment; for a question which caused Protestant to balance and govern Catholic, we have got one which combines them on the side of insubordination, or neutralizes the former; for a question, which, on the balance, was greatly in favour of Protestantism, we have got one which is as much in favour of Catholicism; for a question which suppressed seditious instruction, we have got one which teaches rebellion to the whole population; for a question of party, we have got one of revolution. The bridle which kept Ireland in subjection to law, the bond of feeling which united her to England, the checks and balances in which consisted the slender portion of Irish self-government and freedom, have vanished with the Catholic Question.

The demagogues, or, to speak more correctly, the traitors, intimate very intelligibly that the struggle for the Repeal is to be really for national separation—that the Irish Parliament is to be only the mask and stepping-stone for grasping Irish independence. They thus, in regard to both duration and consequences, provide as terrible a contest as could well be conceived for England and Ireland; and of course both have the deepest interest in examining well the grievances on which they found their treason. What are these Irish grievances? Penury and misery. To what are they owing? The misdeeds of England! respond the traitors—the Subletting Act, Jury Assessments, and similar things! reply the scribes of the Treasury;—but none will reveal the great causes. The burden is thus cast wholly on England; and she is to go on, as she has done, throw-

ing away her wealth and strength merely to injure Ireland as much as herself.

The time has come when the truth, and the whole truth, must be spoken to the Irish people. For several years they have been treated like petted children; boasting of themselves as perfection, the boast has been fashionable in England; and all sides, Whig and Tory, Anti-Catholic, and the reverse, have joined in lauding them as the “faultless monsters” of the human race. Have they scrambled and blubbered for the most precious of England’s possessions—it has been pronounced hugely praiseworthy; have they wallowed in the darkest crimes—it has been tortured into excessive merit; every thing amiss in their condition and conduct has been fathered on English guilt. Even at this moment we are oracularly cautioned against saying any thing which may offend them; they are like the French—they are deaf to English admonition—they are this—they are that; and the obstreperous babies are to hear nothing from this side the Channel, save bland panegyrics on their beauties and good behaviour. For their own sake, this must be endured no longer; they must be told strongly and unsparingly of their defects and infirmities, not to insult and upbraid, but to reform and instruct them.

What, then, are the great causes of Irish penury and misery? Without hesitation, we reply—The individual deficiencies and misconduct of the Irish people.

It is self-evident that the very best laws and institutions cannot preserve the individual from want and barbarism, who is improvident, incapable, vicious and turbulent—that he is the cause of his own sufferings: it is of necessity equally so, that the case is precisely the same with a nation. Before, therefore, Ireland can prove any thing against English rule, it is incumbent on her to prove that her inhabitants differ not in character from those nations which are rich and happy.

In the more shewy kinds of natural ability, the Irishman has no superior; in the more solid kinds, and the qualities of disposition essential for producing national prosperity, he stands the lowest of civilized men.

Irish improvidence and prodigality are matters of general notoriety; one of the Irish liberals—we think Mr Spring Rice—said in Parliament two or three years ago, it would be of small use sending British capital to Ireland, if it were not placed under British frugality and foresight: another Irishman, in writing of his countrymen, pleasantly remarks, that each ought to possess ten thousand a-year. Looking at this alone, it renders it impossible for the people of Ireland to be other than poor and miserable; it not only keeps the better classes in debt and poverty, but prohibits them from providing the lower ones with food and employment.

This inordinate capacity for enjoyment is combined with the utmost incapacity for creating the means of enjoyment. Pugnacious in the last degree, the Irishman's pugnacity is eternally levelled against the sources of property and subsistence: the people of Ireland are engaged in an incessant struggle to banish and repel from them every thing which can raise them above the condition of the destitute savage.

Were the old penal laws, which are so much railed against, wantonly imposed without provocation, on a peaceable, unoffending people? No, they were provoked by the worst misconduct; they were resorted to as the only means by which Irish turbulence and crime could be repressed. Indefensible as they were, they were not more so than the Irish guilt which gave birth to them; and England's great object in them was to strike the criminal leader for the good of the follower, and to extinguish that which was more destructive to Ireland, than to herself. We do not stoop to seek shelter for her under Irish Parliaments.

In the very long interval which has elapsed since they ceased to have material operation, why has not Ireland advanced in prosperity? The Catholic Question has stood in the way, reply her traitors, and the Treasury scribes. Did it cripple her agriculture, manufactures, or trade? It did not affect them. Did it prevent her from being properly represented in Parliament? In this matter, the Catholics had a greater extent of privilege than they have at

present; they were allowed to choose their representatives, and although they were compelled to elect Protestants, the compulsion, so far as concerned the law, was little more than a nominal one, for it only prohibited them from electing men who in fact had no existence. They still are, from inability to find Catholics, bound in a great measure to Protestants as representatives; and they are worse represented than they were before the Question was carried. The Catholic disabilities did not press on the means of wealth and happiness; in essential matters they were only a name, and their removal has injured more than benefited the general interests of Ireland. But it is alleged, and allegation can invent nothing better, that they caused strife and convulsion. Was this the fault of England? Her wish was peace; in so far as she took a side, it was matter of compulsion; and when she was neutral, the Irish people tore each other to pieces. It is amply proved by the present conduct of the Catholics, that the nominal grievance formed by the disabilities was but a pretext, and that their own bad feelings were the real cause of the strife and convulsion.

Thus for a very long term of years before the Catholic Question was carried, Ireland, in so far as accountability rests on England, enjoyed the freedom, security of property, and general advantages, which were enjoyed by England and Scotland. She was in an incalculably better situation for the acquisition of wealth than any continental nation. If, previously to late years, she were treated as a colony, this had little practical effect on the side of injury, while it had much on that of benefit. During the war, she had the immense market of Britain and her colonies for her agricultural produce and linens; she obtained those prices for corn and cattle which filled the agriculture of England and Scotland with riches, and her general manufactures were protected. Since the war ceased, she has stood on an equality with England and Scotland; in regard of taxes, she has enjoyed a great advantage over them. On the whole of the term she has had an excellent market for her agricultural productions. She has possessed a superi-

ority in the linen manufacture—she has enjoyed comparative immunity from taxation. In the mighty natural advantages of soil and geographical situation, she has stood infinitely above Scotland, and on a level with England; the latter has not equalled her in natural fertility of soil, and has not been better situated in regard to the cotton trade. She has had an ample share of the Legislature; if she have pointed out any real evil, it has been promptly attended to. Various special commercial advantages have been granted her; in any collision of interest, England and Scotland have always given way to her, and England has long made it a principle to sacrifice herself in every respect to Ireland.

Why, in despite of all this, is Ireland in penury, want, and barbarism? Why, amidst this outcry for British capital, is there no Irish capital? How happens it that her agriculture is distressed, her manufactures are vanishing, and her population is suffering the extreme of wretchedness?

During the war, the Irish landowners and farmers—taking into account the advantages they possessed in cheapness of labour and fertility of soil—got about as good prices as the English and Scotch ones. The latter converted their profits into capital; the landowners built, enclosed, and drained—the farmers manured and carried the science of agriculture to perfection. In England and Scotland, the high prices made the soil fertile as a garden, and covered it with quick fences, substantial farm-steads, comfortable cottages, rich landowners, wealthy farmers, and happy husbandry labourers. The Irish landowners and farmers spent their profits in extravagance: speaking comparatively, they neither improved their land, nor gained agricultural knowledge. The naturally rich land of Ireland, saving in the North, is still a comparative wilderness, destitute of proper buildings, fences, and culture—the occupier is still without capital, implements, and skill—the blaze of agricultural improvement, which has shone so long in England and Scotland, has not been able to enter Ireland—the land of the latter is yet so cultivated as to make the smallest possible return, and it probably does

not, according to quality, yield half the produce which is drawn from that of Britain.

Who is to blame here? Why did not the things fill Irish agriculture with capital, skill, and improvement, which filled English and Scotch agriculture with them? The traitors and gentlemen of the press vociferously respond—England!—All the blame belongs to English misgovernment! The fine and perfect people of Ireland are guiltless. The ludicrous falsehood is devoutly swallowed, and England cannot sufficiently wonder at her own enormities!

Ireland is an agricultural country, and here is demonstration that the sole reason why her agriculture has not been long about as full of capital as that of England and Scotland, is to be found in the misconduct of her landowners and farmers. As the cry is kept up for British capital, let us enquire how it is likely to fare, if it chance to get into the hands of Irish agriculture.

Do the Irish landowners crave it for the purpose of building, draining, enclosing, and improving? No; they wish to use it for the payment of debts, or as revenue. They expend little on, and to a great extent they never see, their estates. We will not repeat what we have so often said on the baleful system of Irish land-letting; but we will observe, that it incapacitates the cultivator from both accumulating and retaining capital. If he have a sufficiency when he takes his land, a rack-rent and an unbending landlord, soon get it from him. Thus the landowner, no matter how high his rents may be, expends them as income, and, in a great measure, out of Ireland; and the tenant, no matter how high corn and cattle may be, is prevented by exorbitant rent from making profit, and rising above penury.

Under such a system, it is absurd to call for British capital. Let England furnish millions of it annually, and what will follow? The money will only go into Ireland as capital, to come out of it immediately to be wasted as individual revenue; it will be monopolized by the extravagance of landowners, and the cupidity of middlemen. Granting that a portion of it could reach the occupiers, it would speedily be transferred, by

exorbitant rents, to the income of those above them. If England should furnish millions of capital annually, it would be transmuted into private revenue by crossing the Channel, and Irish agriculture would remain as destitute of capital as ever.

Agriculture would be stripped of capital in England, Scotland, or any other country, by such a system. It can only possess it through its own profits. The landowner must spare from his rent what is required by the improvements it is his duty to make, and the tenant be allowed by rent to receive fair profits, or it must be a stranger to capital. We have always spoken strongly against Irish absenteeism; but in its direct effects, it is only one of the minor causes of Irish agricultural penury. In England, the landowners spend the main part of their revenues in London, and many prosperous districts have no resident landowners; five-sixths, and often nine-tenths of the villages are without the latter. But the English absentee builds, encloses, &c., and he lets his land at such rent as enables his tenants to thrive. In addition, he binds the latter to the best systems of cultivation, and he is always ready to assist in promoting measures of local benefit. If the Irish one would do the same, absenteeism would not prevent Irish agriculture from possessing a sufficiency of capital and prosperity.

Even when the Irish tenant is not disabled by excessive rent, he accumulates little. It is asserted that, notwithstanding what has been done in England and Scotland, turnips, artificial grasses, improved systems of cropping, and good breeds of live stock, are in comparison almost unknown in Ireland; this contains as strong a proof of his incapacity as could be given. The British farmer adopts every improvement, makes the most of his land, saves his profits, and thereby acquires capital for both himself and his needy neighbours; the Irish one uses not the means, and therefore gains not the fruits.

The Economists, standing on the baseless dogma, that the rate of wages must be governed by the amount of capital to be divided amidst labourers, put forth the absurd assertion that the penury of Irish husbandry labourers arises from

the want of capital. In agriculture, wages are not paid with capital, but really with a part of the produce of the land. This produce may be said to be divided between the landlord, farmer, and labourer. In Ireland, the landlord and his cubs get each a lion's share, that there is scarcely any thing left for the farmer and labourer. Without adding a shilling to Irish capital, or altering the shares of the landowner and farmer, let the produce which is grasped by the middlemen be divided amidst the labourers, and it will probably double or treble the rate of wages. Add millions to each capital, and under the system of rack-rents, the additional produce will be seized by the various landlords, and the rate of wages will not be raised; labour will only reap this benefit, an additional quantity of employment will be for a short time created. With the present system of land-letting, it is impossible for British capital to raise the rate of wages, or provide permanent employment for the surplus population; nothing can do this, but the bestowing of a larger proportion of the produce on the labourers.

Is England to blame because her capital cannot benefit Irish agriculture? Does she make the Irish landowner extravagant, rapacious, and unfeeling, or restrict him from building, enclosing, and binding his tenants to good systems of husbandry? Does she create the middlemen and per centage agents—the cormorants which pick up from the occupiers and labourers what the landowners leave? Does she render the Irish farmer ignorant, unskilful, and improvident, or disable him for adopting improvements, making profit, and preserving capital? Is it through her that the labourer's food and raiment are filched from him by the landlords? No, in word, act, and example, she is guiltless; the blame rests wholly on the Irish people.

It is alleged that the Union causes the Irish landowners to be absentees. It has no more right to do this, than it has to make absentees of the English and Scotch ones. Why cannot the Irish, as well as the British landowner, visit his estate when the Session of Parliament closes? If he be an absentee, it forms no reason why he should drain from his estate, not

only his fair rent, but also the profit, capital, and bread of his tenants and their labourers.

It is pleaded in defence of the landowners, that they cannot live on their estates from the turbulence of the people; and that much of the penury and misery of the latter is produced by their own misconduct. If they place so many landlords between themselves and the inhabitants of their estates, that these inhabitants are wholly above their control, the fault belongs not to England. What prevents her from forming an efficient magistracy? Their absenteeism. What prohibits her from creating a substantial yeomanry and duly restricted peasantry? Their mismanagement. Why cannot she enforce the laws? Because they deprive her of means, and make the population lawless.

If the Irish farmers and husbandry labourers war at elections against their landlords, and thereby bring on themselves ruin and starvation, England is not the cause. What prevents her from putting down the demagogue and Papist priest—from terminating the despotism and crimes of the leader, and the fanaticism, slavery, and stupidity of the follower? Solely the Irish people.

Let us now enquire how far the decline of Irish manufactures has been produced by English misgovernment.

Ireland, a few years ago, had a manufacture, the linen one, in which she stood far above England and Scotland; has she lost her superiority in it through exclusive advantages granted to British consumers and manufacturers? No. When the wretched free-trade system was introduced, this manufacture was specially exempted from its operation; while the English silk and other trades were to be plunged into ruin, the Irish linen trade, on the avowal of Lord Goderich and Mr Huskisson, was to be protected by prohibitory duties. It is solely for the benefit of this trade, that the duties on foreign linens are at this moment almost double those on foreign silks; it forms the only interest of any consequence which really enjoys a legal prohibition against the foreigner. Here, according to the doctrines of

the Irish traitors, the British consumers of linens have been sacrificed to the Irish producers. Farther, the Scotch kelp manufacturers have been sacrificed to the Irish bleachers. If the bounties have been withdrawn, be it remembered, that this was applauded by the Irish Liberals, who asserted they only benefited the British manufacturers, to the prejudice of the Irish ones. As far as possible, exclusive advantages have been given to the Irish linen trade, at the cost of England and Scotland.

Have British manufacturers enjoyed natural advantages over Irish ones? The contrary has been the case. The Irish manufacturers have had advantages in respect of flax, bleaching, cheap labour, and exemption from taxes, which have much outweighed their disadvantages in regard to fuel, &c.; they have had the same means as their rivals for procuring machinery.

The Irish linen trade cannot have declined from the want of capital, because it long flourished, and it then ought to have not only filled itself with capital, but supplied much to other trades. An extensive manufacture can never fall from the want of capital; because, so long as it can be carried on by means of the latter, it will produce as much as it can employ. The trade cannot have declined from incapacity in the workmen; for Irish workmen to a large extent fabricate the successful British linens.

England is not the cause, if Irish linen manufacturers be improvident, extravagant, or incapable as men of business. It is demonstrable that she has done every thing in her power to support the Irish linen trade; and that the reason why it is distressed, and has not been made an abundant source of capital and subsistence, is to be found amidst the Irish people.

Turning to other manufactures, it is asserted that they have been ruined by those of Britain through the abolition of the Irish protecting duties. Let it be remembered, that this abolition was part of that change which exalted Ireland from a colony into an integral part of the United Kingdom. Not only the Irish traitors, but also the manufacturers, have been zealous champions of free trade

with foreign nations; therefore on their doctrines the abolition must have been highly beneficial, by enabling Ireland to buy cheap, instead of producing dear, manufactures.

If the change injured the manufactures of Ireland, it benefited in a far greater degree her agriculture; it gave her, as it was intended to do, infinitely more than it took from her.

Why cannot Irish manufactures compete with British ones in cottons, woollens, &c.? They can have the same machinery and skill; they have advantages in cheapness of labour, &c., sufficient to outweigh disadvantages in other things; they are excellently situated in regard both to raw produce and foreign markets. It cannot be from the want of capital, because Ireland had different manufactures fully established, and yet they could not sustain the competition; of course, if she cannot compete with British manufacturers, British capital can only be sent her to be lost. The cause evidently is, not English misgovernment, but Irish misconduct.

If English and Scotch manufacturers establish themselves and their capital in Ireland, they are perhaps ruined by the ferocious combinations of their workmen, or the turbulent proceedings of the people. Their brethren remain at home, because they see there is no regular security of person and property in Ireland. Here, also, the Irish people are the sole parents of their own injury.

Butter and hams may be called manufactured articles, and they are important ones to Ireland. Irish butter ranks much below, not only English, but Dutch, and this must arise solely from mismanagement in the making of it. Irish hams are retailed for a third less than Yorkshire ones; and this must flow from similar mismanagement. There is neither art nor mystery in the excellence of Yorkshire hams. The things requisite for producing them are swine of good breed, fattening with barley-meal, or pease,—and by curing with the best fine salt, and salt-petre, without the villainous use, so dear to Cockneys, of smoke. The inferiority of Irish hams seems to proceed, in a large degree, from bad, proba-

bly potatoe, feeding. Ireland, with abundance of cheap milk and corn, might have bacon fully equal to that of Yorkshire. In the price of these two articles, she loses a very large sum annually, solely from ignorance and negligence.

The want of a home market operates powerfully against Irish manufactures: it flows from the indigence of the population, which evidently is produced by rack-rents in agriculture, the languishing condition of manufactures, incapacity and misconduct in the farmers and manufacturers, bad wages, and the absence of employment. If the manufacturers could only compete with British ones, it would have great effect in making the people consumers. England here is guiltless.

We need say but little of the Irish merchants. England makes no distinction between them and her own; she opens to them her vast home, colonial, and foreign markets, she grants them every possible privilege, and the fault is not hers if they do not flourish as much as English ones. They, at any rate, cannot suffer from the want of her capital, because, from their connexion with British merchants, it must always spontaneously flow to them as rapidly as they can find proper employment for it.

Nothing is of more transcendent worth to public wealth and industry, than banks. They are the offspring of private individuals,—and if Ireland have not possessed them like England and Scotland, the fault rests with her own inhabitants. While England, in the insanity which has afflicted her for several years, has been labouring to destroy her own banks, she has given exclusive privileges to those of Ireland, as well as Scotland.

It is from all this demonstrable, that England has not produced the penury and misery of Ireland, that her capital could not remove them, and that their causes are to be found amidst the Irish people. Having traced these causes to the body, let us extend the enquiry to individual character and conduct.

The Irishman is not a man of business—he is a vehement party man, and he sacrifices the interests of his country to those of his party or him-

self. If the English landowners of a parish or district, see that it will benefit them to enclose, drain, &c., they without any parade procure an Act of Parliament, and expend the requisite capital. Thus, numberless private bills continually pass the Legislature, for improving and enriching English districts at the cost of private individuals. The Irish landowners can regard nothing so minute as local advantage, or so vulgar as practical objects; they must have some magnificent, impracticable generality—some society for improving, or bill for draining, all Ireland at once on theory, which will require nothing from them beyond florid speeches and petty subscriptions. Those of a parish or district may squabble, touching the boundaries of worthless land, but as to their combining to make an outlay, in order to render such land productive, it is out of the question. Thus, in those things which are of the first importance towards improving and enriching their country, they will do nothing.

While the leading men of Ireland will neither contrive nor expend for her as private individuals, they act in a similar manner as public men. The Irish members of both Houses have always been the most imbecile, unpatriotic men in Parliament. On looking at their past history, we find that they were constantly mutes, or party gladiators—that they never proposed any measure for the benefit of Ireland, which was not, in principle and object, one of factious politics. If they gave a heart-rending description of Irish wretchedness, what was their remedy? Catholic Emancipation, or some similar poisonous nostrum! Farther, they furiously opposed all English Legislators and Ministers, who recommended efficient means of relief. Introduce poor laws? No, it touched the pockets of the sham patriots; this solitary Catholic sanctioned it, therefore true Orangemen could not be other than its enemies; anti-Catholics proposed it, and, of course, Catholics could not do less than regard it with detestation. Remove the surplus population?—Monstrous idea! it could not be done without weakening the Catholics, and diminishing the want, so essential for

feeding Catholic frenzy and turbulence. Abolish the forty shilling freeholds?—It could not be thought of, because it would affect the party strength of Protestant and Catholic. Promote the spread of Protestantism?—The enormity called forth general execration, because it was calculated to injure the factious weapons of the Catholics. These leading Irishmen, in reality, cried, “Nothing will yield any benefit, save Catholic Emancipation—it is the only panacea for rack-rents, bad wages, excess of population, starvation, barbarism, and fanaticism: if you will not grant it, we are determined you shall do nothing for Ireland.”

While these men thus fiercely opposed all effectual measures for benefiting their country, they servilely supported all which were calculated to injure her. The commercial changes which expelled her linens and provisions from some of the colonies, and exposed her provisions to competition with those of foreign countries in the home market, did her grievous injury; but they were below the notice of Irish Members of Parliament. She had a deeper interest in the old Corn Laws than even England, but her patriots in the Legislature could make no effort to preserve them. Her Parnells now seek to deprive her of the only markets she possesses for agricultural productions. Honourable exceptions there were, but they were few and powerless. The followers naturally imitated the heads. The manufacturers lauded the principles and policy which they declare have ruined their trade. The farmers could look at nothing so free from faction and beneficial to themselves as the Corn Laws. Tenants disdained the selfishness of avoiding ruin by voting for landlords. The press would not condescend to notice Irish benefit, when it could not serve, or stood in the way of, Irish parties and factions. There was a Catholic Question, and all Irishmen, high and low, were resolved to make it, as far as possible, the means of ruining themselves and their country.

The same conduct is still pursued. The mass of the landowners will not yet supply Government with the means of forming an efficient magistracy; or assist in restraining and reforming their misguided countrymen.

The landlord yet gives up his tenants to the demagogues and priests. The Catholic leaders and priests have got up another question of fury, disorganization, convulsion, and ruin. Tenant is provoking the vengeance of landlord; tradesman is destroying trade, credit, and money; labourer is annihilating employment and wages; and the people are extinguishing, with all their might, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. The men who stand aloof from faction, and really labour to benefit their country, are despised; and those only are worshipped as patriots who seek to bring on her every conceivable calamity.

The war which the people of Ireland eternally wage against themselves and their country has never any valid remote object; it is one for the sake of war. In that against the Catholic disabilities, they sacrificed themselves to empty names; and, at present, they are doing it to something worse. If the Repeal Question could be carried, what would follow? The absentees would be called home. This is not very probable, when many of them live in foreign countries, or are disabled in various ways from living in Ireland: it would yield small benefit to manufactures if the latter could not compete with British ones. But an Irish Parliament would give manufactures protecting duties. They would fall on those of Britain, and the latter of course would retaliate. Irish linens would be excluded from the markets of Britain and her colonies; Irish corn, cattle, butter, and provisions, would have duties placed on them, which would cause a loss in their price and production, exceeding in amount the rents of the absentees;

and Irish labourers would be compelled to remain at home. If Ireland should become independent, she would be placed on the footing of a foreign nation; and, as she cannot compete with this country and others, she would lose nearly all her export trade: in importing, she would be compelled to buy chiefly of this country, either openly or through smuggling.

Thus, the people of Ireland are inflicting on themselves every possible injury, merely to compass that which is an impossibility, and which, if compassed, would operate in the most fatal manner against their agriculture, manufactures, and commerce—against the property of the capitalists, and the food of the labourer.

But they cry, England must do something for them. What can she do? The Subletting Act is complained of. Well, it was passed with the general concurrence of Irishmen as an essential remedial measure. We always strongly called for it; but we called at the same time for some accompanying one to give employment or the means of emigration to the discharged peasantry. At the worst, it only produces temporary evil in creating permanent good, and the landowners may easily divest its operation of harshness. In proportion as it may be weakened in effect, the penury and wretchedness it was intended to remove must be restored and perpetuated.*

Passing over minor matters, what, we repeat, can England do? The people of Ireland have opposed emigration—they have opposed the introduction of poor-laws—they prohibit the entrance of British capital—and not even the traitors can

* That which is called "The Cottage System," produced, under ample trial, such want and misery in Ireland, that a law was unanimously passed for the purpose of putting an end to it; yet people are advocating its establishment in England as a remedy for want and misery. That subdivision of land, which was found to be so ruinous to the labouring classes in Ireland, is called for as the means of giving abundance to these classes in England. Common reason might convince any person that if a labourer have a sufficiency of employment, he has no time to cultivate land of his own; and, if he have not, the profits of an acre of land cannot yield much protection against want. Give to each labourer his acre or two, and it may yield a little present relief; but in a few years it will give to every parish twice as many labourers as it can employ, and then the Cottage System will be found more destructive to labourers than the pauper one. The things wanted, are a reduction in the supply of labour with reference to the demand, plenty of employment, and good wages; the things for making them permanently unattainable, are the Cottage System, and subdivision of land.

point out any material thing which England has the power to do for them. She will not hesitate at sacrifice; she will grant every possible boon; but, nevertheless, she cannot remove their penury and misery: this is only practicable to themselves.

The landowners must spend part of the year on their estates, and thus provide the means of forming an efficient magistracy; they must remove middlemen, and bring their tenants under their own direction and control; they must accept no man as a tenant who is the tool of the demagogues and priests; they must let their land to industrious frugal farmers alone, and bind them to British improvements and systems of management; and they must be content with moderate rents. They must build, enclose, drain, make canals, &c. The farmers must go hand in hand with their landlords; they must be peaceable, frugal, and saving, and adopt all the best systems of husbandry.

This alone can give capital and prosperity to Irish agriculture.

The manufacturers must be frugal, provident, cautious, and skilful; they must obtain British machinery, improvements, and directing workmen; and they must discountenance political faction and agitation.

Without this, Irish manufactures can never have capital and prosperity.

The merchants and tradesmen must also gain frugality, foresight, and proper habits of business; and array themselves against faction and convulsion.

Irish commerce and trade must, without this, be strangers to capital and prosperity.

The labouring classes must be peaceable, obedient to law, thrifty, skilful in their callings, sober, industrious, and duly under the influence of their superiors.

Without this, the Irish labouring classes must remain in want and wretchedness.

The people of Ireland may assure themselves, that nothing but these matters can make them prosperous and happy—that, without them, all England can do will be of no avail. Let them calmly survey their pre-

sent conduct. The absentee landlord deprives Government of the means of creating a magistracy; places the inhabitants of his estate beyond his control; drains from them their capital and food; and then points to their penury and turbulence, and exclaims, "Oh! this English misgovernment! What will England do for Ireland?" The farmer manages his land in the worst fashion, covenants to pay more rent than he can afford, joins faction, provokes his ruin by voting against his landlord; and then he ascribes his sufferings to English misgovernment. The manufacturer makes no effort to manage his business in a proper manner; lauds the laws which destroy it; wastes his property by extravagance; and then he rails against English misgovernment. The priests, demagogues, and labouring classes, trample on the laws, compel landlords to ruin tenants, exclude all proper men from parliamentary seats, banish capital, overthrow banks, blast credit, suppress markets, annihilate employment, fill their country with convulsion, beggary, starvation, and crime; and then they cry, "See the fruits of English misgovernment! What will England do for Ireland?" These scandalous proceedings have nothing to excuse them; in intellect the Irishman equals the inhabitant of any country; and his defects flow from his bad passions and misconduct. Let the people of Ireland look at those of Scotland. The Scotch are as fine a people as any under the sun, although evidence utterly destroys the claim to superiority set up by their ridiculous egotism. And how have they gained their wealth and prosperity? Not by acting like the Irish. The Irish must imitate them, or remain what they are.

England, however, must do the little she is capable of doing for the benefit of Ireland; and she must do much for her own salvation. That would be a wise law which should prohibit the existence of middlemen and percentage agents, not in Ireland only, but also in Britain; and thereby make the occupier the dependent of the landowner. Percentage agents, who are really as mischievous as any middlemen whatever, are multiplying in England, and producing great

evil. Measures ought to be taken for compelling Irish landowners to live as much on their estates as British ones do. It is unpardonable that they enjoy an exclusive exemption from serving their country as magistrates, &c., when such baleful injury flows from it. On the utility of establishing poor-laws, facilitating the draining of bogs, and assisting emigration, we need not enlarge.

The cry of open treason and rebellion is at last heard, and a systematic, unremitting struggle for producing civil war and dismemberment, is at last seen in the heart of the United Kingdom. This is the case, when England has made it almost a part of the law of nations, that whenever any portion of an empire rebels against its government, foreign powers have a right to interfere and make it independent. That England, which assisted to dismember the Spanish empire, the Turkish empire, and the kingdom of the Netherlands, which is even now calling for the separation of Poland from Russia, and which has been so long teaching revolution to continental nations, has now a vast integral part of her dominions labouring to divide itself from her and gain independence. If war break out in Ireland, what will be done by other countries? Will America send no arms and money? Will France send no troops, and abstain from interference? Will the free Belgians afford no succour? Let England be assured, her example will be imitated, and the first blow of the Irish rebel will be powerfully supported by a host of foreign negotiators and enemies. Never did she act with such incredible imbecility as she has just done touching the Belgians; the latter had no better pretext for demanding independence than the Irish have; and in their case she has established a precedent which will justify foreign nations in dismembering her on the first appearance of Irish or colonial rebellion.

Of course, it is of vital consequence to remove every thing calculated to lead to insurrection and rebellion in Ireland. It is very evident that, if the Repeal Question be tolerated, it will be constantly used to fill the people with hatred of Britain, and incite them to struggle for independence—it will keep them in readiness to be-

come rebels at the first favourable moment. The Catholic Question—oh, fatal blindness to remove it!—made the Protestants the firm friends of peace and England; but it is the nature of the new one to do the contrary. The war is no longer one between Catholic and Protestant—it attacks, not Orangemen, but England. Instead of seeking to benefit Catholic at the cost of Protestant, it pretends to seek the benefit of both. The Orangemen have neither stimulants, nor ground to stand on; they cannot enter the field as active opponents of the Catholics. It is asserted they are still faithful, and we trust they will remain so; but their regular fidelity cannot be calculated on, because the things for preserving it are destroyed, and replaced with opposite ones. The Catholics have now the field to themselves; those who differ from, cannot act with effect against, them.

Let it not be imagined that this Repeal Question will gain no advocates in the better classes. A considerable part of the press, even in Britain, will soon support it. The leading men of Ireland, as the history of the Catholic Question proves, are remarkable for any thing rather than consistency; and those who have seats in the House of Commons to dispose of will soon make converts amidst them. The next election will send into the House a strong body of Irish repealers, and it may be safely assumed that they will be supported by the Humes and Hunts—the low British party. After this election, the House of Commons will constantly contain a large party favourable to the Repeal, and its effects on the press and the community at large may be easily divined.

It is clear to all that the Repeal is not advocated from upright and patriotic motives—that the traitors, both lay and priestly, are actuated by the very worst feelings of malice, revenge, cupidity, and tyranny; and seek to sacrifice Ireland, as well as Britain, to these feelings. It is equally clear to all, that the agitation of the Question must constantly have the most baleful effects on all the best interests of Ireland as well as England, and that its success would have the same.

The traitors demonstrate that their

real object is Irish independence; the Question is therefore manifestly highly seditious and treasonable.

It irresistibly follows that the advocacy of the Repeal should in all forms be rigidly prohibited by law, and that Government should at once bring forward the law, and especially before the dissolution of the existing Parliament. This would be far more efficacious than the power at present exercised by Government of suppressing public meetings; it would reach the press and public speeches, no matter how delivered.

Government ought to possess the power we have named for at least a certain number of years longer.

Effective measures ought to be resorted to for keeping the control of elections from the demagogues and priests. This is not more necessary in other respects than it is to prevent Irish members from being the bane of their country. The law for prohibiting the Repeal from being discussed and advocated would be here highly serviceable. Laws of limited duration for disabling itinerant candidates—restricting the demagogues from taking part in any election save that of the place or county in which they regularly dwell,—and prohibiting the priests from interfering with and appearing at elections, are called for. All factious clubs and associations for influencing elections should be suppressed; so long as the demagogues and priests retain their election power, Ireland will be disaffected, convulsed, and in danger of rebellion.

The Repeal treason is a Catholic matter, got up for the exclusive benefit of Catholicism. This religion is now taking a character which ought to array every government against it. It was the great cause of the French and Belgic revolutions, and it is strenuously labouring to dismember the British empire. It is furnishing ample demonstration, that the destruction of its overpowering ascendancy is essential for giving the empire peace and security. On the score of self-preservation, the duty rests on Government, of exerting itself to create what we have repeatedly advocated—a balance of Protestants in the Catholic parts of Ireland. This would not only neutralize the power, but soften the bigotry,

and other bad feelings, of the Catholics. The Protestant Colonisation Society, judging from what we read in the public prints, seems admirably calculated for promoting it; therefore we strongly recommend it to the support of every friend of Ireland and the empire. If the labours of this society be successful—and we are sure they will if properly conducted—its example ought to be in a certain degree followed by Government. It would be politic and unexceptionable for the latter to establish in the Catholic parts, on the unproductive land, colonies composed of equal numbers of Protestants and Catholics, and bound, in regard to both religions, to proper conduct. Amidst other things, this might be made a valuable means of diffusing agricultural knowledge. The bodies of Protestants thus formed could be easily enlarged by the landowners and clergy. And once more we say, the Church ought to be put into the most efficient state possible.

We now ask, who does the Church plant on her land? She has the means of placing in every parish a clergyman and a few Protestant laymen. If a new distribution of her property be on the eve of being made, we trust that, in Ireland, the most important point will be attended to, of making it a means for creating a Protestant flock, however small, in every parish. Every landowner, in a comparatively short space of time, could have on his estate a due proportion of Protestants; he could give to himself tenants on whose votes he could depend, to the Church a flock, to the crown loyal subjects, and to the empire security against treason and dismemberment. The conduct of the landowners is unparadonable.

We devoutly wish, that both ruler and subject would lay aside their theories and prejudices, and examine this matter with the attention it deserves. If it must be so, let the past history of Catholicism be wholly forgotten, and its conduct of the present times be alone regarded. It has just attempted to destroy the free institutions of France, and the government has been compelled to cast it off in order to preserve them. It has just been a leading agent in revolutionizing and dividing the king-

dom of the Netherlands. We need not point to its acts in Spain and Portugal. At this hour, it is, without being able to plead a single grievance, labouring to involve Ireland in rebellion, for the purpose of tearing the empire to pieces. Conciliation has been tried, and found ruinous. This religion is at this moment proving, as strongly as it ever did prove, that it will not blend with others, or be other than the inveterate enemy of a Protestant government. It is as essential for the British Government, as for the French one, to use every means for reducing its power. The means which France has not, Britain possesses in abundance. The latter, through the clergy, church-lands, and landowners, could soon bring this power within due bounds, by establishing a balance of Protestants every where, without encroaching on the just rights of the Catholics. It must be done; all other means have been found fruitless: and the choice before Government is—the comparatively trifling difficulties it would produce, or continued convulsion, and Irish rebellion, and the loss of Ireland.

It is especially incumbent on the clergy to reflect deeply on this, because, from the feelings which prevail touching Church property, it is easy to see that they must either attach flocks to their property, or lose it: it seems scarcely possible for them to preserve it in any other manner. Ministers might at least use influence and remonstrance with the landowners.

The Treasury papers are urging that the Papist priests ought to be taken into the pay of the State; and we fear they are doing it at the bidding of their masters. What benefit could be drawn from such a measure? Their past declarations abundantly prove that the priests would not in return suffer the Government to interfere with their appointment and conduct; the measure has always been hateful to the mass of the disaffected laymen. Did State-payment in France and Belgium, Spain and Portugal, place the Catholic priesthood under the control of the civil ruler, and reconcile it with Protestantism and free institutions?—With such payment the Irish priest

would be as independent of the State, as hostile to the Church, and as anxious to retain his despotism as he now is. It would not improve in the least his spirit and objects; on the contrary, by making his flock jealous of him, it would incite him to still worse conduct. It would add to the disaffection and turbulence of the laymen, for the only part of them not hostile to it is now loyal and tranquil. If, therefore, Ministers propose the measure, we hope it will be firmly resisted. Let it not be forgotten that the priests are now in many places kept under a certain degree of restraint by their dependence on wealthy Protestants; and that the partial loss of their flocks in person or favour would, to a considerable extent, annihilate them, and place them under Protestant influence. A State provision would destroy this restraint, and keep them in being and independence under any loss of followers short of the whole.

It is essential for her own benefit that England should prevent the influx of Irish labourers, by providing employment for them at home, and enabling them to emigrate to the colonies. They pour into her on one side, and from this alone her own are compelled to pour out of her on another. It is a general and true remark amidst English labourers, that they are driven out of their own country by Irish ones. The latter do not come to spend their days in her, but they remain for a time, and then return, or are sent home with their feelings embittered against her; this operates greatly to feed the disaffection of the mass of the Irish people. They not only in their own persons cause an enormous portion of the lower orders in England to be disaffected; but by their coming to her, and the feelings they create, they form a prolific source of disaffection to the native English labourers. It is essential for English and Irish union and loyalty, that the labourers of the two countries should no longer be kept in continual conflict for subsistence.

A great means here would be the establishment of poor-laws in Ireland. In our judgment, it would yield the latter incalculable benefit. It could scarcely fail of raising wa-

ges, the standard of living and consumption; and in proportion as it should do this, it would increase employment, trade, and manufactures. Property would reap more benefit from it on the one hand, than injury on the other. Ireland must remain comparatively destitute of domestic trade until her working classes are made consumers.

Indigence and misery must be removed, or disloyalty and turbulence cannot. Not only are the people kept constantly in the former, but they are almost annually visited by famine. At this moment, it is said their supply of food will fail long before harvest. Without reference to any thing save peace and good feelings, it is a matter of State necessity that the law should furnish the labourer with subsistence in his hour of destitution. Both to govern and enrich Ireland, it is of the first consequence to raise the standard of living amidst her poorer inhabitants.

We must bestow unqualified praise on the vigorous conduct of Government in preventing agitation. We trust it will be firmly adhered to. If wider powers be necessary, let them be without delay asked for and granted, especially such as may be requisite for reaching the leading traitors, lay and clerical. On the possession and vigilant exercise of the most ample powers by Government, depends, not only the integrity of the empire, but every thing dear to Ireland. Lawlessness and agitation must be sternly kept down, or Irish penury and wretchedness must continue and increase. Let every friend of Ireland bear in mind, that she can only gain capital, manufactures, subsistence, security of property, prosperity, and freedom itself, through the possession of almost boundless authority by Government. This extraordinary authority must, however, be of limited duration, and it must be distinctly understood that it exists to create the elements of freedom and peace; the exercise of it must be combined with incessant efforts to give society the form, feelings, and circumstances for rendering it unnecessary.

Passing from subjects to rulers, they also must be restricted; an authority, jealous, severe, and sleepless, must be exercised over them,

or Ireland must be lost, and England must be plunged into ruin and tyranny by revolution. Not the Irish demagogues and priests—not the English radicals and revolutionists, but the Ministers and Legislators of the empire have been the great cause of placing Ireland and England in their present condition: they have created the means for enabling the demagogues and priests, radicals and revolutionists, to labour with effect.

For the last fifteen years the Whigs and their publications have been regularly preaching up general revolution. Nations were to overthrow their governments, empires were to be dismembered, and colonies were to gain independence. If rebellion shewed itself in any quarter, it was lauded and encouraged in the most outrageous manner; it was vehemently called for where there was tranquillity. At home the choice was declared to be, compliance with Whig demands, or revolt and revolution; you must concede this and that to your colonies, or they will throw off your yoke—you must remove Catholic disabilities, or have an Irish rebellion—you must change laws and institutions, or have revolution! The same conduct is still exhibited. The Belgic and Polish revolutions, as well as the totally different one of France, are furiously applauded—revolution is loudly called for in Germany, Spain, and Italy—and Ministers are labouring to produce it in Portugal. At this moment the Treasury papers are declaring that there must be reform in England, or revolution.

The people of both Ireland and Britain have thus been familiarized with the idea of rebellion and revolution; they have been taught to love them as things of the first purity and worth in all cases, and to regard them as means to be resorted to for enforcing compliance with any claims they may think good to make. Those of Ireland especially have been led to deem their independence a sacred right, as well as the grand essential for bettering their condition.

All this has produced the practical change in the law of nations, to which we have already referred. Under the grand principle of “non-intervention,” Ministers intervene to give independence to the Belgians and

Poles, and to stir up rebellion in Portugal; the principle, as it is practised, really means that the great powers shall form a kind of Holy Alliance, for intervening to make rebellion successful in every quarter.

There must be a radical change here, or it will be idle to think of governing and retaining Ireland, or preventing revolution in England. If the continent is to be kept in convulsion, rebellion, and change of rulers, fomented and eulogised by the Cabinet, Legislature, and Press, think not that the United Kingdom will escape. If France is to be exalted into a general "Liberator"—a tyrant to stalk through the world for the purpose of establishing universal liberty, flatter not yourselves that she will overlook Ireland. Theoretic definitions, touching right and claim to revolution and independence, will be of no avail; the plea of tyranny urged by the Irish traitors will be held as good as that of the Belgians or Poles; the old French and Spanish Liberals proclaimed the English government to be a tyranny, and no small number of the inhabitants of England have long proclaimed the same.

Whigs and Tories, Ministers and Legislators, must combine to teach the principles of peace, order, and obedience; they must convince the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, that changes are only to be sought by constitutional means, and for constitutional objects. The law of non-interference between ruler and subject, must be restored and firmly maintained; and instead of joining in a mad crusade to envelope the Continent in revolution and anarchy, every effort must be used to keep it in tranquillity and order. Let it never be forgotten, that England has as much cause to tremble at revolution as Austria, or any other power.

In combination with this general revolutionary instruction, the people of Ireland have been regularly taught to ascribe every thing wrong in their condition to English tyranny and misgovernment. The old penal laws have been declaimed against, as matters wholly unprovoked. The Catholic disabilities, which in their origin had no reference to Ireland, and which were contended for by the English people from motives purely defen-

sive, have been railed against as things of persecution and oppression to Ireland. The Whigs—the Broughams and Plunketts—have constantly charged Irish suffering on the disabilities, and imputed the worst motives to those who defended them. Whig and Tory, Minister and Legislator, have incited the Irish people to regard England as a despotic oppressor, themselves as the most perfect of human beings, and their penury and misery as matters created solely by English rulers.

Radical change must be made here. The Cabinet and Legislature must speak truth plainly, severely, and unreservedly to the people of Ireland: they must assure them, that if they proceed in destroying themselves, under the hope of having impossibilities performed for them by England, their hope will not be realized—that they are the parents of their own sufferings—that they will have nothing beyond impartiality granted them—and that they must exert themselves, as the people of England and Scotland are compelled to do, or remain as they are.

Who created the Catholic Association? In reality, the Whigs and Liberals. The atrocities of this body were connived at by the Irish Government, and defended by the Whig Opposition; Peers and Legislators made themselves its members, patrons, and protectors. The present English Lord Chancellor, and keeper of the King's conscience, placed it above the constitution and laws, and was its furious champion; the present Irish Chancellor lavished unmeasured panegyric on the Papist priests in the midst of their labours to produce crime, disaffection, and convulsion. Every thing was done by these men and their coadjutors calculated to make the Irish Catholics hate England and the Protestants, trample on the laws, and regard guilt, insubordination, and treason, as praiseworthy matters.

Because Lords Brougham and Plunkett were supporters of the Catholic Question, they decided it ought to be advocated by crime and lawlessness; because they are hostile to the Repeal one, they decide it shall be put down by unsparing despotism. But their will is not law, and their opinion is not an infallible dog-

ma of the Catholic church; therefore the Catholics naturally conceive that the same things are innocent and meritorious in the one question, which these lawyers pronounced to be so in the other. If "agitation" be a proper means for obtaining one thing, it unquestionably is for obtaining another.

The Catholics never durst act as they are now acting, they never durst name the objects they are now pursuing, until they received the sanction of the Whigs and Liberal Tories. To the latter, both their ungovernable conduct and treasonable intentions are clearly owing.

The Catholic Association was avowedly the parent of the English ones which are spreading in every direction, for the attainment of destructive innovation and change, by licentiousness and turbulence.

Here radical change must also be adopted. In the first place, leading questions which produce bad feelings, ought to be set at rest. That of Reform is on the point of being disposed of, and every thing is in favour of an immediate settlement of the Tithe one. In the second place, no new questions of a similar kind ought to be raised. And in the third place, all such associations, Irish and British, should be put under legal prohibition. If leading public men inflame the passions of the people against national institutions, place the subject above the ruler, and shield with the authority of both Parliament and the Cabinet, guilt, contempt of law, defiance of constituted authorities, and ungovernable clubs, vain will be the attempt to save Ireland and the empire.

It has long been the fashion for both the Ministry and the Legislature to discountenance and insult the loyal part of the Irish people. The atrocious abuse, which, from the different sides of Parliament, was perpetually cast on the Orangemen, and all who were sufficiently well affected to oppose Catholic criminality, cannot have been forgotten. Irish attachment to the constitution, and fidelity to England, were denounced and treated as crimes; while Ministers and Members of Parliament pretended to call for religious peace and union, they held up the anti-Catholics to Catholic hatred and vengeance

as monsters of iniquity; the latter were not only thus defamed, but excluded from public trusts and emoluments. The marvel is, that the Orangemen were not made, to a man, the enemies of England by the treatment they met with. They have now glorious revenge. The very public men and newspaper scribes, who covered them with scurrility, almost supplicate them to resume their former conduct. Lord Plunkett courts them; and even Lord Brougham's newspapers exult over the information, that the Orangemen will again take the field against the Catholics.

If Ireland is to be retained, attachment to England must no more be subjected to ban and punishment; it must be created and nurtured by the usual means of favour and reward. It is clearly one of the highest duties of Government to keep up and strengthen in every way the English party. We say not, that Protestants only ought to be favoured; let all well-disposed Catholics be favoured equally; but confine the favour, and dispense it bountifully, to good feelings and conduct.

It is asserted, that the Marquis of Anglesey is yet anxious to extinguish religious distinctions and strife between Protestant and Catholic, by making the former the friend of the latter. He cannot, we think, be guilty of the egregious folly. Let the Orangemen and lower orders of Protestants be reconciled with the Catholics, and what will follow? They will be made Catholics and Repealers. The religious strife is the great bond of religious and civil fidelity. Is it this strife on the part of the Protestants which prompts the present conduct of the Catholics? Are the traitors moved by animosity, provoked by Orangemen, to call for the Repeal? O'Connell is covering even the Orangemen with his blandishments; while he is labouring to make the Protestants his brethren and followers, the Lord Lieutenant, as it is said, is playing into his hands, by attempting to remove the principal thing which prevents them from becoming so. At the very best, the extinction of Protestant party feeling would free the Catholics from opponents, and strip the Government of moral support: that it would not in the least amend

the spirit and conduct of the former, is manifest to all men. At present, the Protestants are united on the right side of things; but let Government again raise the absurd cry of Peace and Union, and they will once more be arrayed against each other in favour of Catholic treason.

Who must place these restrictions on public men, in office and out of it? The reflecting and patriotic part of the community, if it desire to escape irretrievable ruin. Let all men who love their country—all who value their own interests, put far from them party and personal feelings; and examine dispassionately the fruits of the liberal system of Government, and the situation in which they are placed.

The liberal doctrines were not only to give abundance to the labouring classes, but to fill these and other classes with knowledge and the best feelings. These classes have been sunk into unexampled penury, and filled with the most erroneous and dangerous opinions. The same opinions have been very largely adopted by the middle classes. The wholesome party-war between Whig and Tory, has been changed into a revolutionary one between the democracy and aristocracy. The Whigs no more lead the bulk of the community than the Tories. Earl Grey and Lord Brougham may protest against the ballot and radical reform, or defend the aristocracy; but they are scorned by their liberal pupils. While the control of both parties of public men is wholly cast off in favour of revolutionary objects, the country is covered with lawless combinations, and clubs for the attainment of these objects. The Whigs and Liberals are themselves proclaiming that the empire is in great danger from the bad feelings of the English population.

Catholic emancipation has produced a very violent, however necessary, abridgment of privilege and liberty to the Catholics themselves: it has greatly injured their condition. Ireland could have been governed with much less despotic means before it was granted, than she can

now. To the danger of revolution in England, it has been added that of Irish rebellion for the sake of independence.

Demonstration flashes from every side, that a few steps farther will be the loss of every thing—will be the certain downfall of the empire; yet the parents of the tremendous peril insist on proceeding: the same principles are to be acted on, the same instruction is to be disseminated, and the same men are still to dictate and govern.

Let those who have a stake in the public weal, look at these matters and do their duty: let them especially consider how the English clubs—clamour against Church property—projected change of the corn law—and war against the aristocracy—are calculated to operate on the feelings and interests of Ireland.

The intelligent part of the Irish Protestants must be well aware, that their religious existence is now struck at—that the independence of their country would be the extermination of its Protestantism; and this will keep them on the right side, if they be not disunited by folly in the government. How long the humbler part of them can be depended on, is a question which cannot be looked at without apprehension: it is manifest to all, that every effort should be made to attach them to proper feelings.

The Catholics may assure themselves, that there is no Englishman who desires to profit at their cost, or who is not willing to make a sacrifice for their legitimate benefit. For many years the people of England have been as anxious as any Irishman to remove, regardless of their own loss, the penury and misery of Ireland. And they may assure themselves farther, that England, however divided and misled she may be in other respects, sees and feels as she ought on the Repeal; that she regards it as a matter of vitality—a blow at, not a limb, but the heart, and will never consent to it, so long as she has blood to shed and a weapon to contend with.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAP. VIII.

The Martyr-Philosopher.

It has been my lot to witness many dreadful death-beds. I am not overstating the truth, when I assert that nearly eight out of every ten that have come under my personal observation—of course excluding *children*—have more or less partaken of this character. I know only one way of accounting for it, and some may accuse me of cant for adverting to it,—men will not LIVE as if they were to die. They are content to let that event come upon them “like a thief in the night.”* They grapple with their final foe, not merely unprepared, but absolutely incapacitated for the struggle, and then wonder and wail at their being overcome and “trodden under foot.” I have, in some of the foregoing chapters, attempted to sketch three or four dreary scenes of this description, my pencil trembling in my hand the while; and could I but command colours dark enough, it is yet in my power to pourtray others far more appalling than any that have gone before—cases of those who have left life “clad in horror’s hideous robe”—*whose sun has gone down in darkness*—if I may be pardoned for quoting the fearful language of a very unfashionable book!

Now, however, for a while at least, let the storm pass away; the accumulated clouds of guilt, despair, madness, disperse; and the lightning of the fiercer passions cease to shed its disastrous glare over our minds. Let us rejoice beneath the serenely heavens; let us seek sunnier spots—by turning to the more peaceful pages of humanity. Let me attempt to lay before the reader a short account of one whose exit was eminently calm, tranquil, and dignified; who did not skulk into his grave with shame and fear, but laid down life with honour: leaving behind him the influence of his greatness and goodness, like the

evening sun—who smiles sadly on the sweet scenes he is quitting, and a holy lustre glows long on the features of nature—

“Quiet as a nun
“Breathless with adoration.”†

Even were I disposed, I could not gratify the reader with any thing like a fair sketch of the early days of Mr E——. I have often lamented, that, knowing as I did the simplicity and frankness of his disposition, I did not once avail myself of several opportunities which fell in my way of becoming acquainted with the leading particulars of his life. Now, however, as is generally the case, I can but deplore my negligence, when remedying it is impossible. All that I have it now in my power to record, is some particulars of his latter days. Interesting I know they will be considered: may they prove instructive. I hope the few records I have here preserved, will shew how a mind long disciplined by philosophy, and strengthened by religious principle, may triumph over the assault of evils and misfortunes combined against its *expiring* energies. It is fitting, I say, the world should hear how nobly E—— surmounted such a sudden influx of disasters as have seldom before burst overwhelmingly upon a death-bed.

And should this chapter of my diary chance to be seen by any of his relatives and early friends, I hope the reception it shall meet with from the public may stimulate them to give the world some fuller particulars of Mr E——’s valuable, if not very varied, life. More than seven years have elapsed since his death; and, as yet, the only intimation the public has had of the event, has been in the dreary corner of the public

* One of my patients, whom a long course of profligacy had brought to a painful and premature death-bed, once quoted this striking and scriptural expression when within less than an hour of his end, and with a thrill of horror.

† Wordsworth, I believe.

prints allotted to "*Deaths*,"—and a brief enumeration in one of the quarterly journals of some of his leading contributions to science. The world at large, however, scarce know that he ever lived—or, at least, *how* he lived or died;—but how often is such the fate of modest merit!

My first acquaintance with Mr E—— commenced accidentally, not long before his death, at one of the evening meetings of a learned society of which we were both members. The first glimpse I caught of him interested me much, and inspired me with a kind of reverence for him. He came into the room within a few minutes of the chair's being taken, and walked quietly and slowly, with a kind of stooping gait, to one of the benches near the fire-place, where he sat down, without taking off his great-coat, and crossing his gloved hands on the knob of a high walking-stick, he rested his chin on them, and in that attitude continued throughout the evening. He removed his hat when the chairman made his appearance; and I never saw a finer head in my life. The crown was quite bald, but the base was fringed round as it were, with a little soft, glossy, silver-hued hair, which, in the distance, looked like a faint halo. His forehead was of noble proportions; and, in short, there was an expression of serene intelligence in his features, blended with meekness and dignity, which quite enchanted me.

"Pray, who is that gentleman?" I enquired of my friend Dr D——, who was sitting beside me. "Do you mean that elderly thin man sitting near the fire-place, with a great-coat on?"—"The same."—"Oh, it is Mr E——, one of the very ablest men in the room, though he talks the least," whispered my friend; "and a man who comes the nearest to my *beau idéal* of a philosopher, of any man I ever knew or heard of in the present day!"

"Why, he does not seem very well known here," said I, observing that he neither spoke to, nor was spoken to by any of the members present. "Ah, poor Mr E—— is breaking up, I'm afraid, and that very fast," replied my friend, with a sigh. "He comes but seldom to our evening meetings, and is not ambitious of making many acquaintances." I inti-

mated an eager desire to be introduced to him. "Oh, nothing easier," replied my friend, "for I know him more familiarly than any one present, and he is, besides, simple as a child in his manners, even to eccentricity, and the most amiable man in the world. I'll introduce you when the meeting's over." While we were thus whispering together, the subject of our conversation suddenly rose from his seat, and with some trepidation of manner, addressed a few words to the chair, in correction of some assertions which he interrupted a member in advancing. It was something, if I recollect right, about the atomic theory, and was received with marked deference by the president, and general "Hear! hears!" from the members. He then resumed his seat, in which he was presently followed by the speaker whom he had evidently discomfited; his eyes glistened, and his cheeks were flushed with the effort he had made, and he did not rise again till the conclusion of the sitting. We then made our way to him, and my friend introduced me. He received me politely and frankly. He complained, in a weak voice, that the walk thither had quite exhausted him—that his health was failing him, &c.

"Why, Mr E——, you *look* very well," said my friend.

"Ay, perhaps I do, but you know how little faith is to be put in the hale looks of an old and weak man. Age generally puts a good face on bad matters, even to the last," he added, with a smile and a shake of the head.

"A sad night!" he exclaimed, on hearing the wind howling drearily without, for we were standing by a window at the north-east corner of the large building; and a March wind swept cruelly by, telling bitter things to the old and feeble who had to face it. "Allow me to recommend that you wrap up your neck and breast well," said I.

"I intend it, indeed," he replied, as he was folding up a large silk handkerchief. "One must guard one's candle with one's hand, or Death will blow it out in a moment. That's the sort of treatment we old people get from him; no ceremony—he waits for one at a bleak corner, and puffs out one's expiring light

with a breath, and then hastens on to the more vigorous torch of youth."

"Have you a coach?" enquired Dr D——. "A coach! I shall walk it in less than twenty minutes," said Mr E——, buttoning his coat up to the chin.

"Allow me to offer you both a seat in mine," said I; "it is at the door, and I am driving towards your neighbourhood." He and Dr D—— accepted the offer, and in a few minutes time we entered, and drove off. We soon set down the latter, who lived close by; and then my new philosophical friend and I were left together. Our conversation turned, for a while, on the evening's discussion at the society; and, in a very few words, remarkably well chosen, he pointed out what he considered to have been errors committed by Sir —— and Dr ——, the principal speakers. I was not more charmed by the lucidness of his views, than by the unaffected diffidence with which they were expressed.

"Well," said he, after a little pause in our conversation, "your carriage motion is mighty pleasant, it reduces one into a feeling of indolence! These delicious soft-yielding cushioned backs and seats, they would make a man loath to use his legs again! Yet I never kept a carriage in my life, though I have often wanted one, and could easily have afforded it once." I asked him why? He replied, "It was not because he feared childish accusations of ostentation, nor yet in order to save money, but because he thought it becoming to a rational being to be content with the natural means God has given him, both as to matter of necessity and pleasure. It was an insult," he said, "to nature, while she was in full vigour, and had exhibited little or no deficiency in her functions—to hurry to art. For my own part," said he, "I have always found a quiet but exquisite satisfaction, in continuing independent of her assistance, though at the cost of some occasional inconvenience: it gives you a consciousness of relying incessantly on Him who made you, and sustains you in being. Do you recollect the solemn saying of Johnson to Garrick, on seeing the immense levies the latter had

made on the resources of ostentatious, ornamental art? 'Davie, Davie, these are the things that make a death-bed terrible!'" I said something about Diogenes. "Ah," he replied quickly, "the other extreme! He accused nature of superfluity, redundancy. A proper subordination of externals to her use, is part of her province; else why is she placed among so many materials, and with such facilities of using them? My principle, if such it may be called, is, that art may minister to nature, but not pamper and surfeit her with superfluities.

"You would laugh, perhaps, to come to my house, and see the extent to which I have carried my principles into practice. I, yes, I, whose life has been devoted, among other things, to the discovery of mechanical contrivances! You, accustomed, perhaps, to the elegant redundancies of these times, may consider my house and furniture absurdly plain and naked—a tree stripped of its leaves when the birds are left to lodge on the bare branches! But I want little, and do not 'want that little long.' But stop, here is my house! Come—a laugh, you know, is good before bed—will you have it now? Come, see a curiosity—a Diogenes, but no Cynic!" Had the reader seen the modesty, the cheerfulness, the calmness of manner with which Mr E——, from time to time, joined in the conversation, of which the above is the substance, and been aware of the weight due to his sentiments, or those of one who had actually LIVED UP to them all his life, and earned a very high character in the philosophical world—if he be aware how often old age and pedantry, grounded on a small reputation, are blended in repulsive union, he might not consider the trouble I have taken thrown away in recording this my first conversation with Mr E——. He was, indeed, an instance of "philosophy teaching by example;" a sort of character to be sought out for in life, as one at whose feet we may safely sit down and learn. I could not accept of Mr E——'s invitation that evening, as I had a patient to see a little farther on; but I promised him an early call. All my way home my mind

was filled with the image of E—, and partook of the tranquillity and pensiveness of its guest.

I scarce know how it was, but with all my admiration of Mr E—, I suffered the month of May to approach its close before I again encountered him. It was partly owing to a sudden increase of business, created by a raging scarlet fever—and partly occasioned by illness in my own family. I often thought and talked, however, of the philosopher, for that was the name he went by with Dr D— and myself. Mr E— had invited us both to take “an old-fashioned friendly cup of tea” with him; and accordingly, about six o’clock, we found ourselves driving down to his house. On our way, Dr D— told me that our friend had been a widower nearly five years; and that the loss, somewhat sudden, of his amiable and accomplished wife, had worked a great change in him, by divesting him of nearly all interest in life or its concerns. He pursued even his philosophical occupations with languor, more from a kind of habit than inclination. Still he retained the same evenness and cheerfulness which had distinguished him through life. But the blow had been struck which severed him from the world’s joys and engagements. He might be compared to a great tree torn up by the root, and laid prostrate by a storm, yet which dies not all at once. The sap is not instantaneously dried up; but for weeks, or even months, you may see the smaller branches still shooting unconsciously into short-lived existence, all fresh and tender from the womb of their dead mother; and a rich green mantle of leaves long concealing from view the poor fallen trunk beneath. Such was the pensive turn my thoughts had taken by the time we had reached Mr E—’s door. It was a fine summer evening—the hour of calm excitement. The old-fashioned window panes of the house we had stopped at, shone like small specks of fire, in the steady slanting rays of the retiring sun. It was the first house of a very respectable antique-looking row, in the suburbs of London, which had been built in the days of Henry the Eighth.

Three stately poplars stood sentries before the gateway.

“Well, here we are at last, at *Plato’s Porch*, as I’ve christened it,” said Dr D—, knocking at the door. On entering the parlour, a large old-fashioned room, furnished with the utmost simplicity, consistent with comfort, we found Mr E— sitting near the window, reading. He was in a brown dressing-gown, and study cap. He rose and welcomed us cheerfully. “I have been looking into *La Place*,” said he, in the first pause which ensued, “and a little before your arrival, had flattered myself that I had detected some erroneous calculations; and only look at the quantity of evidence that was necessary to convince that I was a simpleton by the side of *La Place*!” pointing to two or three sheets of paper crammed with small algebraical characters in pencil—a fearful array of symbols—“ $\sqrt{\quad} 3a^2, \square \frac{y}{z} \frac{2}{2} + 9 - n = 9; n \times \log. e$ ”—and sines, co-sines, series, &c. &c. without end. I had the curiosity to take up the volume in question, while he was speaking to Dr D—, and noticed on the fly leaf the autograph of the Marquis *La Place*, who had sent his work to Mr E—. Tea was presently brought in; and as soon as the plain old-fashioned china, &c. &c., had been laid on the table by the man-servant, himself a knowing old fellow as I ever saw in my life, Miss E—, the philosopher’s niece, made her appearance, an elegant unaffected girl, with the same style of features as her uncle.

“I can give a shrewd guess at your thoughts, Dr —,” said Mr E—, smiling, as he caught my eye following the movements of the man-servant till he left the room.—“You fancy my keeping a man-servant to wait at table does not tally very well with what I said the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you.”

“Oh dear, I’m sure you’re mistaken, Mr E—! I was struck with the singularity of his countenance and manners—those of a stanch old family servant.”

“Ah, Joseph is a vast favourite with my uncle,” said Miss E—, “I can assure you, and fancies him—

self nearly as great a man as his master.”—“Why, as far as the *pratique* of the laboratory is concerned, I doubt if his superior is to be found in London. He knows *it*, and all my ways, as well as he knows the palm of his own hand! He has the neatest way in the world of making hydrogen gas, and, what is more, found it out himself,” said Mr E——, explaining the process; “and then he is a miracle of cleanliness and care! He has not cost me ten shillings in breakage since I knew him. He moves among my brittle wares, like a cat on a glass wall.”

“And then he writes and reads for my uncle—does all the minor work of the laboratory—goes on errands—waits at table—in short, he’s quite invaluable,” said Miss E——.

“Quite a *factotum*, I protest,” exclaimed Dr D——.

“You’d lose your *better half* then, if he were to die, I suppose?” said I quickly.

“No! *that* can happen but *once*,” replied Mr E—— with a sigh, alluding to the death of his wife. Conversation flagged for a moment. “You’ve forgotten,” at length said E——, breaking the melancholy pause, “the very chiefest of poor Joseph’s accomplishments—what an admirable, unwearied *nurse* he is to me.” At that moment Joseph entered the room, with a note in his hand, which he gave to Mr E——. I guessed where it came from—for happening a few moments before to cast my eye to the window, I saw a footman walking up to the door; and there was no mistaking the gorgeous scarlet liveries of the Duke of ——. E——, after glancing over the letter, begged us to excuse him for a minute or two, as the man was waiting for an answer.

“You, of course, knew what my uncle alluded to,” said Miss E——, addressing Dr D—— in a low tone, as soon as E—— had closed the door after him, “when he spoke of Joseph’s being a *nurse*—don’t you?” Dr D—— nodded. “My poor uncle,” she continued, addressing me, “has been for nearly *twenty-five* years afflicted with a dreadful disease in the spine; and during all that time has suffered a perfect martyrdom from it. He could not stand *straight* up, if it were to save his life; and he is

obliged to sleep in a bed of a very curious description—the joint contrivance of himself and Joseph. He takes half an ounce of laudanum every night, at bed time, without which, the pains, which are always most excruciating at night time, would not suffer him to get a moment’s sleep!—Oh, how often have I seen him rolling about on this carpet and hearth-rug—yes, even in the presence of visitors—in a perfect ecstasy of agony, and uttering the most heartbreaking groans.”

“And I can add,” said Dr D——, “that he is the most perfect Job—the most angelic sufferer, I ever saw!”

“Indeed, indeed, he is,” rejoined Miss E——, with emotion. “I can say, with perfect truth, that I never once heard him murmur or complain at his hard fate. When I have been expressing my sympathies, during the extremity of his anguish, he has gasped, ‘Well, well, it *might* have been worse!’”—Miss E——, suddenly raised her handkerchief to her eyes, for they were overflowing.

“Do you see that beautiful little picture hanging over the mantel-piece?” she enquired, after a pause, which neither Dr D—— nor I seemed inclined to interrupt—pointing to an exquisite oil painting of the crucifixion. “I have seen my poor uncle lying down on the floor, while in the most violent paroxysms of pain, and with his eyes fixed intensely on that picture, exclaim, ‘*Thine* were greater—thine were greater!’ And then he has presently clasped his hands upwards; a smile has beamed upon his pallid quivering features, and he has told me the pain was abated.”

“I once was present during one of these painfully interesting scenes,” said Dr D——, “and have seen such a heavenly radiance on his countenance, as could not have been occasioned by the mere sudden cessation of the anguish he had been suffering.”

“Does not this strange disorder abate with his encreasing years?” I enquired.

“Alas, no!” replied Miss E——, “but is, if possible, more frequent and severe in its seizures. Indeed, we all think it is wearing him out fast. But for the unwearied services of that faithful creature, Joseph, who

sleeps in the same room with him, my uncle must have died long ago!"

"How did this terrible disorder attack Mr E——, and when?" I enquired. I was informed that he himself originated the complaint with an injury he sustained when a very young man: he was riding, one day, on horseback, and his horse suddenly reared backward, and Mr E——'s back came in violent contact with a plank, projecting from behind a cart loaded with timber. He was, besides, however, subject to a constitutional feebleness in the spine, derived from his father and grandfather. He had consulted almost every surgeon of eminence in England, and a few on the Continent; and spent a little fortune among them—but all had been in vain!

"Really, you will be quite surprised, Doctor ——," said Miss E——, "to know, that though such a martyr to pain, and now in his 64th year, my uncle is more active in his habits, and regular in his hours, than I ever knew any one. He rises almost invariably at four o'clock in summer, and at six in winter;—and this, though so helpless, that without Joseph's assistance, he could not dress himself——." "Ah, by the way"—interrupted Dr D——, "that is another peculiarity in Mr E——'s case; he is subject to a sort of nightly paralysis of the upper extremities, from which he does not completely recover, till he has been up for some two or three hours." How little had I thought of the under-current of agony, flowing incessantly beneath the calm surface of his cheerful and dignified demeanour! Oh, philosophy—Oh, Christian philosophy!—I had failed to detect any marks of suffering in his features, though I had now had two interviews with him—so completely, even hitherto, had "his unconquerable mind conquered the clay"—as one of our old writers expresses it. If I had admired and respected him heretofore, on the ground of Dr D——'s opinion—how did I now feel disposed to adore him! I looked on him as an instance of long-tried heroism and fortitude, almost unparalleled in the history of man. Such thoughts were passing through my mind, when Mr E—— re-entered the room. What I had heard, during his ab-

sence, made me now look on him with tenfold interest. I wondered that I had overlooked his stoop—and the permanent print of pain on his pallid cheek. I gazed at him, in short, with feelings of sympathy and reverence, akin to those called forth by a picture of one of the ancient martyrs.

"I'm sorry to have been deprived of your company so long," said he; "but I have had to answer an invitation, and several questions besides, from——I daresay you know whom?" addressing Dr D——.

"I can guess, on the principle *ex ungue*—the gaudy livery 'vaunts of royalty'—eh? Is it——?"

"Yes. He has invited me to dine with Lord ——, Sir ——, and several other members of the —— Society, at ——, this day week, but I have declined. At my time of life I can't stand late hours and excitement. Besides, one must learn betimes to *wean* from the world, or be suddenly snatched from it, screaming like a child," said Mr E——, with an impressive air.

"I believe you are particularly intimate with ——; at least I have heard so—Are you?" enquired Dr D——.

"No. I might possibly have been so, for —— has shewn great consideration towards me; but I can assure you, I am the sought, rather than the seeker, and have been all my life."

"It is often fatal to philosophical independence to approach too frequently, and too nearly, the magic circle of the court," said I.

"True. Science is, and should be, aspiring. So is the eagle; but the royal bird never approaches so near the sun, as to be drowned in its blaze. —— has been nothing since he became a courtier." * * *

"What do you think of ——'s pretensions to science, generally, and his motives for seeking so anxiously the intimacy of the learned?" enquired Dr D——.

"Why, ——" replied E——, with some hesitation; " 'tis a wonderful thing for him to know even a fiftieth part of what he does. He is popularly acquainted with the outlines of most of the leading sciences. He went through a regular course of readings with my friend ——; but

he has not the *time* necessary to ensure a successful prosecution of science. It is, however, infinitely advantageous to science and literature, to have the willing and active patronage of royalty. I never knew him exhibit one trait of overbearing dogmatism; and that is saying much for one whom all flatter always. It *has* struck me, however, that he has rather too anxious an eye towards securing the character and applause of a MÆCENAS."

"Pray, Mr E——, do you recollect mentioning to me an incident which occurred at a large dinner party given by ——, when you were present, when Dr —— made use of these words to ——: '*Does not your —— think it possible for a man to pelt another with potatoes, to provoke him to fling peaches in return, for want of other missiles?*'—and the furious answer was ——."

"We will drop that subject, if you please," said E—— coldly, at the same time colouring, and giving my friend a peculiar monitory look.

"I know well, personally, that —— has done very many noble things in his day—most of them, comparatively, in secret; and one munificent action he has performed lately towards a man of scientific eminence, who has been as unfortunate as he is deserving, which will probably never come to the public ear, unless —— and —— die suddenly," said Mr E——. He had scarcely uttered these words, when he turned suddenly pale, laid down his tea-cup, with a quivering hand, and slipped slowly from his chair to the floor, where he lay at his full length, rolling to and fro, with his hands pressed upon the lower part of his spine—and all the while uttering deep sighs and groans. The big drops of perspiration, rolling from his forehead down his cheeks, evidenced the dreadful agony he was enduring. Dr D—— and I both knelt down on one knee by his side, proffering our assistance—but he entreated us to leave him to himself for a few moments, and he should soon be better.

"Emma!" he gasped, calling his niece—who, sobbing bitterly, was at his side in a moment—"kiss me—that's a dear girl—and go up to bed—but, on your way, send Joseph

here directly." She retired, and in a few moments Joseph entered hastily, with a broad leathern band, which he drew round his master's waist and buckled tightly. He then pressed with both his hands for some time upon the immediate seat of the pain. Our situation was both embarrassing and distressing—both of us medical men, and yet compelled to stand by mere passive spectators of agonies we could neither alleviate nor remove.

"Do you absolutely *despair* of discovering what the precise nature of this complaint is?" I enquired in an under tone.

"Yes—in common with every one else that has tried to discover it, but in vain. That it is an affection of the spinal chord, is clear; but what is the immediate exciting cause of these tremendous paroxysms I cannot conjecture," replied Dr D——.

"What have been the principal remedies resorted to?"

"Oh, every thing—almost every thing that the wit of man could devise—local and general bleedings to a dreadful extent; irritations and counter-irritations without end; electricity—galvanism—all the resources of medicine and surgery have been ransacked to no purpose.—Look at him!" whispered Dr D——, "look—look;—do you see how his whole body is drawn together in a heap, while his limbs are quivering as though they would fall from him?—See—see—how they are now struck out, and plunging about, his hands clutching convulsively at the carpet—scarce a trace of humanity in his distorted features—as if this great and good man were the sport of a demon!"

"Oh! gracious God! Can we do *nothing* to help him?" I enquired, suddenly approaching him, almost stifled with my emotions. Mr E—— did not seem conscious of our approach; but lay rather quieter, groaning—"Oh—oh—oh—that it would please God to dismiss me from my sufferings!"

"My dear, dear Mr E——," exclaimed Dr D——, excessively agitated, "can we do nothing for you? Can't we be of *any* service to you?"

"Oh, none—none—none!" he groaned, in tones expressive of utter hopelessness. For more than a quar-

ter of an hour did this victim of disease continue writhing on the floor, and we standing by, "physicians of no value!" The violence of the paroxysm abated at length, and again we stooped, for the purpose of raising him and carrying him to the sofa—but he motioned us off, exclaiming so faintly as to be almost inaudible—"No—no, thank you—I must not be moved for this hour—and when I am, it must be to bed."—"Then we will bid you good evening, and pray to God you may be better in the morning."—"Yes—yes.—Better—better; good—good by," he muttered indistinctly.

"Master's falling asleep, gentlemen, as he always does after these fits," said Joseph, who had his arm round his suffering master's neck. We, of course, left immediately, and met Miss E—— in the passage, muffled in her shawl, and sobbing as if she would break her heart.

Dr D—— told me, as we were walking home, that, about two years' ago, E—— made a week's stay with him; and that, on one occasion, he endured agonies of such horrible intensity, as nothing could abate, or in any measure alleviate, but two doses of laudanum, of nearly six drachms each, within half an hour of each other; and that even then he did not sleep for more than two hours. "When he awoke," continued my friend, "he was lying on the sofa in a state of dreadful exhaustion, the perspiration running from him like water. I asked him if he did not sometimes yield to such thoughts as were suggested to Job by his impetuous friends—to 'curse God and die,'—to repine at the long and lingering tortures he had endured nearly all his life, for no apparent crime of his own?"

"No, no," he replied calmly; "I've suffered too long an apprenticeship to pain for that! I own I was at first a little disobedient—a little restive—but now I am learning resignation! Would not useless fretting serve to enhance—to aggravate my pains!"

"Well!" I exclaimed, "it puzzles my theology—if any thing could make me sceptical."—E—— saw the train of my thoughts, and interrupted me, laying his white wasted hand

on mine—"I always strive to bear in mind that I am in the hands of a God as good as great, and that I am not to doubt his goodness, because I cannot exactly see *how* he brings it about. Doubtless there are *reasons* for my suffering what I do, which, though at present incomprehensible to me, would appear abundantly satisfactory could I be made acquainted with them. Oh, Dr D——, *what* would become of me," said E——, solemnly, "were I, instead of the rich consolations of religion, to have nothing to rely on but the disheartening speculations of infidelity!—If in *this* world only I have hope," he continued, looking steadfastly upwards, "I am, of all men, most miserable!"—Is not it dangerous to know such a man, lest one should feel inclined to fall down and worship him?" enquired my friend. Indeed I thought so. Surely E—— was a *miracle* of patience and fortitude! and how he had contrived to make his splendid advancements in science, while subject to such almost unheard-of tortures, both as to duration and intensity—had devoted himself so successfully to the prosecution of studies requiring habits of long, patient, profound abstraction—was to me inconceivable.

How few of us are aware of what is suffered by those with whom we are most intimate! How few know the heavy counter-balancings of popularity and eminence; the exquisite agonies, whether physical or intellectual, inflicted by one irremovable "thorn in the flesh!" Oh! the miseries of that eminence whose chief prerogative too often is—

"Above the vulgar herd to rot in state!"

How little had I thought, while gazing, at the — rooms, on this admirable man, first fascinated with the *placidity* of his noble features, that I looked at one who had equal claims to the character of a MARTYR and a philosopher! How my own petty grievances dwindled away in comparison of those endured by E——! How contemptible the pusillanimity I had often exhibited!

And do you, reader, who, if a man, are, perhaps, in the habit of cursing and blaspheming while smarting under the toothach, or any of those

minor "ills that flesh is heir to," think, at such times, of poor, meek, suffering E——, and be silent!

I could not dismiss from my mind the painful image of E—— writhing on the floor, as I have above described, but lay the greater part of the night, reflecting on the probable nature of his unusual disorder. Was it any thing of a spasmodic nature? Would not *such* attacks have worn him out long ago? Was it one of the remoter effects of partial paralysis? Was it a preternatural pressure on the spinal chord, occasioned by fracture of one of the vertebræ, or enlargement of the intervertebral ligaments?—Or was it owing to a thickening of the medulla-spinalis itself?

Fifty similar conjectures passed through my mind, excited, as well by the singularity of the disease, as by sympathy for the sufferer. Before I fell asleep, I resolved to call on him during the next day, and enquire carefully into the nature of his symptoms—in the forlorn hope of hitting on some means of mitigating his sufferings.

By twelve o'clock at noon I was set down again at his door. A maid-servant answered my summons, and told me that Mr E—— and Joseph were busily engaged in the "*Laboratory*!" She took in my card to him, and returned with her master's compliments, and he would thank me to step in. I followed the girl to the laboratory. On opening the door, I saw E—— and his trusty work-fellow, Joseph, busily engaged fusing some species of metal. The former was dressed as on the preceding evening, with the addition of a long black apron,—looked heated and flushed with exercise; and, with his stooping gait, was holding some small implement over the furnace, while Joseph, on his knees, was puffing away at the fire with a small pair of bellows.—To anticipate for a moment. How little did E—— or I imagine, that this was very nearly the *last time* of his ever again entering the scene of his long and useful scientific labours!

I was utterly astonished to see one whose sufferings over night had been so dreadful, quietly pursuing his avocations in the morning, as though nothing had happened to him!

"Excuse my shaking hands with

you for the present, Doctor," said E——, looking at me through a huge pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, "for both hands are engaged, you see. My friend Dr —— has just sent me a piece of platina, and you see I'm already playing pranks with it! Really, I'm as eager to spoil a plaything to see what my rattle's made of, as any philosophical child in the kingdom! Here I am analyzing—dissolving—transmuting—and so on:—But I've really an important end in view here, trying a new combination of metal, and Dr —— is anxious to know if the result of my process corresponds with *his*—now, now, Joseph," said E——, breaking off suddenly, "it is ready; bring the ——" At this critical instant, by some unlucky accident, poor Joseph suddenly overthrew the whole apparatus—and the compounds, ashes, fragments, &c. were spilled on the floor! Really, I quite lost my own temper with thinking of the vexatious disappointment it would be to E——. Not so, however, with him.

"Oh, dear—dear, dear me! Well, here's an end of our day's work before we thought for it! How did you do it, Joseph, eh?" said E—— with an air of chagrin, but with perfect mildness of tone. What a ludicrous contrast between the philosopher and his assistant! The latter, an obese little fellow, with a droll cast of one eye—was quite red in the face, and wringing his hands, exclaimed—"Oh Lord—oh Lord—oh Lord! what *could* I have been doing, master?"—"Why, that's surely *your* concern more than mine," replied E——, smiling at me. "Come, come, it can't be helped—you've done yourself more harm than me—by giving Dr —— such a specimen of your awkwardness as *I* have not seen for many a month. See and set things to rights as soon as possible," said E——, calmly, and putting away his spectacles.

"Well, Dr ——, what do you think of my little workshop?" he continued, addressing me, who still stood with my hat and gloves on—surprised and delighted to see that his temper had stood this trial, and that such a provoking *contre-temps* had really not at all ruffled him: From the position in which he stood, the light fell strongly on his face, and I saw his features more distinctly than

heretofore. I noticed that sure index of a thinking countenance—three strong perpendicular marks or folds between the eyebrows, at right-angles with the deep wrinkles that furrowed his forehead, and then the “untroubled lustre” of his cold, clear, full, blue eyes, rich and serene as that

—“through whose clear medium the great sun

Loveth to shoot his beams, all bright’ning, all Turning to gold.”

Reader, when you see a face of this stamp, so marked, and with such eyes and forehead, rest assured you are looking at a gifted, if not an extraordinary man. The lower features were somewhat shrunk and sallow—as well they might, if only from a thousand hours of agony, setting aside the constant wearing of his “ever-waking mind;” yet a smile of cheerfulness—call it rather resignation—irradiated his pale countenance, like twilight on a sepulchre. He shewed me round his laboratory, which was kept in most exemplary cleanliness and order; and then, opening a door, we entered the “sanctum sanctorum”—his study. It had not more, I should think, than five or six hundred books; but all of them—in plain substantial bindings—had manifestly seen good service. Immediately beneath the window stood several portions of a splendid astronomical apparatus—a very large telescope, in exquisite order—a recently invented instrument for calculating the parallaxes of the fixed stars—a chronometer of his own construction, &c. “Do you see this piece of furniture?” he enquired, directing my attention to a sort of sideless sofa, or broad inclined plane, stuffed, the extremity turned up, to rest the feet against—and being at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the floor. “Ah! could that thing speak, it might tell a tale of my tortures, such as no living being may! For, when I feel my daily paroxysms coming on me, if I am anywhere near my study, I lay my wearied limbs here, and continue till I find relief!” This put conversation into the very train I wished. I begged him to favour me with a description of his disease; and he sat down and complied. I recollect him compa-

ring the pain to that which might follow the incessant stinging of a wasp at the spinal marrow—sudden, lacerating, accompanied by quivering sensations throughout the whole nervous system—followed by a strange sense of numbness. He said that at other times it was as though some one was in the act of drilling a hole through his backbone, and piercing the marrow! Sometimes, during the moments of his most ecstatic agonies, he felt as though his backbone was rent asunder all the way up. The pain was on the whole local—confined to the first of the lumbar vertebræ; but occasionally fluctuating between them and the dorsal. When he had finished the dreary details of his disease, I was obliged to acknowledge, with a sigh, that nothing suggested itself to me as a remedy, but what I understood from Dr D—, had been tried over and over, and over again.—“You are right,” he replied, sorrowfully. “Dreadful as are my sufferings, the bare thought of undergoing more medical or surgical treatment, makes me shudder. My back is already frightfully disfigured with the searings of caustic, seaton-marks, cupping, and blistering;—and I hope God will give me patience to wait till their perpetual knockings, as it were, shall have at length battered down this frail structure.”

“Mr E—, you rival some of the old martyrs!” said I, as we rose to leave the study.

“In point of bodily suffering, I may; but their holiness! those who are put into the keenest parts—the very heart of the ‘fiery furnace’—will come out most refined at last!”

“Well, you may be earning a glorious reward hereafter, for your constancy —”

“Or I may be merely smarting for the sins of my forefathers!” exclaimed E— mournfully.

Monday, July 18—. Having been called to a patient in the neighbourhood of E—, I took that opportunity of calling upon him on my return. It was about nine o’clock in the evening; and I found the philosopher sitting pensively in the parlour alone; for his niece, I learned, had retired early, owing to indisposition. A peculiar semi-circular

lamp, of his own contrivance, stood on the table, which was strewn with books, pamphlets, and papers. He received me with his usual gentle affability.

"I don't know how it is, but I feel in a singular mood of mind to-night," said he; "I ought to say rather *many* moods: sometimes so suddenly and strongly excited, as to lose the control over my emotions—at others, sinking into the depths of despondency. I've been trying for these two hours to glance over this new view of the Neptunian theory," pointing to an open book on the table, "which — has sent me, to review for him in the —; but 'tis useless; I cannot command my thoughts." I felt his pulse: it was one of the most irregular I had ever known. "I know what you suspect," said he, observing my eyes fixed with a puzzled air on my watch, and my finger at his wrist, for several minutes; "some organic mischief at the heart. Several of your fraternity have latterly comforted me with assurances to that effect." I assured him I did not apprehend any thing of the kind, but merely that his circulation was a little disturbed by recent excitement.

"True—true," he replied, "I *am* a little flustered, as the phrase is—"

"Oh—here's the secret, I suppose?" said I, reaching to a periodical publication of the month, lying on the table, and in which I had a few days ago read a somewhat virulent attack on him. "You're very rudely handled here, I think?" said I.

"What, do you think *that* has discomposed me?" he enquired with a smile. "No, no—I'm past feeling these things long ago! Abuse—mere personality—now excites in me no emotion of any kind!"

"Why, Mr E——, surely you are not indifferent to the opinion of the public, which may be misled by such things as these, if suffered to go unanswered?"

"I am not afraid of that. If I've

done any thing good in my time, as I have honestly tried to do, sensible people won't believe me an impostor, at any man's bidding. Those who *would* be so influenced, are hardly worth undeceiving."*

* * "There's a good deal of acuteness in the paper, and in one particular, the reviewer has fairly caught me tripping. He may *laugh* at me as much as he pleases; but why go about to put himself in a passion? The subject did not require it. But if he is in a passion, should I not be foolish to be in one too?—Passion serves only to put out truth; and no one would indulge it that had truth only in view. * * The real occasion of my nervousness," he continued, "is far different from what you have supposed—a little incident which occurred only this evening and I will tell it you.

"My niece, feeling poorly with a cold, retired to bed as soon as she had done tea; and after sitting here about a quarter of an hour, I took one of the candles, and walked to the laboratory, to see whether all was right—as is my custom every evening. On opening the door, to my very great amazement, I saw a stranger in it, a gentleman in dark-coloured clothes, holding a dim taper in one hand, and engaged in going round the room, apparently putting all my instruments in order. I stood at the door almost petrified, watching his movements, without thinking of interrupting them, for a sudden feeling of something like awe crept over me. He made no noise whatever, and did not seem aware that any one was looking at him—or if he was, he did not seem disposed to notice the interruption. I saw him as clearly, and what he was doing, as I now see you playing with your gloves! He was engaged leisurely putting away all my loose implements,—shutting boxes, cases, and cupboards, with the accuracy of one who was perfectly well acquainted with his work. Having thus disposed

* "This gentleman's speculations have long served to amuse children and old people: now that he has become old himself, he also may hope for amusement from them."—

"This mountain has so long brought forth mice, that, now it has become enfeebled and worn out, it may amuse itself with looking after its progeny."—"Chimeras of a diseased brain."—"Quackery."—*Review*. [Neither the Edinburgh nor Quarterly.] *Mr E——*

knew who was the writer of this article.

of all the instruments and apparatus which had been used to-day—and we have had very many more than usual out—he opened the inner-door leading to the study, and entered—I following in mute astonishment. He went to work the same way in the study; shutting up several volumes that lay open on the table, and carefully replacing them in their proper places on the shelves.

“Having cleared away these, he approached the astronomical apparatus near the window, put the cap on the object-end of the telescope, pushed in the joints, all noiselessly, closed up in its case my new chronometer, and then returned to the table where my desk lay, took up the ink-stand, poured out the ink into the fire-place, flung all the pens under the grate, and then shut the desk, locked it, and laid the key on the top of it. When he had done all this, he walked towards the wall, and turned slowly towards me, looked me full in the face, and shook his head mournfully. The taper he held in his hand slowly expired—and the spectre, if such it were, disappeared. The strangest part of the story is yet to follow. The pale, fixed features seemed perfectly *familiar* to me—they were those which I had often gazed at, in a portrait of Mr Boyle, prefixed to my quarto copy of his ‘*Treatise of Atmospheric Air*.’ As soon as I had a little recovered my self-possession, I took down the work in question, and examined the portrait. I was right! I cannot account for my not having spoken to the figure, or gone close up to it. I think I could have done either, as far as *courage* went. My prevailing idea was, that a single word would have dissolved the charm, and my curiosity prompted me to see it out. I returned to the parlour and rung the bell for Joseph.

“‘Joseph,’ said I, ‘have you set things to rights in the laboratory and study to-night?’—‘Yes, master,’ he replied, with surprise in his manner; ‘I finished it before tea-time, and set things in *particular* good order—I gave both the rooms a right good cleaning out—I’m sure there’s not even a pin in its wrong place.’

“‘What made you fling the pens and ink in the fire-place and under the grate?’

“‘Because I thought they were of

no use—the pens worn to stumps, and the ink thick and clotted—too much *gum* in it.’ He was evidently astonished at being asked such questions—and was going to explain further, when I said simply, ‘that will do,’ and he retired. Now, what am I to think of all this? If it were a mere ocular spectrum, clothed with its functions from my own excited fancy, there was yet a unity of purpose in its doings that is extraordinary! Something very much like ‘*shutting up the shop*’—eh?” enquired E—, with a melancholy smile.

“‘Tis touching—very! I never heard a more singular incident,” I replied abstractedly, without removing my eyes from the fire; for *my* reading of the occurrence was a sudden and strong conviction, that, ghost or no ghost, E— had toiled his *last* in the behalf of science—that he would never again have occasion to use his philosophical machinery! This melancholy presentiment invested E—, and all he said or did, with tenfold interest in my eyes. “Don’t suppose, doctor, that I am weak enough to be seriously disturbed by the occurrence I have just been mentioning. Whether or not it really portends my approaching death, I know not. Though I am not presumptuous enough to suppose myself so important as to warrant any special interference of Providence on my behalf—yet I cannot help thinking I am to look on this as a warning—a solemn premonition—that I may ‘set my house in order, and die.’” Our conversation, during the remainder of our interview, turned on the topic suggested by the affecting incident just related. I listened to all he uttered, as to the words of a doomed—a dying man! All E— advanced on this difficult and interesting subject, was marked not less by sound philosophy, than unfeigned piety. He ended with avowing his belief, that the Omnipotent Being who formed both the body and the soul, and willed them to exist unitedly, could surely, nevertheless, if he saw good, cause the one to exist separately from the other; either by endowing it with *new properties* for that special purpose, or by enabling it to exercise, in its disembodied state, those powers which continued *latent* in it during its con-

nexion with the body. Did it follow—he asked—that neither body nor soul possessed any *other qualities* than those which were necessary to enable them to exist together? Why should the soul be incapable of a substantially distinct personal existence? Where the *impossibility* of its being made visible to organs of sense? Has the Almighty no means of bringing this to pass? Are there no latent properties in the organs of vision—no subtle *sympathies* with immaterial substances—which are yet undiscovered—and even undiscoverable? Surely this *may* be the case—though *how*, it would be impossible to conjecture. He saw no bad philosophy, he said, in this; and he who decided the question in the negative, before he had brought forward some evidence of its moral or physical *impossibility*, was guilty of most presumptuous dogmatism.

This is the substance of his opinions; but, alas! I lack the chaste, nervous, philosophical eloquence in which they were clothed. A distinguished living character said of E—, that he was the most fascinating talker on abstruse subjects he ever heard. I could have staid all night listening to him. In fact, I fear I *did* trespass on his politeness even to inconvenience. I staid and partook of his supper—simple, frugal fare—consisting of roast-potatoes, and two tumblers of new milk. I left about eleven: my mind occupied but with one wish, all the way home,—that I had known E— intimately for as many *years* as hours!

Two days afterwards, the following hurried note was put into my hands, from my friend Dr D—: “My dear —, I am sure you will be as much affected as I was, at hearing that our inestimable friend, Mr E—, had a sudden stroke of the palsy this afternoon, about two o’clock, from which I very much fear he may never recover; for this, added to his advanced age, and the dreadful chronic complaint under which he labours, is surely sufficient to shatter the small remains of his strength. I need hardly say, that all is in confusion at —. I am going down there to-night, and shall be happy to drive you down also, if you will be at my house by seven. Yours,” &c. &c. I was grieved and agitated, but in nowise surprised at

this intelligence. What passed the last time I saw him prepared me for something of this kind!

On arriving in the evening we were shewn into the parlour, where sat Miss E—, in a paroxysm of hysterical weeping, which had forced her a few moments before to leave her uncle’s sick-room. It was some time before we could calm her agitated spirits, or get her to give us any thing like a connected account of her uncle’s sudden illness. “Oh, these will tell you all!” said she, sobbing, and taking two letters from her bosom, one of which bore a black seal; “It is these cruel letters that have broken his heart! Both came by the same post this morning!” She withdrew, promising to send for us when all was ready, and we hastily opened the two letters she had left. What will the reader suppose were the two heavy strokes dealt at once upon the head of Mr E— by an inscrutable Providence? The letter I opened, conveyed the intelligence of the sudden death, in childbed, of Mrs —, his only daughter, to whom he had been most passionately attached. The letter Dr D— held in his hand, disclosed an instance of almost unparalleled perfidy and ingratitude. I shall here state what I learnt afterwards—that many years ago, Mr E— had taken a poor lad from one of the parish schools, pleased with his quickness and obedience, and had apprenticed him to a respectable tradesman. He served his articles honourably, and Mr E— nobly advanced him funds to establish himself in business. He prospered beyond every one’s expectations: and the good, generous, confiding E—, was so delighted with his conduct, and persuaded of his principles, that he gradually advanced him large sums of money to increase an extensive connexion; and, at last, invested his *all*, amounting to little short of L.15,000, in this man’s concern, for which he received 5 per cent. Sudden success, however, turned this young man’s head; and Mr E— had long been uneasy at hearing current rumours about his protégé’s unsteadiness and extravagance. He had several times spoken to him about them; but was easily persuaded that the reports in question were as groundless as malignant.

And as the last half-year's interest was paid punctually, accompanied with a hint, that if doubts were entertained of his probity, the man was ready to refund a great part of the *principal*, Mr E——'s confidence revived. Now, the letter in question was from this person; and stated, that, though "circumstances" had compelled him to withdraw from his creditors for the present, in other words—to abscond, he had no doubt that if Mr E—— would wait a little, he should in time be able to pay him a "fair dividend!"—"Good God! why, E—— is *ruined*!" exclaimed Dr D——, turning pale, and dropping the letter, after having read it to me.

"Yes, ruined!—all the hard savings of many years labour and economy, *gone* at a stroke!"

"Why, was *all* his small fortune embarked in this man's concern?"

"All, except a few hundreds lying loose at his banker's!—What is to become of poor Miss E——?"

"Cannot this infamous scoundrel be brought to justice?" I enquired.

"If he were, he may prove, perhaps, not worth powder and shot, the viper!"

Similar emotions kept us both silent for several moments.

"This will put his philosophy to a dreadful trial," said I. "How do you think he will bear it, should he recover from the present seizure so far as to be made sensible of the extent of his misfortunes?"

"Oh, nobly, nobly! I'll pledge my existence to it! He'll bear it like a Christian, as well as a philosopher! I've seen him in trouble before this."

"Is Miss E—— entirely dependent on her uncle; and has he made no provision for her?"

"Alas! he had appropriated to her L.5000 of the L.15,000 in this man's hands, as a marriage portion—I know it, for I am one of his executors. The circumstance of leaving her thus destitute, will, I know, prey cruelly on his mind." Shortly afterwards, we were summoned into the chamber of the venerable sufferer. His niece sat at the bedside, near his head, holding one of his cold motionless hands in hers. Mr E——'s face, deadly pale, and damp with perspiration, had suffered a shocking distortion of the features:—the left eye

and the mouth being drawn downwards to the left side. He gazed at us vacantly, evidently without recognising us, as we took our stations, one at the foot, the other at the side of the bed. What a melancholy contrast between the present expression of his eyes, and that of acuteness and brilliance which eminently characterised them in health! They reminded me of Milton's sun, looking

"through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of its beams."

The distorted lips were moving about incessantly, as though with abortive efforts to speak, though he could utter nothing but an inarticulate murmuring sound, which he had continued almost from the moment of his being struck. Was it not a piteous—a heart-rending spectacle? Was *this* the philosopher?—After making due enquiries, and ascertaining the extent of the injury to his nervous system, we withdrew to consult on the treatment to be adopted. In accounting for the seizure, I considered that the uncommon quantities of laudanum he had so long been in the habit of receiving into his system, alone sufficiently accounted for his present seizure. Then, again, the disease in his spine—the consequent exhaustion of his energies—the sedentary, thoughtful life he led—all these were at least pre-disposing causes. The sudden shock he had received in the morning merely *accelerated* what had long been advancing on him. We both anticipated a speedily fatal issue, and resolved to take the earliest opportunity of acquainting him with his approaching end.

[He lies in nearly the same state during Thursday and Friday.]

Saturday.—We are both astonished and delighted to find that E——'s daily paroxysms have deserted him, at least he has exhibited no symptoms of their appearance up to this day. On entering the room, we found, to our inexpressible satisfaction, that his disorder had taken a very unusual and happy course—having been worked out of the system by *fever*. This, as my medical readers will be aware, is a very rare occurrence.—[Three or four pages of the Diary are occupied with technical details, of no interest whatever to the general reader.]—His

features were soon restored to their natural position; and, in short, every appearance of palsy left him.

Sunday evening.—Mr E—— going on well, and his mental energies and speech perfectly restored. I called on him alone. Almost his first words to me were—"Well, Doctor, good Mr Boyle was right, you see!" I replied, that it yet remained to be proved.

"God sent me a noble messenger to summon me hence, did he not? One whose character has always been my model, as far as I could imitate his great and good qualities."

"You attach too much weight, Mr E——, to that creature of imagination"——

"What! do you really doubt that I am on my death-bed? I assuredly shall not recover. The pains in my back have left me, that my end may be easy. Aye, aye, the 'silver cord is loosed.'" I enquired about the sudden cessation of his chronic complaint. He said, it had totally disappeared; leaving behind it only a sensation of numbness. "In this instance of His mercy towards an unworthy worm of the earth, I devoutly thank my Father—my God!" he exclaimed, looking reverentially upward,—“Oh, how could I in patience have possessed my soul, if to the pains of dying had been super-added those which have embittered life!—My constant prayer to God has been, that, if it be His will, my life may run out clear to the last drop; and though the stream has been a little troubled," alluding to the intelligence which had occasioned his illness, "I may yet have my prayer answered—Oh, sweet darling Anne! why should I grieve for you? Where I am going, I humbly believe you are! Root and branch—both gathered home!" He shed tears abundantly, but spoke of the dreadful bereavement in terms of perfect resignation. * * "You are

no doubt acquainted," he continued, "with the other afflicting news, which, I own, has cut me to the quick! My confidence has been betrayed,—my sweet niece's prospects utterly blighted,—and I made a beggar of in my old age. This ungrateful man has squandered away infamously the careful savings of more than thirty years—every penny of which has been

earned with the sweat of my brow. I do not so much care for it myself, as I have still enough left to preserve me from want during the few remaining days I have left me; but my poor dear Emma! My heart aches to think of it!"

"I hope you may yet recover *some* portion of your property, Mr E——; the man speaks in his letter of paying you a fair dividend."

"No, no—when once a man has deliberately acted in such an unprincipled manner as he has, it is foolish to expect restitution. Loss of character, and the confidence of his benefactor, makes him desperate. I find, that, should I linger on earth longer than a few weeks, I cannot now afford to pay the rent of this house—I must remove from it—I cannot die in the house in which my poor wife breathed her last—this very room!" His tears burst forth again, and mine started to my eyes. "A friend is now looking out lodgings for me in the neighbourhood—to which I shall remove the instant my health will permit. It goes to my heart, to think of the bustling auctioneer disposing of all my apparatus,"—tears again gushed from his eyes—"the companions of many years"——

"Dear, dear sir!—Your friends will ransack heaven and earth before your fears shall be verified," said I, with emotion.

"They—you—are very good—but you would be unsuccessful!—You must think me very weak to let these things overcome me in this way—one can't help feeling them!—A man may writhe under the amputating knife, and yet acknowledge the necessity of its use! My spirit wants disciplining."

"Allow me to say, Mr E——, that I think you bear your misfortunes with admirable fortitude—true philosophic"——

"Oh Doctor! Doctor!" he exclaimed, interrupting me, with solemn emphasis—"Believe a dying man, to whom all this world's fancied realities have sunk into shadows—*nothing* can make a death-bed easy, but RELIGION—a humble, hearty faith in Him, whose Son redeemed mankind! Philosophy—science—is a nothing—a mockery—a delusion—if it be only of this world!—I believe from

the bottom of my heart, and have long done so, that the essence—the very crown and glory of true philosophy, is to surrender up the soul entirely to God's teaching, and practically receive and appreciate the consolations of the gospel of Jesus Christ!" Oh, the fervency with which he expressed himself—his shrunk clasped hands pointed upwards, and his features beaming with devotion! I told him it did my heart good to hear such opinions avowed by a man of his distinguished attainments.

"Don't—don't—don't talk in that strain, Doctor!" said he, turning to me with a reproving air. "Could a living man but know how compliments fall upon a dying man's ear! * * I am going shortly into the presence of Him who is Wisdom itself; and shall I go pluming myself on my infinitely less than glow-worm glimmer, into the presence of that pure effulgence? Doctor, I've felt, latterly, that I would give worlds to forget the pitiful acquirements which I have purchased by a life's labour, if my soul might meet a smile of approbation when it first flits into the presence of its Maker—its Judge!" Strange language! thought I, for the scientific E——, confessedly a master-mind among men! Would that the shoal of sciolists, now babbling abroad their infidel crudities, could have had one moment's interview with this dying philosopher! Pert fools, who are hardly released from their leading-strings—the very go-cart, as it were, of elemental science—before they strut about and forthwith proceed to pluck their MAKER by the beard—and this, as an evidence of their "independence," and being released from the "trammels of superstition!"

Oh, Lord and Maker of the universe!—that thou shouldst be so "long-suffering" towards these insolent insects of an hour!

To return. I left E—— in a glowing mood of mind, disposed to envy him his death-bed, even with all the ills which attended it! Before leaving the house, I stepped into the parlour to speak a few words to Miss E——. The sudden illness of her uncle had found its way into the papers; and I was delighted to find it had brought a profusion of cards every morning, many of them bear-

ing the most distinguished names in rank and science. It shewed that E——'s worth was properly appreciated. I counted the cards of five noblemen, and very many members of the Royal, and other learned Societies.

Wednesday, 15th August.—Well, poor E—— was yesterday removed from his house in — Row, where he had resided upwards of twenty-five years—which he had fitted up, working often with his own hands, at much trouble and expense—having built the laboratory-room since he had the house—he was removed, I say, from his house, to lodgings in the neighbourhood. He has three rooms on the first floor, small indeed, and in humble style—but perfectly clean, neat, and comfortable. Was not this itself sufficient to have broken many a haughty spirit? His extensive philosophical apparatus, furniture, &c. &c., had *all been sold*, at less than a *twentieth* part of the sum they had originally cost him! No tidings as yet have been received of the villain who has ruined his generous patron! E—— has ceased, however, to talk of it; but I see that Miss E—— feels it acutely. Poor girl, well she may! Her uncle was carried in a sedan to his new residence, and fainted on the way, but has continued in tolerable spirits since his arrival. His conduct is the admiration of all that see or hear of him! The first words he uttered as he was sitting before the fire in an easy chair, after recovering a little from the exhaustion occasioned by his being carried up stairs, were to Dr D——, who had accompanied him. "Well!"—he whispered faintly, with his eyes shut—"What a gradation!—Reached the *half-way-house* between — Row and the 'house appointed for all living!'"

"You have much to bear, sir!" said Dr D——. "And more to be thankful for!" replied E——. "If there were such a thing as a Protestant *Calendar*," said Dr D—— to me, enthusiastically, while recounting what is told above, "and I could canonize, E—— should stand first on the list, and be my patron saint!" When I saw E——, he was lying in bed, in a very low and weak state, evidently declining rapidly. Still he

looked as placid as his fallen features would let him.

"Doctor," said he, soon after I had sat down, "how very good it is of you to come so far out of your regular route to see me!"

"Don't name it," said I, "proud and happy"—

"But, excuse me, I wish to tell you that, when I am gone, you will find I knew how to be grateful, as far as my means would warrant."

"Mr E——! my dear sir!" said I, as firmly as my emotions could let me, "if you don't promise, this day, to erase every mention of my name or services from your will, I leave you, and solemnly declare I will never intrude upon you again! Mr E——, you distress me—you do, beyond measure!"

"Well—well—well—I'll obey you—but may God bless you! God bless you!" he replied, turning his head away, while the tears trickled down. Indeed! as if a thousand guineas could have purchased the emotions with which I felt his poor damp fingers feebly compressing my hand!

* * * *

"Doctor!" he exclaimed, after I had been sitting with him some time, conversing on various subjects connected with his illness and worldly circumstances—"Don't you think God can speak to the soul as well in a night as a day-dream? Shall I presume to say he has done so in my case?" I asked him what he was alluding to.

"Don't you recollect my telling you of an optical, or spectral illusion, which occurred to me at — Row? A man shutting up the shop—you know?" I told him I did.

"Well—last night I dreamed—I am satisfied it was a dream—that I saw Mr Boyle again, but how different! Instead of gloomy clothing, his appearance was wondrously radiant—and his features were not, as before, solemn, sad, and fixed, but wore an air of joy and exultation; and instead of a miserable expiring taper, he held aloft a light like the kindling lustre of a star! What think you of that, Doctor? Surely, if both these are the delusions of a morbid fancy, if they are, what a light they fling over the 'dark valley' I am entering!"

I hinted my dissent from the sceptical sneers of the day, which would resolve all that was uttered on death-beds, into delirious rant—confused, disordered faculties—superstition.

"I think you are right," said he. "Who knows what new light may stream upon the soul, as the wall between time and eternity is breaking down? Who has come back from the grave to tell us that the soul's energies decay with the body, or that the body's decay destroys or interrupts the exercise of the soul's powers, and that all a dying man utters is mere gibberish? The *Christian* philosopher would be loth to do so, when he recollects that God chose *the hour of death* to reveal futurity to the patriarchs, and others, of old! Do you think a superintending Providence would allow the most solemn and instructive period of our life, the close—scenes where men's hearts and eyes are open, if ever, to receive admonition and encouragement—to be mere exhibitions of absurdity and weakness? Is that the way God treats his servants?"

Friday afternoon.—In a more melancholy mood than usual, on account of the evident distress of his niece about her altered prospects. He told me, however, that he felt the confidence of his soul in nowise shaken. "I am," said he, "like one lying far on the shores of Eternity, thrown there by the waters of the world, and whom a high and strong wave reaches once more and overflows. One may be pardoned a sudden chilliness and heart-fluttering.—After all," he continued, "only consider what an easy end mine is, comparatively with that of many others! How very—very thankful should I be for such an easy exit as mine seems likely to be! God be thanked that I have to endure no such agonies of horror and remorse as —!" alluding to Mr —, whom I was then attending, and whose case I had mentioned on a former occasion to Mr E——, the one described in a former part of this Diary, under the title,—"*A Man about Town*"—"that I am writhing under no accident—that I have not to struggle with utter destitution!—Why am I not left to perish in a prison? To

suffer on a scaffold? To be plucked suddenly into the presence of my Maker in battle,* 'with all my sins upon my head?' Suppose I were grovelling in the hopeless darkness of scepticism or infidelity? Suppose I were still to endure the agonies arising from disease in my spine?—Oh God!" exclaimed Mr E——, "give me a more humble and grateful heart!"

Monday, 19th September.—Mr E—— is still alive, to the equal astonishment of Dr D—— and myself. The secret must lie, I think, in his tranquil frame of mind. He is as happy as the day is long! Oh, that my latter days may be like his! I was listening with feelings of delight unutterable to E——'s description of the state of his mind—the perfect peace he felt towards all mankind, and his humble and strong hopes of happiness hereafter—when the landlady of the house knocked at the door, and on entering, told Mr E—— that a person was down stairs very anxious to see him.—"Who is it?" enquired E——. She did not know. "Has he ever been here before?"—"No; but she thought she had several times seen him about the neighbourhood."—"What sort of a person is he?" enquired E——, with a surprised air.—"Oh, he is a tall pale man, in a brown great-coat." E—— requested her to go down and ask his name. She returned and said, "Mr H——, sir." E—— on hearing her utter the word, suddenly raised himself in bed; the little colour he had fled from his cheeks: he lifted up his hands and exclaimed—"What can the unhappy man want with me?" He paused thoughtfully for a few moments. "You're of course aware who this is?" he enquired of me in a whisper. I nodded. "Shew him up stairs," said he, and the woman withdrew. "For your own sake, I beg you to be calm; don't allow your feelings"—I was interrupted by the door opening, and just such a person as Mrs —— had described entered, with a slow hesitating step into the room. He held his hat squeezed in both his hands,

and he stood for a few moments motionless, just within the door, with his eyes fixed on the floor. In that posture he continued till Mrs —— had retired, shutting the door after her, when he turned suddenly towards the easy-chair by the fire, in which Mr E—— was sitting, much agitated—approached, and falling down on his knees, he covered his eyes with his hands, through which the tears presently fell like rain; and after many choking sobs and sighs, faltered, "Oh, Mr E——!"

"What do you want with me, Mr H——?" enquired Mr E——, in a low tone, but very calmly.

"Oh, kind, good, abused sir! I have behaved like a villain to you!"—

"Mr H——, I beg you will not distress me; consider I am in a very poor and weak state."

"Don't, for God's sake, speak so coldly, sir! I am heartbroken to think how shamefully I have used you!"

"Well, then, strive to amend!"—

"Oh, dear, good Mr E——! can you forgive me?" Mr E—— did not answer. I saw he *could* not. The tears were nearly overflowing. The man seized his hand, and pressed it to his lips with fervency.

"Rise, Mr H——, rise! I *do* forgive you, and I hope that God will! Seek His forgiveness, which will avail you more than *mine*!"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the man again, covering his eyes with his hands.—"How very—very ill you look—how pale and thin. It's *I* that have done it all—I, the d——dest!"—

"Hush, hush, sir!" exclaimed Mr E——, with more sternness than I had ever seen him exhibit, "do not curse in a dying man's room."

"Dying—dying—*dying*, sir?" exclaimed the man, hoarsely, staring horror-struck at Mr E——, and retreating a step from him.

"Yes, James," replied E——, mildly, calling him for the first time by his Christian name, "I am assuredly dying—but not through *you*, or any thing you have done. Come, come, don't distress yourself unnecessarily," he continued in the kindest tones; for he saw the man con-

* This was at the time of the Peninsular campaigns.

tinued deadly pale, speechless, and clasping his hands convulsively over his breast—"Consider, James, my daughter, Mrs —."

"Oh, no, no, sir—no! It's *I* that have done it all; my ingratitude has broken your heart—I know it has!—What will become of me?"—the man resumed, still staring vacantly at Mr E—.

"James, I must not be agitated in this way—it agitates me—you must leave the room unless you can become calm. What is done *is* done; and if you really repent of it"——

"Oh, I do, sir; and could almost weep tears of blood for it! But indeed, sir, it has been as much my misfortune as my fault."

"Was it your *misfortune* or your fault that you kept that infamous woman on whom you have squandered so much of your property—of *mine* rather?" enquired Mr E—, with a mild expostulating air. The man suddenly blushed scarlet, and continued silent.

"It is right I should tell you that it is *your* misconduct which has turned me out, in my old age, from the house which has sheltered me all my life, and driven me to die in this poor place! You have beggared my niece, and robbed me of all the hard earnings of my life—wrung from the sweat of my brow, as you well know, James. James, how could your heart let you do all this?" The man made him no answer. "I am not *angry* with you—that is past—but I am grieved—disappointed—shocked to find my confidence in you has been so much abused."

"Oh, sir, I don't know what it was that infatuated me; but—never trust a living man again, sir—never," replied the man vehemently.

"It is not likely I shall, James—I shall not have the opportunity," said Mr E—, calmly. The man's eye continued fixed on Mr E—, his lip quivered, in spite of his violent compression, and the fluctuating colour in his cheeks shewed the agitation he was suffering.

"Do you forgive me, sir, for what I have done?" he asked almost inaudibly.

"Yes—if you promise to amend—yes! Here is my hand—I do forgive you, as I hope for my own forgiveness hereafter!" said Mr E—,

reaching out his hand. "And if your repentance is sincere, should it ever be in your power, remember whom you have most heavily wronged, not *me*, but—but—Miss E—, my poor niece. If you should ever be able to make her any reparation——" the tears stood in Mr E—'s eyes, and his emotions prevented his completing the sentence. "Really you *must* leave me, James—you must—I am too weak to bear this scene any longer," said E—, faintly, looking deadly pale.

"You had better withdraw, sir, and call some other time," said I. He rose, looking almost bewildered; thrust his hand into his breast-pocket, and taking out a small packet, laid it hurriedly on Mr E—'s lap—snatched his hand to his lips, and murmuring, "Farewell, farewell, best of men!"—withdrew. I watched him through the window; and saw that as soon as he had left the house, he set off, running almost at the top of his speed. When I returned to look at Mr E—, he had fainted. He had opened the packet, and a letter lay open in his lap, with a great many bank-notes. The letter ran as follows: "Injured and revered sir—When you read this epistle, the miserable writer will have fled from his country, and be on his way to America. He has abused the confidence of one of the greatest and best of men, but hopes the enclosed sum will shew he repented what he had done! If it is ever in his power he will do more. J— H—." The packet contained bank-notes to the amount of L.3000. When E— had recovered from his swoon, I had him conveyed to bed, where he lay in a state of great exhaustion. He scarce spoke a syllable during the time I continued with him.

Tuesday.—Mr E— still suffers from the effects of yesterday's excitement. It has, I am confident, hurried him far on his journey to the grave. He told me he had been turning over the affair in his mind, and considered that it would be wrong in him to retain the L.3000, as it would be illegal, and a fraud on H—'s other creditors; and this upright man had actually sent in the morning for the solicitor to the bankrupt's assignees, and put the whole into his hands,

telling him of the circumstances under which he had received it, and asking him whether he should not be wrong in keeping it. The lawyer told him that he might perhaps be legally, but not morally wrong—as the law certainly forbade such payments, and yet he was, by very far, the largest creditor. “Let me act right, then, in the sight of God and man! Take the money, and let me come in with the rest of the creditors.”—Mr —— withdrew. He must have seen but seldom such an instance of noble conscientiousness! I remonstrated with Mr E——. “No, no, Doctor,” he replied, “I have endeavoured strictly to do my duty during life—I will not begin roguery on my death-bed!”—“Possibly you may not receive a penny in the pound, Mr E——,” said I.

“But I shall have the comfort of quitting life with a clear conscience!”

* * * * *

Monday.—[A week afterwards.]—The “weary wheels of life” will soon “stand still!” All is calm and serene with E—— as a summer evening’s sunset! He is at peace with all the world, and with his God. It is like entering the porch of heaven, and listening to an angel, to visit and converse with E——. This morning he received the reward of his noble conduct in the matter of H——’s bankruptcy. The assignees have wound up the affairs, and found them not near so desperate as had been apprehended. The business was still to be carried on in H——’s name; and the solicitor, who had been sent for by E—— to receive the L.3000 in behalf of the assignees, called this morning with a cheque for L.3500, and a highly complimentary letter from the assignees. They informed him that there was every prospect of the concern’s yet discharging the heavy amount of his claim, and that they would see to its being paid to whomsoever he might appoint.—H—— had set sail for America, the very day he had called on E——, and had left word that he should never return. E—— altered his will this evening, in the presence of myself and Dr D——. He left about L.4000 to his niece, “and whatever sums might be from time to time paid in from H——’s business;” five guineas

for a yearly prize to the writer of the best summary of the progress of philosophy every year, in one of the Scotch colleges; and ten pounds to be delivered every Christmas to ten poor men, as long as they lived, and who had already received the gratuity for several years; “and to J—— H——, the full and hearty forgiveness, and prayers to God that he may return to a course of virtue and true piety, before it is too late.” * * * “How is it,” said he, addressing Dr D—— and me, “that you have neither of you said any thing to me about examining my body after my decease?” Dr D—— replied, that he had often thought of asking his permission, but had kept delaying from day to day. “Why?” enquired E——, with a smile of surprise, “do you fancy I have any silly fears or prejudices on the subject? That I am anxious about the shell when the kernel is gone? I can assure you that it would rather give me pleasure than otherwise, to think that by an examination of my body, the cause of medical science might be advanced, and so minister a little to my species. I must however, say you NAY; for I promised my poor wife that I would forbid it. *She* had prejudices, and I have a right to respect them.”

Wednesday.—He looked much reduced this evening. I had hurried to his lodgings, to communicate what I considered would be the gratifying intelligence, that the highest prize of a foreign learned society had just been awarded him, for his work on ——, together with a fellowship. My heated and hurried manner somewhat discomposed him; and before I had communicated my news, he asked, with some agitation, “What!—Some new misfortune?”—When I had told him my errand,—“Oh, bubble! bubble! bubble!” he exclaimed, shaking his head with a melancholy smile, “would I not give 10,000 of these for a poor man’s blessing? Are these, *these*, the trifles men toil through a life for?—Oh, if it had pleased God to give me a single glimpse of what I now see, thirty years ago, how true an estimate I should have formed of the littleness—the vanity of human applause! How much happier would my end have been! How much nearer

should I have come to the character of a true philosopher—an impartial, independent, sincere teacher of the truth, for its own sake!”—“But honours of this kind are of admirable service to science, Mr E——,” said I, “as supplying strong incentives and stimulants to a pursuit of philosophy.”

“Yes—but does it not argue a defect in the constitution of men’s minds to require them? What is the use of stimulants in medicine, Doctor?—Don’t they presuppose a morbid sluggishness in the parts they are applied to? Do you ever stimulate a *healthy* organ?—So is it with the little honours and distinctions we are speaking of. Directly a man becomes *anxious* about obtaining them, his mind has lost its healthy tone—its sympathies with truth—with real philosophy.”

“Would you, then, discourage striving for them? Would you banish honours and prizes from the scientific world?”

“Assuredly—altogether—did we but exist in a better state of society than we do.* * What is the proper spirit in which, as matters at present stand, a philosopher should accept of honours?—Merely as evidences, testimonials, to the multitude of those who are *otherwise* incapable of appreciating his merits, and would set him down as a dreamer—a visionary—but that they saw the estimation in which he was held by those who are likely to canvass his claims strictly. They *compel* the deference, if not respect, of the *ὁ πολλοί*. A philosopher ought to receive them, therefore, as it were, in *self-defence*—a shut-mouth to babbling envious gainsayers. Were all the world philosophers, in the *true* sense of the word, not merely would honours be unnecessary, but an insult—a reproach. Directly, a philosopher is conscious that the love of fame—the ambition to secure such distinctions, is gradually insinuating—interweaving itself with the very texture of his mind; that considerations of that kind are becoming *necessary in any degree* to prompt him to undertake or prosecute scientific pursuits, he may write ICHABOD on the door of his soul’s temple—for the glory is departed. His motives are spurious; his fires false! To the exact extent of the

necessity for such motives is, as it were, the pure ore of his soul adulterated. Minerva’s jealous eyes can detect the slightest vacillation or inconsistency in her votaries, and discover her rival even before the votary himself is sensible of her existence; and withdraws from her faithless admirer, in cold disdain, perhaps never to return. Do you think that Archimedes, Plato, or Sir Isaac Newton, would have cared astraw for even royal honours? The true test, believe me—the almost infallible criterion of a man’s having attained to true greatness of mind—to the true philosophic temper, is, his utter indifference to all sorts of honours and distinctions. Why?—What seeks he—or proposes to seek—but TRUTH? Is he to stop in the race, to look after Atalanta’s apples? He should *endure* honours, not go out of his way to seek them. If one apple hitches in his vest, he may carry it with him, not stop to dislodge it. Scientific distinctions are absolutely necessary in the present state of society, *because* it is defective. A mere ambitious struggle for college honours, through rivalry, has induced many a man to enter so far upon philosophical studies, as that their charms, unfolding in proportion to his progress, have been, *of themselves*, at last sufficient to prevail upon him to go onwards—to love science for *herself* alone. Honours make a man open his eyes, who would else have gone to his grave with them shut: and when once he has seen the divinity of truth, he laughs at obstacles, and follows it, through evil and good report—if his soul be properly constituted—if it have in it any of the nobler sympathies of our nature.—That is my *homily* on honours,” said he, with a smile. “I have not wilfully preached and practised different things, I assure you,” he continued, with a modest air, “but through life have striven to act upon these principles. Still, I never saw so clearly as at this moment how small my success has been—to what an extent I have been influenced by incorrect motives—as far as an over-valuing of the world’s honours may be so considered. Now I see through no such magnifying medium; the mists and vapours are dispersing; and I begin to see that these objects are in

themselves little, even to nothingness.—The general retrospect of my life is far from satisfactory," continued E—— with a sigh—"and fills me with real sorrow!"—"Why?"—I enquired with surprise. "Why, for this one reason—because I have in a measure sacrificed my *religion* to philosophy! Oh—will my Maker thus be put off with the mere lees—the refuse—of my time and energies? For *one hour* in the day, that I have devoted to him, have I not given twelve or fourteen to my own pursuits? What shall I say of this shortly—in a few hours—perhaps moments—when I stand suddenly in the presence of God—when I see Him face to face!—Oh, Doctor!—my heart sinks and sickens at the thought!—shall I not be *speechless* as one of old?"

I told him I thought he was unnecessarily severe with himself—that he "wrote bitter things against himself."

"I thought so once, nay, all my life, myself—Doctor"—said he, solemnly—"but, mark my words as a dying man—you will think as I do now when you come to be in my circumstances!"

The above, feebly conveyed perhaps to the reader, may be considered THE LAST WORDS OF A PHILOSOPHER. They made an impression on my mind which has never been effaced; and I trust never will. The reader need not suspect him of "prosing." The above were uttered with no pompous, swelling, pedantic swagger of manner, but with the simplest, most modest air, and in the most silvery tones of voice I ever listened to. He often paused, from faintness; and at the conclusion, his voice grew almost inaudible, and he wiped the thick-standing dew from his forehead. He begged me, in a low whisper, to kneel down, and read him one of the church prayers—the one appointed for those in prospect of death: I took down the prayer-book, and complied, though my emotions would not suffer me to speak in more than an often-interrupted whisper. He lay perfectly silent throughout, with his clasped hands pointing upwards; and when I had concluded, he responded feebly, but fervently, "Amen—Amen!"—and the tears gushed down his cheeks. My heart

was melted within me. The silk cap had slipped from his head, and his long loose silvery hair streamed over his bed-dress: his appearance was that of a dying prophet of old! But I find I am going on at too great length for the reader's patience, and must pause. For my own part I could linger over the remembrances of these solemn scenes for ever: but I shall hasten on to the "last scene of all." It did not take place till near a fortnight after the interview above narrated. His manner during that time evinced no tumultuous ecstasies of soul; none of the boisterous extravagance of enthusiasm. His departure was like that of the sun, sinking gradually and finally, lower—lower—lower—no sudden up-flashings—no quivering—no flickering unsteadiness about his fading rays!

Tuesday, 13th October.—Miss E—— sent word that her uncle appeared dying, and had expressed a wish to see both Dr D—— and me. I therefore dispatched a note to Dr D——, requesting him to meet me at a certain place, and then hurried through my list of calls, so as to have finished by three o'clock. By four we were both in the room of the dying philosopher. Miss E—— sat by his bedside, her eyes swollen with weeping, and was in the act of kissing her uncle's cheek when we entered. Mr F——, an exemplary clergyman, who had been one of E——'s earliest and dearest friends, sat at the foot of the bed, with a copy of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," from which he was reading in a low tone, at the request of E——. The appearance of the latter was very interesting. At his own instance, he had not long before been shaved, washed, and had a change of linen; and the bed was also but recently made, and was not at all tumbled or disordered. The mournful tolling of the church-bell for a funeral was also heard at intervals, and added to the solemnity of the scene. I have seldom felt in such a state of excitement as I was on first entering the room. He shook hands with each of us, or rather we shook his hands, for he could hardly lift them from the bed. "Well—thank you for coming to bid me farewell!"

said he, with a smile; adding presently, "Will you allow Mr F—— to proceed with what he is reading?" Of course we nodded, and sat in silence, listening. I watched E——'s features; they were much wasted—but exhibited no traces of pain. His eye, though rather sunk in the socket, was full of the calmness and confidence of unwavering hope, and often directed upwards with a devout expression. A most heavenly serenity was diffused over his countenance. His lips occasionally moved, as if in the utterance of prayer. When Mr F—— had closed the book, the first words uttered by E—— were, "Oh! the infinite goodness of God!"

"Do you feel that your 'anchor is within the veil?'" enquired F——.

"Oh!—yes—yes!—My vessel is steadily moored—the tide of life goes fast away—I am forgetting that I ever sailed on its sea!" replied E——, closing his eyes.

"The star of faith shines clearest in the night of expiring nature!" exclaimed F——.

"The Sun—the SUN of faith, say rather," replied E——, in a tone of fervent exultation; "it turns my night into day—it warms my soul—it rekindles my energies!—Sun—sun of righteousness!"—he exclaimed, faintly. Miss E—— kissed him repeatedly with deep emotion. "Emma, my love!" he whispered, "hope thou in God! See how he will support thee in death!"—She burst into tears.—"Will you promise me, love, to read the little Bible I gave you when I am gone—especially the *New Testament*?—Do—do, love."

"I will—I——," replied Miss E——, almost choked with her emotions. She could say no more.

"Dr ——," he addressed me, "I feel more towards you than I can express; your services—services——" he grew very pale and faint. I rose and poured out a glass of wine, and put it to his lips. He drank a few tea-spoonfuls, and it revived him.

"Well!" he exclaimed, in a stronger voice than I had before heard him speak. "I thank God I leave in perfect peace with all mankind! There is but one thing that grieves me—the general neglect of religion among men of science." Dr D—— said it must afford him great consolation to reflect on the steadfast re-

gard for religion which *he* himself had always evidenced. "No, no—I have gone nearly as far astray as any of them; but God's rod has brought me back again. I thank God devoutly, that he ever afflicted me as I have been afflicted through life—He knows I do!" * * * Some one mentioned the prevalence of materialism. He lamented it bitterly; but assured us that several of the most eminent men of the age—naming them—believed firmly in the immateriality and immortality of the human soul.

"Do you feel firmly convinced of it—on natural and philosophical grounds?" enquired Dr D——.

"I do; and have, ever since I instituted an enquiry on the subject. I think the *difficulty* is to believe the reverse—when it is owned on all hands, that nothing in Nature's changes suggests the idea of annihilation. I own that doubts have very often crossed my mind on the subject—but could never see the reason of them!"

"But *your* confidence does not rest on the barren grounds of reason," said I; "you believe Him who brought 'life and immortality' into the world."

"Yes—'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

"Do you *never* feel a pang of regret at leaving life?" I enquired.

"No, no, no!" he replied with emphasis; "life and I are grown unfit for each other! My sympathies—my hopes—my joys, are too large for it! Why should I, just got into the haven, think of risking shipwreck again?"

* * * * *

He lay still for nearly twenty minutes without speaking. His breathing was evidently accomplished with great difficulty; and when his eyes occasionally fixed on any of us, we perceived that their expression was altered. He did not seem to see what he looked at. I noticed his fingers also slowly twitching or scratching the bed-clothes. Still the expression of his features was calm and tranquil as ever. He was murmuring something in Miss E——'s ear; and she whispered to us, that he said, "Don't go—I shall want you at six." Within about a quarter of

six o'clock, he enquired where Emma was, and Dr D——, and Mr F——, and myself. We severally answered, that we sat around him.

"I have not *seen* you for the last twenty minutes. Shake hands with me!" We did. "Emma, my sweet love! put your arm round my neck—I am cold, cold." Her tears fell fast on his face. "Don't cry, love—don't—I am quite happy!—God—God—bless you, love!"

His lower jaw began to droop a little.

Mr F——, moved almost to tears, rose from his chair, and noiselessly knelt down beside him.

"Have faith in our Lord Jesus Christ!" he exclaimed, looking steadfastly into his face.

"I do!" he answered distinctly, while a faint smile stole over his drooping features.

"Let us pray!" whispered Mr F——; and we all knelt down in silence. I was never so overpowered in my life. I thought I should have been choked with suppressing my emotions. "O Lord, our heavenly Father!" commenced Mr F——, in a low tone, "receive thou the spirit

of this our dying brother——." E—— slowly elevated his left hand, and kept it pointing upwards for a few moments, when it suddenly dropped, and a long deep respiration announced that this great and good man had breathed his last!

No one in the room spoke or stirred for several minutes; and I almost thought I could hear the beatings of our hearts. He died within a few moments of six o'clock. Yes—there lay the sad effigy of our deceased "guide, philosopher, and friend;"—and yet, why call it sad? I could detect no trace of sadness in his features—he had left in peace and joy; he had lived well, and died as he had lived. I can now appreciate the force of that prayer of one of old—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

There was some talk among his friends of erecting a tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey; but it has been dropped. We soon lose the recollection of departed excellence, if it require any thing like active exertion.

IGNORAMUS ON THE FINE ARTS.

No .II.

WE now return in our ignorance to the exposition of the Fine Arts of old in England.

Of ancient English painting our friend Allan gives a rapid and vigorous sketch; scanty enough, indeed, but *ex nihilo nihil fit*. The shallow rill was lost in desert sands, and the true fountain of British Art arose in the 18th century. Whatever may be decided as to the authenticity of Ossian or Taïessin, they certainly were not the fathers of modern British verse.

Religious painting of some sort or other was introduced by St Benedict Bisiob, the friend and early preceptor of the venerable Bede, whose history you have read in Southey's *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, or if not, pray do. He ornamented the church of Wearmouth with the Visions of the Apocalypse. It would be curious, if it were possible, to

compare those said Visions at Wearmouth with Mr West's Death on the Pale Horse, and other pieces taken from the same mysterious source in later times, all of which, whatever their historical merits, seem to fall into the same error of presenting simultaneously objects which the Prophet must have seen in succession. But it is quite impossible to paint a Vision, far more to convey to waking uninspired sense, the power and import of a Prophet's vision. The best that can be achieved in that kind is as impotent as the black pages in Tristram Shandy to pourtray primeval darkness. Of St Benedict, however, Mr Cunningham says nothing, but begins his survey with Henry the Third, a timid and pious king, who founded many Cathedrals, and enriched them with sculpture and painting, to an extent, and with a skill that me-

rited the commendation of Flaxman. The royal instructions of 1293 are curious, and inform us of the character of art at that remote period, and of the subordinate condition of its professors. In Italy, indeed, as well as in England, an artist was then, and long after, considered as a mere mechanic. He was commonly at once a carver of wood, a maker of figures, a house and heraldry painter, a carpenter, an upholsterer, and a mason; and sometimes, over and above all this, he was a tailor. This seems to surprise and offend Allan; but, for my part, I am so far from wondering that artists were tailors in the fourteenth century, that I regret that tailors are not artists in the nineteenth, and fearlessly affirm that no human being is fit to be tailor, mantua-maker, milliner, corset-maker, coiffeur, or even so much as to dress his own hair, who has not a taste for the arts of design. Are not the greatest masters almost as much celebrated for their drape-ries as for their nudes? Does not the tailor, as well as the artist, require much knowledge of colour, much skill of hand, much experience in human character, an acquaintance with anatomy, a smattering of geometry, a fine sense of beauty, and adroitness at flattery, a nice observance of complexions, dexterity in concealing the defects of nature, and the talent of displaying and imitating her perfections? Does not a comely costume require a variety of parts, a unity in the whole, a harmony of colours, a tone, a fitness, a just magnitude, a proportion, a characteristic expression, suited to the age, country, profession, aspect, height, and manner of the wearer? If Albert Durer drew mathematically, and published a book of proportions for the instruction of his trade—our modern *costumiers* take measure by algebra, and cut out by diagrams. If a perfect connoisseur can ascertain the merits and dimensions of a colossus, of which no part is extant but the great toe, Snip can do more—he can make you an impeccable pair of inexpressibles, by simply taking the girth of your thumb. It would contribute marvellously, not only to the grace of our beaux, but to the health of our belles, if their advisers in affairs of dress had studied the

antique, read Sir Joshua's Lectures and Hogarth's Analysis, and imbibed the principles of the Italian masters. So might they learn what to aim at—any fashionable assembly will shew them what to shun.

As the colouring of a picture may be at once chaste and rich, so may a dress be splendid, and yet simple. Bad pictures are often both tawdry and dingy—so are ill-dressed people.

With regard to all drapery, whether stitched, painted, or carved, one rule is absolute—it should never challenge a separate attention, but seem a necessary congenital part of the person. Clothes, if we think of them on ourselves, must be uncomfortable—if in others, indecorous. The draperies of mere drapery-painters remind us of the silks and velvets displayed some years ago at Brandenburg-house, or a Sabbath-breaking Cockney in his Sunday toggery—or, to come nearer to the point, a lay figure in real clothes. Ill-fashioned garments have always more or less of this fault; you can neither wear them, nor see them worn, without thinking of them. But the best and most graceful offend on the same ground, if, however well-fashioned, they be very much out of the fashion, or anywise unsuitable to the age, rank, or character of the wearer. Sombre habits in a dashing woman of fashion have the effect of a disguise. It is possible to dress too plain for modesty.

Sir Joshua advises that drapery should be neither silk, satin, gros de Naples, velvet, plush, sarsenet, calico, cambric, paduasoy, corduroy, bombazine, huckaback, nor any other fabric or manufacture. It should be drapery, and nothing else—a wise precept, which the tailor cannot follow to the letter, but to the spirit whereof he will do well to attend. To prove that I am not singular in my views of this subject, it is only necessary to mention that certain ladies consulted Kent, the universal genius, painter, architect, and landscape-gardener, about their birthday suits; and the wicked wag arrayed one in a petticoat, decorated with columns of the five orders, and another in a bronze-coloured satin, with ornaments of gold.

In sober sadness, and conscious ignorance, I cannot conceive the mere

colourist, or even the designer, who works for the eye alone,—whose designs contain neither poetry nor sense, and communicate neither knowledge nor power,—as anywise superior to a tailor. His craft may, or may not, be the more difficult of the two; but Snip's is undoubtedly the more useful. As for the sensual pleasure which colour is capable of affording, Titian himself was a fool to the waved and watered, glossy, light-catching, ever-varying hues of the silken bales, for which hungry Spitalfields too often receives the wages of starvation. Every vagrant Autolycus,—“each wandering merchant bent beneath his load,”—exposes to the covetous eyes of the village lass

more gorgeous tints than ever lay on mortal *palette*!

To proceed. When the arts were reviving in Italy, England, occupied with foreign and domestic wars, oppressed in her trade, exhausted in her treasury, devoted to ruin, expense, and senseless ostentation, profited not by the example. Italy exported Bulls and Legates a Ceitere, but kept the painters at home; yet, in the age of Chaucer, a great artist would not have been neglected. The third Edward was magnificent; his unfortunate grandson was profuse. John of Gaunt was the patron of Chaucer, but whether as poet or painter, does not appear. Richard II. noticed Gower.* What “art

* In Thames, when it was flowing,
As I by boat came rowing;
So as Fortune her time set,
My liege lord perchance I met,
And so befell, as I came nigh,
Out of my boat, when he me *sigh*—i.e. saw,
He had me come into his barge;
But when I was with him at large,
Amongst other things he said,
He hath this charge upon me laid,
Some new thing I should book,
That he himself might on it look.

Confessio Amantis.

The earlier copies of this strange poem contain many flattering notices of Richard, which the old bard thought proper afterwards to expunge when that unhappy prince had lost the popularity to which he “enfeoffed himself,” and for which he forfeited authority and respect.

Poets, vain men, in their mood,
Travel with the multitude.

Yet it was not much to Gower's credit, after receiving such condescension from his hapless sovereign, to hail the accession of the usurper Bolingbroke, in vile Leonine, or rather Assinine verses. The author who beshrives an established sovereign, has at least custom to plead for his folly; but he that hastens to salute the parhelion of revolution, runs the risk of being derided as a false prophet, and despised as a sycophant. Poets, it seems, could be as base in the fourteenth century as in the nineteenth. Nay, I will fearlessly aver, that the moral character of fine literature was never so high or so pure as at present.

Gower has of late found a sturdy patron in Sharon Turner, who seems inclined to set him on a level at least with Chaucer. Sharon is a sensible man, a patient investigator of the past. English history is much indebted to his labours; but he is not quite free from that amiable partiality which we all are apt to feel for what is peculiarly our own. Well did Elia observe, one cannot make a pet of a book that every body reads. But a book that nobody has read but one's self, and perhaps half a dozen of one's particular friends, becomes part of one's personality—“bone of my bone.” Sir William Jones equalled Ferdusi to Homer, and thought the Sacontala worthy of Euripides, Racine, or Shakspeare. Probably Dr Bowring thinks the Russian anthology superior to the Greek.

According to “ancient Gower,” love-making in his time must have been a very serious and erudite business; for his *Confessio Amantis*—a conversation between a young lover and the Priest of Venus—seems to be a metrical encyclopædia,—a brief, tedious abstract of the *omne scibile*,—a compendium of all the ologies then extant. Some of the love-tales, however, are related with much truth and simple pathos. Gower had certainly been in love himself; but whether he found alchemy and logic very serviceable in his courtship, is rather

there was; lack'd not encouragement." Painting partook of the war-like spirit of the time, and became martial, instead of religious. But a passion for gilded banners and surcoats of arms, is not a taste for art. St Edward is as good a subject as St George; and the Wiverns of Heraldry are as far removed from *la belle Nature*, as the Dragons of the Apocalypse. In fact, kings and princes cannot make artists; they can only employ and pay them; and mere pageantry is so far from art, that it hardly implies civilization. Well does Milton speak of "barbaric pearl and gold." The spirit of art is proud, and brooks not the condition of a

pampered menial; hence, though it may spring, and grow, and flourish amid war and tumult, and even survive under a despotism—under a military aristocracy, it scarce can lift its head. It must be loved, honoured, esteemed, for its own sake—not fed, flattered, and despised. The knights and barons bold might be liberal, as the better kind of thieves generally are, to the minstrels who lauded their vices, and would have rewarded the limner who could emblazon images of blood or sensuality, as well as the *largitores rapinæ* commonly reward the instruments of their pleasures; but they cannot confer dignity. Those haughty lords

dubious. The leading idea of his *Confessio* is this—that the suitor, to be worthy of his mistress, should be furnished, not only with every moral and Christian virtue, but with all divine and human learning, with every feat of skill, and every device of wit. Mr Turner has given copious extracts, which will probably satisfy the curious reader. He that wants more of the "moral Gower," will find the whole of his English works in the second volume of Chalmers's collection. His French verses, entitled *Petitio Orantis*, and his Latin Rhyming Chronicle, have not, to my knowledge, been printed. The *Vox Clamantis* is a half historical, half allegorical description of Wat Tyler's insurrection, and the disorders consequent thereon. It may contain some curious information, and should be carefully and learnedly edited at the public expense. Gower could not tell his tale of domestic troubles without converting it into a vision. This dozing somnambulistic fashion then in vogue, has of late been revived by poets, who have gone to sleep to dream over what they had read in the *Times* or the *Annual Register*,—to be informed, supernaturally, of the contents of the *London Gazette* extraordinary. It is remarkable, that almost all the allegorical compositions of the middle ages begin with a description of the weather, or the time of the year—a custom followed in the "Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates," and in the prologues to Gawain Douglass's *Æneid*. The *Vox Clamantis* accordingly begins with a florid delineation of summer, as Wat Tyler's rebellion broke out in June 1381. The poet innocently goeth forth to pick flowers, falls asleep, and dreams that a huge multitude of men-monsters, in the shape of wolves, apes, swine, &c., advanced towards him—who for their leader chose a jay, called Wat—committed terrible havoc, and drove well-disposed persons—himself among the rest—to the woods and caves. His Wat, whom he sets forth as "*Vox tetra, trux vultus, verissima mortis imago*," bears small resemblance to the sighing sentimental Reformer, the Wat Tyler of surreptitious notoriety. The poem proceeds with a satirical description of the vices of the times—not exactly in the manner of the "Age," a poem; or the "Age Reviewed," a satire; or even of the "Reigning Vice"—and concludes with earnestly exhorting Richard to a radical reform of himself. As a specimen of Gower's Latin versification:

Sylva vetus densa, nulla violata securi,
Absque supercilio, mihi nubis sub tegumento;
Nulla superficies tunc, quia trita fuit,
Perque dies aliquot latitens omnemque tremiscens
Ad strepitum fagi, visa pericla cavens.

These verses would hardly escape flogging at Eton.

Gower seems to have been a man of considerable wealth, which he devoted and bequeathed to pious purposes. Like most of our early writers, characterised at least as much by the garrulity of age as the simplicity of childhood, "full of wise saws and modern instances," an endless story-teller, who could conjure a Christian meaning into a heathen fable, and evoke a heavy moral from a light love-tale; a very honest man—politics excepted—with a fair allowance of honest self-importance; a severe censor of his age, which was indeed a bad one; and a bold monitor of his king, when that king was too feeble to resent the indignity.

might have sense enough to admire genius; but the pride of caste would never allow them to esteem it.

Vanity is a bad patron, and Superstition a much worse. It is a great mistake that Popery was the nurse of modern painting; the more rigid Romanists are, and always were, as averse to real art as the Puritans themselves. Individual Popes, and wealthy orders, doubtless, encouraged painting; but this supposed misappropriation of church-treasures did not escape censure. Superstition is the child of Fear—the basest, cruellest, blindest, stupidest passion in human nature. It represents the Deity as an ugly and malignant Demon: sees nothing but evil and deformity in the works of God. How, then, should it imprint beauty on the works of man? Idolatry, and her elder sister Allegory, have spawned more monsters than ever sprung from Medusa's Gorgon blood. Nothing can be meaner or more hideous than the daubs and dolls to which the Papists fall down. Raphael's Madonnas work no miracles. In truth, the church of Rome has been as much divided against itself, as ever the Protestant Miscellany. There are High-church Catholics, and Low-church Catholics, bigots, and liberals, poetical enthusiasts, vulgar fanatics, and Utilitarian prosemen, united, it may be, by a nominal adherence, to Lord Peter, but far enough from being of one mind, either about religious painting or any thing else.

After all, the most interesting artists of the Middle Ages were not the professors, with their omnigenous qualifications, but the monks and the ladies. The illuminated missals, and other manuscripts—as finely pencilled as time and patience could make them—as gay as gilt and glowing colours must be—not always so decorous as work of holy hand should be—have a value, which does not invariably pertain to the *chef-d'œuvres* of the classic schools—one may learn a great deal from them. From these, and the unceasing fulminations of the pulpit against excess of apparel, together with the yet more inefficient sumptuary laws, we find that our wise ancestors were even more expensive, and far more absurd and indecent, in arraying their persons,

than the most degenerate of their descendants. We discover something of their way of living, which was far more genial and comfortable than we are apt to suppose. We may form some notion of their prevailing cast of features. Above all, the existence of such laborious luxuries of the eye, is a consoling fact. To read the books called Histories, we might imagine that murder and arson, tyranny and fraud, usurpation and persecution, were the sole employments of mankind—that the great were all wicked, and the poor all miserable. It is pleasant, therefore, to find that men have always had some leisure—that a few have ever been able to look out of their windows with calm, observant eyes—and that many can be amused with trifles in the worst of times—that is, at all times—which, thank God, are not half so bad as some malcontents would persuade us. Many of these curiosities were destroyed at the Reformation, which, like all great changes, was brought about by the combined agency of the best spirits and the worst. Whether the havoc of that era proceeded from misguided zeal, and indiscreet imitation of the Israelites, or from the mobbish love of destruction, incited, as usual, by cold-blooded speculators in plunder, for us it is most wise to consider it as the price of a benefit, which could not be purchased too dear. It is some consolation, too, that we had no works of art worth regretting. We have cathedrals still in beauty and perfection; and though some are in ruins, they are not less honourable—perhaps more honoured, and certainly more poetical and picturesque. But the tapestry and embroidery, the curious needlework, the labours of the graphic loom, which employed the well-pricked fingers of the dames of old, could excite no religious animosity; but worms, and damp, and fire, and change of fashions, and perhaps more than all, the gold and silver thread which they contained, have mingled most of these products of domestic industry with the mass of things that were. But it is by no means true, as Mr Cunningham asserts, that this branch of art is entirely neglected at present. The ladies do not, indeed, work battle-pieces, or Scripture-pieces, or naked gods, in worsted,

mohair, or silk; but flowers, fruit, and birds of gorgeous plumage, lions, tigers, and giraffes, grow daily beneath their hands; and very pretty they are. We have watched their progress many a time. We can remember, too, when the cozy parlour of a country inn, or the triangular sanctum of a respectable shopkeeper, was never without some garniture of this kind, with the fair artist's name (generally a pretty name) ingeniously interwoven. We think, by the way, that Delia, and Daphne, and Strephon, with all the paraphernalia of Cupids, arrows, crooks, and sheep, never look so natural as when stitched in worsted. Needlework is the pastoral poetry of design. A snug room hung round with tapestry is the truest Arcadia.

But we loiter in these bypaths and flowery lanes—*fugit irreparabile tempus*—it is past twelve, and we are still in the 14th century. If you please, we will pass on to the year 1526, when Holbein arrived in England; and for the first time our dear little isle entertained a great painter. He was a native of Basle; but finding the salubrious influences of native air counteracted by an over-rating wife and an under-rating public, he came to the court of bluff King Harry. His first English patron was the Earl of Arundel—a title to which art owes something, and chronology more.

Hans is commonly regarded as a literal prosaic portrait-painter, who drew correctly what he saw, but saw only with every-day eyes, and made a dead map of the human countenance,—devoid of all that makes beauty charming, or irregularity characteristic. Those who have seen his "Dance of Death," will not readily believe that he wanted invention. He who could impart expression to a skull, and intellectual interest to all varieties of corruption, could scarce be a mechanical matter-of-fact person. Neither is it true that his portraits are without meaning, though they may not be distinguished for grace. They are like what his sitters for the most part were, and were content to be represented—kings, queens, lords, and ladies, not divinities, nor very amiable men and women. But when he had a worthy subject, he could do ample justice—witness his Sir Thomas More, in

whom he has combined, what seldom meet, regular beauty, with the cast of thought,—dignity with benevolence,—the air of rank with the stamp of individuality. It is beautifully engraved in Southey's *Colloquies*, and is very like the apparition. Hans did not flatter Henry, whom he has made as fat, sensual, cruel, and clever, as the life itself; he could flatter, however, as King Harry found in the case of Anne of Cleves, whose Teutonic bulk drew forth that well-known exclamation of the Defender of the Faith, which proves that kings were less courteous in days of yore than at present; a Flanders mare had been too good a wife for him. He had good brains, however, and knew something of value, if the following anecdote be true: "One day, while the artist was painting in private the portrait of a favourite lady for the king, a great lord unexpectedly found his way into the chamber. The painter, a brawny, powerful man, and somewhat touchy of temper, threw the intruder down stairs, bolted the door, ran to the king by a private passage, fell on his knees, asked for pardon, and obtained it. In came the courtier, and made his complaint. 'By God's splendour,' exclaimed the king, 'you have not to do with Hans, but with me. Of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but I cannot make one Hans Holbein.'" It is traditionally asserted that Henry employed Holbein to paint the portraits of the fairest young ladies in his kingdom, that in case of the queen patient playing the provoked wife, he might go and choose from his gallery. There is no knowing what such a king might do,—but what need of portraits, when he could command the originals?

The love of title and precedence is the besetting sin of womanhood, but surely no good woman would willingly have been Henry's wife—even to be England's queen? Bluebeard, or the Sultan Schahriar, or the Prince of Camboy, "who nightly stinks a queen to death," would have been a preferable spouse.

Holbein died of the plague in 1554. Allan has thought it worth while to tell us, that he wrought with the left hand. He is perfectly right,—let the left hand not lose the credit of so much excellence.

"He had a strong frame, a swarthy sensual face, and a neck like a bull." His works were once more numerous in England than at present; some were destroyed during the civil wars, some sold abroad by the Puritan Parliament, and many perished when Whitehall was burned. That his portraits are stiff, is historically a merit—they represent folks that had nothing easy about them. With such costumes, such morals, such politics, and such religion, what could people be but stiff? The gradual influence of truth, liberty, and Christian charity, were needed to give elasticity to the limbs, and play to the features.

It is no trivial circumstance in the history of art to record how artists were paid. Allan, we think, is wrong in supposing that the arts were necessarily in a low condition, when some artists were paid by the square foot. Duodecimals are not more arbitrary than popular taste. Many have been the painters who would have rejoiced to be remunerated by so equitable a standard. Besides, the instances he produces refer chiefly to the ornamenting of public buildings, painted windows, &c. which have ever been consigned to the trading branch of the profession. Painters are, and always were, better paid than poets. Trading painters and trading authors can only expect to receive value for quantity. Literature is not universally degraded because certain penmen are recompensed at the rate of a penny a-line; and are not splendid articles written monthly for ten and even five guineas per sheet?

Of King Henry's personal taste, we have a fair sample in the written instructions which he left for his own monument. "The King shall appear on horseback, of the stature of a goodly man, while over him shall appear the image of God the Father holding the King's soul in his left hand, and his right hand extended in the act of benediction." The whole was to be of bronze, and the blasphemous absurdity was actually commenced. It is hardly candid to attribute to the parsimony of Elizabeth, the non-completion of such an insult to piety and common sense.

"Painting maintained its place in popular estimation during the brief

and guilty reign of Mary." Its place in popular estimation was probably low enough—the Romanist thought it mechanical, and the Protestant damnable. "Sir Antonio More received from Philip for his portrait of the Queen a chain of gold, with the more substantial addition of L.400 a-year as painter to the King." If Sir Antonio painted the traditional likeness of bloody Mary, he was no flatterer. She is old and ugly enough for a frontispiece to the Book of Martyrs. Mr Cunningham has doubtless sufficient vouchers for his facts; but one would scarce have suspected Philip of loving his wife well enough to give away chains for her vinegar features; and if Sir Antonio received L.400, he was better paid than he could possibly deserve. Holbein's pension was only two hundred florins.

How happy had it been for Mary had she died a nun, or sunk uncrowned beneath the weight of royal sorrow! The comfort of a worse than widowed mother—the duteous daughter of a father who disowned and bastardized her, the devoted confessor of an oppressed and plundered church, she had been a saint to the generous Protestant no less than to the sympathizing Catholic, had her rival's success consigned her to the cloister, or the overthrow of her religion to a grave. The Princess Mary had been consecrated to memory had the Queen Mary never reigned. Sir Antonio seems to have loved the savour of human sacrifice, for he accompanied Philip to Spain, and subsequently held an office under the Duke of Alva, whose favour he conciliated by portraits of favourite ladies—no solitary instance of the Miltonic juxtaposition of "lust and hate." At length he betook himself to the receipt of custom in West Flanders, and forsook an art to which he was probably no ornament.

Advancing to the golden days of good Queen Bess, we feel as one that, after long wandering in the uncertain twilight of a subterraneous ruin, and guessing at the mutilated images and outworn inscriptions, steps at once into cheerful day, and hails familiar forms of living beauty. We hear our own language—we find ourselves among men of like passions as ourselves. The age of Cressy and

Poitiers, of Langland, Gower," and Chaucer, was the Soobhi Kazim of England, that premature and short-lived dawn which the fanciful Persian ascribes to the sun's peeping through a hole in Mount Caucasus—which but forebodes and typifies the real daybreak. An interim of deep and perilous darkness ensued—the unseen righteousness of heaven made human wickedness perform the needful work which good men cannot do. The strongholds of iniquity were shaken by the gloomy earthquake; and then, the pure light that sets not till even—that shall not set till angels sing the vespers of this earth—came forth in power and glory. Happier days have been before and since, than the days of Elizabeth. Much as we owe to the men of her time, it was no time to make us murmur at that irrevocable decree beyond the power of Jove to alter, which forbids the past to return. It was a time to think, to dream, to read of—not to live in. But it is doubtful whether any period since the flood has been so favourable to the development of the poetic imagination. It was the true age of chivalry. Chivalry never existed but in the imaginations of poets, and in the noble desires of men who aspired to realize the inventions of the poets. The Chevalier Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney were only a more rational kind of Quixotes—men brave by nature, actuated by impulses unconsciously imbibed from romantic fiction, who had conceived an idea, and died in the attempt to make it an historic fact. But chivalry was only one element in the orb of poetry. Religion had made every man think of himself—of himself not only as a living, but as an immortal being. It had given an import to every motion, every throb of the individual heart. Character, which among the ancients was ever deemed a defect, a falling away from the standard of abstract humanity, a theme of ridicule, the proper staff of satire and comedy, assumed a tragic dignity; it was seen that each man involves in his own peculiar nature a distinct ideal—and that the perfection of one is no more the perfection of another, than the beauty of the lily is the beauty of the cedar. Yet, amid all this diversity of ministrations, this endless va-

riety of hue and lineament, religion taught, confirmed, and consecrated the mighty truth, that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The daily goings on of our business and bosoms began to partake of that interest which of old pertained only to those massy operations, in which the bulk of mankind are and can be no more than blind agents or passive sufferers. The kindly affections which, according to the Houyhnm philosophy of the heathens, and the Manichean dogmas of the monks, were at best but tolerated weaknesses or venial sins, were sublimed to holy duties; and human creatures, heretofore considered but as the perishing moments composing the permanent being of a commonwealth, discovered in themselves a principle of duration, compared to which the boasted solidity of states and institutions was a vain and a fleeting thing. The controversies of the time, however profitless in themselves, gave a strength, an agility, a subtle and penetrative quality to thought, which—now no longer hermetically sealed up in axioms, definitions, and formal aphorisms—resumed its natural intercourse with the visible and the sentient. The reciprocal influences of intellect and feeling displayed themselves in act and in speech—in prose and in poetry. Nor was this era less opulent in the *matériel* of imagination, than potent in the *morale*. The imposing ceremonial of the Romish church, though banished and forbidden, yet lingered in the regret of many, and in the memory of all. The mask and antique pageantry, the allegorical and symbolical spirit of the middle age, still remained to be immortalized by Spenser. The classes, degrees, and vocations of society were still marked by the picturesque and dramatic distinctions of dress and manner, while the ambitious affectation and ungainly mimicry of the mounting commonalty were endless topics of humour and ridicule.

The splendid apparel, the metaphoric euphuism, the new-fangled oaths, and elaborate gallantry of the young courtiers, who bore their manors on their back, and wasted their sleepless wits to coin new compliments; the grave splendour, the crafty wisdom, the sententious speech, and politic

piety of the sage statesman; the precise, square-cut, taciturn regularity of the smooth-pated, velvet-capped citizen; the nicked-bearded, huffing, hectoring, basket-hilted adventurer; the traveller with his foreign phantasies, and unheard-of wonders, best believed when he was lying, and often discredited when he told the truth; the country gentleman who had newly stepped into the place of a thinned and impoverished baronage; the idolized, but not yet enfranchised females, in whose wardrobe was no middle state between velvet and homespun woollen, in whose education no mean betwixt the erudition of a divine and the ignorance of a household drudger, either calculated to govern a kingdom, or simply fit "to suckle fools and chronicle small fees:"—these, and a hundred antics beside, not forgetting the all-licensed fool, that excellent substitute for a free press, made the world a mask of all professions—a gay and gorgeous procession of fancy costume. Add to this, that two-thirds of the planet, with numberless varieties of men, and much that was vast, magnificent, beautiful, rich, and strange by land or sea, were but just disclosed to Europe by voyagers and pilgrims, whose personal deeds and sufferings outdid romance, and made impossibility seem light work. Natural philosophy, too, had much of the sentimental and mysterious character which accords with poetry. Enough of real science mingled with it to draw respect to the superstitious alloy, which wrought on the hopes and fears of the many. Astrology walked hand in hand with astronomy;—and the chemists besought the spirits of the elements to impart to their occult and suspected enquiries, the elixir of life, and the transmuting stone. At once dupes and deceivers, they pretended to secrets which they knew that they did not possess, and to extract from less learned fools, the means of performing their costly and endless researches, ever fancying that the present experiment would make them masters of the earth. How large a field of allusion was supplied by the mystic properties, signatures, antipathies, and sympathies of stones and plants, by planetary hours, and

stellar configurations? The heart and passions of men entered into every pursuit; even the barren, unfeeling lines of the mathematician were interested with human fate, and abstract numbers were powerful over happiness and misery. It is needless to remark how much true science is indebted to these fancies. We speak of their value to the imagination, for the poet Dee was a better stargazer than Herschel, and Paracelsus a far greater chemist than Sir Humphry Davy. The quacks of that day spiritualized every thing. Those of our times are the earthiest of all materialists.

The lore of Greece and Rome, the beautiful shapes of the old mythology, which have lately been re-admitted to verse, contributed not a little to the rich fancies of our earlier bards. They were not, then, polluted by Cockneyism, or worn out by school versifiers, nor staled by loveless love-ditties, and laureate raptures uninspired by loyalty—they had all the freshness of novelty, and the weighty reverence of age and association.

The more recent literature of Spain, Italy, and France, was also rife in England. Our poets borrowed much. What they deemed excellent they made their own with Roman boldness. What was good was not spoiled to make it original; for there were no reviewers in those days,—none of those indefatigable bookworms, who would wade through the dullest folio in search of stolen goods; and, to convict a contemporary of plagiarism, would even read their Bible.

The sex and character of Elizabeth herself was no weak ingredient in the poetic spirit of the time. Loyalty and gallantry blended in the adoration paid her; and the supremacy which she claimed and exercised over the church, invested her regality with a sacred unction that pertained not to feudal sovereigns. It is scarce too much to say, that the Virgin-queen appropriated the Catholic honours of the Virgin Mary. She was as great as Diana of the Ephesians. The moon shone but to furnish a type of her bright and stainless maidenhood. To magnify her greatness, the humility of courtly adulation merged in the ecstasies of Platonic love. She was

charming by indefeasible right;—a *jure divino* beauty. Her fascinations multiplied with her wrinkles, and her admirers might have anticipated the conceit of Cowley—

“The antipevistois of age
More inflamed their amorous rage.”

It is easy for a Whig, or a Puritan, or any other unimaginative block-head, to cry out against all this, as nauseous flattery, and assert that after all she was rather an unpoetical personage than otherwise—a coarse-minded old maid, half prude, half coquette, whose better part was mannish, and all that belonged to her sex a ludicrous exaggeration of its weaknesses. But meanwhile, they overlook the fact, that not the woman Elizabeth, but the Virgin-queen, the royal heroine, is the theme of admiration. Not the petty virtues, the pretty sensibilities, the cheap charity, the prim decorum, which modern flatterers dwell upon, degrading royalty, while they palaver its possessor, but Britannia's sacred majesty, enshrined in chaste and lofty womanhood. Our ancestors paid their compliments to sex or rank—ours are addressed to the person. There is no flattery where there is no falsehood—no falsehood where there is no deception. Loyalty of old was a passion, and passion has a truth of its own—and as language does not always furnish expressions exactly adapted, or native to the feeling, what can the loyal poet do, but take the most precious portion of the currency, and impress it with the mint-mark of his own devoted fancy? Perhaps there never was a more panegyric rhymer than Spenser, and yet, so fine and ethereal is his incense, that the breath of morning is not more cool and salutary.

“It falls me here to write of Chastity
That fayrest virtue, far above the rest,
For which what needs me fetch from Faery,
Forreine ensamples it to have exprest,
Sith it is shrined in my souveraine's brest,
And form'd so lively on each perfect part,
That to all ladies, who have it profest,
Needs but behold the pourtrait of her part,
If pourtray'd it might be by any living art;
But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencil it can paint,
All it were Zeuxis or Praxiteles—

His dædale hand would faile and greatly
faynt,

And her perfections with his error taynt;
Ne poet's wit that passeth painter farre—
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,” &c.

But neither Zeuxis nor Praxiteles were called from the dead to mar her perfections, or record her negative charms. Poetry was the only art that flourished in the Virgin reign. The pure Gothic, after attaining its full efflorescence under Henry VII., departed, never to return. The Grecian orders were not only absurdly jumbled together, but yet more outrageously conglomerated with the Gothic and Arabesque. “To gild refined gold—to paint the lily,” was all the humour of it. A similar inconsistency infected literature. The classic and the romantic (to use those terms, which, though popular, are not logically exact) were interwoven. The Arcadia and the Fairy Queen, are glorious offences, which “make defect perfection.” Perhaps, Shakspeare's “small Latin, and less Greek,” preserved him from worse anachronisms than any that he has committed. Queen Bess's patronage was of the national breed: she loved no pictures so well as portraits of herself. As, however, her painters have not flattered her, it may not uncharitably be concluded that they were no great deacons in their craft. It is a much easier thing to assure a homely female, in prose or rhyme, that she is beautiful, than to represent her so upon canvass. Her effigies are, I believe, pretty numerous, varying in ugliness, but none that I have seen even handsome—prettiness, of course, is out of the question. She was fond of finery, but had no taste in dress. Her ruff is downright odious; and the liberal exposure of her neck and bosom any thing but alluring. With all her pearls about her, she looks like a pawnbroker's lady bedizened for an Easter ball, with all the unredeemed pledges from her husband's shop. She seems to have patronised that chimera in the ideal or allegorical portrait, at which Rubens and Sir Joshua were so often doomed to toil. She would not allow a shadow in her picture, arguing, like a Chinese, or a chop-logic, that shade is only an accident, and no true property of body.

Like Alexander, who forbade all sculptors but Lysippus to carve his image, she prohibited all but special cunning limners from drawing her effigy. This was in 1653, anno regni 5, while, though no chicken, she still was not clean past her youth. This order was probably intended to prevent caricatures. At last, she quarrelled with her looking-glass, as well as her painters, and her maids of honour removed all mirrors from her apartments, as carefully as Ministers exclude opposition papers (we hope not *Maga*) from the presence of our most gracious Sovereign. It is even said, that those fair nettles of India, took advantage of her weakness, to dress her head awry, and to apply the rouge to her nose, instead of her cheeks. So may the superannuated eagle be pecked at by daws. But the tale is not probable. After all, it is but the captious inference of witlings and scoffers, that attributes to mere sexual vanity that superstitious horror of encroaching age, from which the wisest are not always free. It may be, that they shrink from the reflection of their wrinkles, not as from the despoilers of beauty, but as from the vaunt-couriers of dissolution. In rosy youth, while yet the brow is alabaster-veined with Heaven's own tint, and the dark tresses turn golden in the sun, the lapse of time is imperceptible as the throbbing of a heart at ease. "So like, so very like, is day to day," one primrose scarce more like another. Who ever saw their first grey hairs, or marked the crow-feet at the angle of their eyes, without a sigh or a tear, a momentous self-abasement, a sudden sinking of the soul, a thought that youth is flown for ever? None but the blessed few that, having dedicated their spring of life to Heaven, behold in the shedding of their vernal blossoms, a promise that the season of immortal fruit is near. It is a frailty, almost an instance of humanity, to aim at concealing that from others, of which ourselves are painfully conscious. The herculean Johnson keenly resented the least allusion to the shortness of his sight. So entirely is man a social animal, so dependent are all his feelings for their very existence upon communication and sympathy, that the "fee griefs," which none but ourselves are privy

to, are forgotten as soon as they are removed from the senses. The artifices to which so many have recourse to conceal their declining years, are often intended more to soothe themselves, than to impose on others. This aversion to growing old is specially natural and excusable in the celibate and the childless.] The borrowed curls, the pencilled eyebrows,

"The steely-prison'd shape,
So oft made taper, by constraint of tape,"

the various cosmetic secrets, well-known to the middle ages, not only of the softer sex, are not unseemly in a spinster, so long as they succeed in making her look young. They are intolerable in a mother of any age. But we, my dear Christopher, resigned and benevolent old bachelors as we are, can well appreciate the vanity of the aged heart, that sees not its youth renewed in any growing dearer self. Nothing denotes the advances of life, at once so surely and so pleasantly as children springing up around a good man's table. Perhaps our famous Queen, in her latter days, though full of honours as of years, would gladly have changed places with the wife of any yeoman that had a child to receive her last blessing, whose few acres were not to pass away to the hungry expecting son of a hated rival. Her virginity was not like that of Jephthah's daughter, a free-will offering to the Lord. Pride, and policy, and disappointment, and, it may be, hopeless, self-condemned affection, conspired to perpetuate it. Probably it was well for England that no offspring of hers inherited her throne. By some strange ordinance of nature, it generally happens that these wonderful clever women produce idiots or madmen. Witness Semiramis, Agrippina, Catherine de Medicis, Mary de Medicis, Catherine of Russia, and Lady Wortley Montague. One miniature of Elizabeth I have seen, which, though not beautiful, is profoundly interesting; it presents her as she was in the days of her danger and captivity, when the same wily policy, keeping its path, even while it seemed to swerve, was needful to preserve her life, that afterwards kept her firm on a throne. Who was the artist that produced it? I know not: but it bears

the strongest marks of authenticity, if to be exactly what a learned spirit would fancy Elizabeth—young, a prisoner, and in peril—be evidence of true portraiture. There is pride, not aping humility, but wearing it as a well-beseeming habit; there is passion, strongly controlled by the will, but not extinct, neither dead nor sleeping, but watchful and silent; brows sternly sustaining a weight of care, after which a crown could be but light; a manly intellect, allied with female craft;—but nonsense! it will be said; no colours whatever could represent all this, and that, too, in little, for the picture was among Bone's enamels. Well, then, it suggested it all. Perhaps the finest Madonna ever painted, would be no more than a meek, pious, pretty woman, and an innocent child, if we knew not whom it was meant for.

Little as genuine art was cultivated or encouraged under Elizabeth, portrait, which, in strict speech, is historical, contra-distinguished from poetical, painting was not neglected. The features of most of her worthies, warriors, statesmen, poets, and divines, have been recorded with fidelity, or at least with much verisimilitude. There is a decided cast of countenance, a family likeness, in all the subjects of Elizabeth and James, which can no more be mistaken than described. It is not that sameness which an unimaginative dauber cannot help impressing on a generation of sitters—it is not the "foolish face" transmitted through a whole pedigree of country gentlemen—it is not the generic likeness of a breed—the gentilitious contour of a nation. Every face has its own character, and the degrees of beauty and ugliness are abundantly varied. Shakspeare is as unlike Darnley as Darnley is unlike Cecil, or Queen Elizabeth is unlike the Scottish Mary. But so is the style of Shakspeare's dramas utterly different from Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, or Burleigh's State Papers; yet it is manifestly the style of the same period. The analogy holds good with regard to the style of features and expression. If any one, having the opportunity, which, alas! I have not, will examine Lodge, Vertue, or any well-engraved series of portraits, or a decent gallery of family pictures, he

will verify an observation, which words can but ill convey, and argument cannot prove. The Elizabethan physiognomy prevailed, with slight variation in the generic character, through the reign of her successor, and in the court of Charles the First, though the superior genius of Vandyke superadded to that character a grace, a life, power, action, thought, fire, and generosity, that was his own. The Cavaliers, however, with few exceptions, were men of more honour than principle—more passionate than meditative—more elegant than profound. We may vainly regret that Spenser, Sidney, Shakspeare, Raleigh, Bacon, had not a Vandyke to draw them. Of the Puritans, such as were gentlemen preserved, beneath the cropped heads and high-crowned hats, the ancient English contour, though the free play and transparency of looks are gone. Heaven help the Puritans had the Long Parliament, and the Assembly of Divines, been permitted to realize their ideal in church and state! Ere one generation had passed away, not a pretty woman would have existed between John-o'-Groat's house and Lizard Point. To see the havoc which Puritanism makes in the loveliest faces, even after they are fully formed, what would be its effect on plastic infancy—how would it intensify itself by traduction!

Another race of visages came in with the Restoration, and yet another with the House of Hanover. We are ourselves a fourth; but this is anticipation. Who were the artists who pourtrayed the luminaries of the Maiden reign, is not exactly recorded. As economy was the order of the day, few foreigners seem to have been tempted across the Channel. We read, however, of one Lucas de Heere, a native of Ghent, a poet, a painter, and wit, who visited England, and executed several portraits. He was employed to paint the gallery of the Earl of Lincoln, in which, among other allegorical emblems of nations, as the representative and express image of Anglicism, he drew a naked man, with a pair of shears, and various coloured cloths! His witticism, which is manifestly descended from the ass and trusses of hay, was borrowed from Andrew Borde's Induction to Knowledge,

prefixed to which is the figure of an English Adamite, with these lines :

"I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in mind what garment I shall wear."

Andrew Borde, a doctor of physic, and a man of much learning, is said to have been the original Merry-Andrew. Times are altered. There is now no such character as the erudite Buffoon, the Mountebank of Genius, the Vagabond Philosopher,—no Tom Brown, no Beronicus, no Paracelsus. The men of highest endowments, and greatest acquirements, are distinguished by domestic virtues, and regularity of life.—So much the better for themselves and their families, but all the worse for their biographers.

Hiliard, Oliver, and Cooper, are the first native names that occur in the list of British artists. They were all miniature painters; and may have preserved the lineaments of men whose deeds are recorded in history, or their minds impressed upon works of their own. Miniature occupies about the same station in art that sonnet obtains in poetry—exquisite finish, softness, and brilliance, are essential to both, and perhaps portability is the best property of either. A lady may wear a miniature about her neck, or on the blue veins of her polished wrist, or next her heart, if it be her father's or husband's—so may she carry a sonnet in her album, bound in wavy satin, with golden clasps over, or in her reticule—not ridicule—at least if it be mine, or in her memory, if it adheres spontaneously, as honey dew to rose leaves, for I deprecate the practice of getting by heart, *malice prepense*. By my humanity, I would not publish a poem, if I thought one single poor child would be tasked to learn it by heart, not for a penny a line!

The accession of the House of Stuart naturally leads us to enquire to whom we owe the effigy of Mary, whose beauty continues to influence imagination, after her very bones are turned to dust. Her portraits are various; the most lovely I ever saw is in the Bodleian at Oxford. It is the most powerful vindicator her memory has obtained—and yet there is that in her look which a fond

husband might suspect, and a fool like Darnley tremble at. She could not forgive the murder of Rizzio. She has the glance that maddened poor Chatelar: well might Elizabeth fear her—

"The mermaid,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious sound,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their
spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music."

The Stuarts, an ingenious but unhappy race, were cultivators and encouragers of the arts of intellect. Even the unfortunate favourites of James III., though described by historians as low artisans, were probably liberal artists. Cochrane, who is called a stone mason, might be an architect. Rogers was a skilful musician, and doubtless a poet, like his namesake. The very name's a poet. Leonard was a smith; but so was Benvenuto Cellini. He was no maker of hobnails, but a deviser of curious articles in metal—and perhaps, had he lived, and Homer been translated, would have copied the shield of Achilles. Hommil, the tailor, was a sculptor and painter, who exercised his taste and ingenuity in contriving costumes. But Archibald Bell-the-Cat cared for none of these things; and thus it is men are classed, not according to the high function of their minds, but the humble means whereby they sustain their bodies. Had James patronised Burns, he would have been reproached with the familiarity of a gauger. Waller called Milton the old blind schoolmaster, and there are who have spoken of Wordsworth as the stampmaster.

Passing over the reign of the learned and pacific author of the Counterblast to Tobacco—we find a truly loyal patron of art in his unfortunate successor. Whether Charles could have made England a country of painters, may be doubted; for to create genius, is a higher prerogative than he ever assumed; but he certainly did his best to make his court a domicile of artists, and his palace a conservatory of pictures. Considering how, even in his peaceful days, he was straightened for money, it is wonderful how much he did—and while his political friend-

ship was worth purchasing, foreign states assiduously paid homage to his taste,—and instead of ivory puzzles and diamond snuff-boxes, the usual free-will offerings of diplomacy, presented him with Tintorets and Titians. But Catholic artists were slow in accepting his invitations; nor is it surprising that they shunned a country where the multitude were taught to consider their genius a crime, and where their religion was a statutable offence. Yet Rubens, protected by the sacro-sanctity of an Ambassador, partook a while of his hospitality, and adorned Whitehall with the apotheosis of James the First. Rubens was the Claudian of painters, the pictorial laureate; the splendour of his colouring, and the vigour of his design, disguises the nothingness of his subject. His pictures put you in mind of a vast parterre of thick-set carnations and anemonies—a glowing *brochure* of double-daisies. Every thing is rich and voluptuous, but all seems over-fed, and forced. Men, women, beasts, virtues, and deities, are fattened like prize oxen for a show. Rubens is Titian Dutchified. I should like to know whether he ever drank canary with Ben Jonson—they would have agreed admirably, unless, indeed, they were too blunt for one another. By far the most interesting of Rubens' pictures are his portraits of himself and his wives;—he was worth a score of French dukes and cardinals; and to have been the spouse of such a man, was better than being the unloved consort and early widow of the over-lauded apostate hero of the *Henriade*. But Rubens is not to be ranked among English painters. There is a luxurious negation of common sense in his court allegories, that does not amalgamate with our national character. The genius of England is essentially dramatic. No people are so intensely individualized as the English. Every Englishman is a definite self, and sympathizes with his fellow-creatures, not as portions of a constituted whole, but as organized microcosms. The self-love of an Englishman is not selfishness—it is the light which instructs how to love his neighbour. He, not alone, but perhaps more than other men,

knows and feels, that the very meanest child of Adam—a labourer bowed to earth with daily toil—an infant at the breast—a little lassie singing as she carries her eggs to market—is a more express image of the great Creator, than all the innumerable orbs of lifeless matter that throng infinity; that all the abstract perfection which philosophers have dreamed, is not half so good as the everyday goodness which human life is always needing. He that talks of “stooping to truth,” either talks nonsense, or tries to puzzle his hearers with irreverent irony, and at all events, does not speak good English.

This spirit of individuality has had a strong and shaping power over our literature. Perhaps the most striking instances of it are to be found in works where it would be least expected. We do not wonder that Chaucer and Shakspeare should have individualized their characters—it was their business, their poetic duty, so to do. But that Spenser and Bunyan (start not, good reader, they are well worthy to be mentioned together) should have made mere abstractions as substantially familiar to the imagination as if they were living members of our domestic circles,—that they should have turned personifications into *bona fide* persons—and clothed the dry bones of allegory with vital flesh—and shewn fairy land—and the valley of the shadow of death—and the delectable mountains,—that figure the calm of a Christian death-bed, the counterpart of blessed immortality, as vividly, yea palpably, as our own birth-place appears in our happiest dreams, bespeaks a might of love that never was bestowed by mortal passion—which dimly shadows the creative orgasm of the Eternal. I know not whether that partiality for portrait, of which historical painters are given to complain, is not a necessary result of the peculiar constitution of British society, but certainly we are more interested in our own and our neighbour's faces, than in the finest combinations of line and colour. Hence Vandyke, Lely, and Kneller, though foreigners by birth, may justly be recorded among English artists, for they are the illustrators of our history. To the taste of

King Charles, and the successful mediation of Sir Kenelm Digby, inventor of

——“the famed Hermetic powder,
Which wounds five miles point-blank would
solder,”

we are indebted for our Vandykes. Happy was the painter who was summoned, not to take an inventory of blue eyes, arched eyebrows, Grecian noses, rosy-mouthed and dimpled chins, insipid prettiness, and ugly no-meaning—not to register charms uninteresting to all but lovers, or set nature's faults in a note-book—not to cheat oblivion of her due, and tell the world that folly and vanity wrote as legible a hand two centuries back as at the present day—but to realize the narration of Clarendon—to justify the panegyrics of Waller—to shew how they looked upon earth, whose spirits speak to us from the grave. But most happy are we, who, with hearts as tranquil as the mute image of departed sorrow, can look on the likenesses of the illustrious dead, and read their sad but ever glorious story, and, wondering, ask ourselves if such things really were.

Of Vandyke's merits as a painter, I profess not to discourse. Mr Cunningham has, doubtless, done him justice. He calls him the Delineator of Intellect; and says that his men are superior to his women—“who have not the fresh innocent loveliness of nature.” But art has its limits. I do not think the fresh innocent loveliness of nature can be painted: The innocence of life looks silly in a picture—a painted smile is at best an immoveable simper, and laughter stares out of the canvass like idiot drunkenness; you might as well attempt to sketch the corporeal dimensions of a sound, to tell the colour of a thought, or represent a forgotten dream in perspective, as to depict those charms that would not charm were they not for ever on the wing. The beauty of painters is of a grave, steadfast character; they can give the permanent expression of conscious thought, and trace the lines of habitual feeling, but when they try to perpetuate the transiency of emotions that are co-eval with the moment, they vie in absurdity with the Virtuoso, who

took out a patent for crystallising moonshine.

Moreover, it is to be recollected that Vandyke was the recorder of an ominous season. The shadow of the time was cast on every countenance. I can scarce think the babies smiled, as now they smile. The face of Charles himself is a prophecy of his doom; and his fair Queen has eyes that seem made for tears—a bosom swelling with anticipated woe.

Vandyke died just before the storm broke out. As a portrait-painter, he was probably less obnoxious to the ruling party than some of his brethren in art would have been; yet he would not long have escaped the calumny which all and every thing noble and elegant partook with the royal patron. The love of art was ranked among Charles's heaviest crimes; and sad it is to think that many who loved art themselves, prompted or echoed the malignant outcry, which the vulgar got by rote out of Puritan sermons. Would it were forgotten that Milton ever was the yoke-fellow of Hugh Peters, the reviler of down-trampled majesty, and the salaried flatterer of Cromwell! Yet, perhaps, it is best that it be not forgotten; for it is good that all men should know, that neither the sublimest genius, nor the sternest virtue, can purify the inherent baseness of rebellious faction. Wordsworth, in a better sonnet than Milton ever trumpeted, addresses the soul of his great prototype as “a star that dwelt apart;” alas, that fine poetry should not always be true! For many years it dwelt with all the servile imps which the archfiend rebellion flatters and scorns, with rage—with slander—with sacrilege—with passions that turn our milk to gall—with sundering of domestic charities—with power which sweet religion never sanctified—with the foul despotism of anarchy. I would not be thought deficient in reverence to names that still are mentioned in a breath with liberty. What has been we know—what might have been, if Charles and his bishops had been allowed to work their will, we can but guess. To the dearest freedom of the human soul, the indefeasible prerogative of conscience, the Episcopalians and Presbyterians were alike hostile. Both presumed to

dictate the terms upon which man was to approach his Maker. The question at first seemed to be, whether this tyranny should be exercised by scholars and gentlemen appointed by a court, or by vulgar fanatics, at once the slaves and slave-drivers of the mob. The infallible result of success on either side, would have been gross superstition in the multitude, and tacit infidelity in the educated orders. The modern fashion of compromise and concession would have done nothing, for neither party could concede, without a departure from their avowed duty. Unsuccessful war, financial embarrassment, and the ostentatious dissoluteness of the aristocracy and their retainers, only partially corrected by the good example of King Charles, enabled the Puritan leaders to enlist the political discontents of the nation in their quarrel. With true Machiavelian policy, they contrived, by withholding the necessary supplies, in a manner to compel the king to violate the letter of the law. Like the serving-men of the Montagues, they managed to have the law on their side. But ship-money was no more the cause of the Long Parliament's usurpation, than the stamp-act was the true origin of American independence. Taxation will never annul the allegiance of a loyal people, unless it directly tends to make the daily bread of life unattainable to the many. Financial oppression, as long as it only depresses property, will generate nothing but submissive remonstrance. No man will risk his all, because a trifling per-centage is informally demanded. That Charles's imposts were cruel—that they took the food out of the mouths of the poor—was scarcely asserted; nor were we then, nor are we now, such a sordid tribe, as to subvert the state that gives us all we call our own, the church into which we were baptized, because a certain number of shillings were claimed somewhat irregularly. If the pulpits had been silent, the politicians would have been innoxious. Pym and Hampden would have been clever ministers; all necessary reforms would have been easily accomplished, and Cromwell would have lived and died a simple country gentleman, or, at the most, a stammering brawler in an impotent

minority. The first fatal error of Charles's reign, was his marriage with a French Catholic; the second, was his promotion of Laud to the spiritual primacy. Laud should never have left his college. There his learning, his piety, his munificence, would have earned an unenvied admiration. The *congé-d'elire* that made him Archbishop of Canterbury, signed his sovereign's death-warrant and his own. Protestant in faith and morals, he was a Papist in taste and feeling; it was his conscientious ambition to erect the clergy of England to a Judaic priesthood, to make the hierarchy a caste instead of a profession. He perceived that this could only be effected by investing the monarchy with a sacerdotal character. He would have the king respected as a priest, and every priest obeyed as a king. But being better acquainted with the letter of Scripture than with the living operation of the spirit; deeper read in the fathers and schoolmen than in human life; dividing his studies between the past and the eternal; purblind to the present, and vainly credulous of the future; too stubborn in imagined rectitude to conciliate, and yet too milky and gall-less to act up to his own schemes of coercion, he lived and perished to teach mankind, that he who would rule in church or state, should be wise as well as good, and not more good than wise. I do not conceive that any thing short of revolution, civil and ecclesiastical, would have satisfied the high-flying republicans; but these were never numerous, and though the multitudinous echo of the city might propagate a delusive preponderance of noise, the still and steady voice of the people was always for Monarchy and Episcopacy. The English are a very loyal nation, and so are the Scotch, and if Charles had left it to the good sense of the latter to fashion their own devotions, perhaps we should now have had uniformity of worship, and no act of uniformity at all; but for his misadventurous attempt to thrust written prayers down the throats of Scotchmen, he would probably have died in his bed, with Laud to furnish his soul for its journey.

Great men have been among us, Ludlow, Hutchinson, and others, that

called Milton friend, compared to whom the feeble agitators of modern times are but as the theatrical thunder invented by poor Dennis, to the real thunder of the angry heavens—men before whom one should tremble, and blush at one's own trembling; whose names shoot terror to the heart of kings, and like a trumpet pierce a nation's ear—men to whom the importunity of weaker nature was a mere argument of austere scorn, a thing unheeded, as a sickly infant, which a stern stepmother bids cry itself to sleep; whose will within their breasts was absolute—how terrible then if evil!—but I am not sorry they lived before my time.

I could hardly have loved them much on earth, nor would I desire a letter of introduction to their souls, wherever they are at present. Methinks, I should have shrunk from their touch, as from the grasp of a marble statue, into which a necromancer had conjured some crafty spirit; for cold they were, and exceeding crafty, as the subtle serpent. But may deathless honour, for which they shed their blood—and, it may be, the blood of better Christians—still attend their names! They did their work; and had they been better, they could scarce have done it so well. They find their reward. May the good they did—and it is great—atone for the means by which they did it; and may we—who live to read the story of their worldly travail, who calmly judge the issues of passions too strong to be confined to single breasts, and coolly wonder at the dark intrigues, the jarring reflections of a king too weak to be honest—of factions that, in their zeal for God, forgot the reverence of truth—for liberty, imposed intolerable bondage—and for the welfare of an abstract commonwealth, renounced the social charities, which only make a state worthy the support of Christian Man—let us be thankful to him, who, out of evil, works transcendent good, that such things have been—that they are no more.

But what has all this to do with the British painters? More perhaps, good, impatient reader, than you would think—for the men of whom we speak have been painted; and their effigies throw more light on

the transactions of the time, than the rolls of Parliament, or the court-sermons, or the would-be-witty pamphlets, and hard-rhymed ballads, that lent a voice to the many-headed monster. Look at Prynne, for instance. It is easier than reading his books—and you will be certain that he was a blockhead—and that his prosecutors were little better when they gave effect to his bray by amputating his ears. Look at Pym—or, if you will, at Hampden—they are not at all alike—for Hampden was a high-born gentleman—and Pym could never cast the puritanical simper with which he came to the door of the House of Commons to receive the women's petition—but if you think either of them an honest man, let me tell you, you are no physiognomist. Look at Charles himself—never did face tell a plainer story. The introverted lustre of his eyes—the patrician gravity of his mouth—the melancholy traces of departed smiles—even the cut of his hair and beard—are history—biography—a confession. Clarendon has told us what he did, and said, and suffered. Vandyke has shewn us what he was.

But, oh! that some inspired hand could depict his last, his noblest moments—could pourtray him as he sat before the High Court of Justice, grey-headed, poorly clad—more unattended than the vilest thief—so destitute that none dare pity him—solitary amid the mob of scorners—bereft of fortune, power, and hope—but surrounded with indelible majesty—

“Not all the water in the wild wide sea
Can wash the balm off an anointed king!”

What a variety of passions might a great artist introduce upon the scene! The judges should not be made all alike. A cabal of regicides has not the sameness of a pack of hounds. One would display a proud determination to think himself right—another would try not to think at all—a third would look at his partner in iniquity, and dress his countenance according to the fashion. The young, with hungry eyes, would woo the prostitute approbation of the spectators—the old, like a coiled snake, wrapt up within himself, would have no sense but of his own dire pur-

pose. All this might easily be painted. Then there should be a crowd of heads, one peering above another—here a hat, and there a hand held up—and there a foot advanced. But in some quiet nook there should be one good face of silent loyalty—not weeping—not utterly cast down—but upheld by generous admiration of kingly fortitude—and on this face should fall a beam of light, that should seem a meek irradiance of patient virtue. I wish I could paint it myself. But to do justice to the subject would demand the dramatic powers of a Hogarth or a North, and the sublime conception of Michael Angelo.

There is another subject, taken from the same period of our history, which I would recommend to the attention of sculptors. What think you of a statue of Oliver Cromwell, in the act of turning out the Rump? It should be of Corinthian brass—placed in the most conspicuous situation of St Stephen's chapel—and should appear, as all good statues and pictures do, to look every member full in the face—with the very expression with which that great radical reformer addressed Harry Morton—"Thou art," &c.

Vandyke was succeeded by Lely, and Lely by Sir Godfrey Kneller—Lely has descended to posterity as the insidious immortalizer of frail beauty, and patrician prostitution—

Kneller has bequeathed to staring canvass the long wigs, stars, and garters, that effected and maintained the revolution—we are sorry that Allan has not given us their lives in detail. They have at least as good a right to a place among English artists, as either West or Fuseli—and the lives of men who lived in the busiest epochs of court scandal, must needs abound with anecdote—but anecdote not, perhaps, fitted for a Family Library. Their professional merits are now accounted small. Like the poetry of Pope, and the criticism of Johnson, they are subjected to an Abernethian regimen to cure their supposed plethora of reputation. Having once been praised at the expense of their betters, they are now depreciated at the expense of justice. But their portraits bear the stamp of truth, and shew us how states are governed, and from what Salmacian fountains the defecated blood of nobility is derived.

And here, without spending precious time upon the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre, which it gives me a crick in the neck to look at, or disturbing the pendulous allegories of Sir James Thornhill, we will conclude our commentary on Mr Cunningham's notices of early art in England, which, in good sooth, is something like a history of the world before the creation of man.

PARLIAMENTARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS. No. III.

THE re-assembling of the Parliament after the Christmas recess, was looked forward to with extreme anxiety, as the period when the public would at length be made acquainted with the plans which Lord Grey's administration had been maturing for their benefit. Previously to the recess, the standing reply of the Ministers to any hint respecting the fine things expected from them, had been, "give us time;" and when the business, which they deemed it necessary to dispatch immediately after coming into power, is considered—namely, the disposal of places to charitably-selected relatives and dependents—the increase of the army—the creating of new judges and new pensions in Ireland—the abolition of duty on a foreign product, without consent of Parliament, and sundry other little indispensables—when all these are considered, it is not surprising that an interval of studious leisure should have been required before any of those measures should be entered upon, regarding which they had pledged themselves to the public on obtaining power. They were, therefore, indulged with rather more than the average boarding-school complement of holydays at Christmas, and it was expected that they would return to their parliamentary duties with all their tasks prepared; that the Reform arrangement would be announced forthwith; that a reduced Civil List would be quite ready to be tossed across the House for the caresses of Mr Hume; that a finance scheme would be developed, shewing that the true philosopher's stone had at last been obtained in the furnace of Lord Althorpe's glowing mind; that Ireland was to be tranquillized before Lent, and the Catholic priests turned into peace-preservers; that the rural war, and its attendant fires, were to cease, and peace and plenty to prevail; and, finally, that politics and polyanthus would flourish together, and liberty and green leaves grow and increase in company, under the fostering influences of Whiggism and the opening Spring. Fallacious hopes! The meeting has taken place,

and instead of delightful prospects of reform, retrenchment, peace, plenty, and good humour, we see nothing before us but doubt and difficulty, abortive measures in Parliament, and dissatisfaction and distrust among the people. Where is this to end?—a change of Ministry—alas! what would that avail now? Where are now the men to whom we could with confidence confide the conduct of the vessel of the state in these times of peril? England,

"Where be thy men of might, thy grand in soul?"

Muddy-minded, obstinate, despotic, are the Whigs, as they were ever—disunited, spirit-broken, are the Tories—commonplace and incompetent, the minor band that lies between. Shall we then look to the Radicals? Heaven forefend! Add brutality to a Whig, and you make a Radical; and yet, Hunt—but this brings us back to a remembrance of our duty.

We are to record the events of that Parliament, which—thanks to the "spirit of the age!"—has the honour to enrol Mr Henry Hunt, late of Ilchester gaol, as one of its members. The House filled early on the 3d—novelty is as attractive at Saint Stephen's as at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, and it is doubtful whether the new serious piece of Ministerial Reform, the first scene of which was expected to be enacted on the first appearance of the celebrated monster Mr Hunt, was most effective in procuring so large an audience. The elected of Preston did not long keep the House in waiting for the sound of his voice, nor is he likely to let them forget it through neglect of repetition. He arose amid "profound silence," and commented on the atrocity of a mercantile house having six hundred thousand pounds "laid down" in tallow. This was a melting theme; but it passed; and Lord Althorpe was the next to arise amid silence equally profound, and with the distinctness of elocution, and winning playfulness of manner, which so peculiarly distinguish that noble lord, announced the intention of his

Majesty's government to intimate at a future time what they intended to do. He rose, he said, to inform the House, that his Majesty's government would be prepared to submit to the House *their* measure for Reform on the first of March; and, further, to inform the House, that the government had determined to intrust the bringing forward of that measure to his noble friend, the paymaster of the forces, (Lord John Russell.) "We have selected that noble lord," he continued, "because of his perseverance on the subject of Reform, at a time when it was almost impossible to bring forward the measure. My noble friend has proposed various *partial* measures of reform, when even partial measures were looked upon with disfavour. Now, therefore, when the cause *is prosperous*, the government think that, on account of his perseverance and ability, the noble lord should be the person selected to bring forward a measure of *full and efficient* reform, instead of the partial measures which he had hitherto proposed."

As the time which his Majesty's government have fixed for at length condescending to inform the Commons what their designs are on so very important a subject, will have arrived before these observations come generally before the public, it would be needless to dwell upon the many conjectures to which a communication of this description gives rise, or to do more than notice the contemptuous disregard of public anxiety, in thus postponing, without even the least apology, all mention of the views of government upon a subject which they had been given six weeks to consider, and in which the whole country feels so deep an interest. The amiable modesty, too, with which the ministerial leader of the House concedes to "his noble friend" the grateful task of proposing a measure which he deems to be in so very "prosperous" a condition, is highly worthy of notice, and will be duly appreciated by all who understand the sincerity of the Treasury Bench. Perhaps, since Lord Althorpe's pleasing experiment with the budget, he may not feel quite so confident as to the extreme "prosperity" of every measure which

their High Mightinesses of the Cabinet may have determined upon. It is indeed ridiculous to observe how this *liberal* minister, and Sir James Graham, another man of the people, are possessed with the notion that the decisions of a Cabinet in which they sit, must be as absolute and final as the decrees of a dictator. A little experience will dissolve this dream.

The following evening, the new Civil List scheme was laid before the House, and Lord Althorpe ventured his bark, for the first time, in the dangerous and perplexed navigation of arithmetical figures, denoting pounds, shillings, and pence. As the late government were thrown out of place (ostensibly at all events) for having done that which they ought not to have done, and left undone what they ought to have done, respecting this same Civil List, it was expected that some very important change would have taken place under the economical auspices of the new Ministry, and that the "new broom" would have swept clean all the foul places of the Civil List. But no such thing happened, and another exemplification was afforded of the truth of the doctrine, that he who would avoid disappointment, must expect nothing. Put not thy faith in Ministers, especially if they promise to be very "liberal;" they mean liberal of the people's money, or if, haply, they be honest in intention, they but deceive themselves; for as the world goes, they must spend the money, or submit to changes which no man in the novel possession of official power, and basking in the sunshine of Court favour, is prepared to relish. The sum of money to be paid by the country, according to the new arrangement of the Civil List, (if approved of by the committee to whose consideration it has been submitted,) is within a trifle of that which was proposed by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer: the difference of the present plan from the other, lies in this, that the sum fixed for the life of the Sovereign, to defray the expenses of his Court, and his privy purse, amounting to L.510,000 a-year, will be separated from the L.970,000 formerly proposed as the amount of the Civil List; and the balance of L.460,000, which was to

be appropriated to the payment of public servants, will be placed upon another fund, and be subject to the revision of Parliament every year. This is, *pro tanto*, an advantage; and it is but fair to admit, that the whole statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject was extremely candid, plain, and intelligible—he acknowledged the ignorance with which he formerly judged the matter, and the impossibility of the saving which he had thought practicable, and the only thing in which he seemed to fail, was in the courtesy of apologizing to those whom he had formerly opposed, for having ignorantly blamed what he did not understand.

“When,” said the noble lord, “I first looked at the subject, I confess it seemed extraordinary, that, while the expense of all articles of consumption was so much decreased, the charge for the maintenance of the royal household had remained unabated; but, on examining the subject more minutely and accurately, I have arrived at the opinion, that a reduction cannot be made without compelling his Majesty either to alter his present state of living, or to incur debt. I am sure the House will not wish that either alternative took place.” Mr Hunt, who talked with unexpected good sense and decency, rather pertinently remarked, that it appeared to him that the whole of the question before the House had been that night argued as if the people had nothing at all to do with the matter—as though it was a matter entirely between the Crown and the House—as though the House were to pay so much money out of their own pockets to the Crown, and that there was no such thing in this country as a people from whose hard earnings alone could the sums under discussion be drawn. We are no lovers of Mr Hunt’s notions upon political arrangement or royal economy; but it is pleasant, in a matter of argument, to have the minds of noble lords and honourable gentlemen brought home to the real point in issue. Indeed, if his Majesty’s Chancellor of the Exchequer would be pleased to condescend to a few lessons in practical logic, it might be a not unuseful addition to his present valuable ac-

quirements, and it might save him the trouble of being “prepared to assert that his Majesty could not live in his present style with a smaller allowance, unless he pursued a system of greater economy in all the departments of the royal household;” the argument on the other side being expressly, that such “a system of greater economy” was just and necessary. The affair of the pensions on the Civil List was managed with considerable adroitness, so as to afford a show of reduction, without interfering, in any the least degree, with the patronage of the Ministry in this department. The *gross* amount of the pensions (the reader may apply the adjective in the sense that seemeth unto him most fitting) is one hundred and forty-four thousand pounds, whereof sixty-nine thousand are taken away from the Civil List, and placed upon the Consolidated Fund, where they are not to be renewed, but expire with the persons who shall be unfortunate enough to die, having such snug allowances to make this life comfortable. But the remaining seventy-five thousand is to be left on the Civil List, and each pension to be renewable in one or more pensions to others, as the present holders drop off. Now this last list—the seventy-five thousand pounder—is all taken from the oldest pensions, and therefore such as would in all probability first drop in—if the pensions remained as they were, all that would fall in for some years to come would probably be among those which are retained for renewal, so that the Ministers lose no pension-giving patronage, unless, indeed, they intend to live and hold their places for twenty years to come, which in these changeful times is rather improbable.

That portion of the radical faction which was inclined to look favourably upon a “reforming” Ministry, was much incensed at the deference to royalty and royal expenditure shewn in the Civil List debate; and in the city, “where merchants most do congregate,” many bitter words were put forth against the new government, which more recent circumstances have not caused them to retract. It is sometimes a grievous thing to have been popular. On the

7th, Lord King, in the Upper House, presented some petitions on the subject of tithes, and availed himself of the opportunity to introduce a discussion upon the subject, in which he displayed his accustomed coarseness, and habit of rude assertion, where, in general, some argument is expected; and gave notice of his intention to continue to speak in the same strain on the presentation of numerous additional petitions which were on their way to him. There were some Bishops spoke, but they said little to the purpose—the law lords, who might have answered Lord King, did not speak—probably they thought it not worth their while to encounter with such a wit as his Lordship possesses. It might, however, be well if the assertions he makes, with regard to Church property, and which may possibly make some impression on the public, were briefly exposed. When a man gets up to talk about “property” in an English House of Parliament, it is to be supposed that he means property according to the law of England, unless he make a proviso that he is not so to be understood. Now, Lord King talks a great deal about tithe property and church property, and if he mean by property that which the law contemplates as such, nothing can be more loose and erroneous than that which he lets fall. “I know,” said he, “it is said that tithe is property, but it is very different in its nature from individual property; it is, for the most part, now the property of the Church, and the Church is the creature of the State; and its temporal concerns, its pay, and emoluments, might be regulated in any manner which the State might think proper to direct.” All this is gross error, and mere vulgarity. “Individual” property, it is to be presumed, means the property of an individual. There are thousands of individuals whom the law recognises as having a property in tithes. Suppose it be granted that a Rector, as a corporation sole, holds by a tithe different from that of ordinary individuals, inasmuch as it goes to his successor, and not to his heir, still there are thousands of laymen the possessors of tithes which do descend to the heir, like any other part of the estate—what then becomes of the dif-

ference in the individuality of this property which Lord King has discovered? It is not law, nor is it fact, that the Church is the creature of the State, using the word “creature,” as Lord King evidently does, in the sense of a thing dependent upon, and subject to, the will of the State. Although we use the words “Church and State,” in common discourse, it is a matter of almost universal knowledge that the Church is an integral part of the State, and if Lord King uses words so heedlessly as to mean by the State, the executive government for the time being, he still is wrong. The King or the Prime Minister is *de facto* the nominator of some one of the clerical body to each bishopric, but the authority ends with the appointment; and moreover, the Bishops are not the Church. What does Lord King mean by the “pay” of the Church? If the word means any thing, it must be a stipulated recompense for a specific service. There is no such thing with regard to tithes, or Church property—he says, this “pay” *might* be regulated in any manner which the State might think proper to direct. One cannot tell exactly of what he is speaking; but if he means Church revenues, and speaks of the law as it stands, he states the fact untruly—if he means that the legislature might enact laws to regulate the Church property, he utters a truism—every one knows that the legislature may dispose of the property of the Church, or of the property of Lord King, as it pleases; and if it began with the rectors, it is not very probable that it would long spare the right honourables.

We by no means wish to contend that the property of the Church of England is distributed as it ought to be; but the evils which prevail in this respect are not to be remedied by attacks on the property itself, founded in ignorance, and conducted with boisterous rudeness.

In the Commons, on the same evening, Mr Kenyon moved for a return of the quantity of uncultivated land in England and Wales, with a view of shewing that, if the poor were allowed to cultivate the land which lies waste, their distresses would be relieved, and they would be fed, through the labour of their own

hands. The motion was withdrawn, on the ground that, though the account would be "very interesting," it would be impossible to produce it. Such at least was the assurance of Mr Spring Rice, who added, that there was no officer to make out such a return, and no documents from which it could be compiled. It is, however, obvious that such information might be obtained, and a little of the public money might be well expended in procuring it. But it is, perhaps, too plain, too simple a mode of proceeding, to be tolerated by the scientific politicians of the present day. Men seem to delight in getting entangled in a maze of theories, and view with reluctance every simple proposition, from which the practical deduction is obvious. It is a truth so plain, that it comes into the mind with the readiness of knowledge derived from mere sensation, that there is no natural necessity for distress in this country, and that there is not only enough, but abundance for all, were it not for some pernicious defect which puts it out of the power of the people to use their labour for their own advantage. Land is uncultivated, while the people perish for want of that which, if the land were cultivated, it would produce, and they are ready and willing to cultivate it if they were permitted. Anomalies so monstrous exist around us in all directions, but we fear to look them in the face, because, were they publicly acknowledged, we see that we should of necessity immediately bestir ourselves, and do something, and make sacrifices of unused possessions. We therefore willingly hide our faces, and obscure our vision in the perplexing folds of the mantle of the political economists.

The discussion respecting the reduction of the Barilla duty, without the consent of Parliament, was renewed this evening on Mr Poulett Thompson's motion for going into committee. The right honourable gentleman's defence was a sufficiently good *argumentum ad hominem*, and effectual against the members of the late government, who, as it appeared, had fallen into a similarly unconstitutional practice; but upon the general question of the impropriety of such a proceeding, Mr Thompson's defence was of no force at all, and

serves but to shew the poor subterfuge which he was obliged to resort to, in order to cover the indiscretion into which his despotic vanity had led him. Mr Sadler in vain appealed to the justice and compassion of the House, assuring it, that the alterations already effected in the duty upon foreign Barilla, had "inflicted the deepest misery upon thousands" of the producers of the native manufacture. In vain Sir Matthew Ridley demonstrated the injury which would follow to the shipping interest, and gave all the weight of his long experience to the assertion, that the measure was one of the most pernicious ever submitted to the House. In vain Mr Attwood, whose knowledge upon all commercial matters is so superior to that of the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, assured the House, that the facts and arguments of the right honourable gentleman were utterly at variance with the practice. The "Philosophers" had their way—the misery of thousands of poor people—experience—practice—were all thrown overboard, and the resolutions passed without a division.

On the 8th, Lord King, in pursuance of his plan of warfare against the Church and the Clergy, read in the House of Lords a letter containing a gross attack on the son of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, his father being present. The reply of the Bishop was eminently becoming an affectionate father, and a prelate of the Church—he vindicated the character of his son, and trusted the noble lord would feel shame and sorrow for having brought forward so uncalled-for an attack. His Lordship arose and stated that he felt neither sorrow nor shame, though he admitted the excellent character of the clergyman against whom the letter was directed. The matter is worthy of notice for the sake of shewing the temper and behaviour of one of the champions of sweeping reform. How happy would society be under the guardianship and guidance of such men as Lord King!

The Commons were occupied during the greater part of this evening by the speeches of Mr Hunt, the member for Preston, and Mr Bennet, the member for Wiltshire, respecting the personal concern which they

had each had in the late affrays in the country. Mr Hunt's motion, which was for an address to the Crown to pardon those who had been convicted in the trials under the Special Commission, was foolish and unconstitutional; and the harangue with which he introduced it was a rambling, blundering, tedious detail, which now and then excited laughter, but would have been much more amusing had it been much more brief. Mr Bennet recounted his valorous deeds among the rural rioters,—

“Wherein he spoke of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent
deadly breach,”

and gave to his encounters much more of the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,” than was necessary upon the occasion. Mr G. Lamb and Lord Morpeth seemed ambitious to shew how much finer they could talk than Mr Hunt. He of the blacking vans had blundered something about Sparta and Athens, one of which places he seemed to imagine was in Rome, and the other in Greece, and talked some nonsense respecting a statue to a young ruffian who had been convicted of felony, and the propriety of covering it with greens or cabbage, or some other ornament familiar to his fancy; all of which Mr Lamb did into pretty English, and talked of “that young man for whom they were to erect statues, and crown him with wreaths of evergreen.” Lord Morpeth was determined to be yet firer, and disavowed his inclination to crown with “eternal chaplets” this young convict. The young lord then begged leave to quote some Latin verse, and having done so, sat down in a fit of amazing contentment with himself. Now this is rather a clever young man, but so spoiled with the foppery of learning, and the affectation of being very wise, and moderate, and elegant, and so forth, that it is not likely that, as a public man, he will ever be worth a farthing. After Hunt's motion was negatived by a majority of 269 to 2, there was some very violent and indecent behaviour on the part of Mr O'Gorman Mahon,

whom the chair was obliged to treat with a degree of sharpness, which it is fortunately but seldom necessary to use in the House of Commons. We do not know how long the House is to bear with the very extraordinary manners which this honourable member thinks proper to assume within it. Compared with him, Mr Hunt is a person of extreme civilisation.

Lord Althorpe spoke with spirit and good sense on the state of Ireland. The obvious tendency of Mr O'Connell's conduct seems to be at length understood, and stubborn facts have made it impossible to keep up the delusion that the “healing measure” of 1829 had restored Ireland to peace and subordination. The Repeal of the Union is not merely an extravagant project, it is a wicked pretext to raise disturbance, to inflame the people, to extract money from them to fill the pockets of the bully O'Connell,

“A dog in forehead, but in heart a deer,”

and to gratify his insatiable thirst of vulgar and vociferous applause. The Agitator has every requisite for being extensively mischievous, except courage. His speeches, as Lord Althorpe says, are *cautiously* terminated with a recommendation of obedience to the law, while they evidently tend to insurrection and rebellion. Justly then does the Minister say, that the wise policy of his Majesty's government is firmly to suppress that violent and seditious conduct which tends to insurrection and rebellion; and by measures of conciliation and kindness, to shew the people of Ireland that there is every disposition to attend to, and remove, their grievances. The government are determined to use their utmost exertions to resist the designs of the agitators, but at the same time, by giving employment to the people of Ireland, by repealing such laws as are obnoxious to them, and by other measures of a similar character, to do all they can to conciliate their affections. Considerable indignation has been expressed in some quarters at the further declaration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he should prefer even civil war to the dismemberment and

destruction of the empire, but in this indignation there is more of sentimentality than good sense. The sword is, no doubt, a dreadful alternative, but there is more mercy in restoring and establishing order, even by force and severity, than in permitting a perpetual state of public disturbance, and all the evils of civil war, except corporeal wounds and death.

On the 11th, Lord King, to whom must be conceded the possession of an unrivalled fund of sneering vituperation, proceeded with his attack upon the Church Establishment, and on this occasion received from Lords Winchelsea and Wynford a measure of castigation, which will tell with the public, whether it have or have not any effect upon a person of Lord King's understanding and feelings. Lord Wynford, especially, held up, in so strong a light, as must bring conviction to every mind, the meanness and the unfairness with which, night after night, advantage was taken of the absence of individuals, in order to calumniate them or their connexions. "If," he said, "the noble baron had any particular grievance to complain of, and a remedy for it to propose, why did he not bring it regularly before the House, with notice to the parties concerned? but he had come down, night after night, attacking the right reverend Prelates, in defiance of every principle of English justice, which ordains that he whose character is to be attacked, should previously be warned of the charge. The noble lord had thought proper to attack Lord Stowell, though he was absent from the infirmities of age, and though his brother, Lord Eldon, was prevented by illness from being present to defend him. Did the noble lord not know of the absence of both these noble and learned lords? and if he did, was this a time to bring forward such a charge, without a single friend of Lord Stowell being apprized of his intention? But it was fortunate for the noble and learned lord that the whole complexion of his life was a contradiction to a charge, which, were he in his place to reply to, he would answer in such a manner as the noble baron could not stand under."

The President of the Council (Lord Lansdowne) recorded his opinion, that a little "*fair dealing*" would be advisable in the House, and the Duke of Buckingham contended that the right of the Church to its property was as strong as that of any noble lord to his estate.

The proceedings of the House of Commons this evening were distinguished by an unsuccessful attempt on the part of Mr Hume to speak. It will not be supposed that any sudden fit of bashfulness overcame the modest member for Middlesex, or that his *feelings* overpowered him and deprived him of utterance. No, no—it took a power no less than that which overthrew Napoleon in the North, to stop the mouth of Joseph Hume—his voice was frozen up,

"Vox faucibus hæsit."

Baffled by a thawing world, the cold transferred its empire to the throat of the member for Middlesex, as the next in magnitude of importance. Thrice the honourable member essayed to speak, and thrice, (tell it not in Aberdeen, and whisper it not in the streets of Brechin,) amid peals of universal laughter, his attempt turned out mere dumb shew. Mr Hunt sang a lament over his friend's misfortune and the barbarity of the House; and the member for Middlesex went home, to take warm gruel, and expel the enemy from his throat. Gaol business in Wiltshire, and in the city of Dublin, occupied the most part of the evening.

Friday night, the 11th, was devoted to the discussion of the important financial plans of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which created a degree of curiosity and deep interest, unusual in these modern days, and yet not more than proportioned to the occasion which called them forth. In England, where, it is said, "every thing resolves itself into a matter of finance," the measures of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are doubtless the most seriously interesting that can come before the public; but as the fear of evil is a more exciting principle than the prospect of good, it is always the imposition of new imposts, rather than the repeal of the old, which rouses attention, and calls forth activity. Lord Althorpe got on swimmingly, increasing in

favour with Whig, Tory, and Radical, while he spoke of taking taxes off; but no sooner did he turn to the other side of the account, and begin to enumerate those which he would lay on, than he sunk down in esteem, even much lower than the point from which he set out. The task of a Finance Minister, particularly of one who has taken part in all the quackeries and follies of British legislation for the last sixteen years, is indeed a most difficult and embarrassing one. He sees the necessity of extracting a revenue from a people who complain in all quarters of poverty and distress; yet he sees the country teeming with the means of wealth, and manifestly possessing much greater capabilities than it did when a much larger revenue was demanded, and without difficulty obtained. The springs of wealth are there, but their currents seem to have sunk into the earth, and along the banks of their dry and arid channels, crowds of miserable people wander in idle discontent. Why then not go back to the system which, notwithstanding the exhaustion of an enormously expensive war, filled the country with riches and with people, turned wastes into fertile fields, made the bowels of the earth cast forth their hidden wealth of metals and of fuel—covered the land with houses, and filled them with every thing convenient for comfort or luxury,—and reared up innumerable manufactories, with power almost unlimited, of supplying all, except food,—that poverty could ask to make it rich? Alas! he cannot so return; he and his “enlightened” friends, and no less “enlightened” opponents, have over and over, in the face of the warnings of experience, described the alterations which have been made as blessings; and now, when they see that a practical curse has come, personal feeling still keeps up the delusion, and they will still pursue the enlightened and scientific road to ruin. One thing, however, has been for some years plainly seen, though they seem in the House of Commons afraid to talk about it, that the funded interest is the only flourishing one—the only one unburdened, and the only one from which, in the present situation of the

country, any considerable addition of revenue can be expected. Mr Pitt, in his wisdom to assure the public creditor, made the Acts of Parliament very express against any deduction or expense coming between him and the full advantage of a transferable interest-bearing loan. Mr Peel, in his error, increased the value of the principal to be transferred, and the interest to be paid, by increasing the value of the currency in which these amounts were expressed, and these circumstances together made the property of the fundholders flourish amid the confusion and decay of all the rest. Lord Althorpe seems to have determined at length to break through acts of Parliament, and make the fundholder share the charges which cling to every other species of property, and which, without some more active reproducing principle than at present exists, would soon eat it away. The breach could only be made either through Mr Peel’s measures affecting the currency, or, more directly, through the acts which may be called public contracts with the fundholder. Most unwisely he chose the latter, and the result was all but universal disapprobation, and consequently, signal defeat. It is needless to repeat that which is now matter of universal knowledge, respecting the details of the proposed budget. The tax of one-half per cent, proposed on transfers of funded property, has been rejected by acclamation, and withdrawn. The indiscretion of the proposal was manifestly extreme—no pains appear to have been taken to ascertain what would be the public sentiment with regard to such a tax, and the usual mistake of Whigs, a presumptuous reliance on their own cleverness, has betrayed them into an error which makes their tenure of official power exceedingly precarious. To the other taxes proposed also, the greatest objections exist. It is very true, that a tax, being a thing essentially disagreeable, must suggest objections wherever it falls; but the skill of the Finance Minister exists in placing it where it will be least felt, and least injurious in its consequences; and it certainly does not seem, that in this respect the Chancellor of the Exchequer has displayed much ge-

nus for his office. He removes a part of the tax from newspapers, because it is an impost upon the promulgation of knowledge, and the ready communication of facts and opinions, which high civilisation demands and renders useful ; but at the same time, he would tax passengers by steam-boats, which is striking a much more effectual blow at the advantages which free communication affords, than even the high duty on newspapers could inflict.

The principle of affording encouragement and protection to our own colonies, is directly invaded by the alteration in the duties on wines; and a tax on the importation of unmanufactured cotton, with its attendant machinery of drawbacks on the manufactured article, is a cumbrous and impolitic method of raising a revenue. The timber of Canada is legislated against, while the wine of France is encouraged, as if we were sure of the quiet contentment and prosperity of the former, or could hope for any reciprocal advantage from the latter ! No one can deny the good which would arise from the abolition of the taxes on coals and candles, and the reduction of that on newspapers ; and few will be disposed to question the good intention with which the alterations have been proposed, but we do not believe that, in order to purchase such advantages, it is necessary to submit to imposts

so injurious in their probable effects as those which have been proposed.

On Tuesday the 15th, a discussion on the real state of the trade of the kingdom was brought on by the submission of what Alderman Waithman calls " a *string* of resolutions," to the House on the subject. On this subject we have unfortunately but to tell over again the old story. The reasoning of practical men, and even their attestation as to facts, were met by abstract propositions, and reference to official returns. That which these returns would indicate *ought to be*, and not that which *is*, was relied upon by Ministers, and acted upon by the House. Mr Attwood shewed, as plainly as it was possible to be shewn, that the reasonings from these returns were quite fallacious ; that while the trade was greater, the traders were in a state of ruin, and the people suffering misery, while these returns would go to prove that they were consuming luxuries. How long shall our patience be abused by this abstract insanity, in matters of practice on which the evidence of circumstances lies plainly before us, if we would but look at it ?

The first of March approaches, and all look forward with eager anxiety to the developement of the Ministerial Plan of Reform. The failure in the Budget is looked upon as an evil augury to Ministerial success.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LV.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΤΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

SCENE—*The Snuggery.*—Time—*Nine o'clock.*—Present—NORTH, the
SHEPHERD, and TICKLER.

SHEPHERD.

The Snuggery, sir, has a power o' contraction an' expansion, that never belonged afore to any room in this sublunary world. Let the party be three or thretty, it accommodates its dimensions to the gatherin'—still the Snuggery, though the Saloon.

NORTH.

I hope you approve of the Busts, James ? among the finest of Macdonald's.

SHEPHERD.

Life-in-death Eemages ! A' busts, methinks, are solemn—as for thae, they are shooblime. Wha's that aboon your head, sir ?

NORTH.

Socrates.

SHEPHERD.

The Christopher North o' the ancient, as you are the Socrates o' the modern Athens. Baith o' you by natur, as may be read in your fiznomies, wi' a strang bias to animal—to sensual indulgences ; an' baith o' you, by means o' self-study and self-government, pure in conduct, in heart, and in haun', as any philosopher that ever strengthened, by his practice, his theory o' truth. Oh ! sir, but the Sophists hate you wi' a malignant hatred—and fain wou'd they condemn you to drink the hemlock, aye, out o' that verra punch-bowl, the dolphin himsell—

NORTH.

I have an antidote against all poison, James——

SHEPHERD.

What is't ?

NORTH.

Hush. An herb of sovereign virtue, gathered on the Sacred Mountains.

SHEPHERD.

Wha's the Eemage atowre ma pow ?

NORTH.

Wordsworth—the Plato of poetry.

SHEPHERD.

Bee't sae. I seldom read Plawto.

TICKLER.

Here we are, once more, James—the Knights of St Ambrose——

SHEPHERD.

An admirable, but an indescribable set o'——

TICKLER.

Satirists, caricaturists, madcaps, harebrains, bee-in-the-bonnets, scape-goats, scape-graces, idlers, dreamers, loungers, spectators, tatlers, amateurs, cognoscenti, artists, poets, painters, sculptors, novelists, critics, politicians, physicians, theologians, metaphysicians, statesmen, saints, sinners, heroes, patriots, martyrs——

SHEPHERD.

Mankind's Epitome.

NORTH.

Our orgies, James, have thrown their share of light on human life.

TICKLER.

That motley masquerade called human life!

NORTH.

In which, here and elsewhere, we have contrived, not discredibly, to support our characters. I hope, my dear James, that you sometimes think of Ambrose's, when going out to meditate at even-tide by the shores of St Mary's Loch, or up away yonder to the Loch of the Lowes, where, when stillness steepens the solitude, you even hear the Grey-Mare's Tail——

SHEPHERD.

Whuskin' through the wild, wi' an eerie sugh, till again a' is hushed as death—aye, as the verra grave.

TICKLER.

Think you sometimes of us, then, James?

SHEPHERD.

I ha'e startled to hear that Time-piece smiting the hour in the wilderness; and a' at aince ha'e believed mysell in the heart o' Embro'—here in the Snuggery—wi' your twa endless legs, Mr Tickler, emblems o' infinitude and eternity, stretched awa' intil the regions ahint the grate, far ayont the bounds o' this "visible diurnal sphere," and creawtin' superstitious terrors in the inhabitants o' Sawturn.

NORTH.

Tickler?

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir! how many tailors are for how many years, night and day employed, without respect to Sabbaths, in gettin' up for you ae pair o' leggins?

TICKLER.

You are pleased to be facetious, sir.

SHEPHERD.

Maist facetious—but it's no in the poor o' the wut o' mortal man to do justice to the soobjeck.

NORTH.

You do, however, my dear Shepherd, sometimes think of us in the Forest?

SHEPHERD.

Hoo thochts and feelings, sir, do arise, and follow ane anither in the sowle, like flocks o' birds frae distant regions, and disappearing ahint the lift intil distant regions, flocks after flocks, withouten end, sometimes in wintry weather, when flakes are visibly augmenting the snaw-wreaths, and sometimes in autumn, when the leaves are rustlin' to the bit robin-red-breast——

NORTH.

What imagery!

SHEPHERD.

——preparin', ere lang, to flit down the glen, and tak' up his domicile among the dwellins o' us Christian creturs, that never grudge our crumbs to the birdie, safe in his scarlet shield frae the verra cats, wha, for fear o' the weans, daurna touch a feather, by love and pity consecrated ever syne the burial o' the Babes in the Wood——

NORTH.

A story, that in its touching simplicity, would almost seem to have been written, prophetically, for *Blackwood's Magazine*.

SHEPHERD.

It's an out-o'-the-way place, the Forest, sirs, though a great road rins through't; for it's no easy to break the charm o' the seelence and the solitariness o' natur'. A great road rins through't; but aften ha'e I sat on a knowe commanding miles o't, and no ae single speck astir, far as the ee coo'd reach—no a' single speck, but aiblins a sheep crossin', or a craw alichtin', or an auld crouchin' beggar-woman, that ye thocht was leanin' motionless on her stick, till, by and by, ye discerned the colour o' her red cloak, and a gae while afterwards, saw, rather than heard her, prayin' for an awmous, wi' shrievell'd hauns faulded on her breast, or in their palsy held up heavenwards, sae beseechingly as to awaiken charity in a meeser's heart!

NORTH.

But no miser, James, art thou—though but a poor man, thou hast a hand open as day to melting charity."

SHEPHERD.

What Heaven has been pleased to give me o' this life's needments, o' that I never grudged a share to ony son or dochter o' affliction.

NORTH.

True as holy writ.

SHEPHERD.

And holy writ it was that taucht me—for our natur', sir, is selfish, and it's my belief that mony and mony a time wud the best o' us neglect the commonest duties o' humanity, if it werena for religion. We hae a', at times, hard cauld hearts; and I dinna scruple to confess, that I've felt my anger risin' at beggars—even at auld bowed-down widow-beggars—when three or fowre o' them in the course o' a lang simmer day hae come creepin' in succession, at a snail's pace, in at the yett, and then taken their station at the verra parlour-window, wi' a sort o' meek obstinacy and wae-begone dourness that wou'd na understan' the repulse o' neglect, or even o' a waff o' the haun to be awa' wi' theirsells—when suddenly some holy text has been revivified in my heart, perhaps that ane tellin' o' the widow and her mite, and a' at aince, as if an angel had jogged my elbow, I hae ca'd the puir auld body in; and then to be sure the wife hersel wasna slaw, without waitin' for a word frae me, to come wi' her ain twa comely hauns fu' o' meal, and empty them tidily intil the wallet, no unobserved, sir, by Him wha taucht us to say, "Give us this day our daily bread."

TICKLER.

Yes, my dear James, the blessing of many a wayfaring man and woman——

SHEPHERD.

Wi' troops o' weans——

TICKLER.

——has been on Mount Benger.

SHEPHERD.

It needed them a', for it's a gae cauld place staunin' yowner on a knowe in a funnel, in the thoroughfare o' a perpetual sigh. Yet 'twas cheerfu' in the sun-glints, and hallow'd be the chawmer in which my bairns were born! Howsomever, we're fully as comfortable noo at Altrive Lake—a far louner spat—and yon nyeuck o' the garden, wi' the bit bourtree-bower, oh, sir! but it's an inspirin' retreat frae the din and daffin' o' the weans, for the inditin' o' a bit cheerfu' or pensie sang! Sometimes, indeed, wee Jamie fin's me out, and thrusts the sweet lauching face o' him through the thornless branches, to frichten me, as he thinks—God bless the bonnie bogle!—but I scauld him aff wi' a pretended anger, and a frown fu' o' luve, and awa' veers he thro' amang the flowers like a butterfly, while out o' my heart gushes the sang like a shower-swollen stream.

TICKLER.

Childless Eld feels as if he were a father, James, at such a picture.

SHEPHERD.

You and Mr North should baith marry yet. Indeed Mrs Gentle maun be——

NORTH.

James! (*putting his finger to his lips.*)

SHEPHERD.

Forgie me, sir.

NORTH.

Have you read the last number of the Quarterly Review, James?

SHEPHERD.

Na. It hasna come our length yet.

NORTH.

'Tis therein said, James, that in these our Noctes you are absurdly represented as a "boozing buffoon."

SHEPHERD.

What? In the Quarterly? Na—na—sir. I can swallow a gude deal frae you—but that's bacon I canna bolt. The yeditor kens better—for——

NORTH.

But, like other editors, James, he sometimes naps when he should only be nodding, and sometimes nods when he should be broad awake as a full north-west moon.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

NORTH.

Some hypocritical humbug has had the audacity, however, to palm that falsehood upon our dozing friend, and, through him, on the Pensive Public;—some brainless big-wig, who believes that the Baltic has been drunk half dry by a whale.

SHEPHERD.

Haw! haw! haw! haw!

NORTH.

At this moment, James, that "budge doctor of the Stoic Fur" fears that the world thinks you are a ten-gallon-man, that you have a sma'-still in your bedroom, and that you have bribed the gauger by making him a par-lour-boarder.

SHEPHERD.

Haw! haw! haw! haw!

NORTH.

Every thing the Cockney reads he takes for gospel.

SHEPHERD.

Except, aiblins, the Bible.

TICKLER.

Good, James—good.

NORTH.

That the rhinoceros drinks a river every morning before breakfast——

TICKLER.

And the war-horse literally devours the ground between him and his enemies—swallowing at lunch five acres, four roods, and three perches.

SHEPHERD.

Haw! haw! haw! haw!

NORTH.

So, being a man of the strictest veracity, and of the highest authority in the moral world, the mandarin shakes his head at our Noctes, and gives not only the lie circumstantial, but the lie direct to a fact unfortunately established, I fear, in the conviction of the Pensive Public, that We Three have frequently demolished at a sitting the Tower of Babel.

TICKLER.

Were the worthy gentleman here now, why he would be under the table in a state of civilisation superior to any thing seen since the last debauch of Sardanapalus.

NORTH.

'Tis a sad dog—and, to my knowledge—with a wife and a dozen children—keeps a——

SHEPHERD.

O fie, sir, nae personalities. We maun pity and forgie stupidity when it begins to maunder—even though it maunder malice.

TICKLER.

I presume he has made a pilgrimage to the grave of Sir Roger de Coverley.

NORTH.

Sleeping in the sunshine side by side with Will Wimble.

TICKLER.

He believes devoutly, no doubt, that the Spectator had a short nose——

NORTH.

And got boozy thrice a-week at Button's.

TICKLER.

The world is well stocked just now, James, with matter-of-fact men——

SHEPHERD.

What? Ca' ye't a matter-o'-fact that a boozin' buffoon ever Glenlivetized at the Noctes?

TICKLER.

It is a matter-of-fact lie, James—and that the Cockney knoweth right well; but he wished to do you a kindness, without in his dotage clearly comprehending how to set about it, and with the best intentions in the world, has accordingly committed one of the usual calumnies of the Cockneys, manifestly priding himself all the while in the idea of having essentially served the Ettrick Shepherd, and given him a shove up the hill of preferment.

NORTH.

Somewhat of the latest—a feeble fumble of falsehood at the eleventh hour.

SHEPHERD.

I'm sure I ought to be muckle obleeged to the weak, but weel-meanin' man for his vindication o' my character. But I houp the wark o' superelevation may na be ill for his constitution; and it's the first time I ever heard o' ony body's pityin' Atlas for supportin' on his back and shouthers the starry heavens.

NORTH.

He then tells the Pensive Public, that at our Noctes the entire talk is of "Party Politics."

SHEPHERD.

Na! that's an even-doon lee—and gin' a writer wull indulge in trash, he should spice 't wi' at least ae grain o' truth, or he'll be in danger, in a fit o' coughing, to choke on his ain slaver.

TICKLER.

Don't be coarse, James.

SHEPHERD.

Coorse? Wha's fine but fules? Muckle nonsense we do speak at the Noctes—but pairty-politics we leave to the twa Houses o' Parliament—an' discuss, when we hae discussion, the universal and eternal interests o' mankind.

TICKLER.

The truth is, gents, that this jackass must have had his long ears pulled, and his tawty hide knouted by Maga, and Joannes has with his well-known good-nature indulged him in a quarterly bray——

SHEPHERD.

A jackass brayin' at the moon! a comical ceamge.

NORTH.

But still he must be cudgelled off the premises, and "taught never to come there no more,"—if it were only for the sake of the poor echoes.

SHEPHERD.

Do you ken, sirs, that it's a curious fack in natur' that the bray o' an ass has nae echo? Gin it had an echo, sic is the disposition o' the cretur, that it would keep brayin' till it drapped doon dead, forgetfu' o' its thustles; whereas, by the present constitution o' the breed, nae lang-continued brayin' can tak' place accepp when there are a multitude o' asses by some strange chance colleckit thegither; and then, indeed, ilka ane imagines that a' the rest are but his echoes, and thus, in pride o' heart, the gang do asto-

nish the heavens. But in the Quarterly Review, the ass aforesaid maun find himsell a solitary beast, and will sune loot doon his lang leather and lanthorn jaws in seelence amang the dockens.

TICKLER.

I only hope he won't cross the breed, James, else, instead of the ethereal coursers of the sun that run in that chariot, ere long we shall see a team of mules that, in their native obstinacy, will *reest* when they meet with any up-hill work, or bolt obliquely into the sea.

SHEPHERD.

Nae fears.

TICKLER.

I am delighted to see that the Quarterly—like some other Periodicals—has the spunk to imitate *Maga* in her Double Numbers. The last was, in general, admirable, and is to be followed immediately—next time I hope the two will appear simultaneously—by another, which I doubt not will be worthy of its predecessor, now justly making a distinguished figure in the world.

NORTH.

The Quarterly Review is a great national work, and may it live for ever. Notwithstanding his not unfrequent oversights, not a man alive could edit it in such a style as Mr Lockhart.

SHEPHERD.

No ane. But wha's he this?

NORTH.

The wiseacre, James, has been pleased to inform the Royal Society of Literature, that, in spite of the *Noctes*, the Ettrick Shepherd is a sober man, and a loyal subject.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo kens he that?

NORTH.

He also says, James, that Altrive is as melancholy a solitude as can be imagined——

SHEPHERD.

What? and wee Jamie there!

NORTH.

And speaks of you as a fit object, not only of patronage, but of pity.

SHEPHERD.

Pity I spurn—patronage I never asked—but for the patronage of enlightened men, if it ever be bestowed upon me, I hope that I shall hae deserved it.

NORTH.

James, let us, for a moment, be serious on this subject. All Britain—and many other lands besides—have delighted in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, of which you are the Life and the Soul. Ours has been ever “weel-timed daffin;” our mirth

“On the wan cheek of sorrow has waken'd a smile,
And illumined the eye that was dim with a tear!”

SHEPHERD.

Aften, sir—I ken aften——

NORTH.

In our higher moods, we have opened our hearts to one another, nor concealed one secret there that ought to be divulged in the sacred intercourse of friendship between man and man.

SHEPHERD.

Aften, sir, aften.

NORTH.

We have unburdened to one another our hearts of cares and sorrows, which we share in common with all our brethren of mankind;

“All our secret hoards of unsunn'd griefs”

have—as far as might and ought to be—been laid out in the light of confident affection, and been aired by the gracious gales of heaven.

SHEPHERD.

Now and then sic has indeed been the case.

NORTH.

We have looked over the fields of human life, and we have made our reflections on the on-goings there, sometimes, perhaps, in no unlearned spirit, not seldom in a spirit which I do not fear to call religious, and almost always in a spirit of humanity—blaming none but the worthless—honouring the good—and celebrating the great—whatever tongues they speak, whatever climes they inhabit.

SHEPHERD.

We hae dune that, sir, to the best o' our abeelity—and our abeelity's no sma', unless the warld be a leear.

NORTH.

Seldom do we talk about politics at all, here, James; but when we do, assuredly not about party politics, as I said a moment ago; but about such measures of the Ministry or Government as affect the well-being of the State. Occasionally we have taken a glance at the Continent, where revolutions are brewing, or have burst, and where the deafest ear may hear, like subterranean music, a hubbub foretelling war. Now and then, when excursively disposed, we

“Survey mankind from China to Peru;”
and more than once, embarking in our Ship of Heaven, with Imagination at the helm, we have doubled Cape Horn.

SHEPHERD.

Circumnavigawtors!

NORTH.

Nor have we feared, James, at times

—— “to pierce
The caves obscure of old Philosophy.”

TICKLER.

And to bring up in a bucket Truth from the bottom of her well.

NORTH.

In short, James, there is no subject which, at our Noctes, we have not touched; and none have we touched that we did not adorn;—making

“Beauty still more beauteous.”

SHEPHERD.

And ugliness mair ugsome, till the stammach o' the universe scunner'd at vice.

NORTH.

And of such Dialogues, diviner than those of Plato—yea, even than his Banquet—our friend presumes to say that the staple is boozing buffoonery, and party-politics!

SHEPHERD.

He's wrang there.

NORTH.

Now, James, *what* were the politics of the Quarterly Review—I speak of a period previous to its present management—during, perhaps, the most perilous crisis in which this country had ever been placed? I ought rather to say *where* were its politics? Why, according to a tardy confession in the last Number, they were kept sealed up by Mr Canning, with his official impress, in the conscience of Mr Gifford.

SHEPHERD.

Eh? What? Hoo?

NORTH.

While we, James,—while Maga, James,—while the Noctes, James, were defending the principles of the British constitution, bearding its enemies, and administering to them the knout, the Quarterly Review was mute and mum as a mouse——

TICKLER.

Afraid to lose the countenance and occasional assistance of Mr Canning!

NORTH.

There indeed, James, was a beautiful exhibition of party politics—a dignified exhibition of personal independence——

TICKLER.

Of Tory-truckling enough to make the Collector of the Jacobite Relics a Whig.

NORTH.

The old gentleman informs the Royal Society of Literature, that they must not suffer themselves to be deluded by the Noctes into a belief that the Ettrick Shepherd is not a “loyal subject!” Do traitors compose new King’s anthems? Set loyal songs to their own music? Rout and root out radicals? Baste the Blue-and-Yellow till it is black in the back? And, while the lips of hirelings are locked, chant hymns

“To the pilot that weathered the storm?”

SHEPHERD.

Ma poem on Pitt’s prime.

TICKLER.

Maga has been the mouthpiece of constitutional monarchy——

SHEPHERD.

Ever syne the Chaldee.

NORTH.

Methinks that, with respect to politics, either party or national, the Quarterly Review, of bygone days at least, ought not thus to take such high ground above Maga, seeing that it has, by its own voluntary acknowledgment, hitherto occupied the lowest ever assigned to servility; and that the mutes of Mr Canning’s mute should remain mute still about Maga, who never suffered Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary to shut her mouth, although Christopher North loved and admired George Canning as well as ever William Gifford did, they being, I do not fear to say it, far more congenial spirits; though, to be sure, there was no debtor and creditor account between them, except such as may be kept open between independent men, and closed by either party at pleasure.

TICKLER.

He was a fine—a noble spirit.

NORTH.

He was. But though his smiles charmed, his frowns quailed not Maga; and can it be questioned by the gentlemen of England, that the Quarterly should have deserted Canning rather than the country, at a time that seemed to be alike the crisis of either, and that gratitude to a friend, had he been a bosom-brother, should have yielded to love of one’s father-land?

SHEPHERD.

I’m in the dark, like Moses when the candle went out, about this, my boy. What are ye tawkin’ about?

TICKLER.

Change the subject, Kit. Yet one word, if you please, on the Quarterly’s benefactions to the Ettrick Shepherd. Has she all along shewn the same fiery zeal in defence, support, and exculpation of our friend, now exhibited in “thoughts that breathe and words that burn” by this Curious Antique?

NORTH.

James, nearly twenty years have elapsed since the publication of the Queen’s Wake. The Edinburgh Review did justice to the genius that shines in that poem. But because you turned out to be a loyal Tory, instead of a disloyal Whig, never again did Mr Jeffrey do honour to the Shepherd’s plaid. Nay, a poor creature attacked you personally in an article on your Jacobite Relics—and as a proof of your total want of taste, and your utter unfitness for the task, quoted as the best of all these old ballads, Donald M’Gillivray, not one of the worst of your own; his ignorance neutralizing his malice, and his stupidity paying unconsciously the highest tribute to your genius.

SHEPHERD.

I had the blockhead on the hip, there, sir, and in Maga I gi’ed him his licks till his hips were like indigo.

NORTH.

You did. But during all these twenty years, when you were nobly struggling on, swimming against the stream, with bold heart and sinewy arms, giving buffet for buffet, and though sometimes losing way, yet recovering it by your own energies, and like a water-dragon cresting the spate, pray what assistance or encouragement gave the Quarterly to the bard, seemingly about, at times, to be carried down into the waters of oblivion? None.

SHEPHERD.

Nane, indeed, or a sma' share waur than nane.

NORTH.

A sneering article on your Poetic Mirror, "damning with faint praise," was all her generosity could afford, all her justice could grant; and I hope you were thankful for the largesse.

SHEPHERD.

I remember naething about it.

NORTH.

Seeing that you were known to be such a loyal subject, why was not the Ettrick Shepherd cheered in the Forest by the voice of praise, which would have at least soothed, if it could not relieve his virtuous poverty?

SHEPHERD.

I surely deserved better at their hauns, for I'm willing to pitch the Queen's Wake again' ony Oxford poem that ever was wrotht by ony Oxford Professor.

TICKLER.

No sneers at Milman—the most imaginative of all our poets of the classical school.

SHEPHERD.

Is't a sneer at the Fa' o' Jerusalem, to offer to compare we't, in pint o' genie—for I gie up the polish o' the feenishin o' the execution—wi' the Queen's Wake? Ma certes!

NORTH.

Each successive poem of that beautiful writer was highly—not too highly—praised in the Quarterly Review, to which he has been one of the most powerful contributors. On every account he deserved such eulogies. But why were you forgotten, James? First, because a Scotchman—and, secondly, because you were a shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

And a shepherd's as gude ony day as a shoemaker—though Bloomfield was ane;—as for Gifford, I jalouse he was never mair nor a cobbler.

NORTH.

James, in this age, genius often lives the life, and dies the death of a slave. True devotion is lost in idol worship, a shepherd has no chance against a lord—his sweet solitary pipe is drowned in the clangour of many trumpets.

SHEPHERD.

I'm easy. Mine 'll aye continue to be heard at intervals, like the sang o' the linty amang the broom in the season o' spring,—and them that loves to listen to Allan Ramsay, and Robie Burns, and Allan Kinninghame, 'll never forget a'thegether the Ettrick Shepherd. That thocht's aneuch for me—and I'm content wi' my fame, sic as it is, amang my native braes.

NORTH.

Right. Your name will never die.

SHEPHERD.

Thank you, sir, here's your health. You've been suffering under a sair hoast, I hear; but thae lozenges maun be Crichton's best, for though last week as hoarse as a crow, your vice is noo musical as that o' the nightingale.

NORTH.

Now, James, look on this picture, and then on this,—from the Quarterly turn to *Maga*, and exclaim with Wordsworth's lover—

" Oh !

" The difference to me !"

From the Chaldee to the Winter Rhapsody, she never has been weary of singing your praise. She scorned to flatter—to butter you, James, though well she knew that never yet was flattery lost on poet's ear, nor butter lost on poet's cheek; but she gained and kept for you a clear field and no favour, on which you had elbow-room, James, to contend with all your rivals, and on which you had perpetual opportunities of appearing, with your best foot foremost, before the Pensive Public. Her pages were always open to your genius; and how often, by your genius, have they been illuminated! What, if, since the 1817, when Maga first effulged on a benighted world, she had treated you as the Quarterly did, who now, somewhat late in life, has assured the Royal Society of Literature, that in spite of these wicked *Noctes Ambrosianæ* which have "frighted the isle from her propriety," the Ettrick Shepherd is a loyal subject? Why, let me not hesitate to say, James, that bright as your genius is, the shades of obscurity or of oblivion would long ere now have fallen over it in the Forest.

SHEPHERD.

May be. Burns himsell was little thoct o' in Embro' when he was leevin' in Dumfries.

NORTH.

After your death, my dear James, your fame would have revived, for genius is imperishable; but Maga, and Christopher North, and Yourself, my incomparable Shepherd, by our united power, strong in steadiest friendship, kept the flame of your genius, and the fame of your name, alive during your life, which is better far than that it should have been left, after flickering or going out while its possessor was above ground, to be rekindled on your grave.

SHEPHERD.

Posthumous fame's a wersh thoct without a preein o' the present; for oh, sir! what a difference aween the quick and the dead!

TICKLER.

Did this Censor——

SHEPHERD.

Hear till Mr Tickler—dinna interrupt Mr Tickler.—Mr Tickler, what was ye ettlin to say when Mr North took the word out o' your mouth?

TICKLER.

Did the old gentleman who drawls about the boozing buffoonery of the *Noctes*, ever hear of a celebrated lawyer, one Pleydell, who, in his leisure hours, was strenuously addicted to High Jinks?

SHEPHERD.

I daursay never—he'll prove to be the individual that never heard o' Sir Walter Scott. My freen, Mr Cadell, ance tell't me o' either himsell or an acquaintance forgathering, on the tap o' a cotch, wi' a weel-informed man, in black claes, wha had never heard o' Sir Walter, o' Abbotsford, or the Scotch Novels. *He* maun be the contributor.

NORTH.

How he came not only to hear of you, James, but to be among the number, if we believe him, of your familiars, is as puzzling as his ignorance of the existence of the greatest man alive; yet, in his simplicity, he supposes the Royal Society of Literature to stand in need of some recondite information from his pen, about the life and character, and genius of a Bard, whose name—the Ettrick Shepherd—has long been a household word all over Britain.

TICKLER.

In what unknown cave do these seers abide, supposed to be thus unacquainted with all the ongoings of the upper world?

NORTH.

They live in London——

SHEPHERD.

And me in the Forest. Fowre hunder miles, aften o' mist and snaw, intrudes between them and me—and I'm muckle obliged, after a', to the ho-

nest gentleman, for remindin' them o' my existence, and for clearin' my character, aboon a' things, frae the stain o' disloyalty contracted frae the traitors wha hae sae lang been plottin' against Church and King at the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. I thank him also for telling their worships that I'm a sober man—though I canna quite agree wi' him in conceevin't to be ony proof to the contrar, that some sax times a-year I indulge in a *gaudeamus* in the Snuggery. Thank him, too, for assuring the Society, that our meetings here are no purely imaginary, as some coofs jalouse—and that this Glenlivet—oh! but it outdoes itself the night—is no mere pented air, sic as ane endeavours unavailingly to drink in his dreams. He has removed the *Noctes* frae the shadowy and unsubstantial realms o' Faery, intil the solid world o' reality, established for perpetuity “their local habitation and their name” in the minds of all the people of Britain and elsewhere—yea, embalmed their remembrance in the more than Egyptian wisdom o' his ain genius——

TICKLER.

A pair of mummies, that, when countless generations have passed away, and left no memorial of their being, will be preserved in the museums of the curious and scientific, and poetry penned upon them by the wonder of bards flourishing during the Millennium.

NORTH.

I should be sorry, my dear James, to let the world believe, with the la-crymose eulogist of your sobriety and loyalty—virtues as native to your orb as light and heat to that of the sun,—a luminary, by the by, which he ought forthwith to vindicate from the generally credited calumny, that he seldom goes to bed, or rises from it, without drinking an unconscionable draught of the sea,—I should be sorry, I say, James, to let the world believe that you are a melancholy man, living in a melancholy place, the victim of unmerited misfortunes, and the misunderstood and misrepresented Interlocutor in these our Dialogues, at once the disgrace and the delight of the age—countenanced though they be by Kings on their thrones, Bishops and Judges on their benches, Peers and Peasants in hall and hut, Ladies in silk, and Lasses in program——

TICKLER.

By “Laughter holding both his sides.”

NORTH.

And by *Il Penseroso*, “under the shade of melancholy boughs,” feeling himself gradually growing into *L'Allegro*——

TICKLER.

Or coming out of the Cave of Trophonius, with “nods and becks and wreathed smiles,” so potent the magic of *Maga*, folded in a Double Number across his fortified heart.

NORTH.

Most musical thou art, O Shepherd, but not most melancholy; nor hast thou cause, any more than the nightingale, to be other than a merry Bird of Song. True, that with all thy skill and science—witness *Hogg on Sheep*—thy pastoral farm has not been more prosperous than those of thy competitors; but during all thy struggles, thou didst preserve an unspotted name, nor was there wanting one stanch friend to stand by thee in thy difficulties, whether a new edition of the *Wake* was deemed advisable, or the publication of *Queen Hynde*, or a collection of thy matchless Songs, many of them first chanted in this Snuggery, James—and how vocal its roof!—or if thy racy articles, beloved by *Maga*, were sent in from the Forest to brave the *Balaam-Box*—that tomb of so many *Capulets*—one stanch friend, James, whom none but the base abuse——

SHEPHERD.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. The Bailie has aye been a gude freen to me—but let me say, sir, that I aye gied as gude's I got—and that we staun on the same level o' mutual obligation.

NORTH.

He is your debtor, James—and is proud to be so——

SHEPHERD.

Na—he's no. But in a' his dealings wi' me, he's been the gentleman;

which is something mair nor I can say o' some that ance held their head sae high, and far mair than I can say o' ithers, who, while they trumpet their payment, are as penurious in their poverty as the blusterin' wund that, amidst a glint o' seeming sunshine, brings naething but a cauld blash o' sleet.

NORTH.

Your works, my dear James, in prose and verse, most of them full of the inspiration of true genius, and none of them without its breath, have been, with few months' intermission, appearing before the world, often in Maga, for upwards of twenty years—and during all that time, your character has been known to thousands of your admiring and affectionate countrymen. Should any Society, whose noble object it is to reward genius and virtue by solid pudding, and not by empty praise, befriend you in the calm and bright afternoon of your life—for 'tis not yet the gloaming, the evening is still far off, and long, long may it be ere cometh to thee the night in which no man can work—there will be a blessing in their bounty—not on you only, but on themselves.

SHEPHERD.

Whisht, sir, whisht. Poor as I am—I'm independent—at least I'm no idle—and conscious o' my integrity, I'm as happy as a bird, though often, you ken, sir, the happiest bird wull sit mute and pensive on the bough, aside its nest, when its loving mate is cowerin' owre their young anes, as if it was thinkin' within itsell what wud become o' them, if it fell aneath the fowler, and the grun' were to be a' covered wi' spring snaw!

NORTH.

God bless you, my dear James, such melancholy moments but serve to brighten sunshine and gladden song.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! but I was cheerfu' at the curlin'!

TICKLER.

The beef and greens.

NORTH.

We have put, I think, this matter in the proper light—removed from it all misapprehension—and courteously and kindly reminded the Quarterly, that should the genius and virtues of the author of the *Queen's Wake* and the *Ettrick Shepherd* receive their due and dignified reward from any enlightened patronage, whether of an individual or a society, no praise can, in that case, by possibility, be deserved by that rich but rather stingy periodical; because that, whatever merit may belong to any one besides the poet himself and those who may prove his benefactors, it most assuredly does belong to William Blackwood, Christopher North, and Maga—to whom——

SHEPHERD.

I beg leave to add, wi' a heart fu' o' everlastin' gratitude, John Gibson Lockhart, and Sir Walter Scott.

NORTH.

On whom, now and ever, be all blessings poured from heaven—and may the light of their hearths burn bright as that of their fame!

SHEPHERD.

Amen,—Hurraw! hurraw! hurraw! Noo, I'll sing you a bit sang, out o' the colleckshun.

O, weel befa' the maiden gay,
 In cottage, bught, or penn,
 An' weel befa' the bonny May
 That wons in yonder glen;
 Wha loes the modest truth sae weel,
 Wha's aye sae kind, an' aye sae leal,
 An' pure as blooming asphodel
 Amang sae mony men.
 O, weel befa' the bonny thing
 That wons in yonder glen!

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
 Along the gloaming lea;
 'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
 Come pealing frae the tree;
 To see the lambkin's lightsome race—
 The speckled kid in wanton chase—
 The young deer cower in lonely place,
 Deep in her flowing den;
 But sweeter far the bonny face
 That smiles in yonder glen!

O, had it no' been for the blush
 O' maiden's virgin flame,
 Dear beauty never had been known,
 An' never had a name;
 But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame
 Was modell'd by an angel's frame,
 The power o' beauty reigns supreme
 O'er a' the sons o' men;
 But deadliest far the sacred flame
 Burns in a lonely glen!

There's beauty in the violet's vest—
 There's hinny in the haw—
 There's dew within the rose's breast,
 The sweetest o' them a'.
 The sun will rise and set again,
 An' lace wi' burning goud the main—
 The rainbow bend outow'r the plain,
 Sae lovely to the ken;
 But lovelier far the bonny thing
 That wons in yonder glen!

TICKLER.

Clearly and croosely crawed, my cock.

NORTH.

Sweetly and silverly sung, my nightingale.

SHEPHERD.

It's a gran' thing, sirs, to be the cock o' the company, occasionally; at other times, pensie as a pullet.

TICKLER.

Any thing but a hen.

SHEPHERD.

At leeterary soopers, I like to see a blue-stockin' playin' the how-towddie.

NORTH.

How?

SHEPHERD.

Chucklin' intil hersell, when a spruce young cockie is lettin' his wing drap close aside hers, and half-receivin' half-declinin' his advances, like ony ither Christian lassie wha may na hae the gift o' writin' verses ayont a Valentine. Far better sic undertoned and underhaund natural dealins', maist innicent a', than cacklin' about Coleridge, or blooterin about Byron, or cheepin, as if she had the pip, o' Barry Cornwall.

NORTH.

Some maidens I know, James, bright as the muses, whose souls, as well as frames, are made of the finest clay, who before the eyes of the uninitiated pass for commonplace characters; because, unpresumptuous in their genius, and retiring in their sensibility, oft "the house affairs do call them thence;" because, to their lips none so familiar as household words; and because to their hearts dearer are the tender humanities of life, than bright to their imaginations the poetic visions, that yet "swarm on every bough," when they walk in their beautiful happiness by Windermere or Loch Lomond.

TICKLER.

I, too, like occasionally to play the first fiddle.

SHEPHERD.

An' you're entitled to do sae; for you've a fine finger, and a bauld bow-haun'.

NORTH.

I love best of all to sit sympathetically mute among my friends, and by a benign countenance to encourage the artless fluency of young lips, overflowing with the music of untamed delight in life, "a stranger yet to pain."

SHEPHERD.

A benign countenance!

NORTH.

Few words have been more perverted from their true meaning, by being narrowed, than the words one so frequently hears, now-a-days, from not unvulgar lips—"Good Society"—"The Best Society."

TICKLER.

"The highest circles."

NORTH.

In my opinion, James, a man may commit a worse mistake, in aspiring to association with persons above his own rank, than in descending somewhat, perhaps, below it, in the intercourse of private and domestic life.

SHEPHERD.

Many sumphs o' baith sexes do. There may be pride in ilka case; but the pride o' the first maun aften gnaw its thoomb. The pride o' the second aften wats its thoomb to join't to that o' a brither, though born in laigh degree, probably as gude or a better man than himsell; and whan that's foun' out, pride dees, and in its place there grows up a richtfu' affection.

NORTH.

All men of sense know their natural position in society—whether it has been allotted to them by birth, by wealth, by profession, by virtue, by talent, by learning, or by genius.

SHEPHERD.

Happy he—and fortunate—to whom have been given all these gifts!

NORTH.

Yet some, my dear James, to whom they all have been given, have abused them—aye, even genius and virtue—and their friends have been speechless of them ever after their funerals.

TICKLER.

Some use the terms "good society," as if they thought all society but that which they have in their eye, bad; and they superciliously shun all other, as not only *infra dig*, but in itself absolutely low, and such as they could not even casually enter without loss of honour—without degradation.

NORTH.

Yet, when one asks himself, Tim, "who are *they*?" it is not, at least, of their pedigree they have to be proud, for, perhaps,

"Their ignoble blood

Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;"—

but by means of some shewy accomplishment, or some acquired elegance, perhaps of demeanour, or some *suave* subservience that sits so naturally upon them, that they—all unlike though it be—mistake it for the easy manner of the higher class to which they have been permitted to become an appendage—they believe, at last, that they belong to the privileged orders, and look down on people who would not have shaken hands with their father, had he given them half the gold his itching palm had purloined.

TICKLER.

Such aspirants generally sink as they had soared; and after their dangle days are done, you may chance to meet them shabby-genteel, in streets not only unfashionable, but unfrequented, somewhat old-looking, and ready to return your unexpected nod with an obsequious bow.

SHEPHERD.

Puir chie!s!

NORTH.

We all fall—if we be wise—of our own accord—and 'according to the operation of laws plain and unperplexing—into our proper place in the intercommunion of life. Thence we can look pleasantly, and cheerfully, and socially, around, above, and below us—unimpatient of peer, and unashamed of peasant—but most at home at firesides most like our own—a modest mansion—half-way, perchance, between hall and hut—that Golden Mean which all sages have prayed for, and which religion herself has called blest!

SHEPHERD.

A' doors alike are open to you, sir, and every heart louns wi' welcomin' at the clank o' your crutch on the marble—the stane—the slate—the wooden, or the earthen stair.

NORTH.

I am no flatterer of the great, James; but——

SHEPHERD.

The Freen' o' the sma'.

NORTH.

Small? Who is—or need sing small, who bears within his bosom an honest heart?

SHEPHERD.

But why look sae fearsome in uttering sic a sentiment?

NORTH.

Because I thought of “the proud man's contumely,” the oppressor's——

SHEPHERD.

There's less oppression in this land than in ony ither that ever basked in sunshine, or was swept by storm; sae lay by the crutch, sir, and let that face subside, for

“Blackness comes across it like a squall

Darkening the sea;”

aye, aye, thank ye, sir, thank ye, sir, 'tis again like the sky in the mornin' light.

TICKLER.

Not quite so blue, I hope.

SHEPHERD.

Nae sarcasm, Tickler; better blue nor yellow.—May I ask hae ye gotten the jaundice?

TICKLER.

Merely the reflection of that bright yellow vest of yours, James, which, I fear, won't stand the washing.

SHEPHERD.

It'll scoor.

NORTH.

Yet, delightful indeed, James, as you know, are the manners of high birth. There is a mighty power in manners, James, connected with the imagination.

SHEPHERD.

What's your wull?

NORTH.

Why, in societies highly cultivated, some of the lightest and most exquisite motions of imagination exercise acknowledged authority over the framework of life.

SHEPHERD.

Eh, sir?

NORTH.

As it might have been said at Paris, for example, James, in its height of civilisation, that among its highest circles, even the delicate play of Fancy, in lightest conversation, cultivated as it was as an accomplishment, and worn as the titular ornament of those among whom life was polished to its most sparkling lustre, even that grace of courtly wit, and playing fancy, had force in binding together the minds of men, and in maintaining at the

summit of life, the peace and union of society. How strongly the quick clear sense of the slight shades of manners marked out to them those who belonged, and those who did not belong, to their order! In that delicate perception of manners, they held a criterion of rank by which they bound together as strongly their own society, as they separated it from all others. And thus the punctilios of manners, which appear so insignificant to ordinary observers, are, as they more finely discriminate the relations of men, of absolute power in the essential regulation and subordination of ranks.

SHEPHERD.

Fine philosophy, I daursay, but rather owre fine for the fingers o' my apprehension, clumsy at the uptak o' silk threeds, but strang when clasped roun' a rape or a cable.

NORTH.

Now, James, passing from France under the old *régime*, when it was acknowledged all over Europe that the French were the politest people in the world, and their nobility the exemplars, in manners, of all nobilities, allow me to say that in all countries, where there is a hereditary peerage, that theirs is a life under the finest influences; and that in the delicate faculties of the mind, in its subtlest workings, in its gentlest pleasures, in even its morbid sensibilities, we are to look for the principles which govern with power their social condition. Why, the literature of this country is a bulwark of its political peace; not by the wisdom of knowledge thus imparted, but by the character it has impressed on the life of great classes of its inhabitants, drawing the pleasures of their ordinary life into the sphere of intellect.

SHEPHERD.

But arena you rinnin' awa' frae the soobjeck?

NORTH.

Nó, James—if you will allow me to proceed.

SHEPHERD.

Ou aye, I alloo you—proceed.

NORTH.

By a control, then, of whatever kind, exercised upon the most finely sensitive faculties of the mind, the higher classes of civilized nations are bound together in the union of society. But the cultivation of this sensibility is a work that is continually going on among themselves, and is carried to greater perfection, as they are less disturbed by intermixture of those who are strangers to their own refinement. It goes on from one age to another; it is transmitted in families; it is an exclusive and hereditary privilege and distinction of the privileged orders of the community.

SHEPHERD.

I see your drift now.

NORTH.

Now, this cultivated sensibility—of whatever importance, of which I now say nothing—which characterises, governs, and guards the highest classes of a long-civilized society, which war broke up and confounded in France by a political revolution, has been disturbed in our country by the changes which the excess of commercial prosperity has above all things brought on in the social relations of the people.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler, what for do you no join in?

TICKLER.

Thank heaven for that cough. Observe, James, how commerce, which is continually raising up multitudes of men high above the condition of their birth, has thrown up such numbers into a high condition of political importance, so that they have begun to fill what were once the exclusively privileged orders with sometimes—rude enough and raw recruits. The consequence is, and will farther be, that the distinction of ancient birth, which even fifty years ago was still kept very pure, is very fast blotting out from the nation.

SHEPHERD.

Weel continued and carried on, Mr Tickler, in the same spirit wí North's

original and originating remarks. But nae great matter if the distinctions should be mingled thegither, though no just blotted oot—I cu'd na thole that—we maun hae “our Lords and Dukes and mighty Earls.”

NORTH.

I do not mean to justify, James, the severity with which this distinction is in some countries maintained; but I have no idea that such a distinction, of such ancient importance, can be rapidly done away with impunity.

TICKLER.

Assuredly, sir, it cannot. The sensibilities and principles, whatever they are, which are become hereditary with birth, are abolished with the distinction. However low their own worth may be—but they are not low—they are of vast political importance by the distinctive character they give, by the ostensible and fastidious separation with which they hedge in the highest political order in the state—

NORTH.

And seldom indeed, Mr Tickler, are they without their own high worth. In none of the great states of modern Europe have they been so. In this country, the principles of opinion, and the characteristic feelings which were avowed, cherished, and upheld by the Aristocracy and Noblesse, were of great dignity and importance.

SHEPHERD.

Only look at their picturs on the galleries o' auld castles! What beautiful' and brave faces! What loveliness and majesty! Though noo and then, to be sure, a dowdy or a droich.

NORTH.

This character can no longer maintain itself, James, when any cause, as commerce, throws into the class of the gentry, numbers who were not born to their rank. For the character is maintained by exclusion; in part by education within their own houses, where it may be said to be of hereditary transmission; in part by the power of opinion acting from one to another throughout their order. With the new members, it is evident, that as far as they compose the class, one cause cannot be in force; but more than this, they defeat by their admission the force of opinion among the others; for opinion holds its force solely by its sameness, and as soon as that is violated, its force is gone.

SHEPHERD.

Is the change, then, sir, on the whole, think ye, for good or evil?

NORTH.

I cannot say, James. But this I will say, that now aristocracy of rank must be supported by aristocracy of talent and virtue, or it, in another century at latest, will fall.

SHEPHERD.

And is't no?

NORTH.

It is. And therefore, for that, as for a hundred other reasons, I abhor the radicals—and go forth fearlessly to battle against them with—

SHEPHERD.

The crutch.

NORTH.

The changes which the commercial system is working, may ultimately be for good; at any rate, they will proceed while that system endures. But the designs of low-minded, low-hearted, base, and brutal Jacobins must be resisted, not by law—for it must not be stretched to reach them—but by literature; not by the gibbet—for that is barbarous—but by the—Press.

SHEPHERD.

Noble sentiments, sir. Let the devils ply their hollow engines, but let the angels overwhelm them with solid hills. But as ye say, sir, let there be no a hole in a' the claes o' the nobility themsells—nae stain on their skutcheons—and then they'll endure to the end o' time.

NORTH.

I believe, indeed I know, that unfortunately among the higher ranks of

society, there prevails a great ignorance of the character of the lower ranks—their enjoyments, their pursuits, their manners, their morals, and their minds. They think of them too often almost as an inferior race. From their birth many of them have been trained and taught to do so; and in the condescension of the most enlightened, there is a mixture of pride repulsive to its object, and not to be accepted without some sacrifice of independence.

SHEPHERD.

I aye thocht ye had been freendly to the distinction of ranks.

NORTH.

So I am, James—to a harmonious blending of distinct ranks——

SHEPHERD.

Frae the king till the beggar.

NORTH.

Just so—from the king to the beggar——

SHEPHERD.

I wud rather be the King o' the Beggars, wi' a croon o' strae and coort-duds, than some ither kings I cou'd mention——

TICKLER.

No politics, James.

NORTH.

What strength would be in that State where each order knew the peculiar and appropriate virtues of all the rest—knew, loved, respected, and honoured them; and what a spirit of preservation!

TICKLER.

The worst enemy of his country and of his kind, is he who seeks to set one order against the other, by false aspersions on their prevalent character—the poor against the rich, the rich against the poor,—so with the high the humble born——

SHEPHERD.

And aboon a', the flocks again their shepherds—the shepherds o' their sowles. I never was wrang yet, in settin' doon the fallow for a knave wha jeeringly pronounced the word “parson.”

NORTH.

'Tis become a slang-word with many who pretend to be the friends of the people, and anxious, above all things, to promote their education. What would mighty England be without her Church?

TICKLER.

Her mind had not been a “thing so majestical,” but for her glorious army of martyrs and apostles—in long array, the succession of her philosophic divines.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! dear me! what wad I no gie the noo for a whatt!

(Enter Mr AMBROSE with a Board of Oysters—the Council of Five Hundred—and TAPPYTOURIE, with Ale and Porter, bottled and draught.)

TICKLER.

Clear decks.

NORTH.

The Circular!

(The Whatt is deposited, with all its Paraphernalia, on the Circular.)

SHEPHERD.

Awmrose, ma man, I'm thrusty—yill.

TICKLER.

Ditto—Ambrose.

NORTH.

Mr Ambrose—ditto.

SHEPHERD (after a long draught.)

That is yill.

TICKLER (after a longer.)

Consummate!

NORTH (at last.)

Omnes.

Giles, or Berwick?

AMBROSE.

Neither, gentlemen. 'Tis a sample sent me, in free gift, by Messrs Maitland and Davison——

TICKLER.

Of St Anne's Brewery, Croftangry?

AMBROSE.

Yes, South side.

SHEPHERD.

Croftangry? Is na that a name in the Chronicles o' the Canongate? Our freen's brewery's quite classical.

NORTH.

Nothing in this world can beat Berwick.

TICKLER.

Nor bang Giles——

SHEPHERD.

I cud hae ta'en my Bible-oath it was Berwick.

TICKLER.

And I could have sworn upon that old almanack, history, that it was Giles.

NORTH.

I had my suspicions. There is in Berwick a ripe, a racy, and a reamy richness, unknown to any other malt that ever felt the power of barm, whose influence, gradual as the genial growth of spring, laps the soul in Elysium, till the coruscations of fancy play far and wide over a Noctes, like the Aurora Borealis—while in Giles there is a pure spirit of unadulterated strength, that, as it raises the soul to the height of heroic emotion, breathing deliberate colour, so beneath its power has many a cit and soldier

“Bow'd his anointed head as low as death.”

Maitland and Davison—again—has inspired my being with a *new* feeling, for which no language I am acquainted with can supply an adequate name. That feeling impels me to say these simple words on behalf of the Spirit of Ale in general—speaking through me its organ—*Ale loquitur*—“If not suffered by Fate to fix my abode in barrels of Berwick or Giles, where I have long reigned alternate years, in all my glory, scarcely should I feel myself privileged to blame my stars, were I ordered for a while to sojourn in one of Maitland—and Davison!”

SHEPHERD.

What poor it has gi'en the pallet ower the inmost flavour o' the eisters!

TICKLER.

Shrimps.

SHEPHERD.

Nae such shrimps, sir; but they melt like snaw-flakes,

“A moment white, then gone for ever!”

NORTH.

Already are they decimated.

SHEPHERD.

Weelnigh decimated, indeed—for out o' the Coonsel o' Five Hundred, there's no fowrscore noo on the brodd.

TICKLER.

“With speedy gleams the darkness swallowed.”

NORTH.

From my labours I thus fall back in dignified repose.

SHEPHERD.

I never was sae sune stawed wi' eisters in a' my life.

TICKLER.

What! Have you pulled up already, James?

SHEPHERD.

That's the *manners* ane. She's a sair temptation, wi' that bonny plump

bosom o' hers; but I'm ower muckle o' a gentleman to tak advantage o' her unprotected singleness, sae we'll let her be.

NORTH.

Affecting subject for an elegy—The last Oyster!

SHEPHERD.

I canna thole to look at it. Tickler, pu' the bell.

(Enter AMBROSE and KING PEPIN to remove the Board.)

SHEPHERD (in continuation.)

Pippy—she's yours.

(KING PEPIN, with a bunch of empty Pots in each hand—stoops his Mouth to the Board, and sucks the lonely Damsel into his vortex.)

TICKLER.

Let us resume our philosophical conversation.

SHEPHERD.

Wi' a' my heart. My stamach's no fu'er the noo o' eisters than my head is o' ideas. Opium! what's opium to yill? Opium dazes—yill dazzles—opium carries a man intil the cluds—yill raises him to the sky.

TICKLER.

We were speaking, sir, of education.

NORTH.

Education! what manner of man is he whom we wish to have produced? Who in civil and private life will be "the happy warrior?" Must he not be high-mindedly courageous—generous in his intercourse with all his fellow-creatures—full of deep and tender affections, which are the support and happiness of those nearest and dearest to him—capable of sympathy with all joy and all suffering—with an imagination, not only the source of enjoyment to himself, but aiding to make all the aspects of things, serious, solemn, religious, to his spirit,—

SHEPHERD.

Nae grandeur o' national character, sir, you say weel, without imagination. But, noo-a-days, a' her records are accoonted auld wives' tales, and the speerit o' Poetry is driven out o' edication, the edication sought to be imposed on the people, as if it were the plague. The verra claes o' a callant noo that has been found porin' ower an auld ballad, maun be fumigated afore he is suffered to re-enter the school,—he maun perform quaranteen, sir, like a ship frae Constantinople or Smyrna, afore the passengers are alloo'd to land on our untainted shores. Is this an impreuvment, think ye, sirs, on the wusdom o' our forefathers? If this plan be persisted in, after twa three generations, what will be the Spirit o' the Age? A barren spirit, and a' aneath it bare as broon bent in summer-drought, without ony drappin o' the sweet heaven-dews. Milton weel says, that in the sowle are many lesser faculties—Reason the chief—but what sort o' a chief will Reason be without his tail? Without his clan, noo a' sickly or extinck, ance poorfu' alike in peace and in war, to preserve or destroy, to build up and to pu' doon, beautifyin' wi' perpetual renovation and decay the hail face o' the earth. O, sirs! in anither century or less, 'twill be a maist monstrous warld, fit only for your Utilitawrians—and in less nor a second century, no fit even for them.

NORTH.

Intellectual-all-in-alls, who will perish of hunger and thirst, destitute of the bread of life, and of its living waters.

SHEPHERD.

I really believe, sirs, that were I lang to habituate mysell to this Glasgow rum, it wou'd drive out the Glenlivet—accept for caulkers. Only pree this het tummler o' toddy.

NORTH (sipping.)

A Christmas box, James, from my valued friend, the Modern Pythagorean. Quite a nosegay.

SHEPHERD.

Ma smell's gane—and sae maun yours, wi' a' that snuffin', man; Prince's Mixtar, Prince's Mixtar, unce after unce, I wunner ye dinna snivel; but what for do ye aye keep thoomb thoombin' at it in the shell—it's an ugly

custom. What's this I was gaun to say? Hae ye read the Modern Pythagorean's wark on Sleep?

NORTH.

Several times entirely—and often by snatches. It is admirable.

TICKLER.

Come, I must keep you, Kit, to the subject in hand. That treatise deserves a separate article from your own pen.

NORTH.

And—sooner or later—it shall have it. Keep, then, to the subject in hand. What was it?

TICKLER.

A thousand powers, each bringing its own blessing, spring up by feeling, and in feeling have their own justification—which such an education never can give, but which it will deaden or destroy.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

TICKLER.

They are justified, James, by the idea which they themselves bring of themselves, in the mind which produces and harbours them; they bear witness for themselves; the man has felt them good—*sua bona novit*—and he clings to them unto the death. Who taught you patriotism?

SHEPHERD.

Myself.

TICKLER.

Not the Schoolmaster, who is now abroad—at Botany-Bay, perhaps, for forgery—but the Schoolmaster at home—your own heart, James—teaching itself the task it conned on the side of the sunny brae, or the ingle of your father's hut—

SHEPHERD.

What ken you about my edication, sir? Yet the lang-legged chiel's no far wrang after a'.

TICKLER.

What kind of a nation, my dear shepherd, does your heart rejoice in?

SHEPHERD.

In the British—especially the Scotch.

TICKLER.

Are they better now, in any one sense whatever, than of old?

SHEPHERD.

In a few things, better—in a hantle, waur.

TICKLER.

What do we want in a nation? Not a quantity of reasonable—contented—steady—sober—industrious inhabitants—mere Chineses—

SHEPHERD.

Chineses?

TICKLER.

And nothing more—but you want men, who, if they are invaded, will spring up as one man—loving their ancestors, who cannot do any thing for them—

SHEPHERD.

That's truth—but wha hae dune for them incalculable and inappreciable things—

TICKLER.

And doing every thing for their posterity, who have done and can do nothing for them—

SHEPHERD.

True again.

TICKLER.

Men among whom crime is restrained, not by a vigilant police, but by an awful sense of right and wrong.

SHEPHERD.

Existing naewhere but in minds deeply imbued wi' religion.

TICKLER.

Who love their soil, though unable to analyze it—

SHEPHERD.

Gude!

TICKLER.

To whom poverty and its scanty hard-wrung pittances are the gift of God—who are sustained and animated in this life by the operation on their minds of their belief in another—a people in whose vigorous spirit joy is strong under all sorts of external pressure and difficulty——

SHEPHERD.

That's no easy—neither is't impossible.

TICKLER.

I speak, James, of a country naturally poor—such as Scotland——

SHEPHERD.

Scotland's no *puir*—she's rich, if no in the *sile o' the yerth*, in the *sile o' the sowle*——

TICKLER.

Were I to speak of England——

SHEPHERD.

Shut his mouth, Mr North, on England, for he's England-mad——

TICKLER.

Well, then, James, I sink England, and say, that Honesty depends also upon Feeling, as a principle of action opposed to mere Intellect—and that this is not known to many of our popular, and preaching and itinerant Educationists. True, that "Honesty is the best Policy;" but Policy without Honesty does not find that out. Honesty, both pecuniary and immaterial, to wit, that will not wrong another in any way, by word, or deed, or thought, as a national trait, rests upon kindly, generous feeling. Courage, frank and fearless, and kind-heartedness, by the very terms, rest on the same foundation.

SHEPHERD.

And what then?

NORTH.

What then, James? Why, that all this present fume and fuss about intellectual education will never produce the desired result, but, in all probability, impede the growth of true national virtue.

SHEPHERD.

You've aften heard me say that, sir.

NORTH.

So much the likelier is it to be true, James. Intellect walks in *certain* evidences of things—treating objects of positive knowledge—fixed relations—mathematical axioms—and truths drawn from itself—facts given by the senses.

SHEPHERD.

A' verra true and verra important. Say awa', sir.

NORTH.

The character of Intellect is, that it is satisfied when it can refer what is now presented to it, to what it already knows; then, and then only, it seems to understand. But when Feeling springs up *upon* occasion, it springs up *for* the occasion, new, original, peculiar, not to be referred. The man does not say to himself, "I recollect that I felt so on such an occasion, acted upon it, and found it to answer;" but the feeling, even if he has so felt and done, comes up as if he had never felt it before—sees only the actual circumstances, the case, the person, the moment of opportunity, and imperatively wills the action.

SHEPHERD.

That's the sort o' state o' the sowle I like—say awa', sir.

NORTH.

It is the unretrospection for authority, or precedent, as the unprospction of consequences, that makes the purity and essential character of feeling. We may reason and chastise our hearts, afterwards and before, in time of reflection and meditation; but not then when the moment of feeling has arisen, and we are to act by the strength which we know very well is to be had from it.

SHEPHERD.

Profoond, yet clear like a pool i' the Yarrow.

NORTH.

Now, James, the mind that relies habitually on intellect, and does not rely on feeling, will bring the estimate of consequences to the time when it should only feel.

SHEPHERD.

A fatal error in chronology indeed.

NORTH.

Such a mind, James, is disposed to distrust, nay, to discredit and resist, every thing that offers itself *per se*, and is irreducible to the experienced past. It resists, therefore, miracles, and sneers at Christianity.

SHEPHERD.

That's sad.

NORTH.

Then see how stone-blind it is to much in which you and I rejoice. The common understanding forms a low estimate of the great facts of Imagination and Sensibility. They are to it unintelligible—and it will not even believe that they ever have been felt, except by imbecile enthusiasts.

SHEPHERD.

They lauch at the Queen's Wake——

NORTH.

Aye, at the Paradise Lost. The deeper, the bolder, the more peculiar the feeling, of course the more it puzzles, estranges, repels such an understanding. I do not well know myself, James, what feelings are the most deep, bold, and peculiar; but near to the most must be, I think, the purest and highest moral, the purest and highest religious feelings. For compare with them Imagination, and surely they are deeper far.

SHEPHERD.

Far, far, far!

NORTH.

There is reason enough, then, James, in Nature, why Understanding, cultivated without a corresponding culture of feeling, should be adverse to it, or their causative conditions are opposite. Either cultivated alone becomes adverse to the other. Cultivated together—which is not the mode of popular education now—they are friendly, mutually supporting, helping, guiding, and making joint strength.

SHEPHERD.

Excellent, sir. But said ye never a' this to me afore?

NORTH.

Never at a Noctes, that I recollect. If feeling do exist, how must it languish, grow dim, and die," under the distrust, or contempt, or ignorance of the understanding that ought to cherish it!

SHEPHERD.

There's Tickler sleepin'.

NORTH.

James—such minds undertake, we shall suppose, the express examination of great moral and religious tenets, with a view to ascertain their credibility; and because they have been trained to modes of reasoning, and to les of evidence, with which these have little or nothing to do, and to which they are not amenable, why what follows? Their utter rejection.

SHEPHERD.

Deism—aiblins atheism.

NORTH.

A mind less trained, might have continued to believe from habit, from authority, which is far better, surely, than not to believe at all, and the inevitable lot of many good and not unenlightened persons; but the pride of intellect in such mind disdains to submit to any thing but conviction, which it is disqualified for obtaining.

SHEPHERD.

I hae seldom heard you mair sage,—(*Aside*.) Yet I'm sleepy.

NORTH.

Now, James, the same express scepticism or disbelief, which is thus engendered in the highly taught, is in the lower; and more surely, and worse. For high intellect may see so much as to suspect itself; but intellect, lowly taught, (and how many such are there now?) never does. Moreover, my man, it is infinitely helpless; for it falls upon the difficulties obvious and gross to sight,—boggles at them,—and recoils into disbelief. Then, James, only think on the conceit of knowledge in half-taught people! Is it not often desperate and invincible?

SHEPHERD.

I could knock them doon.

NORTH.

An imperfect, ill-founded moral and religious belief, is often still beneficial to the conduct and feelings; but a low, gross, self-conceited unbelief, is more hardening and debasing than one that is more subtle.

SHEPHERD.

Look at Tickler sleepin'; as for me, I'm only beginnin' to yawn.

NORTH.

James, hear me——

SHEPHERD.

I'm doin' ma best.

NORTH.

The ground-error, but which it needs courage to combat, is the proposition, that as Truth must be beneficial, so error and illusion must be injurious. Granted,—that perfect truth is the best thing in the world; but while truth and error are excessively mixed, it is impossible to say, *a priori*, that the removal of a particular illusion, in a given case, shall be beneficial. That is, it is not true to say absolutely, that there is not a single illusion in one mind, of which the extirpation must not, in all possible circumstances, be better than the continuance. Perhaps the peace, perhaps the virtue, of the mind, is stayed upon it. We must not knowingly teach error, that is clear; but it is not equally clear that we are bound to destroy every error, much less to communicate to every body every truth. There are truths without number that are no concern of theirs. Thus a belief in ghosts——

SHEPHERD (*starting from sleep.*)

Ghosts! Mercy on us! What was you sayin' o' ghosts?

NORTH (*frowning.*)

Bad manners—James—bad manners—to fall asleep during——

SHEPHERD.

Sermon or lecture, either in Kirk or Snuggery—but you see I devoored rather a heavy denner the day, at Watson's; and then there's something sae sedative in the silver tones o' your vice, sir, that by degrees it lulls a listener into a dreamy dwawm, sic as fa's on a body stretched a' his length on a burn-brae, no far frae a waterfa', till his een see nae mair the bit flittin and doukin white-breasted water-pyets, and his sowle sinks awa, wi' the wimplin murmur in its ears, into Fairy-Land.

NORTH.

I pardon you, my dear shepherd, for your most poetical apology.

SHEPHERD.

And I promise to do a' I can to keep mysel' frae fa'in' into the "pleasant land o' drowzyhead." Spoot awa.

NORTH.

We may suppose, James, that a constant progress is making towards truth and this is for happiness. But any one who looks at the world, and its history, may satisfy himself that, for some reason or another, this truth is not intended to come all at once.

SHEPHERD (*stretching himself.*)

Oh! dear!

NORTH.

Either in the human understanding, or the state of the human will there is some ground wherefore this should not be. It is not possible then, nor meant to push mankind forward at once into the possession of this inheritance. There are degrees and stages of progress. Seeing this

wise man is patient, temperate. He desires to do every thing for his kind; but according to the possibilities and the plans of nature. Seeing this, he does not fall into the error, into which men are misled by an uncalculating impatience, to bring on at once the reign of truth. Thinking that end possible which is impossible, too many now-a-days think means will be effectual which are most ineffectual; and they imagine that small portions of truth communicated, which are in their power to communicate, are the reign of truth begun on earth. The truth which is in their power, is that which regards definite relations, as mathematics, and the science of matter. Their hasty imagination seizes on parcels of this truth, and upon plans for communicating them, and foresees, to judge from their manner of speaking, consequences of a magnitude and excellence, conceivable only if all truth had dominion of the human heart. Let us aid the progress, if possible, as ways open to us; but not imagine that the turn of *our* hand will transform the universe.

SHEPHERD (*brightening up.*)

I'm no the least sleepy noo, for that fa' owre the edge o' a precipice has waukened up my seven senses. But this is shameful behaviour in Tickler. (*Hollows in Tickler's ear*) Fire! Fire! Fire!

TICKLER (*staring.*)

Who are you?

SHEPHERD.

The Archbishop of Canterbury,

TICKLER.

What—Howley? How are you, my old buck? And how is Blomfield?

SHEPHERD.

We are both well, sir, but a good deal troubled about these tithes. That auld deevil, Lord King—

TICKLER (*recognising the Shepherd.*)

Why that is language barely decorous in your grace—but ha! North, my old boy, what have you and James been prating about during my visit to the land of Nod? Come—a caulker—and I'm your man.

SHEPHERD.

I have been instructing Mr North in some of my philosophical views on the soobjeck of national education.

TICKLER.

National education! James, there are two periods of human society—the first, of nature ruling in man, and the second of man ruling nature.

SHEPHERD.

Bright as sunrise! sleep catches nae haud on him—but he flings it aff like a garment.

TICKLER.

During the first period, man is wisely governed by errors. During the second, he tends wisely to govern himself by truth. The transition from one period to the other is a time of crisis, and may be of convulsions. Much responsibility rests, North, on those who lead the change; for, though the laws of nature will work out the change, individuals may hasten it.

NORTH.

I remember saying something like that to you, years ago, Tickler; and an acute writer, in some papers in the Examiner, entitled the Spirit of the Age, expatiates well on this topic, though I know no reason why he should have said that I live, any more than himself, in the strife of party politics. The Sanctum in Buchanan Lodge—and the Snuggery here—are philosophical retirements not unvisited by the Muses, who are lovers of contemplation and peace.

TICKLER.

We should judge aright the period which is gone by, and that period which is coming on—so rightly may we act during the present. In judging the past, we are not to condemn errors simply because they were errors. They were—many of them—the necessary guidance of man. Neither ought we to judge the total effect of the error by the effect of the excess of the error.

SHEPHERD.

I wuss you wad repeat that apogthegm.

TICKLER.

For example, James, we are not to judge the total effect of monastic orders by the worst pictures of sloth and vice which monasteries have afforded—not the total effect of Aristotle's *Dialectics*, if erroneous, or erroneously used, by the most frivolous and vain of the scholastic subtleties—not the total effect of the Roman Catholic religion at a Spanish or English *Auto-da-fè*.

SHEPHERD.

You're a true liberal, Mr Tickler. Sae are you, Mr North; and sae am I; and sae are the Noctes. Nae snorin' noo.

TICKLER.

To judge thus, gentlemen, is to introduce into our minds an asperity of feeling which will infallibly disturb our judgment, will prevent our understanding the world as it is, and our proceeding with the calmness and temper necessary for doing well what we have got to do. Our business is not to hunt error out of the world, but to invite and induce truth.

SHEPHERD.

A mild and majestic sentiment, sir. I can scarcely believe my een and my lugs when they inform me that the speaker is Southside—Tickler the——

NORTH.

Hush, James. Hear the Sage.

TICKLER.

It is a work not of enmity but of love.

SHEPHERD.

Beautifu'!

TICKLER.

We see the line of human progress, Kit; and the opposite character of the two extremities; but know not whereabouts we stand in it. We see errors gone and going; we see truths come and coming;—but we are not to conclude that every error which is left has outstaid its time, and is now no longer any thing but pernicious—nor that every truth that will ever be wanted is now wanted—and, least of all, that any little morsel of truth which *we* happen to hold, is of such wondrous efficacy that a prodigious effort is to be made to impart it.

SHEPHERD.

You've overheard Mr North in your sleep, Mr Tickler, sae congenial are your thoughts wi' his ain—twun-bruthers.

TICKLER.

Eh, North?

NORTH.

Oh! for a full and perfect union in man of Will and Intellect! In the first period to which you alluded, Will is provided, Tickler; in it you see indeed all the energetic Wills;—the Homeric Greeks, the Spartans, the earlier Romans, the Arabs, the Germans, the Vykingr, the American Indians—you see it everywhere, from north to south; then all the youth of the world was on fire. But, in the second period, man has naturally to provide Will, for in it he comes to be deficient; and what there is, is comparatively cold. In the first period Will, and in the second Intellect, is over-preponderate.

SHEPHERD.

In the third, let us howp that the twa will be sae nicely balanced, that a grain o' sense or a drap o' feelin' will either way turn the beam.

NORTH.

James, my dear boy, you are well qualified, both by nature and education to judge on this question.

SHEPHERD.

What question, sir?

NORTH.

In early society mark how the Will is made strong by the passionate and

hard-contending condition of ordinary physical life. Also *then*, James, the different ranks of society being by the simplicity of life more nearly united, common feelings pervade all. A deep, broad sympathy imbues sentiments and opinions. Superstitions, tenets, faiths of all sorts, hold unquestioned dominion. Men believe by sympathy; for what none has disputed, that is faith. What half dispute, perhaps none cordially believe.

SHEPHERD.

I ken that, by experience o' what is noo gaun on amang the shepherds o' the Forest, wi' their debating clubs, and what not—few noo believe even in the Brownie o' Bodsbeck.

NORTH.

Now, my dear friends, pardon the anxiety of an old man for the children growing up round his feet.

SHEPHERD.

The rising generation, about to shoot up into saints or sinners!

TICKLER.

Wheesht, James!

SHEPHERD.

Wheesht yoursel'!

NORTH.

Education must now form the two—Will and Intellect—one with and by the other—or Education is lame, with one hand only, and, I fear, that the left.

SHEPHERD.

Whulk?

TICKLER.

Wheesht!

NORTH.

Intellect does every thing, or nearly, for Will, and Will every thing for Intellect. But which is the ultimate object? Will, certainly. The Will is the Man.

SHEPHERD.

Hear it—a' ye nations—the Will is the Man!

NORTH.

Our idea of education is too frequently one of schools and colleges, drawn thence, and formed upon them; but how small a part!

SHEPHERD.

Sma' pairt indeed

NORTH.

The roots of the Will are in the body—and the roots of Intellect in the Will.

SHEPHERD.

In the body!

NORTH.

Yes, James, in the body. See how the state of the affections—which are Will—nourish even imagination, and how imagination acts into the purely intellectual faculties—and what vivacity mere health and joy will give to the memory, who, you know, in the olden time was called the mother of the Muses.

SHEPHERD.

Sae, indeed, she was—Mymoshuny.

NORTH.

What, I ask you, James, can a listless child learn, an unwilling child understand?

SHEPHERD.

Naething.

NORTH.

Will not a boy, whose heart is full of poetry, learn Greek in Homer, by the force of poetry, though he has a bad talent for languages?

SHEPHERD.

Nae doot—nac doot. I sune learnt Erse in Ossian.

NORTH.

Will not thought and feeling make him a good scholar and writer, though he could never understand

SHEPHERD.

I wuss you wad repeat that apogtheqm.

TICKLER.

For example, James, we are not to judge the total effect of monastic orders by the worst pictures of sloth and vice which monasteries have afforded—not the total effect of Aristotle's *Dialectics*, if erroneous, or erroneously used, by the most frivolous and vain of the scholastic subtleties—not the total effect of the Roman Catholic religion at a Spanish or English Auto-da-fè.

SHEPHERD.

You're a true liberal, Mr Tickler. Sae are you, Mr North; and sae am I; and sae are the Noctes. Nae snorin' noo.

TICKLER.

To judge thus, gentlemen, is to introduce into our minds an asperity of feeling which will infallibly disturb our judgment, will prevent our understanding the world as it is, and our proceeding with the calmness and temper necessary for doing well what we have got to do. Our business is not to hunt error out of the world, but to invite and induce truth.

SHEPHERD.

A mild and majestic sentiment, sir. I can scarcely believe my een and my lugs when they inform me that the speaker is Southside—Tickler the——

NORTH.

Hush, James. Hear the Sage.

TICKLER.

It is a work not of enmity but of love.

SHEPHERD.

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TICKLER.

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SHEPHERD.

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NORTH.

Will not thought and feeling make a man a good scholar and writer?

Confoon' grammar!

SHEPHERD.

NORTH.

The first thing is that the understanding grow in the Will, and the Will up through the heart of the understanding, and an Intellect of ten or twelve years old, may, so far, have been powerfully educated without a single lesson.

SHEPHERD.

Mine was yedicated sæ—whether poorfully or no, it's no for me to be tellin'.

[*Timepiece strikes Twelve—and enter AMBROSE, bending under his load, with his Tail and Supper.*]

NORTH.

Timothy—James—run to the support of mine host—or he faints and falls.

[*The ARCADIAN and SOUTHSIDE reach AMBROSE just in time to prevent his sinking to the floor.*]

AMBROSE.

Thank ye, gentlemen; this burden is beyond my strength.

NORTH.

What is it?

AMBROSE.

The GLASGOW GANDER, sir.

NORTH.

The great prize Glasgow gander! Rash man! even for one moment to have dream't of bearing him in single-handed.

SHEPHERD.

Mair strength! mair strength! Tappy, King Pips, Sir Dawvit!

THE PECH.

Coming, sir.

NORTH.

Let me give a lift.

[*By the united exertions of the Knights, and of the Household, the great Glasgow Gander is at last deposited, with some loss of gravy, on the table.*]

TICKLER.

How it groans!

SHEPHERD.

What! the gander?

TICKLER.

No, the quadruped under him—the table.

SHEPHERD.

Props, Awmrose—props!

AMBROSE.

The timbers are all sound, gentlemen, and now that they have stood the first shock of the pressure——

SHEPHERD.

Is'e uphaud them for a croon.

TICKLER.

It is not the legs of the table I tremble for, but the joists of the floor.

SHEPHERD.

Wha's aneath?

AMBROSE.

The coffee-room, sir.

NORTH.

Why, Mr Ambrose, in case of any accident, it might be a serious business; for, to say nothing of the deaths of so many unoffending, yet I fear, unprepared individuals, actions of damages, at the instance of the relatives of the deceased, might be brought against us, the survivors——

SHEPHERD.

Na, na—only again the relatives o' the gander, and wha ever heard o' legal proceedings again a flock o' geese?

NORTH.

Hush! did no one hear something creaking?

TICKLER.

Only a coach rattling down Leith-Walk. Let us be seated.

NORTH.

Well, I had heard from several persons of credit who had seen him on his walk, that he was like the cow that swallowed Tom Thumb, "larger than the largest size;" but he out-Herods Herod—I should rather say, out-Goliaths Goliath.

TICKLER.

I am surprised his owner, instead of selling him, did not put him into a show. 'Twould have made his fortune.

SHEPHERD.

Wha'll cut him up?

NORTH.

If you please—I.

SHEPHERD.

Awmrose, you shou'd hae sent an order to Brummagem for a knife on purpose.

NORTH.

Perhaps the usual instrument will do. How hot he is!

SHEPHERD.

Let him cool, while we help ourselves to caulkers.

[They help themselves to Caulkers till the Gander cools.]

NORTH.

A Gander is an amiable bird. You know, that while his wife, the Goose, whose duty it is to sit in general, on any particular occasion takes to her waddlers, her husband, the Gander, drops down with his dowp on the eggs, and broods over them in the most maternal manner imaginable, looking fully as like a lady as a gentleman.

TICKLER.

He is apt, however, by the inferior heat resident in his dolp, to addle the eggs, or to vivify them into goslings that bear little analogy to the parent pair.

SHEPHERD.

A featherbed micht hae been made—I howp has been made—frae the fleece o' the feather'd fule—though I suspect the smell may prove ony thing but soporific. The plookins o' toon geese bring naething like the pund-wecht, compared to them that's bred in the kintra. They're sae coorse—ye see—and seldom or never sweet.

NORTH.

Our friend on the table is tame—but of wild geese I have heard many well authenticated anecdotes, that denote prudence apparently beyond the reach of mere instinct. They are sensible that a disposition to gabble is one of their weak points; and, on taking a flight through the air infested by eagles, or other birds of prey, they all provide themselves, each with a chucky-stane in his mouth, to hinder the proprietor thereof from betraying their transit to the enemy. Could our poor fat friend, think ye, have been up to that stratagem, to silence and save himself in extremity?

SHEPHERD.

No he. He wou'd hae lettin' the chucky drap frae his bill, preferring being gutted to nae gabble.

TICKLER.

A gander walking by a pond wi' a chucky-stane in his bill, reminds the classical scholar of Demosthenes on the sea-shore.

SHEPHERD.

Haw—haw—haw!—curin' himself o' an impediment in his quack.

NORTH.

How is he now? Still, like Tailor's goose, hot and hissing.

TICKLER.

Let us put him into ice. Where's the bucket?

SHEPHERD.

Dinna disturb again the hail household.

NORTH.

I once knew a gander, James, that, regularly every sabbath, for several years, conducted an old blind woman to the kirk.

TICKLER.

Hypocrite! to be remembered in her will.

NORTH.

Residuary legatee.

TICKLER.

Our fat friend on the table, I fear, was no church-goer.

SHEPHERD.

I've kent ganders make capital watch-dogs, after a lang prenticeship.

TICKLER.

The most unaccountable fowl at first sight I remember ever to have witnessed, had the reputation in the parish of being the joint production of a gander and a duck.

SHEPHERD.

What a squatter!

NORTH.

A gander, in the sporting circles, would be backed at odds, in pedestrianism, against a bubbly. For half a mile, the bubbly, being longer in the spald, would outstep the gander, and probably reach the goal before him by half an hour. But let them travel from morn till dewy eve, and the bubbly at sunset uniformly goes to roost, while the gander, being of a more wakeful genius, waddles on, and by moonlight laughs to behold his competitor sound asleep in a tree.

TICKLER.

Our gander cou'd not have done at last six yards an hour; for, like Hamlet, he was "fat and scant of breath."

SHEPHERD.

Like Hamlet!

NORTH.

The gander, noble bird as he is, and stately, lives and dies without ever having taken to himself, either scientifically or empirically, his own altitude; so that, high as he holds his head in reality, 'tis not so high, by an immeasurable difference, as in his own towering imagination.

TICKLER.

I admire him most when, with bill hissing earthwards, and hinder-end affronting heaven, he expresses his scorn of the whole human race—like *Timon of Athens*.

NORTH.

In that posture, he is, I grant, impressive; but surely sublimer far is the gander majestically stooping his forehead, as he walks under a gateway, some thirty feet high, considerate of the crown of the arch. What an union of dignity and condescension!

TICKLER.

Aye, every inch a king.

NORTH.

I remember seeing a gander on the morning of the day our late gracious King visited Dalkeith Palace, eyeing the triumphal arch which loyalty had erected at the entrance of those beautiful grounds and gardens, all greenly garlanded for the sovereign approach. He never doubted for a single moment that the pomp was all in honour of him—that to see him was gathered together that great multitude. The rushing of chariots was heard, the tramp of cavalry, and the blare of trumpets—and ten thousand voices cried, "The King! The King!" The gander—prouder far than George the Fourth—whom he despised—at that instant, waddled under the arch—down went the head, and up went the dowp of the despot—

"While unextinguished laughter shook the skies!"

TICKLER.

A few years ago, North, you will remember, that a luminous arch—probably electrical—spanned the starry heavens. A gander of my acquaintance,

sleepless, mayhap, in unrequited love, I met on a common, in the moonlight seeming a swan—and, indeed, in their own estimation, all geese are swans. The heavenly apparition attracted his eye “in a fine frenzy rolling,” and from the enthusiasm that characterized his whole manner, it was manifest that he opined erroneously, I should suppose, that the Wonder whose span and altitude at that moment philosophers were computing, had been flung across the sky, simply for sake of him who “was stepping westwards,” the victim of a hopeless passion. I believe the arch was about fifteen miles high—but the gander was afraid he might break it did he advance—

“In godlike majesty, erect and tall;”

and, accordingly, down head and up down, after the fashion aforesaid, and so, till he faded in the distance,

“Through Eden took his solitary way!”

NORTH.

What a grand figure the gander must have made on descending from the Ark! On the first dawning of the rainbow on the showery sky, down head and up down of the waddling worshipper.

SHEPHERD.

Will you twa never be dune glorifyin’ ganders?—Forgettin’, that noo is the time for deeds, not words—not for description, but execution.—Is he no cool yet?

NORTH.

Now let me cut him up.

TICKLER.

Not yet. Let him cool a little longer.

NORTH.

I shall never cease to regret that I did not see him alive; for if I had, I should unquestionably have had him skinned, and stuffed for the Museum in the Andersonian Institution.

TICKLER.

Do you remember the learned gander, North?

NORTH.

No. You don’t mean to say *he* was so?

TICKLER.

Not at all. The learned gander I allude to was brought forward to put down the learned pig. Each had his admirers; but while it seemed to be pretty generally admitted, that the pig was the quicker, the gander was thought to be more profound.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna ken hoo it is, but I’m far frae likin’ his appearance. It’s no wholesome. There’s either a dead rat ahint the wainscoat, or he’s stinkin’.

NORTH.

Poo—poo—poo! stinking! he was gabbling this day week.

SHEPHERD.

He may have been gabblin’, and hissinn’, and squatterin’ too this day week; but if he’s no stinkin’ noo, I’ve no olfactory nerves in my nostrils.

NORTH.

I begin to believe that I do scent something——

SHEPHERD.

Foumartish.

TICKLER.

He’s in bad odour.

SHEPHERD.

In smell as weel’s in size, he far beats ony Solan.

NORTH.

Gentlemen, I am ready at the slightest signal to cut him up; yet prudence seems to suggest the propriety of first puncturing him with the prongs of this fork, to let out any foul air that may have collected within his breast.

SHEPHERD.

Stop, sir. What if a’ that mass o’ appawrent flesh be naething but a foul

congregation o' vapours, pent by teuch skin within the deceitfu' and absurd rotundity o' the gander? Prick it wi' the prang, and oot they'll fizz—fizz—fizz—as frae a crack in a steam-engine; and the consequences may be fatal, sir, not only to us Three and the other occupiers of this house, but to the inhabitants o' the hail lan', nay, o' the city—let me not scruple to say, the kingdom at large; nor, should the evil extend so widely, is it likely that it will be contented to confine its ravages within the limits of our sea-beat shores, but in all human probability will pass the straits from Dover to Calais, and infeck France, and, through her Spain, and the Netherlands, &c., till a pestilence prevail over unhappy Europe—ere long of course to take possession of Asia—nor, for my ain part, do I see how America and Africa can reasonably expeck to escape the general visitation;—and a' this frae just pittin' a prang intil the braid blawn-up breest o' the great Glasgow gander! Weel micht Pope say,

“What dire events frae trivial causes spring!”

NORTH.

The picture you have drawn, James, of the probable effects of such an eruption, is at once natural and alarming; yet I am disposed to believe, that though much foul air there no doubt must be in the animal, swollen out as we see him, much of it must have escaped in opposite directions, when, under the hands of a gang of Girzzies, he gave up the ghost.

SHEPHERD.

Dootless—dootless. Then we shou'd consider his wecht. Mere foul air could never have had yon wecht—no it—so gie him the pint o' the prang.

TICKLER.

May I be allowed humbly to suggest a proposal, in which, however selfish it may seem, I can lay my hand on my heart, and with a safe conscience declare, that I have nothing so much in view as the lives of his gracious Majesty's most loyal subjects?

SHEPHERD.

Haud your han', Mr North. Tickler, what is't?

TICKLER.

That we all—*plug*.

SHEPHERD.

That we a' plug! What's that?

TICKLER.

To plug, James, being interpreted, means to stuff both nostrils tightly, closely, and firmly with tobacco quiddities—and thus is the nasal promontory prevented from absorbing the infection—and the whole man gander-proof.

SHEPHERD.

Then let us a' plug.

[*Enter the PECH with a coil of tobacco, and they plug.*]

NORTH.

Now to business.

TICKLER.

Stop, sir—

NORTH (*impatiently*.)

Tickler, I wont be interrupted—

TICKLER.

Steel, if you please, sir. There is no occasion to run into needless expense—and as the same instrument can never be used again, except indeed for a similar purpose, which, in the ordinary and due course of nature, is not likely to recur—why a silver fork?

NORTH.

Well, steel be it. But no more interruption—

SHEPHERD.

Stop, sir, stop just for a moment. Had na we better send for some o' Sir Humphry Davy's Safety Lamps?

NORTH.

Nonsense, James. You don't understand the principle of that admirable invention.

TICKLER.

Let us veil our faces with our bandanas.

NORTH.

Safer bare. Now.

[NORTH plunges the fork into the gander, and the Snuggery is insupportably afflicted with a strange stench, strong as the Jakes.

SHEPHERD.

Fa' a' doon on your faces, or we'll be smooored.

NORTH (*holding his nose.*)

Please, Tickler, to open the windows.

TICKLER.

How can I, when you see how my hands are occupied?

NORTH.

How?

TICKLER.

Like your own.

[Enter PICARDY and TAIL—all nose in hand.

AMBROSE.

Beg pardon, gentlemen, for the intrusion; but some ladies have fainted in the blue parlour.

SHEPHERD (*recovering from a swoon.*)

Said ye the common shewer had burst under the foundations o' Picardy Place, or ha'e I been dreamin,' and am noo waukened to the reality o' that unsupportable goose, the Great Glasgow Gander?

AMBROSE.

The Great Glasgow Gander he assuredly is, gentlemen; and I have kept as a curiosity the certificate that was round his neck—a certificate signed by two witnesses besides his original owner, that he was the self-same animal aforesaid, and no counterfeit.

NORTH.

Having gone thus far, we must not recede. He must be cut up.

[North dexterously cuts a circular hole in the apron, off with the do/p, and scores the breast with scientific scarification.

Corrupt as a rotten borough!

TICKLER.

Cholera Morbus?

SHEPHERD.

Na—that would hae pu'd him doon. No Cholera Morbus.

NORTH.

The disease is in the liver——

TICKLER.

And lights.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo cou'd he possibly hae been cyeuckt?

TICKLER.

A mystery—like Byron's Cain.

NORTH.

The fire has kindled the original sin—the bile with which his whole system was embued by nature—and smell the result!

SHEPHERD.

O, sirs! O, sirs! what think ye hae they dune wi' his inside? Hoo disposed o' the entrails?

AMBROSE (*coughing, and in a faint voice.*)

The sewer runs to the sea.

TICKLER.

Then I, for one, eat no fish for a twelvemonth.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! the pair harmless haddies!

NORTH.

Why stand ye staring there, Picardy, with your long useless tail! Away with the Pest—and let it be

“In the deep bosom of the ocean—buried.”

[PICARDY and his Tail, after much severe suffering, with which we are sure all Christian souls must sympathize, bear away the Gander.

SHEPHERD.

This is dreadful. It gets waur and waur.

TICKLER.

“Deeper and deeper still!”

NORTH.

We must have the Snuggery incensed and fumigated. Here, James, burn this lavender—Tickler, sprinkle this musk——

SHEPHERD.

Oh! that bawdrons there—bockin’ within the fender—were but a civet!

TICKLER.

I always carry in my bosom a camphor-bag to allay my passions—there it kindles into a flame.

NORTH.

How providential Shepherd’s Ambrosial Fumigating Pastiles!

SHEPHERD.

Alas! alas! a’ won’t do! The dead sea o’ smell neither ebbs nor flows—but keeps thickening in stagnant stench.

[Enter AMBROSE, MON. CADET, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, TAPPITOWRIE, and the PECH, with Pitch-Pine-Torches.

NORTH.

The smell subsides.

SHEPHERD.

Slaw’s the ebb.

TICKLER.

I seem to breathe, already, in a purer atmosphere.

SHEPHERD.

Unplug.

(The General Assembly unplugs.)

NORTH.

Bring in a couple of casks of Glenlivet—knock in the heads—and in a few minutes the Snuggery will be as sweet as a Still——

SHEPHERD.

Among the bonnie bloomin’ heather!

(The casks are brought in—and the purification is magical.)

TICKLER.

Now, North—a song. Theodore Hook himself is not a more brilliant improvisatore than Christopher North. I give the theme—The Glasgow Gander.

NORTH.

Tune and measure?

TICKLER.

Take Lockhart’s noble song, “O the Broad Swords of Old Scotland—and oh the Scottish Broad Swords!”

[NORTH rises—and leaning on the crutch—after clearing his throat with a caulker—is thus inspired.

THE GANDER OF GLASGOW.

I SING of the Gander we’ve got from the West,
Who alive was each peaceable passenger’s pest,
And who now is so loathsome and rank when he’s dress’d—
Oh! the great Gander of Glasgow—
Oh! the great Goose of the West!

In what bed of nettles he first saw the light,
Is a point that is hid in the darkness of night,
And we’ll leave it to those who such Chronicles write,
As that of the Gander of Glasgow,
The great gabbling Goose of the West.

Of this I know nothing :—nor can I surmise
 How or where he grew up to such hideous size,—
 For I ne'er heard his name till he first got the prize
 As the wonderful Gander of Glasgow,
 The king of the Geese of the West.

But henceforth behold him in Glasgow's fair town,
 Full fraught with the thoughts of his well-fed renown,—
 His head held on high, and his rump drooping down,
 The great prize Gander of Glasgow—
 The pride of the Geese of the West.

The old Roman Gander that guarded the state,
 Was not more absurdly majestic in gait,
 Than once was the gander that lies on that plate,—
 The great hirpling Gander of Glasgow,
 The great cackling Goose of the West.

There was surely in Nature no sight so absurd
 As the aspect of this most preposterous bird :—
 And surely no gabble was ever yet heard
 Like that of the Gander of Glasgow,
 The great gabbling Goose of the West.

With pinions half-folded his course see him steer !
 Oh ! if any one sight more grotesque could appear
 Than the Gander in front, 'twas the Gander in rear—
 The rear of the Gander of Glasgow,
 The rump of the Goose of the West !

This ponderous creature of mud and of mire,
 Always look'd as he'd set the Guse-dubs upon fire ;
 So absurd in his pride, and so fierce in his ire,
 Was the great hissing Gander of Glasgow,
 The preposterous Goose of the West !

Full many a bout had the BUBBLY and he,
 For their trades were so like they could never agree,
 And their gabbling and gobbling 'twas fearful to see,
 Alarming the Gorbals of Glasgow,
 The peace of the Queen of the West.

The Damsels of Glasgow were stricken with fear,
 And fled in dismay when the Gander was near,—
 And his LEDA herself must have hated the leer
 Of the odious Gander of Glasgow,
 The ill-favour'd Goose of the West !

Then, vain as he was, how he shew'd his poor spite
 To each bird of a nobler and loftier flight,
 Whose region of glory lay far out of sight
 Of the blear-eyed Gander of Glasgow,—
 The great gaping Goose of the West.

Have you e'er seen a dunce whose unfortunate lot
 Is to rail at the laurels of Southey or Scott ?
 You almost might swear that a hint he had got
 From the envious Gander of Glasgow,—
 The pitiful Goose of the West !

And whenever you hear such a dunce's abuse,
 The cause is the same, and the same the excuse ;

" He's only a Gander, the son of a Goose,
 " Like him of the Gorbals of Glasgow,—
 " The foul-feeding Goose of the West."

Thus liv'd the great Gander ;—but this could not last,
 And a gloom o'er the Guse-dubs at length there was cast,
 For his days they were number'd—the sentence was pass'd,
 That silenc'd the Gander of Glasgow,
 The ill-fated Goose of the West!

For the Agent of AMBROSE, who liv'd in the place,
 Had his eye on the bird, as the chief of his race,—
 And resolv'd that his carcass THE NOCTES should grace,
 For the glory of Geese and of Glasgow,
 The much-boasted Queen of the West!

'Twould offend against taste, and might shock the humane,
 To tell how the Gander was put out of pain;
 And the plucking and basting we need not explain,
 Of the ribs of the Gander of Glasgow—
 The great greasy Goose of the West.

He had not been placed on the spit very long,
 When Ambrose suspected that something was wrong,—
 For he ne'er smelt a Goose so confoundedly strong
 As the nauseous Gander of Glasgow,
 The rank-smelling Goose of the West!

And now he's cut up, and his breast is laid bare,
 Oh! what foulness, and rankness, and rottenness there!
 'Twould sicken the patron of Burke and of Hare
 To look on the Gander of Glasgow,
 The hideous Goose of the West!

Now with conduct and carcass so much of a piece,
 What are we to think of this foulest of Geese,
 But that some Glasgow Whig must have taken a lease
 Of the name of " The Gander of Glasgow,"
 The King of the Geese of the West!

'Tis hard to believe, in this sceptical age,
 In migration of souls, like the Samian sage;
 But the soul of some Whig, in corruption's last stage,
 Must have dwelt in the Gander of Glasgow,
 The unfortunate Goose of the West!

SHEPHERD.

Haw! haw! haw! was that really, sir, an extemporaneous imprompty?

NORTH.

Sung on the spur of the instant, I assure you, James. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? For Ambrose had provided for me an after-piece, which he thought would be " The Agreeable Surprise"—

TICKLER.

To follow " The Cock of the North," a mellow dram in three caulkers—

SHEPHERD.

No that unwutty, Tickler.

NORTH.

Nor could my prophetic soul anticipate the Gander. But next Noctes, I promise you a more regular and finished performance.

TICKLER.

Some epigrams.

NORTH.

And epitaphs, Tickler; epithalamia and epicedia—different kinds of com-

position—though old Pirie of the Morning Chronicle thought them one and the same——

TICKLER.

And sung commonly at christenings.

NORTH.

But now, gentlemen, we must be toddling——

SHEPHERD.

“Roun’ as a neep we’ll gang toddlin’ hame.”

Hoo sweet the Snuggery! Nae noxious air can lang pollute its pure privacy, ventilated, at a’ seasons, wi’ the breath o’ humanest merriment.

NORTH.

Yes, James, again “the air smells wooingly.”

SHEPHERD.

As in a heather dell!

NORTH.

Lo, a red-deer!

[NORTH bounds over the circular like a Stag-of-Ten.

SHEPHERD (holding up his hands.)

Wonnerfu’ auld man!

[TICKLER leaps upon the SHEPHERD’s shoulders, and the scene shifts to the street.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 29, 1830. At Sydney, the lady of Lieut.-Col. James Allan, of the 57th Regiment, of a daughter.

Aug. 9, At Kandy, Ceylon, the lady of Colonel Lindsay, 78th Highlanders, of a son.

Oct. 12. At Alexandria, Lady Georgina Wolff, of a son.

14. At Haringay House, Middlesex, the lady of Sir Francis A. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., of a son and heir.

25. At Trinity, near Edinburgh, the lady of Captain R. A. Waugh, of a daughter.

29. At Naples, the lady of Archibald Dunbar, Esq. of Northfield, of a daughter.

31. At 4, Henderson Row, Mrs J. R. Prentice, of a son.

Nov. 3. At 4, Montgomery Street, Mrs James Hewat, of a daughter.

— At 35, London Street, Mrs L. Mackintosh, of a daughter.

4. At 15, St Andrew's Square, Mrs G. Wilson, of a son.

5. At Coldstream, Mrs George Gillies, of a daughter.

7. At Camberwell Grove, Surrey, the lady of Captain Nairne, of the General Kyd, East India-man, of a son.

9. At Restalrig House, the lady of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart., of a son.

— At 37, Melville Street, the lady of Captain Philip Maughan, of a son.

Nov. 9. At New York, Mrs Bushe, (late Miss Noel), of a daughter.

10. At Ramsay Place, Mrs Alexander Schultze, of a son.

— At Bellevue Crescent, the lady of William Crawford, Esq. of Cartburn, of a daughter.

— At Bonehill, Staffordshire, Lady Jane Peel, of a daughter.

11. At Swinton, Lancashire, the lady of John B. Barton, Esq. of Saxby, of a daughter.

12. At Melrose, Mrs Clarkson, of a daughter.

— At 6, Moray Place, Mrs John Learmonth, of a son.

17. At Rome, the lady of James Grant, Esq., M.D., of a son.

— At 100, Lauriston Place, Mrs Neilson, of a son.

19. At Smith Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Miller, of a daughter.

21. At the Manse of Whitehill, Mrs Lind, of a son.

— At 15, Charlotte Street, the lady of James Hope, jun., Esq., W.S., of a son, who only lived a few hours.

23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Hope Johnstone of Annandale, of a son.

— At Glendevon, Mrs C. Aytoun, of a son.

24. At Craigside, Mrs Robert Alexander, of a daughter.

25. At Ayr, Mrs Wm. Cowan, jun., of a son.

26. At 5, George's Place, Mrs W. E. M'Kean, of a daughter.

— At Tulloch Castle, the Hon. Mrs Davidson, of a daughter.

27. At Warriston Crescent, Mrs Rennie, of a daughter.

28. At Montrose, Mrs Smart of Cononsyth, of a son.

29. At 34, Clark Street, Mrs John Binny, of a daughter.

— At Inverlochry, Mrs Col. Gordon, of a son.

30. At Wick, Mrs Shiells, of a son.

Dec. 1. At Rothsay, the lady of Lieut.-General Sir John Hope, G.C.H., of a daughter.

2. At Charlotte Square, the lady of the Right Hon. the Lord Justice Clerk, of a son.

3. At Edinburgh, Mrs Wemyss of Wemyss Hall, of a daughter.

— At 12, Scotland Street, Mrs Liddle, of a son.

— At 5, Albyn Place, Mrs Bowie, of a daughter.

9. At the Distillery Park, Haddington, the lady of Archibald Dunlop, Esq., of a daughter.

— At Biggar Park, the lady of George Gillespie, Esq., of a son.

10. At Edinburgh, the lady of William Pitt Dundas, Esq., advocate, of a daughter.

— At 79, Great King Street, the lady of Robert Wigham, Esq., of a daughter.

— At Fintray House, the Hon. Lady Forbes, of a daughter.

— At 9, Ainslie Place, Mrs Ivory, of a son.

11. At 11, Ainslie Place, the lady of Mr G. Mac-killop, late of Calcutta, of a daughter.

13. At the Manse of Drymen, Mrs Lochore, of a son.

— At Ruchlaw House, the lady of John Buchan Sydeserff, Esq., of Ruchlaw, of a daughter.

14. At 32, Regent Terrace, the lady of Captain George M'Donald, 92d Highlanders, of a son.

15. At Dundee, Mrs Symers, of a daughter.

— At Langley Park, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Cruikshank, of a son.

17. At Leamington, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Graham, jun., of Mossknow, of a daughter.

— At Greenbank Cottage, near Irvine, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Shaw, of a daughter.

13. At Belle Vue, Haddington, Mrs William Bogue, of a son.

19. At 21, Charlotte Square, the lady of James Whithed Hawkins, Esq., of a daughter.

— At Thornhill, near Falkirk, Mrs Macfarlane, of a son.

20. At Greenock, Mrs David Glassford, of a son.

— At Moffat House, Mrs Jardine, of a daughter.

22. At Bonnington, Mrs Thomas Haig, of a son.

— At 32, Howard Place, Mrs William Napier, of a daughter.

23. At Great Wellington Street, Leith, Mrs George Bell, of a daughter.

24. At Edmonston, Mrs Lawson of Cairnmuir, of a son.

— At the Royal Barracks, Dublin, the lady of Capt. W. P. Bayly, 92d Highlanders, of a son.

25. Mrs Welsh, 60, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

— Mrs Mackenzie, 5, Forth Street, of a son.

— At Robertson Manse, Mrs Nivison, of a son.

27. At 46, Northumberland Street, Mrs John Dundas, of a daughter.

28. At Buchanan Street, Glasgow, Mrs Lawrence Robertson, of a son.

29. At Scoonie Manse, Mrs Brewster, of a daughter.

Jan. 1. At Clifton, Bristol, the lady of P. F. Aiken, Esq., of a daughter.

3. At Ballyshear, Mrs Macdonald, of a daughter.

5. At Barcaldine, the lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Barcaldine, of a son.

— At Dunfermline, Mrs Warren, of a son.

7. At 31, India Street, Mrs W. H. Cockburn, of a daughter.

9. At Torwoodlee, Mrs George Pringle, of a son.

10. The lady of Major General Munro of Poyntzfield, of a son.

11. At 18, Hill Street, Mrs Dr Gairdner of a daughter.

— At Garnkirk, Mrs Sprot, of a son.

13. At 20, Annandale Street, Mrs Drysdale, of a daughter.

— At Leith, Mrs S. Beveridge, of a son.

— At Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire, the Hon. Mrs Fraser of Lovat, of a son.

16. At 30, York Place, Mrs Gillespie, of a daughter.

19. At Eaglescarnie, the lady of Major-General the Hon. Patrick Stuart, of a daughter.

20. At Musselburgh, the lady of Major Gray, of his Majesty's 41th regiment, of a son.

22. At 10, Atholl Crescent, Mrs D. Horne, of a son.

— At Gilmore Place, the lady of Captain Archibald Fullarton, of a daughter.

23. At 24, Ainslie Place, Mrs Clerk Rattray, of a daughter.

24. At Queen Street, Edinburgh, the Lady Anne Baird, of a son.

31. At Outerston, Mrs Hunter, of a daughter.

31. At 126, George Street, Mrs Alexander Claperton, of a daughter.

Lately, At Ayr, the lady of W. F. Clarke, Esq. Bengal Civil Service, of a son.

— The Lady Sussex Lennox, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 1, 1830. At Ellichpoor, Captain J. B. Puget, of the Hon. East India Company's Madras European regiment, son of the late Admiral Puget, to Mary Anne, third daughter of the late Hon. William Erskine, Lord Kinnedder, one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

Oct. 28. At Dublin, James Stewart Shanks, Esq. late of Edinburgh, to Miss Eleanor Anne Jones, of North Anne Street, Montjoy Square.

Nov. 2. At the Manse of Pitshigo, James Brodie Spottiswood, Esq. to Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. Alexander Farquhar, minister of Pitshigo.

5. At Edinburgh, William Miller, Esq. of Monk Castle, Ayrshire, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Donald Campbell, of the royal navy of Portugal.

7. At Anne Street, Mr James T. Mackay, hat manufacturer, Edinburgh, to Jane Denholm, daughter of the late W. D. W. H. Somerville of Fingask, Esq.

10. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Charles Waldie, Dunfermline, to Margaret Marshall, daughter of Mr James Horn, writer.

— At the Manse of Kinnoul, the Rev. James Cruickshank, minister of Turriff, to Mrs Margaret Touch, relict of the Rev. John Falconer, late minister of Fyvie.

— At Fingask, Mr John Dumbreck, W.S. to Euphemia, daughter of Charles Kinnear, Esq.

12. At Letham, Dr M. Malcolm, to Mrs Duguid, widow of the late Lieut. W. Duguid, of the Marine Service.

16. Francis Simpson, Esq. of Plean, to Elizabeth Sutherland, daughter of Mr Alexander Dallas, W.S.

— At Boig, Mr John Dick, stationer, Ayr, to Jessie Thomson, eldest daughter of the late John Gemmell, Esq. of Boig.

18. At the Friends' Meeting-House, Edinburgh, William Johnson, umbrella manufacturer, to Margaret, second daughter of William Howison, draper there.

19. At Dunfermline, Mr Robert Robertson, merchant, to Susan, youngest daughter of Mr George Spittal.

23. At Cowsland, Mr A. D. Barclay, to Miss Shand.

25. At Delgatty Castle, the Rev. Hugh Gordon, of Monquhitter, to Frances Gardiner Inglis, youngest daughter of the late Henry David Inglis, Esq., advocate.

— Captain Deans, of his Majesty's ship Childers, to Miss Charlotte Sophia Stewart of Glenbuckie.

27. At the Pavilion Brighton, Lord Viscount Falkland, to Miss Fitzclarence. His Majesty gave the bride away. She was dressed in a dress of British lace, and the Queen was splendidly attired in a dress of British manufacture.

29. At Cameron House, county of Dumbarton, C. Villiers Stuart, Esq., 12th Royal Lancers, youngest son of the late Lord Henry Stuart, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Captain J. R. Smollett of Bonhill, R.N.

30. At Edinburgh, Walter Riddell, Esq., second son of the late Thomas Riddell, Esq., younger of Camiestown, Roxburghshire, to Elizabeth Riddell, only daughter of the late Colonel MacLachlan, of the 10th regiment of foot.

Dec. 1. At Mossburnford, John Paton, Esq., of Crailling, to Ellen, only daughter of William Elliot, Esq., of Harwood.

3. At 2, London Street, John Gibson MacGregor, to Jane, daughter of the late Rev. Alexander Stirling, L.L.D., minister of Tillicoultry.

— At Melville Place, Mr James King, Duddingstone Mills, to Catherine, youngest daughter of Colin Logie, Esq., late of Gray's Mill.

7. At Edinburgh, by the Rev. Dr Buchanan, Mr George Trotter, Stacks, to Grace, eldest daughter of Richard Young, Esq. St John Street.

— At Irvine, the Rev. John Wilson, minister of Irvine, to Marion, daughter of the late Geo. Pagan, Esq.

7. At 26, Castle Street, Captain Mitford, R.N. to Margaret, daughter of James Dunsmure, Esq., secretary to the British Fishery Board.

8. At Edinburgh, Mr Henry Harvey, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London, to Janet, daughter of Mr Andrew Grierson, Hanover Street-Edinburgh.

9. At Pirig House, the Rev. John Paul, one of the ministers of St Cuthbert's, to Margaret, eldest daughter of James Balfour, Esq. of Pirig, W.S.

— Mr William Henderson, veterinary surgeon, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr Fleming, Hatton Mains.

13. At Renishaw, the seat of Sir George Sitwell, Bart., Richard Wildman, of the Inner Temple, Esq., second son of the late James Wildman, of Chatham Castle, Esq., to Marianne, youngest daughter of Craufurd Tait of Harviestoun, Esq.

14. At Stewarton, John Brown, Esq. of Craighhead, to Marion, youngest daughter of the late Robert Duncan, Esq. of Brockwell-muir.

— At Greenock, the Rev. Alexander J. Scott, A.M., of London, to Anne, third daughter of the late Alan Ker, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Borthwick, Bristo Street, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Colston.

16. At 67, Great King Street, the Rev. George Kennedy, of Kilconquhar, Fife, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late John Ainslie, Esq., Edinburgh.

— At 5, Great King Street, John Bell, Esq., of Kildunean, W.S., to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Charles Young, Esq., merchant, Leith.

18. At London, Colonel Sir Alexander Dickson, K.C.B. and K.C.H., to Mrs Medows, relict of Evelyn Medows, Esq., of Conholt Park, Hants.

— At London, W. T. Egerton, Esq., M.P., to the Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Loftus, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Ely.

22. At Airleywright House, Perthshire, John MacLaurin, Esq., W.S., to Grace, daughter of Jas. Wylie, Esq., of Airleywright.

— At 12, Buccleuch Place, Alexander Livingston, merchant, Edinburgh, to Helen, eldest daughter of John Murray, Esq., Contentibus.

22. At his house, Albany Street, George Birrell, Esq. late of the Hon. East India Company's service.

23. At the Manse of Whitehill, Grange, the Rev. Hugh Douglas, Lockerby, Dumfriesshire, to Ann, third daughter of the Rev. John Primrose, Grange.

— At Munich, Henry Francis Howard, Esq., second son of Henry Howard, Esq. of Corby Castle, Cumberland, to the Hon. Sevilla Erskine, fourth daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Erskine.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Blakemore, grocer, to Mary, daughter of Mr Jas. Carmichael, Tax Office.

27. At 16, London Street, John Dalrymple, Esq. Hon. East India Company's Service, to Margaret, second daughter of the late William Cooper, Esq. Fraserburgh.

— At Grangemouth, John Dawson, Esq. Carron, to Jean Glen, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Mackay, L.L.D.

28. The Rev. Peter Petrie, A.M. of Leith, to Janet Hume, eldest daughter of the late William Lawrie, Esq.

50. At Brow, James Grierson, Esq. of Quendale, to Elizabeth Sinclair, daughter of the late W. T. Craigie, Esq., merchant, Leith.

— Captain Edward Twopeny, 78th Highlanders, son of the Rev. Richard Twopeny, rector of Little Casterton, to Elizabeth Deborah, eldest daughter of the late John Burnett, Esq., Judge-Admiral of Scotland.

— Edward Henry Cole, Esq., eldest son of Stephen Thomas and Lady Elizabeth Cole, to Mary, widow of Lord Henry Seymour Moore, and daughter of Sir Henry Parnell, Bart.

Jan. 5. At Carphin House, Fifeshire, Robert Wedderburn Beaton, Esq., of the 72d regiment, Bengal army, to Helen Hay, second daughter of the late John Raitt, Esq. of Carphin.

8. At Glenbuckie House, Perthshire, Robert Stewart, Esq., Captain in the Hon. East India Company's Service, Bengal Establishment, to Anne, eldest daughter of Captain Duncan Stewart of Glenbuckie.

8. J. H. Neild, Esq., M.P., to Lady Elizabeth Ashley Cooper, youngest daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

— At Dunfermline, William Innes, Esq., surgeon, to Sophia, only surviving child of the deceased Mr John Hutton.

— At Craigheds, the Right Hon. Lord John Campbell, to Anne Colquhoun, eldest daughter of the late John Cunningham, Esq. of Craigheds.

11. At Hendon, Middlesex, the Rev. J. James, second son of T. James, Esq. of Lydney, county of Gloucester, to Elizabeth, daughter of W. Wilberforce, Esq. of Highwood Hill, Middlesex.

12. At Edinburgh, Thomas Galloway, Esq., of the Royal Military College, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Professor Wallace, of the University of Edinburgh.

13. At Edinburgh, Thomas Bruce, junior, Esq., W.S., to Matilda, daughter of the deceased Thomas Gloag, Esq., of Chapelton.

— At Derry, Captain Robert Sinclair Hay, R.N., second son of Robert Hay, Esq., of Charterfield, East Lothian, to Jane, eldest daughter of Andrew Knox, Esq. of Prehen, in the county of Derry.

18. At 4, Claremont Street, William Tasker, Esq., writer in Perth, to Agnes, third daughter of Mr Archibald Marquis, Kenmore.

— At Skibo, Robert Browne, Esq., to Miss Dempster of Skibo.

24. At Inner Leven, David Anderson, Esq., commander, R.N., to Jean, daughter of the late David Anderson, Esq., of his Majesty's Customs.

— The Rev. Robert Machray, A.M., Perth, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late John Young, Esq. of Bellwood.

25. At 93, George Street, Captain Francis Blair, R.N., to Miss Catherine Cheape.

Feb. 1. At Edinburgh, the Rev. John M'Gilchrist, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr James Gray, Edinburgh.

Lately, At London, the Earl of Jermyn, eldest son of the Marquis of Bristol, to Lady C. Manners, daughter of the Duke of Portland.

— At London, Captain Augustus Wathen, of the 15th, or King's Hussars, only son of Major Wathen, of Cadogan Place, to the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Jane Leslie, youngest daughter of George William, late Earl of Rothes.

— At London, H. W. Chichester, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Miss Isabella Manners Sutton, daughter of his Grace the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

— At London, Thomas Thomson, M.D., Stratford-on-Avon, son of the Rev. John Thomson, Duddingstone, to Caroline Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Robert James, Esq., Bedford Place.

DEATHS.

March 24, 1850. At St Peter's, New Brunswick, John Anderson, eldest son of the late Mr Peter Anderson, merchant, Edinburgh.

May 22. At Calcutta, of fever, Mr John Archibald, one of the Hon. East India engineers, aged 24, son of Mr John Archibald, merchant, Burntisland.

June 30. At Prince of Wales' Island, the lady of Robert Fullerton, Esq., governor of that island.

Aug. The lady of Captain Andrew Balfour Clapperton of the Master Attendant's Office, Calcutta, Bengal.

— On board the Belzoni, on their passage to the Cape of Good Hope, of a putrid fever, Letitia, Charlotte, and Latham, the beloved children of Lieut.-Colonel Thomson, Royal Engineers.

3. At Burampore, Percy James Leith, Esq., captain in his Majesty's 49th regiment, and eldest son of the late Lieut.-General Sir James Leith, K.C.B.

Sept. 5. At Quebec, Dr George Montgomery, M.D.

— At Laurel Hill, Trinidad, Ashton Warner, Esq., Chief Judge of that island.

5. At Golden Vale, Jamaica, Mr Francis Kerr, second son of the late Charles Kerr, Esq., Calder Bank.

6. At Serampore, East Indies, Miss Helen Mack, only daughter of the late Mr Joseph Mack, solicitor at law, Edinburgh.

11. At Sultampore, Benares, Mary Glen, eldest daughter of Colonel Harry Thomson, aged 17 years.

21. At London, J. M. Arnott, Esq. of New Burlington Street, to Georgiana Elizabeth, widow of Captain Donaldson, R.N.

— At her house, 7, Richmond Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Alison Spence, aged 73, after a long and severe illness, which she bore with Christian resignation, much and justly regretted.

Oct. At Leghorn, the Right Hon. Lady Forbes.

5. At Paris, Mr Joseph Donaldson, from disease brought on by over exertion and fatigue in the late revolution. He was a native of Glasgow, and well known as the author of "The Eventful Life of a Soldier," and "Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland," where he has recorded, in a very graphic manner, his early life and adventures by "flood and field."

10. At Kilmuir, Isle of Sky, Lieutenant Soirle Macdonald, at the very advanced age of 106. He has left three children under 10 years of age.

11. At Mount Uniacke, Nova Scotia, the Hon. Richard John Uniacke, his Majesty's Attorney-General for that province.

23. At 14, Royal Crescent, Wilhelmina Jane, fourth daughter of the late Day Hort M'Dowall, Esq. of Walkinshaw.

25. At Lerwick, aged 26 years, Grace Robertson, daughter of Andrew Duncan, Esq., Sheriff-substitute of Shetland.

— 26. At Irvine, Mrs Julia Montgomerie, widow of James Montgomerie, Esq. of Knockewart.

27. At Antigua Street, Mrs Baillie, widow of Menzies Baillie, Esq., merchant in London.

28. At 6, Manor Place, Alice, eldest daughter of the late Rev. David Wauchope, rector of Warkton.

30. At Woodend, near Keswick, in her 90th year, Margaret, widow of Mr Thomas Douglas.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Emma Monteith, wife of Alexander Earl Monteith, Esq., advocate.

31. At 49, Northumberland Street, Miss Isobel Gray, daughter of the late William Gray, Esq. of Newholm, aged 85.

— At 17, George Street, Miss Catherine Lillie.

— At Premannan, parish of Stenton, Mary Mathieson, in her 100th year.

— At 5, Meadow Place, George Brunton, Esq.

— At 54, South Bridge, Mrs Margaret MacDowall.

Nov. 1. At Wentworth House, Yorkshire, in her 43d year, the Viscountess Milton. Her ladyship was Charlotte, daughter of Thomas, first Lord Dundas, father of the present Lord Dundas.

— Lieut.-Colonel Buchanan, Royal Engineers, Chatham.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Lindsay, aged 56.

— At 12, Salisbury Place, Newington, Mr Alexander Macritchie, late confectioner in Edinburgh.

3. At Chichester, Lieut.-Colonel William Breerton, aged 78.

— At Dumfries, Mrs Johnstone, relict of James Johnstone, Esq., physician, Moffat.

5. At Stonehaven, the Rev. John Ballantyne, minister of the United Associate Congregation there, in the 51st year of his age, and 25th of his ministry.

7. At 20, Annandale Street, Jessie, youngest daughter of the late Mr Adam Spence, Leith.

— At Bo'ness, Mr Stephen Bell, of the Excise, second son of the late Thomas Bell, Esq. of West-house.

— At Swinton House, John Swinton, Esq. of Swinton.

8. At the Manse of Oathlaw, the Rev. Lewis Littlejohn, minister of that parish.

9. At Broadley, Banffshire, in his 87th year, Mr William Grig, senior, some time residing at 25, Pitt Street, Edinburgh.

10. At Farnham, in the county of Surrey, Lady Charles Kerr.

— At the Manse of Hownam, the Rev. James Rutherford, in the 84th year of his age, and 57th of his ministry.

— At Perth, Alex. Stewart, Esq. late of Huntfield in Lanarkshire, in his 70th year.

11. At the Rhu, Argyllshire, Major Colin Campbell, Argyll militia.

12. At Portobello, Mrs Margaret Meldrum, relict of David Wallace, Esq. of Balmeadowside, Fife.

14. At London, James Buller, Esq. chief clerk to the Privy Council.

14. Mrs H. Wight, 7, South Charlotte Street.
- At Edinburgh, Barbara, eldest daughter of the late William Callender, Esq.
- At Helensburgh, after a severe illness, the ingenious Mr Henry Bell, the practical introducer of Steam Navigation into Europe.
15. At Gateside, Kirkliston, Mrs Hill, aged 76.
17. At Leith, James, second son of the late Mr James Wood, merchant there.
- At Old Meldrum, Mr Alexander Bruce, late Supervisor of Excise, aged 69.
18. At 29, Great King Street, Eleanor Julia, youngest daughter of M. N. Macdonald, Esq. aged nine years.
- At London, the Rev. George Greig, minister of the Scots Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden.
18. At the Spa, Gloucester, aged 52, Susanna Maria Conally, relict of James Conally, Esq. of Elm Park, county of Dublin.
19. At Moncreiffe House, Sir David Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe, Bart.
- John Forbes, Esq. of Welwyn, Hertfordshire, second son of the late General Gordon Forbes.
20. At the Priory, near Acton, Colonel Peacocke, late of the 3d Guards.
- At Westminster, James Chalmer, Esq. W.S., in his 89th year.
21. At Taybank, near Perth, Miss Rankine, aged 85 years.
- Anne Houstoun, fourth daughter of Robert Davidson, Esq., Professor of Law in the University of Glasgow.
22. At Birmingham, James, eldest son of John Neill, Esq., 17, Carlton Place, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh.
23. At 2, Salisbury Square, Mrs Margaret Kinmonth, aged 89 years. She held the situation of matron in Gillespie's Hospital for 23 years.
24. At Crakaig, Sutherlandshire, Major William Clunes, late of the 50th regiment.
- At Kircudbright, Mrs Margaret Gordon, spouse of William Ireland, Esq. of Barbey, steward-substitute of the stewarty of Kircudbright.
26. At Pau, Basses Pyrenees, Anne, daughter of Thomas Bruce, Esq. of Arnott.
- Suddenly, at Castle Bernard, the Earl of Bandon.
27. At Cheltenham, Admiral Robert Montague, Admiral of the Red.
- At Edinburgh, Thomas Greig, Esq. of Navty, Fifeshire.
28. At Cheltenham, Margaret Georgina, second daughter of Archibald Kelso, Esq. of Sauchie, Ayrshire.
- At 31, Broughton Street, Mrs Thomas Goodsir, aged 77 years.
- At Juniper Green, Mr James Milne, late haberdasher in Edinburgh.
29. At Gorgie Park, after a few days' illness, Robert Smith, at the advanced age of 94 years. He has left a widow, to whom he was married in 1762.
30. At London, Henry Walter Bury, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Tullamore.
- Dec. 1. At Nice, Sir Robert Williams, Bart., M.P., of Fryars, Anglesea, in his 66th year.
- Suddenly, at his house, 21, Somerset Street, London, of apoplexy, the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot, late Governor of Madras, in his 79th year, and in the general enjoyment of good health.
- At Muckhart Cottage, Helen Hutton, wife of John Coventry, Esq.
- At Leatherhead, Surrey, Andrew Wood, Esq., aged 73.
- At Brunstain House, Mrs Margaret Tailour, in her 101st year.
- At 12, Queen Street, Mrs Allardice, aged 66.
2. At Netherley, Mrs Silver, wife of G. Silver, Esq. of Netherley.
- At Leith Walk, Mr Richard Clark, upholsterer.
3. At Lossiemouth House, on the 3d inst., Lady Margaret Stewart King, widow of the late Major-General Francis Stewart, of Lesmurdie, county of Banff.
- At London, in the 74th year of his age, John Crowder, Esq. of Hammersmith, Alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Within, and late Lord Mayor of London.
4. At Hamburg, Mrs William Gibson.
5. At Forfar, in her 44th year, Mrs Elizabeth Watt, spouse of Mr William Adam, merchant there.
5. At Eskside, Musselburgh, Isabella, daughter of the late Thomas Farquharson, Esq.
- At Linden Lodge, near Lasswade, Miss Catherine Mackenzie, daughter of the late Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq., W. S.
- At 1, Drummond Place, David Geddes Paul, third son of Robert Paul, Esq., W. S.
- At Falkirk, Mrs Patrick Renny, sister of the late Bain Whyt, Esq., W. S.
- At Seaside House, near Leith, Miss Barbara Heron.
- At Peebles, Isabel, only surviving daughter of Mr Walter Steel, senior.
- At Southampton, Rear-Admiral Stiles, in his 79th year.
9. At 32, Buccleuch Place, Mr James Brown, builder.
- At Port Glasgow, George Lang, Esq., M.D.
- At Stromness, Orkney, Thomas Robertson, merchant there.
- At Edinburgh, Ebenezer Gilchrist, Esq. of Sunnyside.
- At 7, Grove Street, Mrs Helena Brown, only surviving sister of the late Captain Joseph Robb.
- At the Manse of Avoch, in the 73d year of his age, and 44th of his ministry, the Rev. James Smith, minister of that parish.
10. At Edinburgh, Peter Hannay, the eldest son of James Ogilvie Mack, Esq., S.S.C.S.
11. At Auchtertyre, county of Forfar, William Watson, Esq., in his 72d year.
- Suddenly, at East Tuddingham, in the county of Norfolk, in consequence of a fall from his horse, the very Rev. the Dean of Hereford.
12. At 37, Arthur Street, Mr William Boyd, maeer, Court of Session.
- Mr James Milne, farmer, Bluecairn, Roxburghshire.
- At Edinburgh, on the 12th inst., Alexander Baillie, Esq.
- At Nigg, Ross-shire, Walter Ross, Esq. of Nigg.
13. At London, Mr George Anderson, late merchant in Edinburgh, in his 66th year.
14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Grace Buchan, relict of the deceased George Leslie of Cobarty, Esq.
15. At Haddington, Mr Alexander Brook, merchant.
16. At Hope Crescent, Patrick Plenderleath, Esq., in his 85th year.
- At Huntlyburn, near Melrose, Miss Isabella Ferguson, eldest daughter of the late Dr Adam Ferguson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.
17. At his house, 2, North Charlotte Street, Dr Coventry, Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh.
- At Glasgow, James Russell, Esq., of Woodside, late Colonel in the Stirlingshire militia.
18. At George Street, Glasgow, Mrs Orr.
- At Hampstead, Mrs Hill, widow of Lawrence Hill, Esq., W.S.
- At Huntly, Captain John Gordon, Acharachie, late of the 95th regiment.
19. At Salisbury Place, Newington, Dr John Duncan, physician, in his 71st year.
- Mr James Break, brewer, Pleasance.
23. At 8, M'Dowall Street, Mrs Rachel Reid, aged 61.
- At Bath, Major Fielding, of the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers, in his 39th year.
- At Lasswade, William Gordon, Esq.
24. At Edinburgh, in the house of his son-in-law, Mr Robert Allan, farmer, Middleton, in the 63th year of his age.
- At Kirkwall, the Rev. John Dunn, one of the ministers of that burgh.
- William Eastwood, Esq. wool-stapler, Huddersfield, Yorkshire.
25. At St Ninians Manse, Mr C. Greig, preacher of the gospel, and eldest son of the Rev. C. Greig, minister of St Ninians.
- At Wood End, near Chichester, the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Mary Lennox, in her 92d year, widow of the late General Lord George Lennox, and grandmother of the present Duke of Richmond.
26. At Ayr, at house of Mr Taylor of the Academy, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late John Bramwell, Esq. manager of the Mines at Wanlockhead.
- At Caledon, Robert Crothers, aged 103, ha

ving preserved his faculties unimpaired to the last. He married twice, the last time at 85, and the last wife had eight children. Two of these were born after the husband of the woman was upwards of 100 years old.

26. At Portobello, Margaret youngest daughter of Mr Thomas Proudfoot.

27. At the Isle of Wight, where she had gone for the recovery of her health, Miss Agnes Horsburgh, daughter of Thomas Horsburgh, Sheriff-clerk of Fife.

28. At Edinburgh, aged 79, Dame Jane Dunbar, relict of the late Sir George Dunbar of Mochrum, Bart.

— At Banff, Mr Stewart Robertson Souter, aged 24.

29. At 28, London Street, Miss Ranken.

30. At 39, Nicholson Street, the Rev. James Smith, senior minister of the Relief Congregation, College Street, in his 62d year.

— At Cotterton of Lethen, James Dunbar, Esq. R.N., in the 88th year of his age.

— At Kirkaldy, Mr James Bell, formerly of the Royal Navy.

— At Stronmagachan, the Rev. James MacGibbon, one of the ministers of the Collegiate Church, Inverary.

31. At York Place, Charles Wightman, Esq. of the island of Tobago, aged 80.

— At Portobello, Mrs Hay Hall, relict of the deceased Rev. James Hall, minister, Lesmahagow. Jan. 1. At Andover, Captain Donald Fraser, aged 72.

2. At London, Henrietta Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury.

— At 37, George Square, Alexander Thomas Graham, son of John Graham, Esq., advocate.

— At Buthwood, John Denholm, Esq., late of Quebec, in Canada.

3. At Union Cottage, Canaan, near Edinburgh, Tobias George Smollet, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Lillias Bennet, daughter of the late Rev. Mr Bennet, Polmont, and relict of David Clark, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Honey, widow of the late Rev. John Honey of Blairhall, minister of Bendochy.

4. At Chesters, in his 80th year, Thomas Elliot Ogilvie, Esq. of Chesters.

5. At Bedshiel, parish of Greenlaw, Mr James Houtson, tenant there, in his 75th year.

— At Belmont, near Ayr, Archibald Montgomerie, Esq. of Stair, brother of the late Earl of Eglinton.

— At Aberdeen, Deacon Alexander Watson, tailor, in his 87th year. Mr Watson was possessed of considerable poetic talent, and was well known as the author of that popular national song, "The Kail Brose of Auld Scotland," but it is not, perhaps, so generally known, that, besides several pieces of inferior note, he was also the author of that truly original and humorous song called "The Wee Wifiekie."

— At Edinburgh, Mr William More, baker, 9, East Register Street.

7. At Abernethy, the Rev. Alexander McKillop, schoolmaster.

— At Linlithgow, Mr Alexander Baird, tanner, in his 94th year.

8. At Portmoak Manse, Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr Hugh Laird.

9. At 4, Baxter's Place, Mrs Rachel Scott, wife of Mr Hugh Mitchell.

— At Ayr, Captain John Shaw, late of the 76th regiment.

10. At Edinburgh, Mr John Brown, merchant.

— At 6, Beaumont Place, Mr Cornelius Murray, royal marines.

11. At Edinburgh, in her 85d year, Mrs Helen Ritchie, wife of Mr Walter Brunton.

— At Libberton, Mr James Steele, schoolmaster, of that parish, aged 57 years.

13. At Ayr, Captain Alexander McCoskrie, in his 94th year.

— At Shrub Place, Helen Lewins, wife of Andrew Snody, Esq. S.S.C.

14. Mary, third daughter of Adam Gordon of Cairnfield, Esq.

— At his house, in Heriot Row, Henry Mackenzie, Esq. in the 86th year of his age. This eminent literary character, and venerable citizen, so well known as the author of "The Man of

Feeling," and many other productions, had been confined to his room for a considerable time past, by the general decay attending old age. We cannot but with feelings of regret, notice the departure of almost the last of that eminent class of literary men, who, above fifty years ago, cast such a lustre on our city. In that delicate perception of human character and human manners, so correctly, so elegantly, and often so humorously delineated in the numbers of "The Mirror" and "Lounger," where Mr Mackenzie was the chief contributor, as well as in his other works, and in his general views of the great principles of moral conduct, there have been few authors more distinguished. The elegant society in Edinburgh, well known in former days by the name of "The Mirror Club," consisted, besides Mr Mackenzie, of several gentlemen who were afterwards Judges in the Court of Session, viz. Lord Bannatyne, Lord Cullen, Lord Abercromby, Lord Craig, and also Mr George Home, and Mr George Ogilvie. The first, now Sir William Bannatyne, a venerable and most accomplished gentleman of the old school, is the only survivor.

14. At 48, Minto Street, Newington, William Thomson, Esq. of Westbarnams, late banker in Edinburgh.

15. At Edinburgh, Wallace Isabella, eldest daughter of George Robertson Scott, Esq. of Benholm.

16. At Fisherrow, Janet Scott, wife of Mr David Whitelaw, senior.

— At 1, South Charlotte Street, Mrs Andrew Scott.

17. At London, Ellen, the wife of Thomas Legh, Esq. M.P., of Lyme Hall, Cheshire.

— At Nelson Street, Edinburgh, Miss Inglis, daughter of the late Dr James Inglis, physician in Lanark.

18. At Edinburgh, Mrs Catherine Sandeman, relict of Mr Robert Ferrier, formerly minister of Largo, Fife, aged 76.

19. At 81, Prince's Street, Miss Bruce, sister to the late John Bruce, Esq. of Falkland.

— At Edinburgh, after a painful illness of several years, Nathaniel Gow, the well known Scottish violinist, and composer of many national airs.

20. At Inverness, Mr James Gray, merchant, and, on the 22d ult., Mrs Jean Wilson, or Gray, his wife.

— At Frogna, John Thomas, Lord Viscount Sydney, in his 67th year, uncle to his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry.

21. At Wooler, Robert Cupples, Esq. surgeon, R.N., and late surgeon of the Royal Naval Hospital at Madras.

— At Dean Terrace, James Watt, son of James Gibson, Esq. M.D.

— At 18, Hill Street, Miss Katharine Montgomery.

23. At 25, Stafford Street, William Pitcairn, Esq.

— On the 23d ult., Horace William, Lord Rivers.

— At Reading, Lieut.-Colonel Balcomb, late of the 1st or King's Dragoon Guards.

24. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Andrew Lothian.

— At 34, Drummond Place, Charles Haldane, Esq. eldest son of James Alexander Haldane, Esq. Edinburgh.

— At Liverpool, on the 24th ult., Thomas Dunbar, Esq. second son of the late Sir George Dunbar of Mochrum, Bart.

Lately, At Walthamstow, Essex, Sir Robert Wigram, Bart., in his 87th year.

— At Blackheath, Major-general Sir Charles Philip Belson, K.C.B.

— At Zapiquirá, near Bogota, Colombia, Alex. Duncan, Esq., late of the Island of Grenada.

— At London, Elinor Anne, fourth daughter of J. N. Macleod of Macleod, Esq.

— The Right Hon. Morton, Lord Henley, G.C.B., in his 79th year.

— At 38, London Street, William Young, Esq. — At his house, Glasgow, aged 63, John Reid, M.D. &c., well known in the literary world for his philosophical pursuits, and who taught, at various times, students in no less than twenty-six languages.

— At Clifton, in his 91st year, Lieut.-General Bright, late of the Royal Marines, and many years commandant of the Plymouth division.

THE LATE DR THOMSON.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we announce the death of this eminent public character and learned divine, which took place about six o'clock in the evening of the 9th of February. Dr Thomson assisted in the forenoon at the ordination of Mr Ritchie to be pastor of St Luke's parish, Demerara. He afterwards took a part in the discussion of Mr M'Caig's case at the Presbytery. He left the Presbytery Hall about five o'clock, proceeding along Prince's Street to his house in Melville Street; Mr Burn Murdoch met him there, and accompanied him home. Having arrived in front of his own house, he turned round suddenly, just as Mr Murdoch was leaving him, as if to say something he had forgotten, but instantly fell back senseless on the pavement. He was immediately carried into the house, and Dr Sibbald, of Hope Street, was sent for, who bled him in the arm and jugular vein, but without effect. Drs M'Whirter, Newbigging, and Abercromby were also sent for, but all their efforts to restore animation were wholly unavailing; the Rev. Doctor never spoke after he had fallen, and expired within an hour.

[THE FOLLOWING SKETCH IS FROM THE PEN OF THE REV. DR M'CRIE.]

During the excitement caused by the sudden death of a public man, cut off in the prime of life, and in the midst of a career of extensive usefulness, it is easy to pronounce a panegyric, but difficult to delineate a character, which shall be free from the exaggeration of existing feeling, and recommend itself to the unbiassed judgment of cool reflection. Rarely has such a deep sensation been produced as by the recent removal of Dr Thomson; but in few instances, we are persuaded, has there been less reason for making abatements, on the ground of temporary excitation, from the regret and lamentations so loudly and unequivocally expressed. He was so well known, his character and talents were so strongly marked, and were so much of that description which all classes of men can appreciate, that the circumstances of his death did not create the interest, but only gave expression to that which already existed in the public mind.

Those who saw Dr Thomson once, knew him; intimacy gave them a deeper insight into his character, but furnished no grounds for altering the opinion which they had at first been led to form. Simplicity—an essential element in all minds of superior mould—marked his appearance, his reasoning, his eloquence, and his whole conduct. All that he said or did was direct, straightforward, and unaffected; there was no labouring for effect, no paltering in a double sense. His talents were such as would have raised him to eminence in any profession or public walk of life which he might have chosen—a vigorous understanding, an active and ardent mind, with powers of close and persevering application. He made himself master in a short time of any subject to which he found it necessary to direct his attention, had all his knowledge at perfect command, expressed himself with the utmost perspicuity, ease, and energy; and, when roused by the greatness of his subject, or by the nature of the opposition which he encountered, his bold and masterly eloquence produced an effect, especially on a popular assembly, far beyond that which depends on the sallies of imagination, or the dazzling brilliancy of fancy-work. Nor was he less distinguished for his moral qualities, among which shone conspicuously an honest, firm, unflinching, fearless independence of mind, which prompted him uniformly to adopt and pursue that course which his conscience told him was right, indifferent to personal consequences, and regardless of the frowns and threats of the powerful.

Besides the instructions of his worthy father, it was Dr Thomson's felicity to enjoy the intimate friendship of the venerable Sir Henry Moncreiff, who early discovered his rising talents, and freely imparted to him the stores of his own vigorous and matured mind, and of an experience acquired during the long period in which he had taken a leading part in the counsels of the national church. Though Dr Thomson was known as a popular and able preacher from the time he first entered on the ministry, the powers of his mind were not fully called forth and developed until his appointment to St George's. He entered to that charge with a deep sense of the importance of the station, as one of the largest and genteelst parishes of the metropolis, and not without the knowledge that there was in the minds of a part of those among whom he was called to labour, a prepossession against the peculiar doctrines which had always held a prominent place in his public ministrations. But he had not long occupied that pulpit, when, in spite of the delicate situation in which he was placed by more than one public event, which obliged him to give a practical testimony (displeasing to many in high places) in favour of the purity of Presbyterian worship, and the independence of the Church of Scotland,—he disappointed those who had foreboded his ill success, and exceeded the expectations of such of his friends as had the greatest confidence in his talents. By the ability and eloquence of his discourses, by the assiduity and prudence of his more private ministrations, and by the affectionate solicitude which he evinced for the spiritual interests of those committed to his care, he not only dissipated every unfavourable impression, but seated himself so firmly in the hearts of his people, that long before his lamented death, no clergyman in this city, established or dissenting, was more cordially revered and beloved by his congregation. Nothing endeared him to them so much and so deservedly as the attention he paid to the young and the sick; and of the happy art which he possessed of communicating instruction to the former, and administering advice and consolation to the latter, there are many pleasing, and, it is to be hoped, lasting memorials.

Dr Thomson was decidedly evangelical in his doctrinal sentiments, which he did not disguise or hold back in his public discourses; but he was a practical preacher, and instead of indulging in abstruse speculations or philosophical disquisition, made it his grand aim to impress the truths of the gospel on the hearts of his hearers. Attached to the Church of Scotland from principle, not from convenience or accident, he made no pretensions to that indiscriminating and spurious liberality which puts all forms of ecclesiastical polity and communion on a level; but in his sentiments and feelings he was liberal in the truest sense of that word; could distinguish between a spirit of sectarianism and conscientious secession, never assumed the airs of a churchman in his intercourse with dissenters, co-operated with them in every good work, and cherished a respect for all faithful Ministers, which was founded not only on the principles of toleration and good will, but on the conviction that their labours were useful in supplying the lack of service on the part of his own church, and in counteracting those abuses in her administration, which he never scrupled on any proper occasion to confess and deplore.

It is well known that Dr Thomson belonged to that party in the Church of Scotland, which has defended the rights of the people in opposition to the rigorous enforcement of the law of patronage; and in advocating this cause in the Church Courts he, for many years, displayed his unrivalled talents as a public speaker, sustained by an intrepidity which was unawed by power, and a fortitude which was proof against overwhelming majorities. Of late years, he has devoted a great portion of his labours to the defence of the pure circulation of the Scriptures, and the emancipation of the degraded negroes in the West Indies; and in both causes he has displayed his characteristic ability, zeal for truth, and uncompromising and indignant reprobation of every species of dishonesty, injustice, and oppression. His exertions in behalf of the doctrines and standards of the Church, against some recent heresies and delusions, afford an additional proof, not only of his unwearied zeal in behalf of that sacred cause to which he devoted all his energies, but of his readiness, at all times, to "contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints."

Great as Dr Thomson's popularity was—and few men in his sphere of life ever rose so high in popular favour—he was not exposed to the woe denounced against those “of whom all men speak well.” He had his detractors and enemies, who waited for his halting, and were prepared to magnify and blazon his faults. Of him it may be said, as of another Christian patriot, no man ever loved or hated him moderately. This was the inevitable consequence of his great talents, and the rough contests in which he was involved. His generous spirit raised him above envy and every jealous feeling, but it made him less tolerant of those who displayed these mean vices. When convinced of the justice of a cause, and satisfied of its magnitude, he threw his whole soul into it, summoned all his powers to its defence, and assailed its adversaries, not only with strong arguments, but with sharp, pointed, and poignant sarcasm; but unless he perceived insincerity, malignity, or perverseness, his own feelings were too acute and too just to permit him gratuitously to wound those of others. That his zeal was always reined by prudence,—that his ardour of mind never hurried him to a precipitate conclusion, or led him to magnify the subject in debate,—that his mind was never warped by party feeling,—and that he never indulged the love of victory, or sought to humble a teasing or pragmatic adversary, are positions which his true friends will not maintain. But his ablest opponents will admit, that in all the great questions in which he distinguished himself, he acted conscientiously; that he was an open, manly, and honourable adversary; and that, though he was sometimes intemperate, he was never disingenuous. Dr Thomson was by constitution a reformer; he felt a strong sympathy with those great men who, in a former age, won renown, by assailing the hydra of error, and of civil and religious tyranny, and his character partook of theirs. In particular, he bore no inconsiderable resemblance to Luther, both in excellencies and defects; his leonine nobleness and potency, his masculine eloquence, his facetiousness and pleasantry, the fondness which he shewed for the fascinating charms of music, and the irritability and vehemence which he occasionally exhibited, to which some will add, the necessity which this imposed on him to make retractions, which, while they threw a partial shade over his fame, taught his admirers the needful lesson, that he was a man subject to like passions and infirmities with others. But the fact is, though hitherto known to few, and the time is now come for revealing it, that some of those effusions which were most objectionable, and exposed him to the greatest obloquy, were neither composed by Dr Thomson, nor seen by him until they were published to the world; and that, in one instance, which has been the cause of the most unsparing abuse, he paid the expenses of a prosecution, and submitted to make a public apology, for an offence of which he was innocent as the child unborn, rather than give up the name of the friend who was morally responsible for the deed;—an example of generous self-devotion which has few parallels.

To his other talents, Dr Thomson added a singular capacity for business, which not only qualified him for taking an active part in Church Courts, but rendered him highly useful to those public charities of which the clergy of Edinburgh are official managers, and to the different voluntary societies with which he was connected. This caused unceasing demands on his time and exertions, which, joined to his other labours, were sufficient to wear out the most robust constitution, and he at last sunk under their weight.

In private life, Dr Thomson was every thing that is amiable and engaging. He was mild, and gentle, and cheerful;—deeply tender and acutely sensitive in his strongest affections; most faithful and true in his attachments of friendship—kind-hearted and indulgent to all with whom he had intercourse. In him the lion and the lamb may be said to have met together. But it was around his own family hearth, and in the circle of his intimate acquaintances, that Dr Thomson was delightful. It was equally natural in him to play with a child, and to enter the lists with a practised polemic. He could be gay without levity, and grave without moroseness. His frank and bland manners, the equable flow of his cheerfulness and good humour, and the information which he possessed on almost every subject, made his company to be courted by persons of all classes. He could mix with men of the world without compromising his principles, or lowering his character as a minister of the gospel; and his presence was enough to repress any thing which had the semblance of irreligion. His firmness to principle, when he thought principle involved, whatever of the appearance of severity it may have presented to those who saw him only as a public character, had no taint of harshness in his private life; and, unbending as he certainly was in principle, he never failed to receive with kindness what was addressed to his reason in the spirit of friendship. It may indeed be said with truth, that, great as were his public merits, and deplorable the public loss in his death, to those who had the happiness to live with him in habits of intimacy, the deepest and the bitterest feeling still is, in the separation from a man who possessed so many of the finest and most amiable sensibilities of the human heart.

The loss of such a man, and at such a time, is incalculable. His example and spirit had a wholesome and refreshing, an exhilarating and elevating, influence on the society in which he moved; and even the agitation which he produced when he was in his stormy moods, was salutary, like the hurricane, (his own favourite image, and the last which he employed in public,) purifying the moral atmosphere, and freeing it from the selfishness, and duplicity, and time-serving, with which it was overcharged.

Dr Thomson was born in June 1778, and was ordained in the year 1802. He has left a widow and seven children, of whom five are daughters.

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VOL. XXIX.

A STORY OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

It is a fact well known to those versed in the annals of illustrious British families, that, after the death of Mary Queen of Scots, there was still another accomplished young lady, who was an only child, and so nearly related to both the English and Scottish crowns that Elizabeth became restlessly jealous of her, and consulted with the timid James by what means the young lady might be prevented from having a legitimate offspring. James, entering keenly into the same feelings, urged Elizabeth to claim her as a royal ward, and then, having her under her own eye, she might readily find means, on some plausible pretence or other, to prevent her from marrying. Elizabeth acquiesced, and forthwith sent a message to that effect. The young lady, little knowing with whom she had to do, would willingly have gone to the court of her cousin, the English queen; but neither her mother, step-father, nor guardian, would permit it. And though the answer they returned to the Queen was humble and subservient, there was one intimation in it which cut Elizabeth to the heart, and prompted her to the most consummate means of revenge: it was, that the young lady was placed by her father's will under noble guardians in Scotland, who would not suffer the sole owner of two earldoms, and the *presumptive heir of two crowns*, to be removed from under their charge. This roused the

jealousy of the old vixen into perfect delirium, and from that moment she resolved on having the young lady cut off privately.

These being known and established facts, the following story will easily be traced by a few to the real actors and sufferers; but, at the same time, I judge it incumbent on me to change the designation of the family and of the castle in some degree, that the existing relatives, numerous and noble, may not be apparent to every reader.

Shortly after this message, there came into Scotland, by King James's permission, a party of Englishmen, with a stud of fine horses for sale. They lingered in the vicinity of Acremoor castle (as we shall denominate it) for a good while, shewing their fine horses here and there; and one of them, on pretence of exhibiting a fine Spanish jennet to the young lady, got admittance to the castle, and had several conversations with the mother and daughter, both together and separately.

At the same period, there came to a farm-house on the Acremoor estate, late one evening, a singular old woman, who pretended to be subject to fits, to be able to tell fortunes, and predict future events. Her demeanour and language had a tint of mystical sublimity about them, which interested the simple folks greatly; and they kept her telling fortunes and prophesying great part of the

night. Among other things, after a grand fit, she exclaimed, "Ah! is it so? Is it so? How came I to this place to-night to be the herald of treachery and misfortune! The topmost bough of the noble tree must be lopped off, and the parent stem fall in the dust! Woe is me! The noble and beautiful! The noble and beautiful! Curses on the head of the insatiable wretch!" And with such ravings she continued, till suddenly she disappeared.

There lived in the castle a very pretty girl, named Lucy Lumsdaine. She was the young lady's foster-sister, her chief waiting-maid and confidant, and there subsisted a strong attachment between them. That very night, about midnight, or, as some alleged, considerably after it, Lucy raised such an alarm in the castle as roused the terrified sleepers with a vengeance. She ran from one room to another, screaming out Murder! and after the menials were aroused and assembled together, the poor girl was so dreadfully affected that she could scarce make herself intelligible. But then she had such a story to deliver! She heard some strange sounds in the castle, and could not sleep, but durst not for her life leave her chamber in the darkness. She kept constantly listening at her key-hole, or looking from her lattice. She at one time heard her young lady sobbing, as she thought, till her heart was like to burst; and then the door of the catacomb beside the dungeon open and shut; then heavy steps moving stealthily to and fro; and finally, long after, she saw a man leap out at a window on the ground-floor, and take the dead body of her young mistress on his back in a sack, and retreat with hasty steps towards the churchyard. She saw one arm and the head outside the sack, and the beautiful long hair hanging down; and she was convinced and certain that her young lady was ravished and murdered by an English horse-jockey.

The ladies were both amissing. They had never been in their beds, and what to do the terrified inmates knew not; but, in the plenitude of their wisdom, they judged it best to proceed in a body to the churchyard, and seize the murderer before he got the body buried, and wreak ample

vengeance on him. When they arrived at the burial-ground, there was nobody there, nor any thing uncommon to be seen, save an open grave newly made, into which not one of them dared to look, pretending that they knew for whom it was made. They then returned home contented after this great exertion. Indeed, what could they do, as no trace of the ladies was heard of?

There was little cognizance taken of such matters in that reign; but on this occasion there was none. King James, perhaps, either knew of or suspected the plot, and kept quiet; and the only person who made a great outcry about it was poor Lucy, who tried all that she could to rouse the vassals to enquiry and revenge; and so far prevailed, that proclamation was made at the pier of Leith and the cross of Edinburgh, and rewards offered for the apprehension of those who had carried the ladies off, and kept them in concealment. Murder was not mentioned, as a thing not to be suspected.

But behold, in a few days, Lucy also disappeared, the great mover of all this; and her sweetheart, Alexander Graham, and her only brother Lowry, with many other relations among the peasantry, were left quite inconsolable, and knew not what course to take. They had resolved to take vengeance in their own hands, could they have discovered whither to have directed it; but the plot had been laid beyond their depth.

The old witch-wife about this time returned, and having obtained universal confidence from her prophetic ravings about the topmost bough being lopped off, and the parent stem, and the noble and the beautiful, &c. &c. So, at the farmer's request, she was placed by David Dallas, the steward on the estate, in a little furnished cottage, a sort of winter resting-place for the noble family, near a lin in the depth of the wood; and there she lived, feared and admired, and seldom approached, unless perchance by a young girl who wished to consult her about a doubtful sweetheart.

After sundry consultations, however, between Alexander Graham, Lucy's betrothed sweetheart, and Lowry Lumsdaine, her only brother, it was resolved that the latter should

go and consult the sibyl concerning the fate of Lucy. One evening, near the sun-setting, Lowry, taking a present of a deer's-ham below his plaid, went fearfully and rapidly away to the cot in the lin. That his courage might not eventually fail him, he whistled one while and sung another, "Turn the blue bonnet wha can;" but in spite of all he could do, heavy qualms of conscience sometimes came over him, and he would say to himself, "'Od, after a', gin I thought it was the deil or ony o' his awgents that she dealt wi', shame fa' me gin I wadna turn again yet!"

Lowry, however, reached the brink of the bank opposite the cottage, and peeping through the brambles, beheld this strange being sitting in a little green arbour beside the cottage, dressed in an antique and fantastic mode, and, as it appeared to him, employed in plucking leaves and flowers in pieces. She sometimes cast her eyes up to heaven, and then wiped them, as if she had been weeping. "Alas! poor creature!" said Lowry to himself, "wha kens what she may hae suffered i' this wicked warld! She may hae lost an only daughter or an only son, as I hae dune an only sister, and her losses may hae injured her reason. Aye, I hae little doubt, now when I see her, but that has been the case; an' that's the way how she sees intil hidden mysteries an' events. For it is weel kend that when God bereaves o' ae sense, he always supplies another, and that aften of a deeper and mair incomprehensible nature. I'll venture down the brae, and hear what she says. —How's a' wi' ye, auld lucky o' the lin?—Gude-e'en t'ye. What's this you are studying sae seriously the night?"

"I'm studying whether a she-fox or a wild-boar is the more preferable game, and whether it would be greater glory to run down the one with my noble blood-hounds, or wile the other into a gin. Do you take me, Mr Lumsdaine?"

"Lord sauf us! she kens my name even, an' that without ever seeing me afore. I thought aye that we twa might be auld acquaintances, lucky, an' see what I hae brought ye in a present. It will be ill for making you dry, but ye're no far frae the burn here."

"You have been a simple, good-natured fool all your life, Lowry; I can perceive that, though I never saw your face before. But I take no gifts or rewards. Leave your venison, for it is what I much wanted, and here are two merks for it. Do as I bid you, else you will rue it."

"Aih! gudeness, d'ye say sae? Gie me a haud o' the siller then. It will sune turn into sklait-stanes at ony rate; sae it will make sma' odds to ony o' us. But, gude forgie us, lucky, what war ye saying about hunting? Ye may hunt lang ere ye start a wild-boar here, or a she-fox either, as I wad trow; sae an ye wad tell me ony thing, it maunna be in parables."

"Aye, but there's a she-fox that sees us when we dinna see her, and whose cruel eye can pick out the top chickens of the covey, and yet they cannot all suffice her insatiable thirsting after blood. She reminds me of the old song, to which I request your attention. It will tell you much:—

1.

"The boar he would a-wooling go,
To a mistress of command,
And he's gone away to the lady fox,
And proffer'd her his hand.
'You're welcome here, Lord Bruin,' she
says,
'You're welcome here to me;
But ere I lie into your den,
You must grant me favours three.'

2.

"'Yes—favours three I will grant to
thee,
Be these whate'er they may,
For there is not a beast in the fair forest
That dares with me to play.
Then bid me bring the red deer's heart,
Or nombles of the hind,
To be a bridal supper meet,
Fitting my true love's mind.'

3.

"'O no, O no,' said the lady fox,
'These are no gifts for me;
But there are three birds in fair Scotland,
All sitting on one tree;
And I must have the heart of one,
And the heads of the other two.
And then I will go, for well or woe,
To be a bride to you.'

4.

"Now woe be to that vile she-fox,
The worst of this world's breed,

For the bonny, bonny birds were reaved
away,
And doom'd by her to bleed ;
And she tied the boar up by the neck,
And he hung till he was dead."

As she sung these verses with wild vehemence, Lowry looked on and listened with mingled terror and admiration, trying to make something out of them relating to the subject nearest his heart; but he could not, although convinced that they bore some allusion to the subject. "I am convinced, lucky, that ye hae a swatch o' a' things, past, present, an' to come," said he; "for ye hae foretold some wonderfu' things already. But I can mak naething o' sic wild rants as this, an' unless ye speak to me in plain, braid Scots, I'll never be a bawbee's worth the wiser."

"Because, Lowry, that head of yours is as opaque as a millstone. Kneel down there, and I'll throw a little glamour over you, which will make you see a thousand things which are invisible to you now."

"Na, na, lucky! Nane o' your cantrips wi' me. I'm as feared for you as ye war a judge o' death an' life afore me. I just came to ask you a few rational questions. Will you answer them?"

"Perhaps I may, when I get a rational being to converse with. But did it ever strike that goblet head of yours, that it formed any part or portion of the frame of such a being?"

"But then, lucky, I hae nature at my heart, an' that should be respectit by the maist gifted body that exists. Now, as I am fully convinced that ye hae a kind o' dim view of a' that's gaun on *aneath* the heaven—as for ony farrer, that's rather a dirdum—we maunna say ought about that—But aince for a', can ye tell me ought about my dear sister Lucy?"

"Alas, poor fellow! There, indeed, my feelings correspond with yours. Can it be that the rudest part of the creation is the most affectionate? Yes, yes, it must be so. From the shaggy polar bear to the queen upon the throne, there is one uniform and regular gradation of natural affection. In that most intense and delightful quality of the human heart, the lowest are the highest, and the highest the lowest; and hence—

forth will I rather ensconce myself among nature's garbage than snuffle the hateful atmosphere of heartless indifference and corruption. Why did it behove poor Lucy to suffer with her betters? Her rank glittered not in the fox's eye. But the day of retribution may come, and the turtle-dove return to her mate. There is small hope, but there is hope; such a villain can never sit secure. Mark what I say, hind—

'When the griffin shall gape from the
top of Goat-Fell,
And the falcon and eagle o'er Scorbeck
shall yell,
When the dead shall arise, and be seen by
the river,
And the gift, with disdain, be return'd
to the giver,
Then you shall meet Lucy more lovely
than ever.'

Now leave me, good hind, leave me; for a hand will come and lead me in, which it is not meet you should see. But ponder on what I have told you."

Lowry was not slow in obeying the injunction, not knowing what might appear to lead her in; and as he trudged homeward, he conversed thus with himself:—"She's a terrible auld wife that! an' has something about her far aboon the common run o' women, wha are for the maist part great gouks, for as bonny an' as glib-tongued as they are. But here is an auld grim wrinkled lucky, wha, forby good sense, an' right feeling, has a tint o' sublimity about her that's perfectly grand. May they no as weel be good spirits as evil anes that she converses wi'? If ane could but trow that, what a venerable creature she wad be! She bids me ponder on her rhymes, but I can make naething o' them. That last ane refers to something they ca' coats wi' arms that the gentles hae, an' sounded like a thing where there was some hope, save ae bit o't, 'when the dead shall arise.' When she came to that, oho! that's rather a dirdum, thinks I, and lost hope, and I'm now fairly convinced that my young lady an' sister are baith murdered; for I dreamed ae night that the spirit o' my dead mother came to me an' tauld me, that they were baith murdered by this new lord, and sunk wi' sackfu's o' stanes in the Acremoor Loch.

Now, O what heart can stand sic a thought as that !”

All the three females being thus lost without the least trace of any of them having been discovered, shortly thereafter an heir appeared, with a patent from King James for the estates, but not the titles ; and he took forthwith uninterrupted possession. He was a sullen and gloomy person ; and though at first he tried to ingratiate himself with his people, by giving to the poor, and employing many day-labourers, yet every one who could shunned his presence, which seemed to shed a damp and a chilliness over the human heart. At his approach the schoolboys left the play-green, retiring in detached and listless groups, till the awe-inspiring look scowled no more upon them. The laugh along the hay-field ceased at his approach, and the song of the reaper was hushed. He was styled Sir Herbert ; but Sir Herbert soon found that his reign was likely to become an uneasy one. For word coming to Acremoor that he had been expressly sent for by Queen Elizabeth, and having waited on her, left her on some private commission for Scotland shortly before the disappearance of the young heiress and her mother ; then it was that an indefinable sensation of horror began to inspire all ranks in that district. Their young lady's claim to both crowns was well known, and often boasted of among her vassals, and they dreaded that some dark and infamous deed had been committed, yet they wist not by what means to implicate their new and detested master, whom they thenceforward regarded as either a murderer, or an accomplice of murderers, and disclaimed allegiance to him.

The government of Scotland was at that time very inefficient, the aristocracy having quite the ascendancy ; and between the chief and his vassals there was no interference, his will being the supreme law among them, from which there was rarely any appeal. But with regard to who was their rightful chief, to whom they were bound to yield this obedience, that power the vassals kept in their own hands, and it was a right that was well looked into. Of course, at this very time, there was a meeting among the retainers and chief tacks-

men on these extensive domains, to consult whether or not it was consistent with honour and propriety to pay their rents to this upstart chief, while their late lord and master's only daughter was probably still in life, and might require double payment from every one of them ; and it was decided unanimously, that unless a full explanation of his rights was laid before them, they would neither pay him rent nor obedience in future ; so that at this time Sir Herbert found his vassals in open and avowed rebellion. It was in vain that he showed them his titles of recognition by the king ; the men answered, that their young lady's rights and titles never had been forfeited ; and, without a charter from her, they denied his rights of inheritance. They said farther, that they would take no single man's word or oath that their lady was dead, and they were determined to preserve her rights till they had sufficient proof *where* she died, *how* she died, and *where* she was buried.

While the chief vassals were thus interesting themselves more and more about the fate of their young lady, Lowry and Graham were no less perplexed about that of their beloved Lucy. The former had again and again waited on the sibyl, with whose wandering and visionary aspirations he was mightily taken ; and having attended her by appointment early one morning, the following dialogue concluded their conversation :

“ But I hae been thinkin', dear lucky, what's to come o' you, gin ye tak your death here,—for ye ken that maun come some time ; an' there's naebody to tak care o' ye, to gie ye a drink, or haud your head, or to close your een, whan ye gang away.”

“ Fear not for me, honest lad, for I am resolved to die beneath the open eye of heaven, with my eyes open upon it, that I may feel the odours of paradise descending from it, and breathing their sweet influence over my soul ; for there is a living animating spirit breathes over the open face of nature, of which mine forms an item ; and when I breathe it away at the last, it shall be into the pure elastic element.”

Lowry was so struck with this, that he stepped aside, and exclaimed

to himself, "Now, wha could suspect sic a woman as that for a witch? The thing's impossible! There's something heavenly about her! Breathe her soul into an element! I wonder what an element is! Aha, there's the dirdum!—Dear lucky, gin it be your will, what is an element?"

"Now, what do you think it is, honest Lumpy?"

"I'm rather in a dirdum; but I think it is a great muckle beast without joints." Then aside, "Hout, that canna be it neither, for how could she breathe her soul into a great unfarranted beast?"

"What is that you are muttering to yourself, fool? It is an elephant you are wrestling with. The elements are the constituent parts of nature. Fire is the primeval and governing one."

"Aih! gudeness preserve us! that's ten times waur than a muckle beast! Then she is a witch after a'; an' when she dies, she's gaun to breathe her soul into fire. That gars a' the hairs o' my head creep; I wish I were away. But dear, dear lucky, ye haena tauld me ought about Lucy as yet, or whether she be dead or living?"

"I have never seen her spirit. But death's safest to hide the crimes of a villain.—

There's villainy at the heart, young man;
There's blood upon the head;

But the worms that he would tread upon,
Shall lay him with the dead!"

Lowry was little or nothing the wiser of this wild rhapsody, and went away to his work with a heavy heart. But that day one of the most singular incidents befel to him that ever happened to mortal man. Lowry was draining a meadow on the side of Acremoor Loch, and often wishing in his heart that Lucy's fate might be revealed to him one way or another, when, all at once, he felt a strange overpowering heat come over him, and on looking about to see from whence it proceeded, there was his mother standing close by his side. "Gudeness preserve us, mother!" cried Lowry; "whereaway are ye gaun? or what has brought you here?"

"O fie, Lowry, whaten questions are these to ask at your mother? Where can a mother gang, or where

should a mother gang, but to her only son? Ye maybe thought I was dead, Lowry, but ye see I'm no dead."

"I see sae indeed, mother, an' glad am I to see you lookin' sae weel an' sae bien. But stand a wee bit farrer aff, an' it be your will, for there's a heat about ye that's like to skomfish me."

"Na, na, Lowry lad, ye're no sae easily skomfished; ye'll hae to stand a hantle mair heat than this yet. But tell me now, son, are you just gaun to delve and howk away a' your days there, an' never think o' revenging the death o' your dear sister?"

"Why, the truth is, mother, that that's rather a dirdum; for we canna discover, neither by witchery nor warlockry, what has come ower her, or wha to revenge her death on; or, my certy! but they wad get their dickens!"

"Dear Lowry, didna I tell ye lang syne that she was murdered an' sunk in the Acremoor Loch in a sackfu' o' stanes, an' that exactly opposite to the place where we stand."

"Weel, mother, in the first place, I think I *do* mind o' you telling me this afore; but in the next place, as to where I am to find her, that's rather a dirdum, for ye ken twa things or twa places are always right opposite ane anither. Sae unless ye can gie me a third mark, I may fish in that great braid loch for my sister an' her sackfu' o' stanes for a towmont."

"Then, Lowry, do you see yon willow-tree on the ither side o' the loch? yon lang sma' tree that stands by itsell, bent i' the tap, and wantin' branches?"

"Aye, weel aneugh, mither."

"Then, exactly in a line between this spot, and yon willow-tree, will you find the corpse o' your sister an' her lady, my other dear bairn, sunk in that loch wi' sackfu's o' stanes tied to their necks. Didna I tell you a' this afore, Lowry?"

"Aha, lucky, but I didna believe ye, for, d'ye ken, I never had muckle to lippen to your word a' my life,—for as for telling ane the even down truth, that never aince cam into your head. I winna say that ye didna sometimes tell the truth, but then it was merely by chance; an' for that very reason, I'm a wee doubtfu' o' the story still, it is sae unnatural for

a man to murder twa bonny young creatures, an' sink them into a loch, wi' a sackfu' o' stanes tied to their necks. Now, be sure o' what ye say, mother, for life and death depend on it. Did ye see them murdered an' sunk in that loch wi' your ain bodily een?"

"Baith, baith, by your new laird's ain hands! He is the villain and the murderer!"

"Then, mother, off goes his head, an' on the clay dumpling—that's settled. Or how wad it do to rack his neck to him? But for mercy's sake, stand a wee bit farrer off, an it be your will—for I declare there's a heat about you like a fiery furnace. Odsake, stand back, or I'll be baith suffocat an' roasted in five minutes."

"O Lowry, Lowry! my dear son Lowry!" exclaimed the old wife, clasping him round the neck, and smothering him with kisses of the most devouring heat. Lowry belowed out most lustily, laying on both with feet and hands, and then added, "Od, I declare she has downed me, the auld roodess, and smothered me, an' roasted me into the bargain! I'll never do mair good! Mither, where are you? Mither, what's become o' you? Hillock, mither! where awa are ye gane? Gude forgie me, gin this disna ding a' things that ever happened in this world! This is beyond the comprehension o' man!"

Gentle reader, honest Lowry had all this time been sound asleep, with a burning sun beating on him. He had sat down on the edge of his drain to rest himself, and ponder on the loss of his sister, and, laying his broad shoulders back upon the flowery meadow, had fallen asleep, while in the meantime, the heat of the day had increased to such a pitch, that when he awoke from the struggle with his mother, his face and breast were all blistered, and the perspiration pouring from his ample sides like water. But the identity of his mother, and the reality of her personal presence, were so strongly impressed on his mind, and every thing having been so particularly related to him, he believed all as a real vision. He could work no more that day, but there he sat panting and conversing with himself in something like the following style:—

"Was there ever aught like my stupidity, no to remember a' the time that my mother was dead? an' yet that never ance cam into my head, although she gae me a hint about it. I saw her dee wi' my ain ee, saw her nailed in the coffin—aye, an' laid her head mysell in a deep grave, an' saw the mools heapit on her, an' the green sods aboon a'; an' yet never to remember that the grave separated her an' me—that the great valley o' the shadow o' death lay between us! Wow me, but there be mony strange things in nature! things that a body's comprehension canna fathom, if it should rax out its arms till they crack. It was my mother's spirit that spak to me, there can be nae doubts about that, an' it maun hae been my spirit, when I was in a dead sleep, that spak to her again; for spirits hae nae comprehension o' death. Let me now consider what's to be done, for I can work nae mair at my handiwork. She has tauld me that our new laird is a villain and a murderer. May I take this for gospel? Can I seriously believe this to be true? It is rather a dirdum that. Not that I think my mither's spirit wad come frae the ither world to tell me an e'endown lee; but then it may hae been mista'en. It strikes me that the spirit o' nae mortal erring creature can be infallible. They may see wrang wi' their mental een as easily as I may do wi' my mortal anes. They may hear wrang, an' they may judge wrang, for they canna be present everywhere, an' maun aften see an' hear at a distance. An' whether ane is warrantit in taking justice into his ain hands on sic information, is mair than I can compass.—I have it! I'll drag for the bodies, an' if I find them, I'll take the rest for grantit."

Lowry now began to settle his land-marks, by setting up a coil of sods on the place where he slept, but the willow-tree on the other side he could not discover. He then went and communicated the whole to Graham, who agreed at once that they ought to drag for the bodies, but not let any one know what they were about, or on what grounds they had proceeded.

The next morning they were out early with a boat and grappling irons; but the loch being broad and deep,

they found, that without discovering the willow-tree, it was a hopeless and endless task. But as soon as Sir Herbert rose and discovered, he sent express orders for them to come instantly ashore, which, when they did, he was exceedingly wroth with them, ordering all the boats to be chained up and secured with padlocks, and even threatened to fire on the first vagabonds he saw out on the lake disturbing his fisheries.

But this injunction proved only a new incentive to the young men to persevere; for they were now assured that all was not right, for the loch had hitherto been free to all the parish, and over it they had been accustomed to ferry their fuel, and all other necessities. The two friends spent the remainder of that day searching for the willow-tree among all the hedges and ditches on the south side of the lake; but willow-tree they could find none. Towards the evening they came to a single willow stem on the verge of the loch, a mere twig, not exceeding four feet in length, and as they passed it, Graham chanced to say carelessly, "There is a willow, but oh! it will be lang afore it be a tree!" Lowry turned round and looked eagerly at it. "That's it, that's it! That's the verra tree!" cried he. "How that should be the tree is rather a dir-dum; but things are a' gane ayont my comprehension now. Wow me, but a spirit's ee does magnify a thing terribly, for that willow was ten times as big when I saw it in my vision. Nae the less, it is the same, the very same, I ken it by its lang stalk without branches, an' its bend at the tap." There the two set up their landmark, and, the night being a summer night, and moonlight, they soon procured a boat, and began dragging in a line between the marks. They had not dragged ten minutes ere the grapple fixed in some movable body, which they began a-heaving upward, with strange looks in each other's faces. Lowry at last stopped the windlass, and addressing his friend in a tremulous voice, said, "Wad it no be better to stop till we hae daylight, an' mae een to see this sight? I'm feared my heart canna stand it i' the moonlight. The thoughts o' seeing my dear sister's

corpse a' riddled wi' the eels, an' disfigured, an' a sackfu' o' stanes tied to her neck, are like to put me beside mysell."

"I hae something o' the same sort o' feeling," said Graham. "But I wadna like to bring out a' the folks in the morning merely on suspicion that this is a corpse, whereas it is maybe only a log o' wood."

"Weel, weel, if ye will bring it aboon I shall reel the windlass," said Lowry; "only ye're to allow me to turn my face the tither gate." On this arrangement they proceeded, until Graham was assured, by sensible demonstration, that it was a human carcass tied in a sack, and sunk with a weight! They then let it go, and tying the boat-bunker to the end of the rope for a buoy, went ashore, to consult what was next best to be done.

Early in the morning they had a number of their friends assembled at the side of the lake. But the late offence taken by the lord of the manor at the two friends, and his threat of firing upon any who should venture out on his fishing-ground, induced all the friends present to counsel the asking of his liberty. A deputation accordingly waited on Sir Herbert, who requested permission to drag the lake for some bodies which were suspected to have been sunk there. But without deigning any answer to the men, he, to their astonishment, that moment ordered out a body of his people, and at their head, hasted down to the side of the loch, driving the assembled friends off with blows and threats, and then left a guard of seven men with fire-arms, to guard the boats and the loch in general.

The two young men were now assured of the truth of the vision, but said nothing of it to their friends, who were all astonished at their laird's unreasonable conduct. Lowry and his friend were convinced of his heinous guilt, and determined not to give it up; but they knew not how to proceed, for there was no sheriff in the county, that office having been hereditary in their chief's family; so that if Sir Herbert was the real heir, he was likewise sheriff.

But it so happened that John Earl of Montrose, the king's viceroy for

Scotland, was at that time in the vicinity, taking infestment of some new grants of land, and he had likewise some of the principal official people of the country along with him. To him, therefore, the young men went, and told him all the story from the beginning, including Lucy's tale of the murder of their young lady. The Lord Viceroy was a good as well as great man. He had been a Lord of Session, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, and was now raised as high as a subject could be raised, being his sovereign's Viceroy, and acting by his authority. He was greatly taken with the young men's candour and simplicity, perceived that they were serious, and had too much discernment not to see that there was something wrong with this upstart; knowing, as he well did, the powerful and relentless enemy the late heiress had in Queen Elizabeth, and that the present possessor was her tool. It was probably on some previous knowledge of these events, that, at the very first, he entered strenuously into the enquiry; but when he asked the two friends who it was that told them where the bodies were deposited, they refused to tell, saying they were not at liberty to mention that.

Without pressing them farther, he accompanied the young men to Acremoor Castle, taking his official friends along with him. It may well be supposed that Sir Herbert was a little surprised by this unceremonious visit from the Lord Viceroy; he, however, put on a bold and hardy look, welcoming the party to his castle, and inviting them to alight and enter it, which they declined, till they saw the issue of the affair on which they had come. Montrose then asked him sternly his reasons for preventing the young man from searching for the body of his only sister, and the vassals for that of their lady? He answered, that it was all a pretence, in order to get opportunities to destroy the salmon; that he heard the scoundrels had been out by night, and he determined to check them in time. The Viceroy answered, that, by virtue of his authority, he not only granted warrant for the search, but had come with his friends to witness the issue, and examine the evidences. Sir

Herbert bowed assent, and said, as long as his Highness was present, no depredation on his preserved fishing-ground could take place, only he requested him not to leave any such warrant behind him. He then furnished them with boats, but refused to accompany them himself on what he called such a frivolous expedition.

The Viceroy and his friends, however, went all out in several barges—for he had been too long a judge not to perceive the truth, though told to him in simple guise. Of course they at once brought up the one body, to which the buoy was attached, and found it to be that of a female, wrapped in a fine winding-sheet, and then put into a sack, with her head towards the bottom, and sunk with a large stone, and an iron ring in it. The stone was at once recognised by all the old vassals as one that had belonged to the castle dairy, but the identity of the body was uncertain. It was not greatly decayed, having been sunk among mud in the bottom of the lake; and all the stranger gentlemen thought it might have been recognised by intimate acquaintances. But it was manifest that a great uncertainty prevailed, as some thought it the body of their young lady, some that of Lucy, and more thought it neither. Even Lowry and Graham both hesitated, notwithstanding of the extraordinary information they had received, and its no less extraordinary accuracy.

The party continued to drag on, and at length actually fished up another female corpse, similarly disposed of in every respect, save that it was sunk by a leaden weight, which was likewise known to have been appended to the castle gate. The bodies were conveyed to a barn in the village, and all the inhabitants of the castle and its vicinity were summoned to attend on the instant, before the bodies were corroded by the action of the atmosphere, and the suspected murderer was obliged to attend, like a culprit, among the rest.

Strange as it may appear, though all the people suspected that the two bodies were those of their young lady and Lucy, not one of them would swear to the special identity of either. The Viceroy was fully convinced in his own mind that they

were the bodies of the two young females. He made it clear that these two had been murdered at the castle about the time these ladies disappeared, and if no other person in the neighbourhood was missing, the presumption was strong that the bodies were either those of the mother and daughter, or those of the latter and her foster-sister. Nevertheless, for all this clear and explicit statement, not one would swear to the identity of either. The Viceroy then stated, that as no criminality attached to any one from all that he was able to elicit, nothing more remained to be done, but to give the bodies decent interment, and leave the murderers to the judgment of the Almighty. When he had proceeded thus far, Lowry stepped up and addressed him as follows:—

“ My Lord, the maist part o’ the fo’ks here *think* that these bodies are the bodies o’ mysister and her young mistress; an’ if ye wad swear us a’, we wad swear to that purpose. But ye see, my Lord, death makes an awfu’ change on the human face and frame, and waste and decay mair. But as ye hae gi’en up the murderer to the judgment o’ Heaven, to the judgment o’ Heaven I make appeal. There is an auld law o’ nature, or rather o’ Divine Providence, which I can depend on; and I humbly request that it may be tried: if these are the bodies o’ my sister and young mistress, the murderer is among us. [At this word, Lowry lifted his eyes to one which he had no right to do.] Now, wad ye just order every ane present to touch these bodies, it wad gie a great satisfaction to my heart, an’ the hearts o’ mony mae than me.”

The Viceroy smiled at the seriousness of the demand, but added, “ If such a direct appeal to the justice of God can give satisfaction to the minds of friends and relatives, the process is an easy one.” He then lifted up his hands, and prayed the Almighty to give a just judgment, and straight ordered that all present should pass between his friends and himself, arranged on each side, as witnesses that every one touched the bodies. Sir Herbert also ranked himself up among the gentlemen as one of the witnesses. The people passed, one by one, and touched the bodies; but they bled not. Lowry

and Graham, who had touched first, stood looking on with apathy until the close, when the Viceroy, ordering them forward as witnesses, first touched the bodies himself, then his friends, one by one, touched them, and last of all, Sir Herbert approached. Lowry’s eyes then gleamed with an unearthly ardour, from an internal assurance of Divine justice and retribution being instantly manifested, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, “ Now, now, now!” Sir Herbert fixed on him a look of rage and indignation—went forward and touched both bodies—No—neither of them gushed out a-bleeding, nor was there any supernatural appearance whatever.

Lowry’s elated eye sunk, and his heart was humbled, but it was to the will of Providence, for he lifted both his hands, and said, “ Well, it is past, and no more can be said! The will of the Lord be done! But as sure as there is a God in heaven, the murderer of these virgins shall not go down to his grave in peace, for their blood shall cry to their Creator from the ground, and his curse shall be upon the guilty heart for ever! They hae met wi’ a cruel and untimely death; but be who they may, I’ll lay them baith in my ain burial-place.”

Every heart bled for Lowry and his friend, and every tongue was muttering curses, not loud, but deep, on their new laird, whom all the old vassals both suspected and detested. And no sooner had Montrose left that quarter to preside in the Parliament at Perth, than Sir Herbert’s people began to shew symptoms, not only of dissatisfaction, but of open rebellion. Resolved to make an example of those most obnoxious to him, in order to strike others with terror, he warned seven tenants and feuars off the estate, against Friday next, Lowry and Alexander Graham’s father being among the number.

The community were amazed at these tyrannical proceedings, so different from the kind treatment they had been accustomed to receive. Accordingly, they seemed, by some mutual assent, to regard the mandate with disdain, and made no motions of removal, either previous to, or on the appointed day. As if glad of such an opportunity of revenge, and of manifesting his power, down came

Sir Herbert with his proper officers, and ordered all the furniture of the devoted families to be thrown to the door, and if not removed before night, to be burnt. The men did as they were ordered; and this work of devastation went on from morning till towards the evening, the women crying, beseeching, and uttering anathemas on the usurper, as they called him. He regarded them not otherwise than to mock them, and superintended the work the whole day, encouraging the tardy and relenting officers.

But while the women and children were thus bewailing their hard lot, there appeared a dogged resignation among the men, who sauntered about in pairs, regarding the aggressor often with grim smiles, as of satisfaction, which inflamed him still the more. They probably knew what he little dreamed of, that there was then in preparation for him a catastrophe, which, if it had not been kept on record in the family annals, would not gain credit at this distance of time. It was the effect of one of those bursts of popular indignation against oppression, which is most apt to break out when they have no other redress; and in this case, the provocation was double, for they regarded their oppressor as likewise the murderer of their rightful heiress.

But the term of lording it over the trusty vassals of an ancient and noble stock was concluded. About seven o'clock in the evening of the 23d of July, 1602, a body of armed men rushed from a barn, which, it appeared, they had entered by a back door. Some of them had their visors down, others their faces blackened, and concerning their numbers, there were many differences of opinion. But the main facts were well authenticated. They instantly surrounded Sir Herbert, seized him, and ordered him to prepare for instant death. At that fearful injunction, the nature of the villain and craven became manifest. He fell on his knees, and cried out, "Mercy, mercy!" He prayed, he tore his hair, and wept, braying out like a maniac. He proffered free remission of all debts—all offences. He even proffered to leave Scotland, and renounce all claim on the estate. "We'll make shorter wark wi' such a cursed claim as

yours," said they, and instantly put a running cord about his neck, and bore him on their arms into the barn, with ferocious alacrity, while he continued roaring out, "Murder, murder!" and "O mercy, mercy!" time about; but none pitied him, or came to the rescue. "Mercy!" cried they in derision; "such as you gave, so shall you have." With that, they threw the end of the rope over a high joist of the barn. A gigantic fellow, who seemed the leader of the gang, seized it; and wrapping it round both his hands, tightened it, and then asked his victim if he had no prayer to pray, and no confession to make?

"O yes, yes! I have, I have! I have a prayer to pray, and a confession to make," cried the wretch, glad to gain a little respite by any means, in hopes of some motion in his favour. "Grant me a reprieve, and I will confess all."

"Then in this world there is only one chance of a respite," said the gigantic chief, "which is, by confessing all that you know regarding the deaths of our young lady and her friend Lucy Lumsdaine."

"I will, I will!" cried he—"Only let me be heard before a tribunal of justice, and not be tried by masked assassins. This, however, I will confess, that my hands are guiltless of their blood."

"It is a lie!" said his accuser, fiercely; "and it is meet that such a ruffian go to hell with a lie on his tongue. Pull him up!"

"O no, no!" cried he in agony—"I tell you the truth. The hands of another assassin shed *their* blood. These hands are clean of it, as I shall answer at the tribunal above!" And so saying, he spread forth his hands towards heaven.

"It is a lie, I tell you, and a blasphemous one!" said the chief. "So either confess the whole truth, or here you go; for we know you for the Queen of England's agent, and guilty of their murder." So saying, he tightened the rope, and began to heave the guilty wretch from the ground.

"Stop, stop, master!" cried one; "perhaps he will yet confess the whole truth and live."

"Yes, yes! Hold, hold!" cried the culprit in the utmost desperation, seizing the rope with both hands, and

dragging it down to slacken it; "I will, I will! I will confess all and live. Did you not say *live*, friend? I long only to live until brought to a fair trial, and I *will* confess all. I swear then, by all that is sacred, that I did not murder the maidens. But to save my own life, and at the express command of my sovereign, whom I dared not disobey, I connived at it. They *were* murdered, and I saw them sunk in the place from whence they were taken."

"Then the corpses could not bleed," observed one, "since he was not the actual murderer. This is wonderful! The judgment of Heaven still is just!"

"So is that of Eachan M'Farlane!" cried the gigantic chief, who held the farther end of the rope, and in a moment he had the victim dangling round and round in the air, five feet from the ground. Then there was a great hubbub, some crying one thing and some another, and some madly trying to pull him down again, which finished his existence almost instantaneously. They then fastened the end of the cord, and leaving him hanging, they marched away in a body, going over the Burrow Swire in the evening, as if men from another district.

This singular violence was very little looked into. There was little intermeddling between chief and vassal in those days; and, moreover, it was probably shrewdly guessed from what high and dangerous source the removing of the heiress proceeded. Lowry and Graham were seized next day, but shortly released, it having been proven at once that they were not present, having been both engaged in loading a cart with furniture at the time the outrage took place, and totally ignorant of what was going on; and it is a curious fact, that there never was one of the perpetrators discovered, nor was any one of that district particularly suspected. A M'Farlane there was not in it; and it has, therefore, been often hinted that the vassals had bargained with that wild clan for a body of men to come down and rid them of their upstart tyrant.

That very evening, as a number of the retainers were going to remove the body from the barn, who should they see but the Countess Dowager,

their late young lady's mother, who had disappeared on the same night with her daughter, and whom they believed to have been murdered along with her; yet there she was standing at the door of the barn. True, there had been no confession made of her death, neither had it been revealed to Lowry in his vision. But she was missing with the rest, and the horror of the group may well be conceived when they beheld her standing watching the corpse of the murderer. She was recognised at once, and though she beckoned them onward, and moved forward slowly and majestically to meet them, this was a visitation they had not courage to abide, but retreated in a body to the castle. Still she advanced. It was the dusk of the evening, and as she approached the great front door that looked towards the lake, there were visages of dismay peeping from every window; and as the spectre entered the gate, there was a rush from the castle by the other entrance, which created a noise like thunder.

Great was the consternation that ensued; for from that moment no one durst enter the castle either by day or night, for there were wailings heard within it, and lights seen passing to and fro in the darkness of midnight. At length the old witch wife issued from her cot in the lin, and summoned Lowry and Graham, and several of the head families, to attend at the castle, and receive their Lady Dowager's commands, who was actually returned to her daughter's castle and estate, living, and in good health. But the warning, coming as it did from such an equivocal source, remained unattended to for a time, the people believing it was the Countess's spirit, not herself, till she shewed herself walking about publicly, and then the servants and retainers gathered to her, and obeyed her as in former times.

As she did not reveal to any one where she had been, so no one took it on him to enquire. But she told them that her grief and perplexity had never till then reached its height, for until the dying confession of the wretch whom she knew to be the accredited agent of a tigress, she had strong hopes that her daughter was alive. But that confession had changed her fondest hopes to the deepest

sorrow; and she durst not set a foot in England while Queen Elizabeth lived, nor yet remain in Scotland, save in concealment, therefore she thought of proceeding to Flanders.

While things were in this confusion at the castle, who should make his appearance in the vicinity, but the identical horse-jockey who was *known* to have been the murderer of the young lady their mistress, and suspected likewise to have made away with poor Lucy, the only witness of his atrocities. The fellow now came in grand style, having livery servants attending him; and he was dispatching messengers backwards and forwards to England every day. He had even the effrontery to ride openly about, and make many enquiries of the state of affairs about the castle, supposing, as the vassals judged, that in his new and grand capacity he was not recognised. But his features had left among them an impression of horror not to be obliterated. Every one who had seen him on the former occasion, knew him, and none better than Alexander Graham.

A consultation was called of all the principal retainers, on which it appeared that every one suspected another English plot, but neither knew what it was, nor how to frustrate it. No one who has not heard the traditional story, or consulted the annals of that family, will guess what was resolved on at that meeting. Simply this, that they would go in a body and hang the English villain. The late event had been so much talked about, so much applauded, and so well kept, that hanging had become rather popular among these sturdy vassals. It was the order of the day; and accordingly that very night a party was made up, accoutred much as the former one, who proceeded to the stranger's hostel, which was not in the village at the castle, but in the larger one at the west end of the loch. There they made a simultaneous attack, demanding the English scoundrels to be delivered into their hands. But they had to do with better men in these English scoundrels than the other party had, and in all probability the attacking party was greatly inferior to the former one, for the Englishman at once, with many tremendous oaths and curses, prepared to defend himself against the whole

mob, with no one to support him but his two livery servants. A stout battle ensued at the door, and ten times did the English hero drive them back almost single-handed, cursing them, meanwhile, for all the lousy cowardly assassins of their country gathered together, and swearing, moreover, to extirpate every soul of them; but at length rushing too far forward, he was surrounded, wounded, and taken. For all that, he never ceased laying about him and struggling to the last; and it was questioned if all the men there would have been able to have put the rope about his neck. They never would, without binding both his feet and hands, and neither of the pairs were very easily restrained.

They were dragging him away to a tree, when Habby Simpson, the landlord, arrived to the rescue, with a strong band of villagers, who drew up in front and opposed the assailants; and Habby told them that he would be security for the gentleman's appearance at any tribunal in the kingdom; but that before a stranger should be butchered in such a cowardly way, within his premises, he and his assistants would fight till the last drop of their blood. And, moreover, he requested them to remember, that men who appeared in masks were held as vagabonds, and that he and his friends were at liberty to shoot them all with perfect impunity.

"Why, but, honest Habby," said one, "ye perhaps dinna ken that this is the ruffian who murdered our young lady and Lucy Lumsdaine?"

"It is a *lie*, you scoundrel," cried the horse-dealer, with great indignation; "mine are the hands that never injured a woman, though I have risked my life often to save them. But mine is a tale that will not tell here. I appeal to your lady, and, backed by this mine host and his friends, I defy you."

The conspirators then insisted on taking him to the castle, but Habby Simpson would not trust him in their hands, but kept him, and became bound for him. The next day, David Dallas, the steward on the estate, came down to take the deposition; but the Englishman lost all patience at the accusation, and would do little else save curse and swear. He denied the murder of the virgins, with many

horrid oaths, and proffered to pro-
duce them both alive if suffered to
depart on his parole.

David replied, "That as for pro-
ducing the virgins alive, after their
murder had been confessed by his
companion, with the rope about his
neck,—after their bodies had both
been found and buried, was what no
Scottish judge would swallow; he
doubted if even an English one
would; and that it was natural for
such a culprit to wish to be set at
liberty; but for his part, he certainly
knew of no man living who better
deserved the gallows."

The Englishman then began an
explanation, as well as his rage would
let him; but his dialect was not quite
intelligible to David Dallas, who
could only smile at such a strange
defence, the tenor of which was, that
"he undertook the murder of the two
young ladies to save them alive." The
steward had no farther patience; so
he ordered him to be manacled, con-
veyed to the castle, and chained in
the dungeon. The Countess, after
consulting with the steward and se-
veral others, entertained no doubt
that this man was the murderer of
her only daughter and Lucy. In-
deed, as the evidence stood, it was
impossible to believe otherwise.
And it is therefore probable, that,
before she left her country, she had
resolved to give up the detested
agent of a detested woman to popu-
lar vengeance, for shortly after, he
was brought to the castle, at least in
a few days, a great mob assembled
and peremptorily demanded his life.
So he was, as if by compulsion, given
up to them, placed on a platform in
front of the castle, the rope put about
his neck, and a certain time allowed
him to make a full confession. He
began the same confused story about
the Earl of Northumberland, and of
his undertaking the murder of the two
young ladies to save their lives; but
his voice was often drowned by re-
peated *hurra*s of derision. At length,
as if driven to desperation, he began
a hurraing louder than any of them,
jumping on the platform as if gone
mad, and shouting louder and louder,
till, on looking around, they beheld
a party coming up at full canter,
their own young lady in front, and
the young Lord Percy on her right
hand, and Lucy on her left, who were

now shouting out to save the brave
fellow. The order was instantly
obeyed; he was set at liberty, and,
ere he left the platform, was invited
to be the principal guest of the noble
party in the castle.

So ends my tale; and it would
perhaps be better to let it end here,
without any explanation, as there is
one circumstance, and one only,
which I cannot explain. This brave
Englishman's name was Henry Wil-
son. He had been for a number of
years house-steward to the Earl of
Northumberland, and heard daily
that this great and royal heiress's
name was a favourite theme with that
ambitious family. On his lord's going
up to court at London, Wilson was
dismissed for some irregularities,
which he took greatly to heart. And
he being a man out of place, and pro-
bably a dissipated character, was
applied to, among others, to make
away with this dangerous heiress to
two crowns. He agreed to it at once,
promising, for a high reward, to be
the principal agent, but determined,
by some means or other, to save the
young lady's life, as the sure means
of ingratiating himself with his be-
loved and indulgent master. For-
tune favoured him particularly on his
gracious intent in the first instance;
for, on the night when he had pro-
mised to bring the young lady, dead
or alive, to his associates, there
chanced to be the corpse of a French
girl in the castle, newly dead and
screwed in her coffin, and it was for
her the new grave was made in the
churchyard. That body he took to
his associates, filling the coffin with
rubbish; and the young lady he con-
veyed safe to Alnwick Castle. She
being most anxious to have her foster-
sister, Lucy, with her, and the latter
proving a great stumbling-block to
the new claimant, he undertook, on
the promise of another reward, to
make away with her also, and sink
her in the loch beside her mistress.
He so managed matters, that he re-
ceived the reward, and deceived the
villain a second time, conveying Lucy
safe to her beloved mistress; but
where he procured the second body
that was sunk in the sack, is the
only circumstance which I never
heard explained. The presumptive
heiress of two crowns was joyfully
received, and most honourably treat-

ed by the Piercys, while young Lord Percy and she were privately betrothed to each other, while the indefatigable Henry Wilson was raised higher in his chief's favour than ever.

I must now add a suggestion of my own, of the certainty of which I have no doubt. It is, that the witch-wife was the Countess Dowager in deep disguise, remaining on the estate to watch and assist the progress of events. And I think, that in order to keep her people free of all blame or suspicion, that it was she who had engaged a sept of the M'Farlanes to come down and cut off the intruding incendiary.

Now, although a small share of these incidents are traditionary,

if any one suspects that the story is forged, out of malice to Queen Elizabeth, the greatest and vilest of her sex, let such turn to Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. ii. p. 123; ditto, vol. iii. p. 178; Pennant's London, p. 259; and see, also, Granger's Biographical History, and the Peerage of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 98, and State Trials, vol. i. p. 174, and such will be satisfied, that, had Elizabeth never been guilty of another act of cruelty during her long and illustrious reign, the treatment which that beautiful and accomplished lady received, was more than sufficient to have made the name of this sovereign to stink in the nostrils of all her sex, and every free subject of this empire.

LETTER FROM A LIBERAL WHIG.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,—It is now several years since you honoured some lucubrations of mine with a place in your Magazine, under the designation (if I forget not, conferred by yourself) of "A Liberal Whig."

Times are since altered, and the terms "Whig" and "Tory" are now almost (as they ought to have been long since) forgotten, or lost in distinctions of more recent creation. Between the "Conservatives" and the "Radicals" of the present generation there exists a far wider difference, and of a far more vital character, than any that could have been fairly drawn between the professed principles, however at variance with each other, of their respective political ancestors. Yet, wide as is the apparent distance between them, it is found by experience not so great as to prevent their occasional coalition for the unworthy purpose of crushing, by their opposite and contending weights, those whose pride or whose misfortune it is to be placed between them. Among the number—I trust considerable enough for the purpose of self-preservation—of those who think with the latter class, I wish myself to be ranked; and, continuing of the same creed as that which I held when I formerly addressed you—a time, certainly, not more critical than the present—that a spirit of moderation and concession is alone capable of saving the country from a state of civil war, revolution, and anarchy, I cannot forbear entertaining the hope that you also may not be less disposed than you then were to make room in your Miscellany for the reflections of one, whom, though you may not always agree with him, you have flattered with the idea that you respect both his motives and his capacity.

The accompanying pages are chiefly devoted to the great subject of a Reform in Parliament—nor do they presume to offer any suggestions, either new or old, as to the shape which that measure is to assume, or the extent to which it is to be carried. Their object is the more humble one, of endeavouring to repress bootless alarms, and restrain wild and unreasonable expectations—to expose, at the same time, the wickedness of revolutionary agitators, and the madness of obstinate and uncompromising defenders.

The author is, at the same time, far from partaking in the absurd delusion, that Reform in Parliament is the only, or even the most important subject of political consideration; or that, when conceded to the utmost limits that any wise or moderate man can allow of its being carried, the discussion of those far greater points that remain behind will be assisted, or at

all materially affected or influenced by it. Reform, or no Reform, the mighty and all-engrossing question of the actual relative condition and prosperity of the different classes of British society, is that which must and will be examined, and probed to the bottom; and if the suggestions of overweening Pride, or narrow Selfishness, are not alike removed from the consideration of it, dreadful indeed must be the consequence. The middle ranks, which form the largest and only healthy portion of that society, must be preserved and strengthened; and the immense, unnatural, and anti-Christian disparity between the worldly conditions of the highest and lowest greatly diminished, if we hope to escape the miserable alternative of all ranks and conditions being confounded together in one common ruin and subversion.

On this and other momentous points of actual politics, I may find occasion to intrude my speculations upon you hereafter; but at present I have only time to bring myself again to your recollection, by my old signature of

METRODORUS.

Lincoln's-Inn, Feb. 10, 1831.

NOTE.

[We were most happy to receive, again, a communication from our highly-esteemed correspondent, Metrodorus. Had it reached us in time, we should have given it a conspicuous place in our last Number. Before our present Number appears, the fate of the Three Bills will have been decided; but the opinions and sentiments expressed by this "Liberal Whig," will be read with interest, whatever may befall the measures now brought forward by his Majesty's Ministers. While it is needless for us to say that on some points, and those most important ones, we differ from him very essentially, still we feel assured that they are worthy the consideration of patriotic men of all parties.

C. N.]

CORRECTION, MELIORATION, REFORMATION, REVOLUTION.

Our present political condition is such as to demand some change. This is a proposition which nobody in his senses now ventures to deny. The nature and extent of the change demanded, are the points upon which the only, and (it must be added) a very great, diversity of opinion exists; and, without attempting what is manifestly impossible, to reconcile such diversity, a well-wisher to the peace and prosperity of the country may nevertheless be not ill employed in endeavouring to bring men to some general understanding as to the use of those terms, which are necessary to the right expression of the opinions they respectively entertain. Much fallacy, much exaggeration, much animosity, much consequent mischief, may be avoided by such general understanding. Without it, men talk of they know not what, and listen to they know not what, and are liable to they know not what inferences or imputations from those who listen or talk to them.

Correction, Melioration, Reforma-

tion, Revolution. These four words will, it is apprehended, be found to comprehend the various forms and degrees of alteration which different persons propose, and in one or more of which all unite, since all admit that some alteration is necessary; and the first fallacy, or misunderstanding, which it seems desirable to prevent, is that which arises from the indiscriminate use of the word "Reform," as applied to each of these several modes of alteration. Now, if the word "Reform" is to be taken merely as synonymous with change, that is, with such change as would, in the opinion of the person using it, be an improvement of something already existing, there can be no objection to the word being so applied, provided all persons are agreed in so understanding it; and, in that case, we have only to distinguish the different degrees of Reform intended, by the use of some characteristic epithet, as moderate, radical, and so forth. But if the word "Reform" be understood more strict-

ly, as meaning reformation, in its only proper sense, that of re-edification, re-construction, then a great proportion of those who now call themselves, and are (either in praise or reproach) called by others, "Reformers," will be found to have no right to the distinction; since, in the sense now spoken of, all alteration (even for the better) is not Reform, any more than (in justice it must be added) Reform is necessarily Revolution. To reform, in the sense now spoken of, implies that there is something which has been, or must be, previously subverted. To correct, implies only that there are certain existing defects which require to be removed—to meliorate or improve, only that there are some existing materials which may be rendered more useful—but to reform, implies that in the very original frame or constitution of that which it is sought to reform, there are defects too deeply seated, too radically inherent, to be removed, without the previous destruction of that something to which they are attached, or that the materials of which that something is composed, are so essentially bad as to be incapable of any improvement, or at least of such improvement as is judged to be necessary. Now, even in this sense, as has been already observed, and (to avoid misunderstanding) it is as well to repeat, reform is not necessarily revolution; and, to comprehend what is meant by this last proposition, it becomes requisite to settle what is, or ought to be, meant by the word "Revolution."

Now, in a physical or a moral sense, we, and all the rest of mankind, may be said not only to be constantly liable to revolution, but to be constantly undergoing the actual process. The earth and all its inhabitants are perpetually revolving on the earth's axis. The individual of to-day, is neither physically nor morally the individual of yesterday. He is not the same individual for an hour together. And the same may be said of the laws and constitution—the political essence—of every nation or society. To ascribe immutability, or even permanence, to any thing whatever of human origin, is (as we shall find occasion to repeat) a mere perversion of language.

Nevertheless, for the sake of dis-

tinction, it is fit that some precise meaning should be attached to the word "revolution," when used in a political sense, as something different from, and more extensive than, any of the other forms of change to which human institutions are thus constantly liable. Revolution then, in this its more peculiar sense, may be said to denote a total change in the fundamental laws and institutions of a nation; an alteration of the acknowledged form, or virtual and essential character of its government; as, from an absolute to a limited monarchy, from a limited monarchy to a republic; or again, from despotism to oligarchy or aristocracy, and from either of these to democracy, or *vice versâ*. Keeping this definition in view, the several changes, or many of them, through which the French nation passed, between the periods of the first meeting of the States-General, and the recall of the Bourbons, might each, with propriety, be marked as a distinct revolution. So the establishment of our English Commonwealth, after the death of Charles I., and so also the Restoration of Charles II., were each of them revolutions in the sense of the term now insisted on. Our Revolution (commonly so called) of 1688, and the memorable event which took place at Paris last July, to which the same appellation has also been given, would be improperly classed under that term, unless by assuming that by a succession of arbitrary acts in England, and by the promulgation of the fatal ordinances in France, the form of government in each country had been already previously changed from that of a limited to an absolute monarchy—which change was in itself a revolution, of however short a duration—and then the subsequent changes, to which only the term is usually given, would, with reference to what had already taken place, be more fitly designated as counter-revolutions respectively. A mere change of dynasty, in the person or family of the reigning sovereign, is not to be characterised as a revolution, unless accompanied by a change in the very frame of the government itself. Nor ought every change, even in the frame of the government, to be so designated, but only such as go to the extent of fundamental subversion

and reconstruction. And thus the difference between Reform and Revolution, in the restricted sense, which it is now sought to assign to them respectively, consists mainly in this—that the former term is applicable to the process of subversion and reconstruction of certain parts of the political machine, the other to that of the machine itself, or of its chief component parts, together with that which forms the very principle or bond of union betwixt them.

If this definition be admitted, it should seem to follow that the only changes to which the state of Great Britain is liable, and to which the term revolution can properly be applied, are (as to its form of government) to an absolute monarchy on the one hand, or to a republic on the other: and (as to the fundamental nature of its constitution) from its present mixed character to that of pure despotism, or pure democracy—a pure aristocracy being a phantom of the imagination which can never have any actual existence, and aristocracy itself only an ingredient, by the greater or less admixture of which the power of the sovereign or of the people, or of both, may be more or less tempered, and changed from a pure or perfect, to a mixed or imperfect state of political essence.

To apply these remarks to the present state of society in this country.—It may be safely assumed that there is no political party existing, which has for its object, either avowed or real, such a revolution as consists in the establishment of an absolute monarchy or despotism, in place of our present institutions. The only object of a revolutionary party, (in the sense now attached to the word,) supposing any such to exist, must therefore be the establishment of a republic; and here it must be observed, in the first place, that there is a wide and most important difference between the entertain-

ment of a mere abstract notion or opinion in favour of a republican as the best form of government, theoretically considered, and a design, or even an inclination, to substitute it in the room of that form of government which we now enjoy, taking into account the hazard of ultimate failure, the risk of establishing despotism instead of it, and the certainty of an intermediate state of disorganization, bloodshed, anarchy, and general misery, which must be passed through in order to the attainment of it. Those, therefore, who, preferring a republican form of government in the abstract, would yet scruple the means necessary to acquire it, are on no account to be set down as revolutionists, to whatever extent their views may carry them in the secondary light of reformers. Those, on the other hand, who, whatever may be their own opinions or ultimate object, yet, having the power and means of persuasion, urge on the ignorant and unthinking to acts of violence, depredation, and blood-guiltiness, by false or exaggerated statements of the evils of their present condition, and of the benefits to be derived to them from such a change as would be nothing less than a revolution, are themselves revolutionists in the truest, as well as by far the worst, sense of the term; and it is most devoutly to be prayed for by all well-wishers to society, that such men as these, while they are instigating their poor deluded victims to the commission of revolutionary outrage and insurrection, under the assurance that “the passage will be sharp but short”* to the possession of that full beatitude which they hold out to them as the end of the struggle, are, in fact, digging for themselves a pitfall, into which they will, sooner or later, be plunged, amidst the loud and general execrations of those whose ruin they are thus attempting. With per-

* See the Westminster Review for January, 1831, No xxvii. p. 245, Art. “The Wellington Administration.” To avoid repetition, it is as well to mention that every succeeding quotation is from the same article, to the writer of which it is recommended to peruse with attention a little twopenny pamphlet, published by Effingham Wilson, entitled, “A short Account of the Life and Death of Swing the Rick-burner, written by one well acquainted with him; together with the Confession of Thomas Goodman, now under sentence of death, in Horsham jail, for rick-burning.” He will scarcely be able to read, without some sentiments of doubt, if not of contrition, even the imaginary tale, still less the actual avowal, of guilt and suffering occasioned by the teaching of lessons such as it is the object of that article to inculcate.

sons of this most unhappy description there is no reasoning. They are public enemies and delinquents of the highest order, and must be treated accordingly. But to those who, though guiltless as to intention of the black infamy of such horrible designs, are, nevertheless, through ignorance or disregard of consequences, exposed to the danger of weakly countenancing, or rashly participating in them, a few reflections may not inaptly be presented, with a view of inducing them to pause on the brink of the precipice, and to retrace their steps, if convinced of the folly of venturing farther.

And, first, as to this vision of a republic, by the excessive brightness of which their eyes are so dazzled as to make them blink the abyss which most certainly lies between them and the attainment of it, suppose the abyss overleapt, and the vision within their grasp—what have they gained in the shape either of national virtue, happiness or prosperity—the only substantial and general good to be hoped for from any political change whatever?—Greater equality in the distribution of wealth?—Greater facility in the pursuit of it?—A wider extension of political power and influence?—A more just appreciation, a more liberal remuneration, of talent?—More effectual security to property?—Greater impartiality in the administration of justice? Let them consider whether all these objects are not, in some degree at least, attainable at a cheaper rate of exchange than that which they meditate; and next, whether or not, in at least as great a degree as can be reasonably hoped for, even from payment of the price which they would offer for it. Let them consider whether a republican form of government, however excellent in theory, is one which is at all suited to the present state and condition of British society;—whether it is easy, or even possible, to effect such a change in that condition as would render it at all better suited to the same object;—whether, on the contrary, that condition is not such that, supposing a republic to be established to-day, it would stand a very good chance of being converted into an oligarchy or a military despotism to-morrow? If, in pursuing these re-

admit the light of historical experience for their guide, the result is too evident—if that of political sagacity and foreknowledge, that result will still be the same, and the conclusion this—that a republican form of government is not adapted to the state of society in which we live, and consequently that, if established, it would have no chance whatever of permanence. Once more, to avert the possibility of misunderstanding, from the use of ambiguous language, let it be observed that, in speaking of a republican form of government, what is here meant is a democracy, on the broadest basis that can be imagined to be practicable—take, for example, the most popular of the United States of America for a model, and ingraft upon it any improvements that may be suggested for the sake of augmenting its popularity. It is now conceived, at least, that those who preach revolution to the subjects of Great Britain can have nothing short of this in their contemplation—this they must mean, if they mean any thing that is at all precise or definite. This, in short, or nothing but a mere word, is their boasted “greatest possible happiness” principle. Now, having said that the “greatest possible happiness,” as applied to a community, is a term of relative signification, depending on the actual constitution and habits of the community to which it is meant to apply it; and that, in this sense, the example of America is nothing to Great Britain, because we cannot imagine two conditions of society more widely different from each other than that of any one of the States composing the American Union at the time of the declaration of independence from that of Great Britain, either then or now—that (to say no more) there is between them this one important difference—that of the founders of American liberty having only had to create, whereas the would-be fathers of a British Republic must begin by destroying—having said thus much as to the project of a republic in the abstract, let us leave the question of its expediency or suitability to the peculiar circumstances of this country, and turn to that of its practicability. And here let it be remembered, that we are addressing ourselves to those who, though partisans of the abstract principle, would

passage—that “sharp but short passage,” called anarchy, through which some of their guides are now honest enough to confess they *may* have to struggle to the attainment of it. Now, considering the amount of the sacrifices which must be required in order to the establishment of a democratical form of government in Great Britain, and which are no less than the previous demolition, not of the monarchy only, and its various ramifications and dependencies, but of the vast actual bulk of aristocratical wealth and privileges by which it is supported, who but a madman can so much as dream of the possibility of accomplishing such a transition without such a previous struggle?—and who (to push the argument one step farther)—who, that is not worse than a madman, will presume to assure the ignorant and unthinking, that the passage will be a “short” one, or that it will, with any degree of certainty, lead to the end contemplated?

Reform is not necessarily revolution.—This we have said and again repeat—the distinction cannot be too constantly kept in mind. But in the mouths of these humane assertors of the “sharp but short” horrors of the middle passage, they not only do mean the same thing, but, by the mode of reasoning employed in speaking of them, it is frequently rendered no easy task again to disunite them. “Popularize the government,” say they; “*reform* the representation on the broadest basis; and”—what then? why, then—“the *people* will be *patient*, or the *mass of the people* will rally round a constitution, whose frame is co-extensive with themselves, and whose vitals are organic of their wisdom and virtue.” Precious jargon, this, to be sure—and such as would have been well suited to the wildest days of French Jacobinism. To hear them uttered makes one for the moment imagine that the darkness of the middle passage, if not its accompanying horrors, has begun already—that the floodgates are already open, and the revolutionary torrent ready to burst in upon and overwhelm us. But let not these self-sufficient gentlemen deceive themselves, while they attempt to frighten others—let them not prate and bully themselves into imagining that such a state of things has actually arrived, as that, with the

apprehension of which they seek to disturb the weak and drivelling aristocracy—those “thoughtless creatures,” who now look with such placid indifference at the cloud that is gathering round them, “black as their hearts, or dense as their stupidity!” The floodgates are opened certainly—but they are those only (Heaven be thanked!) of noise and nonsense, such as these good gentlemen are now self-convicted of being in the habit of uttering in their own chosen conclaves, but which, if they think to palm on the world at large as the *sense* of the people of England, or of any portion of that people worthy the name of a party, they only evince that their knowledge of the present state of society—their acquaintance with human nature in general—is about upon a level with their skill in the first rudiments of moral and political philosophy.

Neither is the British aristocracy—that “infatuated,” “domineering,” “blind,” “proud,” “selfish,” “timid,” “black-hearted,” “densely stupid,” part of the nation—that class of “fated people,” “admiring fools,” “stricken with mental blindness,” “thoughtless creatures who have no perceptions that ever extend beyond an effect,” “a degree only more decent than Nero,” (we select only a few of the more polite and appropriate epithets employed to designate it in about six or eight pages of an article in the last Westminster Review, already referred to,)—neither, we say, is the British aristocracy ready to concede to these modest reformers the boon so reasonably demanded—nor are they, (the reformers,) whatever they may pretend or fancy, in a situation to enforce the demand. The aristocracy will neither surrender its rights and privileges—its wealth and power—its “accursed domination”—without a struggle—nor are its opponents able to compel such surrender, either with or without one. If the question must be tried upon this issue, we are prepared for it—but we trust that the real and inherent good sense and virtue of the country will avert the trial—for bloody and fearful (we are ready to admit) it would be, although to be followed (as we are sure) by a result widely different from that which these good people anticipate.

There is one short passage in the

article of the Review already so often referred to, which for its unsuspecting truth and simplicity, is worth all the falsehood and rodomontade of the remainder—or, rather, as a set-off, will afford more than an equipoise against all the rest of its mischievous absurdity. It is that in which the writer, evidently writhing under the disappointment of his hopes to have witnessed a general insurrection of the manufacturing districts, attributes the failure to the accidental misfortune of the labourers, from whom so much was expected, having had at the time “full employment.”—“Had work failed,” he says, “when the peasantry were breaking out into tumult,”—how unlucky that it did not fail!—“who that knows the materials for combustion, can fail to tremble at the bare thought of what would have been the consequence?” So, then, that a supply of work at this critical period *did not* fail the peasantry, is the cause that those “who know the materials for combustion,” *did* fail to tremble. This, it must be admitted, is prettily expressed—but, not to waste time in admiring the mere beauties of expression, let us attend to what follows—“It has so happened, *by a most curious dispensation*, that the very example that has fired the minds of the manufacturing population, has, through its effects, stayed their action. The troubles of France and Belgium have thrown them out of the European market. England has had a great proportion of their orders, and our manufacturers have been sufficiently, if not amply, employed. The activity of their hands has checked the impulses of their minds, but the spring will not lose its force because it is pent.”

What is precisely intended by the metaphor of a spring not losing its force because it is pent, as applied to the present position of the manufacturing classes, need not be asked too curiously, because the real merit of the passage consists in the previous confession. So, then, it seems, the oppressed; tortured, enslaved, but brave and indignant mass of the British populace is by no means inclined to perform the virtuous action of rising against their blind and stupid rulers, and hurling them to the earth, unless under the influence of immediate distress and starvation. We

fully believe it; and we fully believe, also, that that unlucky absence of immediate distress and starvation, to which alone the writer ascribes it that we are not already revolutionized (or popularized, as his phrase is) to his heart's content, and to which he affixes the term “curious dispensation,” is, in fact, nothing more or less than the ordinary course of events, under the administration of the Divine Providence, acting on general principles, without reference to the partial or distorted views of things which are sometimes taken by short-sighted mortals, and more especially so when under the influence of some prevailing passion or prejudice. The Manchester manufacturers, though excited, no doubt, by the contagious examples of France and Belgium, are nevertheless quiet, because they are not distressed; and the reason why they are *not* distressed, is that the manufacturers of France and Belgium *are* distressed—that, too, in consequence of the very events which have excited the enthusiasm of our manufacturers, who, but for the unlucky circumstance that they are not in distress, would ere now (so says, at least, this exquisite reasoner) have broken out into open rebellion. But is it not always thus? When has there been, in the history of the world, or when will there be, a period that distress has not somewhere existed, or will not always somewhere exist? or that distress, where it exists, is not attended by discontent? or that discontent, unless repressed by some principle of counteraction, does not break out into overt acts of tumult or of rebellion? But the merit of the confession is this, that the people are not to be so excited except by actual distress, and by distress only. No! The harangues of Mr Cobbett—the ravings of the Westminster Reviewer—all will not do. They may, indeed, occasion some Swing letters, some mischievous and criminal burnings, some riots, and a few executions; but, all they can do, they cannot stir up a rebellion, still less bring about a revolution, unless they have distress—not partial and occasional only—not such only as has existed ever since the world began, and will probably never cease to exist so long as the world endures—but deep, general, lasting distress, and such as

is irremovable, except by means of some convulsion as great and general as itself. It is to a state of distress like this, and to nothing less, that they look for the success of their hopes and machinations; and they imagine that they go some way towards the accomplishment, by falsely representing that it exists, and, still more falsely, that it is caused by the present form of government and the vices of its administration. On such gross misstatement and perversion of facts do they rely as their only chance of victory; and by the frequent and full exposure of their egregious fallacies we may best hope to defeat them.

England, to the utter dismay and discomfiture of these admirers of "sharp but short passages," is not prepared to follow the examples of France and Belgium. Why? Because their cases are wholly dissimilar—because what was right or pardonable in the latter instances would be not barely wrong, but even monstrous, in the former. The late revolution (if so it may be called) in France, was necessitated by the previous attempt at revolution on the part of the government. Its aim was to preserve, not to overthrow the constitution by law established. That of Belgium was an insurrection to shake off a foreign yoke, imposed, not in right of conquest, (a position which generally commands respect, even if it does not ensure obedience,) but at the mere arbitrary will of a congress of states, self-empowered to regulate the future destinies of Europe. In both cases, the price paid for the assertion even of justice has been, and continues to be, enormous—besides the blood spilt, and the immediate misery inflicted, the consequent loss (as we have already seen) of commercial credit, the pressure of manufacturing distress, and (above all) the unsettled state of the government, and the dread of further convulsion. Now, what is there in our political condition or circumstances to call for, or justify, the incurring of similar penalties? We cannot complain of national independence invaded, of public liberty infringed, or of a constitution trampled upon and violated. It may be fit and reasonable that some additional privileges be conceded, some fresh securities provided; but we have the means and the prospect

of obtaining them legally and peaceably, without resistance or bloodshed, without anarchy, and without revolution.

But it may be answered that all this is gratuitously to impute revolutionary projects to those who are preaching nothing more than reform. We deny the truth of this answer, and appeal to the language already quoted, which, we contend, is the language of revolution, and nothing else. A reform ushered in by the false vituperation of all existing authorities, and avowedly to be founded on their demolition, is nothing else but a revolution, and to be brought about at no expense short of anarchy and destruction. The downfall of the aristocracy is the thing called for; and, to justify the call, every false accusation that malevolence can invent, and ignorance swallow, is heaped on the head of the devoted order. "Popularize the government—reform the representation on the broadest basis." If this be not revolution, there is no meaning in language. Yet even then we are told, that, in so doing, we shall but "shew the *beginning* of a better order of things—the *commencement* of a curative process." That is, to cure a diseased limb, begin with amputation—a right recipe in extreme cases—but the people of England will perhaps even yet be satisfied to try a milder regimen.

That we labour under abuses that require to be corrected, defects in the constitution which require to be supplied, and imperfections to be amended, nobody now pretends to doubt; but "the curative process" as to many of these matters has already begun, and, as to others, only requires to be clearly pointed out, in order to its commencement, nobody but a revolutionist, in the garb of reformer, will affect to deny. The venerable fabric of our laws has already undergone considerable repairs and alterations to render it more suitable to the exigencies of modern use. Much more still requires to be done, in order to make it as cheap and easily accessible to the mass of the community as the mass of the community has a right to expect, but that more is in a fair train of accomplishment, and needs not a revolutionary impulse to accelerate its progress. The government ex-

penditure has already been greatly reduced, and there is no apparent indisposition to be charged to the account, either of the present or of the late Ministry, to reduce it still further within the narrowest limits that are consistent with the national honour and dignity. The true principles of political economy are even now, perhaps, but just beginning to be developed; but, so far as they are comprehended, there appears no indisposition to act upon them; on the contrary, it seems as if there were greater danger of reducing them to action before their consequences have been sufficiently weighed and ascertained. Whatever may be said of the selfishness of the aristocracy, there is no want of alacrity on their part to concur in, or even to originate, measures *seemingly* at variance with their interests—we say *seemingly*, because, in point of fact, there is no such thing as a separate interest in any branch of a community. What is most for the benefit of the whole body, is most for the benefit of every one of its members; and this truth is now generally acknowledged, and, wherever its application is clearly demonstrated, put in practice. What is now asserted of the aristocracy, applies, with perhaps even greater force, to the clergy, whose acts of charity, patience, and self-denial, under the flagrant attacks of unjust accusation and extortion that have lately been practised against them, is deserving of praise only not less exalted than that which the generally exemplary tenor of their lives and conduct demands.

This is not all, however. The temper and spirit of the times—the circumstances of the world at large—and the example of the more immediately surrounding nations—are such as to demand, not the correction and amendment only, but also the reformation (in the true sense of the term already noticed) of some of our existing establishments. A legislative assembly, based on the system of real, and not what is called virtual, representation, may now be considered as the indispensable requisite of a country pretending to free institutions; and England has too long held the first rank among nations in respect of liberty, to be content with a secondary place in the list, and to be kept without the enjoyment of that

which constitutes the leading article of every constitutional charter. In order to the possession of this essential requisite, it is necessary that some existing rights and privileges be previously abolished—and this necessity it is which gives to the measure in question a character beyond that of mere correction and amendment, and entitles it specifically to the name of reform. That somewhat more of the popular ingredient may safely be admitted into the representation thus reformed, it is not meant to deny; but, at the same time, the aristocracy must have preserved to it the full share of influence to which it is fairly and constitutionally entitled; or it is revolution, not reform, that is conceded, and a republic that is introduced, in the disguise of a popularized monarchy.

A reform, such as has been now said to be actually wanted, there is no doubt as to the intention of the present government to concede. The only possible obstruction to such a concession, will arise from the vain attempts of a revolutionary party to obtain by force, more than the country at large is prepared either to demand or receive.

Rave as wildly as they may—talk as much at random as they will, about “the aristocracy having had their long and disastrous day, and its now being the time of the Demos;” the organs of that party will probably not obtain any one of those nostrums which they so loudly proclaim to be indispensable. They will not obtain universal suffrage; but they may expect, and will (unless the opportunity is lost by their own fault) doubtless receive as wide an extension of the elective franchise as is compatible with the exclusion of that portion of the community which, from the circumstances of age, sex, or humble condition, it is fit to presume, generally speaking, is incapable of exercising a sound and independent discretion in the choice of a representative. They will not obtain annual parliaments, nor any renewal of them so frequent as to be judged inconsistent with the great object of regularity and stability in the operations of government. They will probably not obtain that most highly wanted of all expedients, election by ballot; because it may not be thought

necessary or advisable to restrict the free and open intercourse between the elector and the candidate; to destroy the honest and manly confidence of each in the other; to lessen the fair influence of rank, property, and intelligence; or to substitute in its place the ascendancy of a hireling press, or of seditious demagogues. But, in the room of these dangerous, or, at best, doubtful expedients, they will gain wholesome laws for the lessening of the wasteful and demoralizing expense, and mischievously protracted time of elections, for the eradication of bribery, and the prevention of undue interference; and they will gain (what is of more importance than all the rest) the practical recognition of the great principle of reform, which, when once established, may be gradually extended, with safety, to objects beyond the limits within which it is thought expedient at first to confine it. If, in consequence of their refusing to be satisfied with concessions such as these, and pertinaciously insisting on more, the government should be forced to retract, and the nation frustrated of its now sanguine expectations, on *their* heads be the consequence. Let it be civil war or rebellion, it will be of *their* raising; and the precious fruits will also be *theirs*—short-lived, it is confidently hoped that it may prove, but to meet with a far different termination from that which they pretend to anticipate; alike fatal, perhaps, to the expectations now formed by good men, but not equally destructive of the reputation and dignity of Great Britain, or of her rank in the scale of nations.

Not to part, however, without a few words of remonstrance to the upholders of what has been absurdly, and by a fatal misnomer, styled “the conservative system”—that, namely, which stands self-opposed to the demands made by the loud voice of the age, in a tone which it is madness to defy, and the excess of imbecility to pretend to turn a deaf ear to. Let these grave and hardy assertors of impossibilities hold themselves out as long as they please, to the admiration of one another, as being

“The only faithful found

Among the faithless,”

they still require to be taught what every child learns in his first lesson, whether of religion or morals, that it is not for weak creatures like men to talk of the immutability of any human affairs, however at one time happy or prosperous—that it is in vain to struggle with the tide of Time—and that it is the part of a wise man to watch the course of events—and to cease from resistance as soon as, by the sure prognostics derived from experience, he perceives that to resist would be to risk the occurrence of evils greater than any that can be produced by timely and prudent concession.

Presumptuous was the wish so patriotically conceived, and so repeatedly extolled, of that pious churchman, who exclaimed, with reference to the constitution of his native country, now no more existing as an independent state, “*Esto perpetua!*” The ancients, indeed, to secure what might be humanly termed a perpetuity to their laws and edicts, had them graven on brass. But what is the perpetuity even of brass itself, when opposed to the irresistible advance of Time? Even in the very infancy of the world, this question might have been answered, as it was, some few thousand years after its creation, by Old Simonides:

“Who so bold

To uphold

What the Lidian sage* has told?

Who will dare

To compare

Works of man, that fleeting are,

With the smooth perennial flow

Of swift rivers, or the glow

Of the eternal sun, or light

Of the golden orb of night?

Spring renews

The floweret's hues

With his sweet refreshing dews;

Ocean wide

Bids his tide

With returning current glide:

The sculptured tomb is but a toy

Man may fashion, man destroy—

Eternity in stone or brass?

Go, go! who said it was an ass.”

Fragm. 10. BRUNCK, Analect.

tom. i. p. 122.

SINGULAR PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE HENRY HARRIS, DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.

COMMUNICATED BY THE REV. T. S., HIS FRIEND AND EXECUTOR.

IN order that the extraordinary circumstance which I am about to relate, may meet with the credit it deserves, I think it necessary to premise, that my reverend friend, among whose papers I find it recorded, was, in his lifetime, ever esteemed as a man of good plain understanding, strict veracity, and unimpeached morals—by no means of a nervous temperament, or one likely to assign undue weight to any occurrence out of the common course of events, merely because his reflections might not, at the moment, afford him a ready solution of its difficulties. On the truth of his narrative, as far as he was personally concerned, no one who knew him would hesitate to place the most implicit reliance. His history is briefly this:—He had married early in life, and was a widower at the age of thirty-nine, with an only daughter, who had then arrived at puberty, and was just married to a near connexion of my own. The sudden death of her husband, occasioned by a fall from his horse, only three days after her confinement, was abruptly communicated to Mrs S—— by a thoughtless girl, who saw her master brought lifeless into the house, and, with all that inexplicable anxiety to be the first to tell bad news, so common among the lower orders, rushed at once into the sick-room with her intelligence. The shock was too severe; and, though the young widow survived the fatal event several months, yet she gradually sunk under the blow, and expired, leaving a boy, not a twelve-month old, to the care of his maternal grandfather. My poor friend was sadly shaken by this melancholy catastrophe; time, however, and a strong religious feeling, succeeded at length in moderating the poignancy of his grief—a consummation much advanced by his infant charge, who now succeeded, as it were by inheritance, to the place in his affections left vacant by his daughter's decease. Frederick S—— grew up to be a fine lad; his person and features were decidedly handsome, still

there was, as I remember, an unpleasant expression in his countenance, and an air of reserve, attributed, by the few persons who called occasionally at the vicarage, to the retired life led by his grandfather, and the little opportunity he had, in consequence, of mixing in the society of his equals in age and intellect. Brought up entirely at home, his progress in the common branches of education was, without any great display of precocity, rather in advance of the generality of boys of his own standing; partly owing, perhaps, to the turn which even his amusements took from the first. His sole associate was the son of the village apothecary, a boy about two years older than himself, whose father, being really clever in his profession, and a good operative chemist, had constructed for himself a small laboratory, in which, as he was fond of children, the two boys spent a great portion of their leisure time, witnessing many of those little experiments so attractive to youth, and in time aspiring to imitate what they admired.

In such society, it is not surprising that Frederick S—— should imbibe a strong taste for the science which formed his principal amusement; or that, when, in process of time, it became necessary to choose his walk in life, a profession so intimately connected with his favourite pursuit, as that of medicine, should be eagerly selected. No opposition was offered by my friend, who, knowing that the greater part of his own income would expire with his life, and that the remainder would prove an insufficient resource to his grandchild, was only anxious that he should follow such a path as should secure him that moderate and respectable competency which is, perhaps, more conducive to real happiness than a more elevated or wealthy station. Frederick was, accordingly, at the proper age, matriculated at Oxford, with the view of studying the higher branches of medicine, a few months after his friend, John W——, had proceeded

to Leyden, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the practice of surgery, in the hospitals and lecture-rooms attached to that university. The boyish intimacy of their younger days did not, as is frequently the case, yield to separation; on the contrary, a close correspondence was kept up between them. Dr Harris was even prevailed upon to allow Frederick to take a trip to Holland to see his friend; and John returned the visit to Frederick at Oxford. Satisfactory as, for some time, were the accounts of the general course of Frederick S——'s studies, by degrees rumours of a less pleasant nature reached the ears of some of his friends; to the vicarage, however, I have reason to believe, they never penetrated. The good old Doctor was too well beloved in the parish for any one voluntarily to give him pain; and, after all, nothing beyond whispers and surmises had reached X——, when the worthy vicar was surprised, on a sudden, by a request from his grandchild, that he might be permitted to take his name off the books of the university, and proceed to finish his education in conjunction with his friend W—— at Leyden. Such a proposal, made, too, at a time when the period for his graduating could not be far distant, both surprised and grieved the Doctor; he combated the design with more perseverance than he had ever been known to exert in opposition to any declared wish of his darling boy before, but, as usual, gave way when more strongly pressed, from sheer inability to persist in a refusal which seemed to give so much pain to Frederick, especially when the latter, with more energy than was quite becoming their relative situations, expressed his positive determination of not returning to Oxford, whatever might be the result of his grandfather's decision. My friend, his mind perhaps a little weakened by a short, but severe nervous attack, which he had scarcely recovered from, at length yielded a reluctant consent; and Frederick quitted England. It was not, till some months had elapsed after his departure, that I had reason to suspect, that the eager desire of availing himself of opportunities for study abroad, not afforded him at home, was not the sole, or even the princi-

pal, reason which had drawn Frederick so abruptly from his *Alma Mater*. A chance visit to the university, and a conversation with a senior fellow belonging to his late college, convinced me of this; still I found it impossible to extract from the latter the precise nature of his offence. That he had given way to most culpable indulgences, I had before heard hinted; and, when I recollected, how he had been at once launched from a state of what might be well called seclusion, into a world where so many enticements were lying in wait to allure, with liberty, example, every thing, to tempt him from the straight road, regret, I frankly own, was more the predominant feeling in my mind than either surprise or condemnation. But here was evidently something more than mere ordinary excess—some act of profligacy, perhaps of a deeper stain, which had induced his superiors, who, at first, had been loud in his praises, to desire him to withdraw himself quietly, but for ever; and such an intimation, I found, had, in fact, been conveyed to him, from an authority which it was impossible to resist. Seeing that my informant was determined not to be explicit, I did not press for a disclosure which, if made, would, in all probability, only have given me pain, and that the rather, as my old friend the Doctor had recently obtained a valuable living from Lord M——, only a few miles distant from the market-town in which I resided, where he now was, amusing himself in putting his grounds into order, ornamenting his house, and getting every thing ready against his grandson's expected visit in the following autumn. October came, and with it came Frederick: he rode over more than once to see me, sometimes accompanied by the Doctor, between whom and myself a recent domestic loss on my part had drawn the chords of sympathy still closer.

More than two years had flown on in this way, in which Frederick S—— had as many times made temporary visits to his native country. The time was fast approaching when he was expected to return, and finally take up his residence in England, when the sudden illness of a near relative obliged me to take a journey into Lancashire,

my old friend, who had himself a curate, kindly offering to take up his quarters at my parsonage, and superintend the concerns of my parish till my return. Alas! when I saw him next, he was on the bed of death.

My absence was necessarily prolonged much beyond what I had anticipated. A letter, with a foreign postmark, had, I afterwards found, been brought over from his own house to my venerable substitute in the interval, and, barely giving himself time to transfer the charge he had undertaken to a neighbouring clergyman, he had hurried off at once to Leyden. His arrival there was, however, too late. Frederick was dead, killed in a duel, occasioned, it was said, by no ordinary provocation on his part, although the flight of his antagonist had added to the mystery which enveloped its origin. The long journey, its melancholy termination, and the complete overthrow of all my poor friend's earthly hopes, were too much for him. He appeared, too—as I was informed by the proprietor of the house in which I found him, when his summons at length had brought me to his bedside—to have received some sudden and unaccountable shock, which even the death of his grandson was inadequate to explain. There was, indeed, a wildness in his fast-glazing eye, which mingled strangely with the glance of satisfaction thrown upon me as he pressed my hand; he endeavoured to raise himself, and would have spoken, but fell back in the effort, and closed his eyes for ever. I buried him there, by the side of the object of his more than parental affection, in a foreign land.

It is from the papers that I discovered in his travelling-case that I submit the following extracts, without, however, presuming to advance an opinion on the strange circumstances which they detail, or even as to the connexion which some may fancy they discover between different parts of them.

The first was evidently written at my own house, and bears date August the 15th, 18—, about three weeks after my own departure for Preston.

It begins thus—

“Tuesday, August 15.—Poor girl! I forget who it is that says, ‘the real ills of life are light in comparison

with fancied evils;’ and certainly the scene I have just witnessed goes some way towards establishing the truth of the hypothesis. Among the afflictions which flesh is heir to, a diseased imagination is far from being the lightest, even when considered separately, and without taking into the account those bodily pains and sufferings which, so close is the connexion between mind and matter, are but too frequently attendant upon any disorder of the fancy. Seldom has my interest been more powerfully excited than by poor Mary G—. Her age, her appearance, her pale, melancholy features, the very contour of her countenance, all conspired to remind me, but too forcibly, of one who, waking or sleeping, is never long absent from my thoughts—but enough of this.

“A fine morning had succeeded one of the most tempestuous nights I ever remember, and I was just sitting down to a substantial breakfast, which the care of my friend S—’s housekeeper, kind-hearted Madam Janet, had prepared for me, when I was interrupted by a summons to the sick-bed of a young parishioner whom I had frequently seen in my walks, and had remarked for the regularity of her attendance at divine worship. Mary G— is the elder of two daughters, residing with their mother, the widow of an attorney, who, dying suddenly in the prime of life, left his family but slenderly provided for. A strict though not parsimonious economy has, however, enabled them to live with an appearance of respectability and comfort; and from the personal attractions which both the girls possess, their mother is evidently not without hopes of seeing one at least of them advantageously settled in life. As far as poor Mary is concerned, I fear she is doomed to inevitable disappointment, as I am much mistaken if consumption has not laid its wasting finger upon her; while this last recurrence, of what I cannot but believe to be a most formidable epileptic attack, threatens to shake out, with even added velocity, the little sand that may yet remain within the hour-glass of time. Her very delusion, too, is of such a nature as, by adding to bodily illness the agitation of superstitious terror,

can scarcely fail to accelerate the catastrophe, which I think I see fast approaching.

"Before I was introduced into the sick-room, her sister, who had been watching my arrival from the window, took me into their little parlour, and, after the usual civilities, began to prepare me for the visit I was about to pay. Her countenance was marked at once with trouble and alarm, and in a low tone of voice, which some internal emotion, rather than the fear of disturbing the invalid in a distant room, had subdued almost to a whisper, informed me that my presence was become necessary, not more as a clergyman than a magistrate; that the disorder with which her sister had, during the night, been so suddenly and unaccountably seized, was one of no common kind, but attended with circumstances which, coupled with the declarations of the sufferer, took it out of all ordinary calculations, and, to use her own expression, that 'malice was at the bottom of it.' Naturally supposing that these insinuations were intended to intimidate the partaking of some deleterious substance on the part of the invalid, I enquired what reason she had for supposing, in the first place, that any thing of a poisonous nature had been administered at all; and, secondly, what possible incitement any human being could have for the perpetration of so foul a deed towards so innocent and unoffending an individual? Her answer considerably relieved the apprehensions I had begun to entertain lest the poor girl should, from some unknown cause, have herself been attempting to rush uncalled into the presence of her Creator; at the same time, it surprised me not a little by its apparent want of rationality and common sense. She had no reason to believe, she said, that her sister had taken poison, or that any attempt upon her life had been made, or was, perhaps, contemplated, but that 'still malice was at work,' the malice of villains or fiends, or of both combined; that no causes purely natural would suffice to account for the state in which her sister had been now twice placed, or for the dreadful sufferings she had undergone while in that state, and that she was determined the

whole affair should undergo a thorough investigation. Seeing that the poor girl was now herself labouring under a great degree of excitement, I did not think it necessary to enter at that moment into a discussion upon the absurdity of her opinion, but applied myself to the tranquilizing her mind by assurances of a proper enquiry, and then drew her attention to the symptoms of the indisposition, and the way in which it had first made its appearance.

"The violence of the storm last night had, I found, induced the whole of the family to sit up far beyond their usual hour, till, wearied out at length, and, as their mother observed, 'tired of burning fire and candle to no purpose,' they retired to their several chambers. The sisters occupied the same room; Elizabeth was already at her humble toilet, and had commenced the arrangement of her hair for the night, when her attention was at once drawn from her employment, by a half smothered shriek and exclamation from her sister, who, in her delicate state of health, had found walking up two flights of stairs, perhaps a little more quickly than usual, an exertion, to recover from which she had seated herself in a large arm-chair. Turning hastily at the sound, she perceived Mary deadly pale, grasping, as it were convulsively, each arm of the chair which supported her, and bending forward in the attitude of listening: her lips were trembling and bloodless, cold drops of perspiration stood upon her forehead, and in an instant after, exclaiming in a piercing tone, 'Hark! they are calling me again! it is—it is the same voice! Oh no! no!—Oh my God! save me, Betsy,—hold me—save me!' she fell forwards upon the floor. Elizabeth flew to her assistance, raised her, and by her cries brought both her mother, who had not yet got into bed, and their only servant girl, to her aid. The latter was dispatched at once for medical help, but, from the appearance of the sufferer, it was much to be feared that she would soon be beyond the reach of art. Her agonized parent and sister succeeded in bearing her between them and placing her on the bed: a faint and intermittent pulsation was for a while perceptible, but in a few moments a

general shudder shook the whole body; the pulse ceased, the eyes became fixed and glassy, the jaw dropped, a cold clamminess usurped the place of the genial warmth of life. Before Mr I—— arrived, every thing announced that dissolution had taken place, and that the freed spirit had quitted its mortal tenement.

"The appearance of the surgeon confirmed their worst apprehensions; a vein was opened, but the blood refused to flow, and Mr I—— pronounced that the vital spark was indeed extinguished. The poor mother, whose attachment to her children was perhaps the more powerful, as they were the sole relatives or connexions she had in the world, was overwhelmed with a grief amounting almost to frenzy; it was with difficulty that she was removed to her own room, by the united strength of her daughter and medical adviser. Nearly an hour had elapsed in the endeavour at calming her transports; they had succeeded, however, to a certain extent, and Mr I—— had taken his leave, when Elizabeth, re-entering the bedchamber in which her sister lay, in order to pay the last sad duties to her corpse, was horror-struck at seeing a rosy stream of blood running down the side of the counterpane to the floor. Her exclamation brought the girl again to her side, when it was perceived, to their astonishment, that the sanguine stream proceeded from the arm of the body, which was now manifesting signs of returning life. The half-frantic mother flew to the room, and it was with difficulty that they could prevent her, in her agitation, from so acting as to extinguish for ever the hope which had begun to rise in their bosoms. A long-drawn sigh, amounting almost to a groan, followed by several convulsive gaspings, was the prelude to the restoration of the animal functions in poor Mary; a shriek, almost preternaturally loud, considering her state of exhaustion, succeeded; but she did recover, and with the help of restoratives, was well enough towards morning to express a strong desire that I should be sent for,—a desire the more readily complied with, inasmuch as the strange expressions and declarations she had made since her restoration to consciousness, had

filled her sister with the most horrible suspicions. The nature of these suspicions was such as would at any other time, perhaps, have raised a smile upon my lips; but the distress, and even agony of the poor girl, as she half hinted and half expressed them, were such as entirely to preclude every sensation at all approaching to mirth. Without endeavouring, therefore, to combat ideas, evidently too strongly impressed upon her mind at the moment to admit of present refutation, I merely used a few encouraging words, and requested her to precede me to the sick-chamber.

"The invalid was lying on the outside of the bed, partly dressed, and wearing a white dimity wrapping-gown, the colour of which corresponded but too well with the deadly paleness of her complexion. Her cheek was wan and sunken, giving an extraordinary prominence to her eye, which gleamed with a lustrous brilliancy not unfrequently characteristic of the aberration of intellect. I took her hand; it was chill and clammy, the pulse feeble and intermittent, and the general debility of her frame was such, that I would fain have persuaded her to defer any conversation which, in her present state, she might not be equal to support. Her positive assurance that, until she had disburdened herself of what she called her 'dreadful secret,' she could know no rest either of mind or body, at length induced me to comply with her wish, opposition to which, in her then frame of mind, might perhaps be attended with even worse effects than its indulgence. I bowed acquiescence, and in a low and faltering voice, with frequent interruptions, occasioned by her weakness, she gave me the following singular account of the sensations which she averred had been experienced by her during her trance:—

"'This, sir,' she began, 'is not the first time that the cruelty of others has, for what purpose I am unable to conjecture, put me to a degree of torture which I can compare to no suffering, either of body or mind, which I have ever before experienced. On a former occasion I was willing to believe it the mere effect of a hideous dream, or what is vulgarly termed the nightmare; but this repetition,

and the circumstances under which I was last *summoned*, at a time too when I had not even composed myself to rest, fatally convinced me of the reality of what I have seen and suffered.

“This is no time for concealments of any kind. It is now more than a twelvemonth since I was in the habit of occasionally encountering in my walks a young man of prepossessing appearance and gentlemanly deportment: he was always alone, generally reading, but I could not be long in doubt that these rencontres, which became every week more frequent, were not the effect of accident, or that his attention, when we did meet, was less directed to his book than to my sister and myself. He even seemed to wish to address us, and I have no doubt would have taken some other opportunity of doing so, had not one been afforded him by a strange dog attacking us, one Sunday morning, in our way to church, which he beat off, and made use of this little service to promote an acquaintance. His name, he said, was Francis Somers, and that he was on a visit to a relation of the same name, resident a few miles from X—. He gave us to understand that he was himself studying surgery with the view to a medical appointment in one of the colonies. You are not to suppose, sir, that he had entered thus into his concerns at the first interview; it was not till our acquaintance had ripened, and he had visited our house more than once with my mother’s sanction, that these particulars were elicited. He never disguised, from the first, that an attachment to myself was his object originally in introducing himself to our notice; as his prospects were comparatively flattering, my mother did not raise any impediment to his attentions, and I own I received them with pleasure.

“Days and weeks elapsed, and although the distance at which his relation resided, prevented the possibility of an uninterrupted intercourse, yet neither was it so great as to preclude his frequent visits. The interval of a day, or at most of two, was all that intervened, and these temporary absences certainly did not decrease the pleasure of the meetings with which they terminated. At

length a pensive expression began to exhibit itself upon his countenance, and I could not but remark that at every visit he became more abstracted and reserved. The eye of affection is not slow to detect any symptom of uneasiness in a quarter dear to it. I spoke to him, questioned him on the subject; his answer was evasive; and I said no more. My mother too, however, had marked the same appearance of melancholy, and pressed him more strongly. He at length admitted that his spirits were depressed, and that their depression was caused by the necessity of an early though but a temporary separation. His uncle, and only friend, he said, had long insisted on his spending some months on the Continent, with the view of completing his professional education, and that the time was now fast approaching when it would be necessary for him to commence his journey. A look made the enquiry which my tongue refused to utter. “Yes, dearest Mary,” was his reply, “I have communicated our attachment to him, partially at least, and though I dare not say that the intimation was received as I could have wished, yet I have, perhaps, on the whole, no fair reason to be dissatisfied with his reply.

“The completion of my studies, and my settlement in the world, must, my uncle told me, be the first consideration; when these material points were achieved, he should not interfere with any arrangement that might be found essential to my happiness; at the same time he has positively refused to sanction any engagement at present, which may, he says, have a tendency to divert my attention from those studies, on the due prosecution of which my future situation in life must depend. A compromise between love and duty was eventually wrung from me, though reluctantly; I have pledged myself to proceed immediately to my destination abroad, with a full understanding that on my return, a twelvemonth hence, no obstacle shall be thrown in the way of what are, I trust, our mutual wishes.”

“I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which I received this communication, nor will it be necessary to say any thing of what passed at the few interviews which took

place before Francis quitted X—. The evening immediately previous to that of his departure he passed in this house, and before we separated, renewed his protestations of an unchangeable affection, requiring a similar assurance from me in return. I did not hesitate to make it. "Be satisfied, my dear Francis," said I, "that no diminution in the regard I have avowed can ever take place, and, though absent in body, my heart and soul will still be with you."—"Swear this," he cried, with a suddenness and energy which surprised, and rather startled me; "promise that you will be with me *in spirit*, at least, when I am far away." I gave him my hand, but that was not sufficient. "One of these dark shining ringlets, my dear Mary," said he, "as a pledge that you will not forget your vow!" I suffered him to take the scissors from my work-box, and to sever a lock of my hair, which he placed in his bosom. The next day he was pursuing his journey, and the waves were already bearing him from England.

"I had letters from him repeatedly during the first three months of his absence; they spoke of his health, his prospects, and of his love, but by degrees the intervals between each arrival became longer, and I fancied I perceived some falling off from that warmth of expression which at first characterised his communications.

"One night I had retired to rest, rather later than usual, having sat by the bedside, reading and comparing his last brief note with some of his earlier letters, and endeavouring to convince myself that my apprehensions of his fickleness were unfounded, when an undefinable sensation of restlessness and anxiety seized upon me. I cannot compare it to any thing I had ever experienced before; my pulse fluttered, my heart beat with a quickness and violence which alarmed me, and a strange tremour shook my whole frame. I retired hastily to bed, in hopes of getting rid of so unpleasant a sensation, but in vain; a vague apprehension of I knew not what, occupied my mind, and vainly did I endeavour to shake it off. I can compare my feelings to nothing but those which we sometimes experience when

about to undertake a long and unpleasant journey, leaving those we love behind us. More than once did I raise myself in my bed, and listen, fancying that I heard myself called; and on each of those occasions the fluttering of my heart increased. Twice I was on the point of calling to my sister, who then slept in an adjoining room, but she had gone to bed indisposed, and an unwillingness to disturb either her or my mother, checked me; the large clock in the room below at this moment began to strike the hour of twelve. I distinctly heard its vibrations, but ere its sounds had ceased, a burning heat, as if a hot iron had been applied to my temple, was succeeded by a dizziness, a swoon, a total loss of consciousness as to where or in what situation I was.

"A pain, violent, sharp, and piercing, as though my whole frame were lacerated by some keen-edged weapon, roused me from this stupor,—but where was I? Every thing was strange around me—a shadowy dimness rendered every object indistinct and uncertain; methought, however, that I was seated in a large antique high-backed chair, several of which were near, their tall black carved frames and seats interwoven with a lattice work of cane. The apartment in which I sat was of moderate dimensions, and from its sloping roof, seemed to be the upper story of the edifice, a fact confirmed by the moon shining without, in full effulgence, on a large round tower, which its light rendered plainly visible through the open casement, and the summit of which seemed but little superior in elevation to the room I occupied. Rather to the right, and in the distance, the spire of some cathedral, or lofty church, was visible, while sundry gable ends, and tops of houses, told me I was in the midst of a populous, but unknown city.

"The apartment itself had something strange in its appearance; and in the character of its furniture and appurtenances bore little or no resemblance to any I had ever seen before. The fireplace was large and wide, with a pair of what are sometimes called andirons, betokening that wood was the principal, if not

the only fuel consumed within its recess; a huge fire was now blazing in it, the light from which rendered visible the remotest parts of the chamber. Over a lofty old-fashioned mantelpiece, carved heavily in imitation of fruits and flowers, hung a half-length portrait of a gentleman in a dark coloured foreign habit, with a peaked beard and mustaches, one hand resting upon a table, the other supporting a sort of *baton*, or short military staff, the summit of which was surmounted by a silver dove. Several antique chairs, similar in appearance to those already mentioned, surrounded a massive oaken table, the length of which much exceeded its width. At the lower end of this piece of furniture, stood the chair I occupied; on the upper, was placed a small chafing dish, filled with burning coals, and darting forth occasionally long flashes of various coloured fire, the brilliance of which made itself visible, even above the strong illumination emitted from the chimney. Two huge black japanned cabinets, with claw feet, reflecting from their polished surfaces the effulgence of the flame, were placed one on each side the casement window to which I have alluded, and with a few shelves loaded with books, many of which were also strewed in disorder on the floor, completed the list of the furniture in the apartment. Some strange looking instrument, of unknown form and purpose, lay on the table near the chafing dish, on the other side of which a miniature portrait of myself hung, reflected by a small oval mirror in a dark coloured frame, while a large open volume, traced with strange characters, of the colour of blood, lay in front; a goblet, containing a few drops of liquid of the same ensanguined hue, was by its side.

“But of the objects which I have endeavoured to describe, none arrested my attention so forcibly as two others. These were the figures of two young men, in the prime of life, only separated from me by the table. They were dressed alike, each in a long flowing gown, made of some sad coloured stuff, and confined at the waist by a crimson girdle; one of them, the shorter of the two, was occupied in feeding the embers of the chafing dish with a resinous

powder, which produced and maintained a brilliant but flickering blaze, to the action of which his companion was exposing a long lock of dark chestnut hair, that shrank and shrivelled as it approached the flame. But, oh God! that hair, and the form of him who held it! that face! those features! not for one instant could I entertain a doubt it was He! Francis! the lock he grasped was mine, the very pledge of affection I had given him, and still, as it partially encountered the fire, a burning heat seemed to scorch the temple from which it had been taken, conveying a torturing sensation that affected my very brain.

“How shall I proceed—but no, it is impossible, not even to you, sir, can I—dare I—recount the proceedings of that unhallowed night of horror and of shame. Were my life extended to a term commensurate with that of the Patriarchs of old, never could its detestable, its damning pollutions be effaced from my remembrance; and, oh! above all, never could I forget the diabolical glee which sparkled in the eyes of my fiendish tormentors, as they witnessed the worse than useless struggles of their miserable victim. Oh! why was it not permitted me to take refuge in unconsciousness—nay, in death itself, from the abominations of which I was compelled to be, not only a witness, but a partaker? But it is enough, sir; I will not further shock your nature by dwelling longer on a scene, the full horrors of which, words, if I even dared employ any, would be inadequate to express; suffice it to say, that after being subjected to it, how long I know not, but certainly for more than an hour, a noise from below seemed to alarm my persecutors; a pause ensued, the lights were extinguished, and, as the sound of a foot-step ascending a staircase became more distinct, my forehead felt again the excruciating sensation of heat, as the embers, kindling into a momentary flame, betrayed another portion of the ringlet consuming in the blaze. Fresh agonies succeeded, not less severe, and of a similar description to those which had seized upon me at first. Oblivion again followed, and, on being at length restored to consciousness, I found myself as you

see me now, faint and exhausted, weakened in every limb, and every fibre quivering with agitation. My groans soon brought my sister to my aid; it was long before I could summon resolution to confide even to her the dreadful secret, and when I had done so, her strongest efforts were not wanting to persuade me that I had been labouring under a severe attack of nightmare. I ceased to argue, but I was not convinced; the whole scene was then too present, too awfully real, to permit me to doubt the character of the transaction; and if, when a few days had elapsed, the hopelessness of imparting to others the conviction I entertained myself, produced in me an apparent acquiescence with that opinion, I have never been the less satisfied that no cause reducible to the known laws of nature, occasioned my sufferings on that hellish evening. Whether that firm belief might have eventually yielded to time, whether I might at length have been brought to consider all that had passed, and the circumstances which I could never cease to remember, as a mere phantasm, the offspring of a heated imagination, acting upon an enfeebled body, last night would have dispelled the flattering illusion—last night—last night was the whole horrible scene acted over again:—The place—the actors—the whole infernal apparatus were the same;—the same insults, the same torments, the same brutalities—all were renewed, save that the period of my agony was not so prolonged.—I became sensible to an incision in my arm, though the hand that made it was not visible; at the same moment, my persecutors paused; they were manifestly disconcerted, and the companion of him whose name shall never more pass my lips, muttered something to his abettor in evident agitation; the formula of an oath of horrible import was dictated to me in terms fearfully distinct. I refused it unhesitatingly; again and again was it proposed, with menaces I tremble to think on—but I refused;—the same sound was heard—interruption was evidently apprehended, —the same ceremony was hastily repeated, and I again found myself released, lying on my own bed with my mother, and my sister weeping

over me. Oh, God! oh, God! when and how is this to end? When will my spirit be left in peace? Where, or with whom shall I find refuge?

“It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the emotions with which this unhappy girl’s narrative affected me. It must not be supposed that her story was delivered in the same continuous and uninterrupted strain in which I have transcribed its substance. On the contrary, it was not without frequent intervals, of longer or shorter duration, that her account was brought to a conclusion: indeed, many passages of her strange dream were not without the greatest difficulty and reluctance communicated at all. My task was no easy one; never, in the course of a long life spent in the active duties of my Christian calling, never had I been summoned to such a conference before.

“To the half avowed and palliated confession of committed guilt, I had often listened, and pointed out the only road to secure its forgiveness. I had succeeded in cheering the spirit of despondency, and sometimes even in calming the ravings of despair; but here I had a different enemy to combat, an ineradicable prejudice to encounter, evidently backed by no common share of superstition, and confirmed by the mental weakness attendant upon severe bodily pain. To argue the sufferer out of an opinion so rooted, was a hopeless attempt. I did, however, essay it: I spoke to her of the strong and mysterious connexion maintained between our waking images, and those which haunt us in our dreams, and more especially during that morbid oppression commonly called nightmare. I was even enabled to adduce myself as a strong and living instance of the excess to which fancy sometimes carries her freaks on these occasions; and by an odd coincidence, the impression made upon my own mind, which I adduced as an example, bore no slight resemblance to her own. I stated to her, that on my recovery from the fit of epilepsy, which had attacked me about two years since, just before my grandson Frederick left Oxford, it was with the greatest difficulty I could persuade myself that I had not visited him during the

interval in his rooms at Brazenose, and even conversed both with himself and his friend W——, seated in his arm-chair, and gazing through the window full upon the statue of Cain, as it stands in the centre of the quadrangle. I told her of the pain I underwent both at the commencement and termination of my attack, of the extreme lassitude that succeeded; but my efforts were all in vain: she listened to me, indeed, with an interest almost breathless, especially when I informed her of my having actually experienced the burning sensation in the brain alluded to, no doubt strong attendant symptoms of this peculiar affection, and a proof of the identity of the complaint; but I could plainly perceive that I failed entirely in shaking the rooted opinion which possessed her, that her spirit had, by some nefarious and unhallowed means, been actually subtracted for a time from its earthly tenement.”

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The next extract which I shall give from my old friend's memoranda, is dated August 24th, more than a week subsequent to his first visit at Mrs G——'s. He appears, from his papers, to have visited the poor young woman more than once during the interval, and to have afforded her those spiritual consolations which no one was more capable of communicating. His patient, for so in a religious sense she may well be termed, had been sinking under the agitation she had experienced; and the constant dread she was under of similar sufferings, operated so strongly on a frame already enervated, that life at length seemed to hang only by a thread. His papers go on to say,

“I have just seen poor Mary G——, I fear for the last time. Nature is evidently quite worn out, she is aware that she is dying, and looks forward to the termination of her existence here, not only with resignation, but with joy. It is clear that her dream, or what she persists in calling her ‘subtraction,’ has much to do with this. For the last three days, her behaviour has been altered; she has avoided conversing on the subject of her delusion, and seems to wish that I should consider her as a convert to my view of her case. This may perhaps be partly

owing to the flippancies of her medical attendant upon the subject, for Mr I—— has, somehow or other, got an inkling that she has been much agitated by a dream, and thinks to laugh off the impression, in my opinion injudiciously; but though a skilful and a kindhearted, he is a young man, and of a disposition, perhaps, rather too mercurial for the chamber of a nervous invalid. Her manner has since been much more reserved to both of us: in my case probably because she suspects me of betraying her secret.”

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“August 26th.—Mary G—— is yet alive, but sinking fast; her cordiality towards me has returned since her sister confessed yesterday that she had herself told Mr I—— that his patient's mind ‘had been affected by a terrible vision.’ I am evidently restored to her confidence. She asked me this morning, with much earnestness, ‘What I believed to be the state of departed spirits during the interval between dissolution and the final day of account? And whether I thought they would be safe in another world from the influence of wicked persons employing an agency more than human?’ Poor child!—One cannot mistake the still prevailing bias of her mind—Poor child!”

* * * * *

“August 27th.—It is nearly over, she is sinking rapidly, but quietly and without pain. I have just administered to her the sacred elements, of which her mother partook. Elizabeth declined doing the same; she cannot, she says, yet bring herself to forgive the villain who has destroyed her sister. It is singular that she, a young woman of good plain sense in ordinary matters, should so easily adopt, and so pertinaciously retain, a superstition so puerile and ridiculous. This must be matter of future conversation between us; at present, with the form of the dying girl before her eyes, it were vain to argue with her. The mother, I find, has written to young Somers, stating the dangerous situation of his affianced wife; indignant, as she justly is, at his long silence. It is fortunate that she has no knowledge of the suspicions entertained by her daughter. I have seen her letter, it is addressed to Mr Fran-

cis Somers, in the Hogewoert, at Leyden, a fellow-student, then, of Frederick's.—I must remember to enquire if he is acquainted with this young man."

* * * * *

Mary G——, it appears, died the same night. Before her departure, she repeated to my friend the singular story she had before told him, without any material variation from the detail she had formerly given. To the last she persisted in believing that her unworthy lover had practised upon her by forbidden arts. She once more described the apartment with great minuteness, and even the person of Francis's alleged companion, who was, she said, about the middle height, hard featured, with a rather remarkable scar upon his left cheek, extending in a transverse direction from below the eye to the nose. Several pages of my reverend friend's manuscript are filled with reflections upon this extraordinary confession, which, joined with its melancholy termination, seems to have produced no common effect upon him. He alludes to more than one subsequent discussion with the surviving sister, and piques himself on having made some progress in convincing her of the folly of her theory respecting the origin and nature of the illness itself.

His memoranda on this, and other subjects, are continued till about the middle of September, when a break ensues, occasioned, no doubt, by the unwelcome news of his grandson's dangerous state, which induced him to set out forthwith for Holland. His arrival at Leyden, was, as I have already said, too late. Frederick S—— had expired, after thirty hours intense suffering, from a wound received in a duel with a brother student. The cause of quarrel was variously related; but, according to his landlord's version, it had originated in some silly dispute about a dream of his antagonist's, who had been the challenger. Such, at least, was the account given to him, as he said, by Frederick's friend and fellow lodger, W——, who had acted as second on the occasion, thus acquitting himself of an obligation of the same kind, due to the deceased, whose services he had put in requisition about a year before, on a similar occasion, when

he had himself been severely wounded in the face.

From the same authority, I learned that my poor friend was much affected on finding that his arrival had been deferred too long. Every attention was shewn him by the proprietor of the house, a respectable tradesman, and a chamber was prepared for his accommodation; the books, and few effects of his deceased grandson, were delivered over to him, duly inventoried, and, late as it was in the evening when he reached Leyden, he insisted on being conducted to the apartments which Frederick had occupied, there to indulge the first ebullitions of his sorrow, before he retired to his own. Madame Müller, accordingly, led the way to an upper room, which, being situated at the top of the house, had been, from its privacy and distance from the street, selected by Frederick as his study. The Doctor entered, and, taking the lamp from his conductress, motioned to be left alone. His implied wish was, of course, complied with; and nearly two hours had elapsed before his kind-hearted hostess reascended, in the hope of prevailing upon him to return with her, and partake of that refreshment which he had in the first instance peremptorily declined. Her application for admission was unnoticed; she repeated it more than once, without success; then, becoming somewhat alarmed at the continued silence, opened the door, and perceived her new inmate stretched on the floor, in a fainting fit. Restoratives were instantly administered, and prompt medical aid succeeded at length in restoring him to consciousness. But his mind had received a shock, from which, during the few weeks he survived, it never entirely recovered. His thoughts wandered perpetually; and though, from the very slight acquaintance which his hosts held with the English language, the greater part of what fell from him remained unknown, yet enough was understood to induce them to believe that something more than the mere death of his grandson had contributed thus to paralyze his faculties.

When his situation was first discovered, a small miniature was found tightly grasped in his right hand. It had been the property of Frederick,

and had more than once been seen by the Müllers in his possession. To this the patient made continued reference, and would not suffer it one moment from his sight: it was in his hand when he expired. At my request, it was produced to me. The portrait was that of a young woman, in an English morning dress, whose pleasing and regular features, with their mild and somewhat pensive expression, were not, I thought, altogether unknown to me. Her age was apparently about twenty. A profusion of dark chestnut hair was arranged in the Madonna style, above a brow of unsullied whiteness, a single ringlet depending on the left side. A glossy lock of the same colour, and evidently belonging to the original, appeared beneath a small crystal, inlaid in the back of the picture which was plainly set in gold, and bore in a cypher the letters M.G., with the date 18—. From the inspection of this portrait, I could at the time collect nothing, nor from that of the Doctor himself, which also I found the next morning in Frederick's desk, accompanied by two separate portions of hair. One of them was a lock, short and deeply tinged with grey, and had been taken, I have little doubt, from the head of my old friend himself; the other corresponded in colour and appearance with that at the back of the miniature. It was not till a few days had elapsed, and I had seen the worthy Doctor's remains quietly consigned to the narrow house, that, while arranging his papers previous to my intended return upon the morrow, I encountered the narrative I have already transcribed. The name of the unfortunate young woman connected with it forcibly arrested my attention. I recollected it immediately as one belonging to a parishioner of my own, and at once recognised the original of the female portrait as its owner.

I rose not from the perusal of his very singular statement till I had gone through the whole of it. It was late, and the rays of the single lamp by which I was reading, did but very faintly illumine the remoter parts of the room in which I sat. The brilliancy of an unclouded November moon, then some twelve nights old, and shining full into the apartment, did much towards remedying the defect. My thoughts filled with the

melancholy details I had read, I rose and walked to the window. The beautiful planet rode high in the firmament, and gave to the snowy roofs of the houses, and the pendant icicles, all the sparkling radiance of clustering gems. The stillness of the scene harmonized well with the state of my feelings. I threw open the casement and looked abroad. Far below me, the waters of the principal canal shone like a mirror in the moonlight. To the left rose the Burght, a huge round tower, of remarkable appearance, pierced with embrasures at its summit; while, a little to the right, and in the distance, the spire and pinnacles of the cathedral of Leyden rose in all their majesty, presenting a *coup d'ail* of surpassing, though simple beauty. To a spectator of calm, unoccupied mind, the scene would have been delightful. On me it acted with an electric effect. I turned hastily to survey the apartment in which I had been sitting. It was the one designated as the study of the late Frederick S—. The sides of the room were covered with dark wainscot; the spacious fireplace opposite to me, with its polished andirons, was surmounted by a large old-fashioned mantelpiece, heavily carved in the Dutch style with fruits and flowers; above it frowned a portrait, in a Vandyke dress, with peaked beard and mustaches; one hand of the figure rested on a table, while the other bore a marshal's staff, surmounted with a silver dove; and either my imagination, already heated by the scene, deceived me, or a smile, as of malicious triumph curled the lip and glared in the cold leaden eye, that seemed fixed upon my own. The heavy, antique, cane-backed chairs, the large oaken table, the bookshelves, the scattered volumes—all, all were there; while, to complete the picture, to my right and left, as, half breathless, I leaned my back against the casement, rose on each side a tall, dark, ebony cabinet, in whose polished sides the single lamp upon the table shone reflected as in a mirror.

* * * * *

What am I to think? Can it be that the story I have been reading was written by my poor friend here, and under the influence of delirium?

Impossible! Besides, they all assure me, that, from the fatal night of his arrival, he never left his bed—never put pen to paper. His very directions to have me summoned from England were verbally given, during one of those few and brief intervals in which reason seemed partially to resume her sway. Can it then be possible that ——? W——? where is he, who alone may be able to throw light on this horrible mys-

tery? No one knows. He absconded, it seems, immediately after the duel. No trace of him exists, nor, after repeated and anxious enquiries, can I find that any student has ever been known in the University of Leyden by the name of Francis Sommers.

“There are more things in heaven and earth

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. IV.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

“I AM surprised,” said Condorcet to Lafayette, upon seeing him enter the room in the uniform of a private of the National Guard of Paris, of which he had so recently been the commander,—“I am surprised at seeing you, General, in that dress.”—“Not at all,” replied Lafayette, “*I was tired of obeying, and wished to command*, and therefore I laid down my general’s commission, and took a musket on my shoulder.”—“Gnarus,” says Tacitus, “*bellis civilibus, plus militibus quam ducibus licere.*” It is curious to observe how, in the most remote ages, popular license produces effects so precisely similar.

Of the numerous delusions which have overspread the world in such profusion during the last nine months, there is none so extraordinary and so dangerous as the opinion incessantly inculcated by the revolutionary press, that the noblest virtue in regular soldiers is to prove themselves traitors to their oaths, and that a *national guard* is the only safe and constitutional force to whom arms can be intrusted. The troops of the line, whose revolt decided the three days in July in favour of the revolutionary party, have been the subject of the most extravagant eulogium from the liberal press throughout Europe; and even in this country, the government journals have not hesitated to condemn, in no measured terms, the Royal Guard, merely because they adhered, amidst a nation’s treason, to their honour and their oaths.

Hitherto it has been held the first duty of soldiers to adhere with implicit devotion to that *fidelity* which is the foundation of military duties. Treason to his colours has been considered as foul a blot on the soldier’s scutcheon as cowardice in the field. Even in the most republican states, this principle of military subordination has been felt to be the vital principle of national strength. It was during the rigorous days of Roman discipline, that their legions conquered the world; and the decline of the empire began at the time that the Prætorian Guards veered with the mutable populace, and sold the empire for a gratuity to themselves. Albeit placed in power by the insurrection of the people, no men knew better than the French republican leaders that their salvation depended on crushing the military insubordination to which they had owed their elevation. When the Parisian levies began to evince the mutinous spirit in the camp at St Menehould, in Champagne, which they had imbibed during the license of the capital, Dumourier drew them up in the centre of his intrenchments, and shewing them a powerful line of cavalry in front, with their sabres drawn, ready to charge, and a stern array of artillery and cannoniers in rear, with their matches in their hands, soon convinced the most licentious that the boasted independence of the soldier must yield to the dangers of actual warfare.* “The armed force,” said

* Mem. de Dumourier, III. 172.

Carnot, "is essentially obedient;" and in all his commands, that great man incessantly inculcated upon his soldiers the absolute necessity of implicit submission to the power which employed them.* When the recreant Constable de Bourbon, at the head of a victorious squadron of Spanish cavalry, approached the spot where the rear-guard, under the Chevalier Bayard, was covering the retreat of the French army in the Valley of Aosta, he found him seated, mortally wounded, under a tree, with his eyes fixed on the cross which formed the hilt of his sword. Bourbon began to express pity for his fate. "Pity not me," said the high-minded Chevalier, "pity those who fight against their king, their country, and their oath."

These generous feelings, common alike to republican antiquity and modern chivalry, have disappeared during the fumes of the French Revolution. The soldier who is now honoured, is not he who keeps, but he who violates his oath; the rewards of valour showered, not upon those who defend, but those who overturn the government; the incense of popular applause offered, not at the altar of fidelity, but at that of treason. Honours, rewards, promotion, and adulation, have been lavished on the troops of the line, who overthrew the government of Charles X. in July last, while the Royal Guard, who adhered to the fortune of the falling monarch with exemplary fidelity, have been reduced to *beg their bread* from the bounty of strangers in a foreign land.† A subscription has recently been opened in London for the most destitute of those defenders of royalty; but the government journals have stigmatized, as "highly dangerous," any indication of sympathy with their fidelity or their misfortunes.†

If these ancient ideas of honour, however, are to be exploded, they have at least gone out of fashion in good company. The National Guard who took up arms to overthrow the throne, have not been long in destroying the altar. During the revolt of February, 1831, *the Cross*, the emblem of salvation, was taken down

from all the steeples in Paris by the citizen soldiers, and the image of our Saviour effaced, by their orders, from every church within its bounds! The two principles stand and fall together. The Chevalier, without fear and without reproach, died in obedience to his oath, with his eyes fixed on the Cross; the National Guard lived in triumph, while their comrades bore down the venerated emblem from the towers of Notre Dame.

"I can discover no other reason for the uniform progress of the republic," says Cicero, "but the constant sense of religion which has actuated its members. In numbers the Spaniards excel us—in military ardour, the Gauls—in hardihood and obstinacy, the Germans; but in veneration to the gods, and fidelity to their oaths, the Roman people exceed any nation that ever existed." We shall see whether the present times are destined to form an exception from these principles; whether treason and infidelity are to tear the fabric in modern, which fidelity and religion constructed in ancient times.

The extreme peril of such principles renders the enquiry interesting,—What have been the effects of military treachery in times past? Has it aided the cause of virtue, strengthened the principles of freedom, contributed to the prosperity of mankind? Or has it unhinged the fabric of society, blasted the cause of liberty, blighted the happiness of the people?

The first great instance of military treachery occurred in the revolt of the French Guards in June, 1789. That unparalleled event immediately brought on the Revolution. The fatal example rapidly spread to the other troops brought up to overawe the capital, and the King, deprived of the support of his own troops, was soon compelled to submit to the insurgents. It was these soldiers, not the mob of Paris, who stormed the Bastille; all the efforts of the populace were unavailing till those regular troops occupied the adjoining houses, and supported tumultuary enthusiasm by military skill.

Extravagant were the eulogiums,

* Carnot's Memoirs.

† Courier.

boundless the gratitude, great the rewards, which were showered down on the *Gardes Françaises* for this shameful act of treachery. Never were men the subjects of such extraordinary adulation. Wine and women, gambling and intoxication, flattery and bribes, were furnished in abundance. And what was the consequence? The ancient honour of the Guards of France, of those guards who saved the Body Guards at Fontenoy, and inherited a line of centuries of splendour, perished without redemption on that fatal occasion. Tarnished in reputation, disunited in opinion, humbled in character, the regiment fell to pieces from a sense of its own shame; the early leader of the Revolution, its exploits never were heard of through all the career of glory which followed; and the first act of their revolt against their sovereign was the last of their long and renowned existence.

Nor were the consequences of this unexampled defection less dangerous to France than to the soldiers who were guilty of it. The insubordination, license, and extravagance of revolt were fatal to military discipline, and brought France to the brink of ruin. The disaffected soldiers, as has been observed in all ages, were intrepid only against their own sovereign. When they were brought to meet the armies of Prussia and Austria, they all took to flight; and on one occasion, by the admission of Dumourier himself, ten thousand regular soldiers fled from one thousand five hundred Prussian hussars. A little more energy and ability in the allied commanders would have then destroyed the revolutionary government.

Notwithstanding all the enthusiasm of the people, the weakness of insubordination continued to paralyze all the efforts of the republican armies. France was again invaded, and brought to the brink of ruin in 1793, and the tide was then, for the first time, turned, when the iron rule of the mob began, and the terrific grasp of Carnot and Robespierre extinguished all those principles of military license which had so much been the subject of eulogium at the commencement of the Revolution.

Did this abandonment of military duty serve the cause of freedom, or

increase the prosperity of France? Did it establish liberty on a secure basis, or call down the blessings of posterity? It led immediately to all the anguish and suffering of the Revolution—the murder of the King—the anarchy of the kingdom—the reign of terror—the despotism of Napoleon. They forgot their loyalty amidst the glitter of prostitution and the fumes of intoxication; their successors were brought back to it by the iron rule of the committee of public safety: they revolted against the beneficent sway of a reforming monarch: they brought on their country a tyranny, which the pencil of Tacitus would hardly be able to pourtray.

The revolt of the Spanish troops at the Isle of Leon, in 1819, was the next great example of military defection. What have been its consequences? Has Spain improved in freedom—risen in character—augmented in wealth, since that glorious insurrection? It raised up, for a few years, the phantom of a constitutional throne, ephemeral as the dynasties of the East, pestilent as the breath of contagion. Spain was rapidly subjugated when it rested on such defenders—treason blasted their efforts, and the nation, which had gloriously resisted for six years the formidable legions of Napoleon, sunk under the first attack of an inexperienced army of invaders led by a Bourbon Prince. Since that time, to what a deplorable condition has Spain been reduced! Depressed by domestic tyranny, destitute of foreign influence—the ridicule and scorn of Europe—this once great power has almost been blotted from the book of nations.

Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont, all had military Revolutions about the same time. Have they improved the character, bettered the condition, extended the freedom, of these countries? They have, on the contrary, established constitutions, whose failure and absurdity have brought the cause of freedom itself into disrepute. The valiant revolvers against the Neapolitan throne, fled at the first sight of the Austrian battalions; and the free institutions of Piedmont and Portugal, without foreign aggression, have all fallen from their own inherent weakness. All these

premature attempts to introduce freedom by military revolt, have failed; and sterner despotism succeeded, from the moral reaction consequent on their disappearance.

Great part of the armies in South America revolted from the Spanish throne, and success has crowned their endeavours. What has been the consequence? Anarchy, confusion, and military confiscation—the rule of bayonets instead of that of mitres—suffering, dilapidation, and ruin, which have caused even the leaden yoke of the Castilian monarch to be regretted.

At length the glorious days of July arrived, and the declaration of the whole regular troops of the line in Paris against the government, at once decided the contest in favour of the populace. Never was more extravagant praise bestowed on any body of men, than on the soldiers who had been guilty of this act of treason. It is worth while, therefore, to examine what have been its effects, and whether the cause of freedom has really been benefited in France by the aid of treachery.

The French nation has got quit of a priest-ridden imbecile race of monarchs; men whose principles were arbitrary, habits indolent, intellects weak; who possessed the inclination, but wanted the capacity, to restrain the liberty of their people.

They have terminated a pacific era, during which the country made unexampled progress in wealth, industry, and prosperity; during which many of the wounds of the Revolution were closed, and new channels of opulence opened; during which the principles of real freedom struck deeply their roots, and the industrious habits were extensively spread, which can alone afford security for their continuance.

They have begun, instead, the career of anarchy and popular tyranny. Industry has been paralyzed, credit suspended, prosperity blighted. Commercial undertakings have ceased, distrust succeeded to confidence—despair to hope—the victims of the Revolution have disappeared, and the poor who gained it, are destitute of bread.

They have begun again the career of Republican ambition and foreign aggression; they aim openly at re-

volutionizing other countries, and they are unable to maintain the government they have established in their own. The Conscription is again rending asunder the affections of private life; the fountains of domestic happiness are closed; and war, with its excitements and its dangers, is again rousing the energies of its population. In the shock of contending factions, liberty is fast expiring. The imbecility of Polignac has been succeeded by the energy of Soult—the arbitrary principles of feeble priests is about to yield to the unbending despotism of energetic Republicans.

By the confession of the journals who support the Revolution, its advantages are all *to come*; bitter and unpalatable have been its fruits to this hour. The three per cents have fallen from 80 to 50; 12,000 workmen, without bread, are maintained on the public works; great part of the banks and mercantile houses are bankrupt; Lafitte himself is barely solvent; the opulent classes are rapidly leaving the capital; no one expends his fortune; universal distrust and apprehension have dried up the sources of industry.

The government, blown about with every wind of doctrine, is wholly unable to prevent the downward progress of the Revolution. As usual in public convulsions, the audacious, the reckless, the desperate, are pressing forward to the front ranks, and the moderate and rational sinking into obscurity. The *Doctrinaires* were subverted by the tumults in October; their successors by the crisis in December; the last ministers, by the explosion in February. Without authority, power, or influence, the throne is rapidly falling into contempt; the private virtues and firm character of the King, are unable to stem the swelling flood of democracy.

Impelled by revolutionary ambition into foreign war, the government of France, whether republican or monarchical, must inevitably become despotic. If the allies succeed, the Bourbons will be restored at the point of the bayonet. If the republicans are victorious, military despotism will speedily be established. The victorious legions will not surrender the authority they have won,

A second successful commander will, under the name of Consul Dictator or Emperor, re-establish the empire of the sword. After drenching Europe with blood, democratic ambition will find itself mastered by the power it has produced; victorious or vanquished, it will prove fatal to its parent freedom.

Such have been the fruits of military treachery in France.

Does Belgium afford a more flattering prospect to the advocates of military defection? Has treason, pestilential and blasting elsewhere, there brought forth the sweet and lasting fruits of peace, tranquillity, and industry? Is the independence of Flanders as secure, its commerce as flourishing, its people as contented, its agriculture as prosperous, its poor as well fed, as under the hateful reign of the Orange dynasty? By the admission of the advocates of Revolution, according to the statement of M. Potter himself, they have gained only anarchy and wretchedness, "discord within, contempt without—the intrigues of kings—the divisions of faction—the apathy of despair."

Effects so uniform, consequences so unvarying, must spring from some common cause. Victorious or vanquished, military treachery has proved fatal to *every state* where it has prevailed: it has everywhere blighted industry, shaken credit, destroyed freedom. Liberty has never suffered so much as from the rude and sacrilegious hands of such defenders.

"It must constantly be understood, and it is not sufficiently recollected," said Guizot in the Chamber of Deputies on the 3d of February, 1831, "that freedom is never in such danger as after a successful revolution. Habits cannot be conceived so much at variance with the protection of the people as the excitation, ambition, and misrule, which arise from their first triumph." These were the words of the republican minister established in office by the revolt in July; *after* he had been driven from the helm by the increasing vigour of the democratic faction to which he owed his elevation.

If the matter be considered coolly, it must at once appear that freedom *never can* be purchased by the revolt of soldiers; and that the military

treachery which is so much the object of eulogium, is more dangerous to the liberty which has excited it, than to any other human interest.

Freedom consists in the coercion of each class by the jealousies and exertions of the others. The crown is watched by the people, the aristocracy by the crown, the populace by the aristocracy. It is the jealousy and efforts of these different interests to keep each other within due bounds, which form the balance of power indispensable to civil liberty. Without such an equilibrium, one or other of the constituent bodies must be crushed, and the ascendancy of the other rendered subversive of general freedom.

But when an established government is overturned by a revolt of its own soldiers, the event occurs which is of all others the most *fatal* to public liberty, viz. the destruction of subsisting power by an armed and limited class in the state. The bayonet becomes thenceforward the irresistible argument of the dominant body, and liberty, exterminated by its own defenders, sinks in the struggle which was created in her name.

It is quite in vain to expect that men of reckless and licentious habits, like the majority of soldiers in every country, will quietly resign the supreme authority after having won it at the peril of their lives. Individuals sometimes may make such a sacrifice—large bodies never have, and never will. The Prætorian Guards of Rome, and the Janizaries of Constantinople, have often revolted against the reigning power, and bestowed the throne on their own favourite; but it was never found that general freedom was improved by the result, or that individuals were better defended against oppression after it than before.

Freedom cannot be established in a day by the successful issue of a single revolt.—Its growth is as slow as that of industry in the individual: its preservation dependent on the establishment of regular habits, and the maintenance of a courageous spirit in the people. Nothing can be so destructive to these habits as a successful revolt of the soldiery. The ambition which it awakens, the sudden elevation which it confers, the power which it lodges in armed

and inexperienced hands, are, of all things, the most fatal to the sober, patient and unobtrusive habits, which are the parent of real freedom. The industry, frugality, and moderation of pacific life appear intolerable to men who are dazzled by the glittering prospect of revolutionary triumph.

A successful insurrection in the army lodges supreme authority at once in an armed force. No power capable of counteracting it remains. The majesty of the throne, the sense of duty, the sanctity of an oath, the awe of the legislature, have all been set at naught. The energy of the citizens has never been developed, because the revolt of the soldiers terminated the contest before their support was required. The struggle has depended entirely between the throne and the army: the interest of the state can never be promoted by the victory of either of these contending parties.

This is the circumstance which must always render treason in the army destructive to lasting freedom. It terminates the struggle at once, before any impulse has been communicated to the unarmed citizens, or they have acquired the vigour and military prowess which is alone capable of controlling them. The people merely change masters; instead of the king and his ministers, they get the general and his officers. The rule of the sovereign is looked back to with bitter regret, when men have tasted of the severity of military license, and experienced the rigour of military execution. Whereas, during the vicissitudes of a civil war, the energy of all classes is brought into action, and the chance of obtaining ultimate freedom, improved by the very difficulty with which it has been won. The British constitution, the gradual result of repeated contests between the crown and the people, has subsisted unimpaired for centuries—the French, effected at once by the treachery of the army, has been as short-lived as the popularity of its authors. There is no royal road to freedom any more than to geometry; it is by patient exertion and progressive additions to their influence, that freedom is acquired by nations not less than eminence by individuals.

What then, it may be asked, are soldiers to do when a sovereign like

Charles X. promulgates ordinances subversive of public freedom? Are they to make themselves the willing instrument in enslaving their fellow-citizens? We answer, Certainly; if they have any regard for the ultimate maintenance of their liberty. If illegal measures have been adopted, let them be repealed by the civil authorities; but never let the soldiers take the initiative in attempting their overthrow. The interests of liberty require this as indispensably as those of order. Nothing short of an unanimous declaration of the national will by the higher classes, should lead to a defection from loyalty on the part of its sworn defenders.

In former times, no doubt, many examples have occurred of the incipient efforts of freedom being entirely extinguished by military execution; but no such catastrophe need be apprehended in countries where the press is established; the Republicans themselves have everywhere proclaimed this truth. The opinions and interests of the many must prevail where their voice is heard. The only thing to be feared for them is from their own passions. The only danger to liberty in such circumstances is from its own defenders; the violence to be apprehended is not that of the throne, but of the populace.

No stronger proof of this can be imagined than has been furnished by the recent revolution in France and Belgium. The revolt of the soldier at once established the rule of the mob in these countries, and put an end, for a long time at least, to every hope of freedom. What security is there afforded for property, life, or character? Confessedly none; every thing is determined by the bayonet of the National Guard and army; neither the throne nor the people can withstand them. Freedom was as little confirmed by their revolt, as at Constantinople by an insurrection of the Janizaries.

Liberty in France was *endangered* for the moment by the ordinances of the Bourbons: it has been *destroyed* by the insurrection planned to overthrow them. Freedom, supported as it then was, by an energetic and democratic press, and a republican population, ran no risk of permanent

injury from the intrigues of the court. A priest-ridden monarch, guided by imbecile ministers, could never have subjugated an ardent, high-spirited, and democratic people.

But the danger is very different from the energy of the Republicans, and the ambition of the soldiers. Marshal Soult and his bayonets are not so easily dealt with as Prince Polignac and his Jesuits. The feeble monarchy of Louis XVI. was overturned with ease: the terrible Committee of Public Safety, the despotic Directory, the energetic sway of Napoleon, ruled the Revolution, and crushed freedom, even in its wildest fits. Three days' insurrection destroyed the feeble government of Charles. A revolt ten times more formidable was crushed with ease by the military power of the Convention.

Had the soldiers *not revolted* in July, what would have been the consequence? The insurrection in Paris, crushed by a garrison of 12,000 men, would have speedily sunk. A new Chamber, convoked on the basis of the royal ordinance, would have thrown the Ministers into a minority in the Chamber of Deputies, and by them the obnoxious measure would have been repealed. If there is any truth in the growing influence of public opinion, so uniformly maintained by liberal writers, this must have been the result. No representatives chosen by any electors in France, could have withstood the odium which supporting the measures of the court would have produced. Thus liberty would have been secured without exciting the tempest which threatens its own overthrow. Public credit, private confidence, general prosperity, would have been maintained; the peace of the world preserved; the habits conducive to a state of national freedom engendered.

What have been the consequences of the boasted treachery of the troops of the line in July? The excitation of revolutionary hopes; the rousing of democratic ambition; a ferment in society; the abandonment of useful industry; the government of the mob; the arming of France; the suspension of pacific enterprise. A general war must ensue. Europe will be drenched with blood, and whatever be the result, it will be equally

fatal to the cause of freedom. If the aristocracy prevail, it will be the government of the sword; if the populace, of the guillotine.

A civil war in France would have been far more serviceable to the cause of real liberty, than the sudden destruction of the government by the revolt of the army. In many periods of history, freedom has emerged from the collision of different classes in society, in none from military insubordination.

If Charles I. had possessed a regular army, and it had betrayed its trust on the first breaking out of the great Rebellion, would the result have been as favourable to the cause of liberty, as the long contest which ensued? Nothing can be clearer than that it would not. No greater consequences would have followed such a revolt, than any of the insurrections of the barons against the princes of York and Lancaster. A revolution so easily achieved, would as easily have been abandoned: liberty would never have been gained, because the trials had not been endured by which it is to be won. The only security for its continuance is to be found in the energy and courage of the citizens: it is not by witnessing the destruction of government by a mutinous soldiery, that these habits are to be acquired.

Soldiers, therefore, who adhere to their honour and their oaths, are in reality the best friends of the cause of freedom. They prevent the struggle for its maintenance from being converted into a mortal combat, in which the victory of either party must prove fatal to the very object for which they are contending. They prevent the love of independence from being transformed into the spirit of insubordination, and the efforts of freedom blasted by the violence of popular, or the irresistible weight of military ambition. They turn the spirit of liberty into a pacific channel; and averting it from that direction where it falls under the rule of violence, retain it in that where wisdom and foresight duly regulate its movements.

The institution of a *National Guard*, of which so much is now said, is not less the subject of delusion, than the boasted treachery of regular soldiers.

Citizen soldiers are most valuable *additions* to the force of a regular army, and when actuated by a common and patriotic feeling, they are capable of rendering most effective service to the state. The landwehr of Prussia, and the volunteers of Russia, sufficiently demonstrated that truth during the campaigns of 1812 and 1813.

They are a valuable force also for preserving domestic tranquillity *up to a certain point*, when little *real peril* is to be encountered, and a display of moral opinion is of more weight than the exertion of military prowess. But they are a force that cannot be relied on during the shades of opinion which take place in a revolution, and still less in the perilous strife which follows the actual collision of one class of the State with another. This has been completely demonstrated during both the French Revolutions.

The National Guard of Paris was first embodied on the 20th July 1789, a week after the capture of the Bastille. During the first fervour of the revolutionary ardour, and before the strife of faction had brought the opposite parties into actual contest, they frequently rendered effective service to the cause of order. On more than one occasion, headed by Lafayette, they dispersed seditious assemblages, and once, in June 1792, were brought to fire upon the Jacobins in the Champ de Mars. But whenever matters approached a crisis, when the want and suffering consequent on a revolution had brought forward angry bodies of workmen from the Fauxbourg; when the question was not one of turning out to parade, but of fighting an exasperated multitude, they uniformly failed.

The citizen soldiers, headed by Lafayette, were under arms in great force on the 5th October, 1789, when a furious rabble marched to Versailles, broke into and plundered the palace, attempted to murder the Queen, and brought the Royal Family in captivity to Paris, preceded by the heads of their faithful Body Guards. They refused for five hours to listen to the entreaties of their commander to march to protect the palace of the King against that atro-

cious insult; and when they did go, were too irresolute to prevent the violence which followed.

They stood by on 20th June, 1792, when a vociferous rabble broke into the hall of the Assembly, threatening the obnoxious deputies with instant death; when they rushed into the Palace of the Tuileries, pushed their pikes at the breast of Louis, placed the Cap of Liberty on his head, and brought the Royal Family and the monarchy into imminent danger.

They assembled at the sound of the *générale*, when the Fauxbourgs rose in revolt on the 10th August, and their dense battalions, plentifully supported by cavalry and artillery, accumulated in great force round the Tuileries. But division, irresolution, and timidity, paralyzed their ranks. First the Gendarmerie deserted to the assailants; then the cannoneers unloaded their guns; several battalions next joined the insurgents, and the few that remained faithful were so completely paralyzed by the general defection of their comrades, that they were unable to render any effective support to the Swiss Guard. From amidst a forest of citizen bayonets, the monarch was dragged a captive to the Temple, and the government of France yielded up to a sanguinary rabble. Seven thousand National Guards, on that day, yielded up their sovereign to a despicable rabble; as many hundred faithful regular soldiers would have established his throne, and prevented the Reign of Terror.

When Lafayette, indignant at the atrocities of the Jacobins, repaired to Paris from the army, and assigned a rendezvous at his house, in the evening of June 27, 1792, to the National Guard, of which he had so lately been the popular commander, in order to march against the Jacobin club, only thirty men obeyed the summons. The immense majority evinced a fatal apathy, and surrendered up their country, without a struggle, to the empire of the Jacobins.

When Louis, Marie Antoinette, and the Princess Elizabeth, were successively led out to the scaffold; when the brave and virtuous Madame Roland became the victim of the freedom she had worshipped; when

Vergniaud and the illustrious leaders of the Gironde were brought to the block; when Danton and Camille Desmoulins were destroyed by the mob whom they had excited, the National Guard lined the streets, and attended the cars to the guillotine.

When the executions rose to 150 daily; when the shopkeepers closed their windows, to avoid witnessing the dismal spectacles of the long procession which was approaching the scaffold; when a ditch was dug to convey the blood of the victims to the Seine; when France groaned under tyranny, unequalled since the beginning of the world, 40,000 National Guards, with arms in their hands, looked on in silent observation of the mournful spectacle.

When indignant nature revolted at the cruelty; when, by a generous union, the members of all sides in the Assembly united, the power of the tyrants was shaken; when Robespierre was declared *hors la loi*, and the *général* was beat to summon the citizen soldiers to make a last effort in behalf not only of their country, but of their own existence, only 2500 obeyed the summons! Thirty-seven thousand five hundred declined to come forward in a contest for their lives, their families, and every thing that was dear to them. With this contemptible force was Robespierre besieged in the Hotel de Ville; and but for the fortunate and unforeseen defection of the cannoners of the Fauxbourgs in the Place de Grève, the tyrants would have been successful, the Assembly destroyed, and the reign of the guillotine perpetuated on the earth.

When the reaction in favour of the victors, on the 9th Thermidor, had roused the Parisian population against the sanguinary rule of the Convention; when, encouraged by the contemptible force at the disposal of government, 40,000 of the National Guard assaulted 4000 regular soldiers, in position at the Tuileries, on Oct. 31, 1795, Napoleon shewed what reliance could be placed on the citizen soldiers. With a few discharges of artillery, he checked the advance of the leading battalions, spread terror through their dense columns, and a revolt, which was expected to overthrow the tyranny

of the delegates of the people, terminated by the establishment of military despotism.

When Augereau, on 4th Sept. 1797, at the command of the Directory, seized sixty of the popular leaders of the legislature; when the law of the sword began, and all the liberties of the Revolution were about to be sacrificed at the altar of military violence, the National Guard declined to move, and saw their fellow-citizens, the warmest supporters of their liberties, carried into captivity and exile, without attempting a movement in their behalf.

When Napoleon overthrew the government in 1800; when, like another Cromwell, he seized the fruits of another Revolution; when he marched his grenadiers into the council of Five Hundred, and made the stern rule of the sword succeed to the visions of enthusiastic freedom, the National Guard remained quiet spectators of the destruction of their country's liberties, and testified the same submission to the reign of military, which they had done to that of democratic violence.

The National Guard was re-organized in August, 1830, and their conduct since that time has been the subject of unmeasured eulogium from all the liberal Journals of Europe. The throne was established by their bayonets; the Citizen King has thrown himself upon their support; they were established in great force in every quarter of Paris, and the public tranquillity intrusted to their hands. History has a right to enquire what they have done to justify the high praises of their supporters, and how far the cause of order and rational liberty has gained by their exertions.

They had the history of the former Revolution clearly before their eyes; they knew well, by dear-bought experience, that when popular violence is once roused, it overthrows all the bulwarks both of order and freedom; they were supported by all the weight of government; they had every thing at stake, in keeping down the ferment of the people. With so many motives to vigorous action, what have they done?

They permitted an unruly mob of 30,000 persons to assemble round the Palace of Louis Philip, on October

25, 1890, and so completely shatter his infant authority, that he was obliged to dismiss the able and philosophic Guizot, the greatest historian of France, and the whole cabinet of the *Doctrinaires*, from his councils, to make way for republican leaders of sterner mould, and better adapted to the increasing violence of the popular mind.

At the trial of Polignac, the whole National Guard of Paris and the departments in the neighbourhood, 70,000 strong, was assembled in the capital; and what was the proof which the government gave of confidence in their loyalty and efficiency in the cause of order? Albeit encamped, as Lafayette said, at the Luxembourg, amidst 20,000 National Guards, 4000 troops of the line, 3000 cavalry, and 40 pieces of artillery, the government *did not venture* to withdraw the state prisoners to Vincennes in daylight; and, but for the stratagem of Montalivet, in getting them secretly conveyed away in the middle of the night, in his own caleche, from the midst of that vast encampment of citizen soldiers, they would have been murdered in the street, within sight of that very supreme tribunal which had pronounced that sentence, and saved their lives.

At that critical moment, the cannoneers of the National Guard, placed with their pieces at the Louvre, declared, that, if matters came to extremities, they would have turned their cannon *against* the government. Great part of the infantry, it was found, could not be relied on. The agitation occasioned by these events produced another change in the ministry, but no additional security to the throne.

In February last, the National Guard joined the populace in pillaging the palace of the Archbishop of Paris; and joining in the infernal cry against every species of religion, scaled every steeple in Paris, with sacrilegious hands tore down the cross from their summits, and disgraced their uniforms by effacing the image of our Saviour in all the churches in the metropolis. The apathy and irresolution of the National Guard in repressing the disorder of the populace on this occasion, was such as to call for a reproof even from the most ardent supporters of

republican institutions. The consequence has been a third change of ministers in little more than six months.

The Paris Journals are daily full of the distress of the labouring classes, the stagnation of commercial enterprise, the want of confidence, and the disgraceful tumults which incessantly agitate the public mind, and have prevented the resumption of any industrial occupation. All this takes place in the midst, and under the eye of 55,000 National Guards.

History will record that the National Guard of France was instituted in 1789 for the consolidation of free institutions, and the preservation of public tranquillity.

That since its establishment, the government and prevailing institutions have been the subject of incessant change; that they have had in turn a constitutional monarchy, a fierce democracy, a sceptre of blood, a military constitution, a despotic consulate, an Imperial throne, a regulated monarchy, and a citizen king.

That during their guardianship, a greater number of lives have perished in civil war—a greater number of murders taken place on the scaffold—a greater extent of confiscation of fortune been inflicted—a greater quantity of wealth destroyed—a greater degree of violence exerted by the people—a greater sum of anguish endured—than in an equal extent of time and population, in any age or country since the beginning of the world!

That it has almost invariably failed at the decisive moment; that, instituted for the defence of property, it has connived at unheard-of spoliation; appointed for the preservation of order, its existence has been chiefly signalized by misrule; charged with the defence of life, it has permitted blood to flow in ceaseless torrents.

Nothing therefore can be more unfounded in fact, than the applause so generally bestowed on this popular institution considered as the sole or principal support of government.—It has been of value only as an auxiliary to the regular force; it is utterly unserviceable in the crisis of civil warfare; and is then only of real utility when some common pa-

triotic feeling has sunk all minor shades of opinion in one general emotion.

It is impossible it ever should be otherwise—citizen soldiers are extremely serviceable when they are subjected to the bonds of discipline, and obedient to the orders of the supreme power. But when they take upon themselves to discuss the measures or form of government, and instead of obeying orders to canvass principles, there is an end not only of all efficiency in their force, but of all utility in their institution. Fifty thousand legislators, with bayonets in their hands, form a hopeless National Assembly.

This is the circumstance which, in every decisive crisis between the opposing parties, paralyzed the National Guard of Paris, and to the end of time will paralyze all volunteer troops in similar extremities: They shared in the opinions of their fellow-citizens; they were members of clubs, as well as the unarmed multitude; they were as ready to fight with each other, as with the supporters of anarchy. The battalions drawn from the Fauxbourg St Germain or the quarters of the Palais Royal, and the Chaussee d'Antico, were disposed to support the Monarchy; but those from the Fauxbourg St Antoine and St Marceau, were as determined to aid the cause of democracy; and in this divided state, the battalions of a democratic cast, from their superior numbers, acquired a fatal ascendancy.

The case would be the same in London if a similar crisis should arrive. The battalions from the Regent Park, Regent Street, Piccadilly, the West End, and all the opulent quarters, might be relied on to support the cause of order; but what could be expected from those raised in Wapping, Deptford, St Giles, Spitalfields, or all the innumerable lanes and alleys of the city, and its eastern suburbs? If the National Guard of London were 100,000 strong, at least 80,000 of them would, from their habits, inclinations, and connexions, side with the democratic party.

It is a fatal delusion to suppose that at all events, and in all circumstances, the National Guard would be inclined to support the cause of

order, and prevent the depredation from which they would be first to suffer:—They unquestionably would be inclined to do so up to a certain point of danger, and as long as they believed that the ruling power in the state was likely to prove victorious. But no sooner does the danger become more urgent, no sooner does the government run the risk of defeat, than the National Guard is paralyzed from the very circumstance of its being in great part composed of men of property. The great capitalist is the most timid animal in existence; next comes the great shopkeeper, lastly the little tradesman. Their resolution is inversely as their wealth. In all ages, desperate daring valour has been found in the greatest degree amongst the lowest class of society. The multiplied enjoyments of life render men unwilling to incur the risk of losing them.

No sooner, therefore, does the democratic party appear likely to become victorious, than the shopkeepers of the National Guard begin to think only of extricating their private affairs from the general ruin. *Sauve qui peut* is then, if not the general cry, at least the general feeling. The merchant sees before him a dismal vista of sacked warehouses and burnt stores; the manufacturer, of insurgent workmen and suspended orders; the tradesman, of pillaged shops and ruined custom. Despairing of the commonwealth, they recur, as all men do in evident peril, to the unerring instinct of self-preservation; and, from the magnitude of their stake, fall under the influence of this apprehension long before it has reached the lower and more reckless classes of society.

Admirable, therefore, as an auxiliary to the regular force in case of peril from foreign invasion, a National Guard is not to be relied on during the perils and divisions of civil conflict. It always has, and always will fail in extremity, when a war of opinion agitates the state.

The only sure support of order in such unhappy circumstances is to be found in a numerous and honourable body of regular soldiers. Let not the sworn defender of order be tainted by the revolutionary maxim, that the duties of the citizen are superior to those of the soldier, and

that nature formed them as men, before society made them warriors. The first duty of a soldier, the first principle of honour, is fidelity to the executive power. In crushing an insurrection of the populace in a mixed government, he is not enslaving his fellow-citizens; he is only turning the efforts of freedom into their proper channel, and preventing the contest of opinion from degenerating into that of force. Liberty has

as much to hope from his success as tranquillity: nothing is so fatal to its establishment as the violence exerted for its extension. In this as in other instances, it is not lawful to do evil that good may come of it; and philosophy will at length discover, what reason and religion have long ago taught, that the only secure foundation for ultimate expedience, is the present discharge of duty.

TO MY CHILD.

I LOVE to gaze upon thy cheek
Of roseate hue, my Child;
I love to mark thy quick blue eye,
So sparkling and so wild;
To twine those sunny locks of thine,
And kiss thy forehead fair,
And see thy little hands held up
In sweet and guileless prayer.

Yes! bright and beautiful thou art,
And playful as the fawn,
That bounds, with footsteps light as air,
Across the dewy lawn;
And when the day is over,
And thy pleasant gambols done,
Thou'lt calmly sink to rest, nor think
Of ills beyond that sun.

Thou dream'st not of a Mother's cares,
Her anxious hopes, my Boy;
Thy skies are ever clear, thy thoughts
Are full of mirth and joy;
And nestled in a parent's arms,
Or seated on her knee,
List'ning to oft-told childish tales,
What's all the world to thee?

Moments of thoughtless innocence,
Why do ye fly so fast,
Leaving the weary heart to feel
Life's sweetest hours are past!
And flinging o'er the fairy land
That bloom'd, when ye were near
With light and loveliness, the mist
Of trouble, doubt, and fear.

Aye! rove, in all thine artlessness,
Along the verdant mead,
And gather wild-flowers, springing thick,
Beneath thine infant tread;
And take thy fill of blameless glee,
For soon 'twill pass away;
I, too, will leave my cares a while,
To watch thy merry play.

THE FATE OF THE DUKE DE BIRON.

FRANCIS Count of St Maurice, was born at Poitiers, in the year 1580. His father perished in battle before his eyes opened to the day, and his mother scarcely survived his birth a week. His patrimonial property had been wasted in the wars of the league, and his only inheritance was his father's sword, and a few trembling lines written by his dying mother to the famous Baron de Biron, with whom she was distantly connected by the ties of blood. A trinket or two, the remnant of all the jewels that had decked her on her bridal day, paid the expense of arraying the dead wife of the fallen soldier for the grave, and furnished a few masses for the repose of both their souls; and an old servant, who had seen her mistress blossom into woman's loveliness, and then so soon fade into the tomb, after beholding the last dread dear offices bestowed upon the cold clay, took up the unhappy fruit of departed love, and bore it in her arms, on foot, to the only one on whom it seemed to have a claim. Biron, though stern, rude, and selfish, did not resist the demand. Ambition had not yet hardened his heart wholly, nor poisoned the purer stream of his affections; and gazing on the infant for a moment, he declared it was a lovely child, and wondrous like his cousin. He would make a soldier of the brat, he said, and he gave liberal orders for its care and tending. The child grew up, and the slight unmeaning features of the infant were moulded by time's hand—as ready to perfect as to destroy—into the face of as fair a boy as ever the eye beheld. Biron often saw and sported with the child, and its bold, sweet, and fearless mood, tempered by all the graces of youth and innocence, won upon the soldier's heart. He took a pride in his education, made him his page and his companion, led him early to the battle field, and inured him almost from infancy to danger and to arms.

Although occasionally fond of softer occupations—of music—of reading, and the dance, the young Count of St Maurice loved the profession in which he was trained.

Quick-sighted and talented, brave as a lion, and firm as a rock, he rose in his profession, and obtained several of those posts which, together with the liberality of his benefactor, enabled him, in some degree, to maintain the rank which had come down to him without the fortune to support it. Attaching himself more and more to Biron every year, he followed him in all his campaigns and expeditions, and paid him back, by many a service and many a care, the kindness he had shewn him in his infancy. So that twice had he saved the Marshal's life, and twice, by his active vigilance, had he enabled his leader to defeat the enemy, before he himself had reached the age of eighteen.

Gradually, however, a change came over the mind of Marshal Biron. Henry IV., his too good master, became firmly seated on the throne of France, and Biron, attributing all the king's success to his own support, thought no recompense sufficient for his services, no honours high enough for his merit and his deeds. Henry was any thing but ungrateful, and though, in fact, he owed his throne to his birth, and to his own right hand, more than to any man on earth, he, nevertheless, loaded Marshal Biron with all the honours in his power to bestow. He was created a Duke and Peer of France, High Admiral, and Lieutenant-General of the king's armies; and many a post of distinction and emolument, raised his revenues and his dignity together. But still he was not satisfied: pride, ambition, and discontent, took possession of his heart; and he meditated schemes of elevating himself, till the insanity of ambition led him to thoughts of treason. His manners, too, grew morose and haughty: he was reserved and distant to those he had formerly favoured, and his household became cold and stately.

At the same time, a change, but a very different change, had taken place in the bosom of the young St Maurice; and to explain what that change was, a fact must be mentioned, which is in itself a key to all the new feelings, and the new thoughts,

the new speculations, and the new hopes, which entered into the bosom of the young, but fortuneless Count, about the end of the year 1600. About eight years before that period, there had been added to the family of the Duke de Biron a young niece, of about nine years old, a lively gentle girl, with bright fair hair and soft blue eyes, and pretty childish features, that had no look but that of innocence, when they were in repose, but which occasionally took a glance of bright, happy eagerness, with which we might suppose an angel gazing on the completion of some bright and mighty work. In her childhood, she played with the young St Maurice, till they loved each other as children love; and just at that age when such things become dangerous to a young girl's heart, fluttering between infancy and womanhood, the Duke de Biron was ordered to Brussels on the arrangements of the peace, and taking St Maurice with him, he sent Mademoiselle de la Roche sur Marne to a convent, which she thought very hard, for her father and mother were both dead, and all that she loved on earth the Duke carried away with him.

St Maurice was left behind at Brussels to terminate some business which Marshal Biron had not concluded, and when, after some lapse of time, he returned to France, and joined the Duke at the Citadel of Bourg, where that nobleman commanded for the King, he found Marie de la Roche no longer the same being he had left her. The bud had at once burst forth into a flower, and a flower of most transcendent loveliness. The form which his arm had encircled a thousand times, in boyish sport, had changed in the whole tone of its beauty. Every line, every movement, breathed a different spirit, and woke a different feeling. The features too, though soft as infancy, had lost the roundness of infancy, and in the still innocent imploring eyes, which yet called up all the memory of the past, there was an eloquent glance beaming from a woman's heart, in which childhood was outshone. The young Count felt no alteration in himself, but was dazzled and surprised with the change in her, and felt a sudden diffidence take

possession of him, which the first warm unchanged welcome could hardly dispel. She seemed scarce to dream that there was a difference, for the time that she had spent in the convent was an unfilled blank, which afforded scarce a circumstance to mark the passage of a brief two years. The Duke de Biron received his young follower with rough kindness, but there were always various causes which kept him more from the society of St Maurice than formerly. There were many strangers about him, some of whom were Italians, and St Maurice saw that much private business was transacted, from a knowledge of which he was purposely excluded. The Duke would take long, and almost solitary rides, or go upon distant expeditions, to visit the different posts under his government, and then, instead of commanding at once the young soldier's company, he left him to escort Mademoiselle de la Roche to this fair sight, or that beautiful view. In the pride and selfishness of his heart, he never dreamed it possible that the poor and friendless Count of St Maurice would dare to love the niece of the great Duke de Biron, or that Marie de la Roche would ever feel towards him in any other way than as the dependent follower of her uncle. But he knew not human nature. Mademoiselle de la Roche leaned upon the arm of St Maurice as they strayed through the beautiful scenery near Bourg, or yielded her light form to his grasp as he lifted her on horseback, or listened to him while he told of battles and dangers when he had followed her uncle to the field, or gazed upon his flashing features and speaking eye while he spoke of great deeds, till her heart beat almost to pain whenever his step sounded along the corridors, and her veins thrilled at the slightest touch of his hand. St Maurice, too, for months plunged blindly into the vortex before him. He thought not—he hesitated not at the consequences. But one feeling, one emotion, one passion filled his bosom,—annihilated foresight, prudence, reflection altogether,—took possession of heart and brain, and left the only object for his mind's conception—love!

It went on silently in the bosom of

each; they spoke not what was in their hearts; they hardly dared to look in each other's eyes for fear the secret should find too eloquent a voice; and yet they each felt and knew, that loving, they were beloved. They could not but know it, for, constantly together, there were a thousand voiceless unconscious modes of expression, which told again and again a tale that was but too dear to the heart of each. And yet there is something in the strong confirmation of language which each required for the full satisfaction of their mutual hopes, and there are moments when passion will have voice. Such a moment came to them. They were alone; the sun had just sunk, and the few grey minutes of the twilight were speeding on irrevocable wings. There was no eye to see, no ear to hear, and their love was at length spoken.

They had felt it—they had known it long; but the moment it was uttered—its hopelessness—its perfect hopelessness—seemed suddenly to flash upon their minds, and they stood gazing on each other in awe and fear, like the First Two, when they had tasted the fatal fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. But the never-to-be-recalled words had been breathed, and there was a dread and a hope and a tenderness, mingled with every glance that they turned upon one another.

Still the Duke de Biron did not see, for his mind was so deeply engrossed with the schemes of his mad ambition, and the selfishness of his pride, that nothing else rested in his thoughts for a moment. Messengers were coming and going between him and the Duke of Savoy, a known enemy to France, and whenever he spoke with St Maurice, it was in terms of anger towards the good king Henry IV., and of praise and pleasure towards the cold hearted monarch of Spain. Often, too, he would apparently strive to sound the disposition of his young follower, and would throw him into company with men of more art and cunning than himself, who would speak of the destruction of the Bourbon line as necessary for the good of France and the tranquillity of Europe, and insinuate that a time might be at hand when such a sacrifice would be com-

pleted. St Maurice frowned, and was silent when the design was covered, as often happened, with much art, and boldly spoke his mind against traitors when the treason was apparent.

At length one day he was called to the presence of the Duke, whom he found alone. "Come hither, St Maurice," said his friend; "I have brought you up, young Count, from your infancy to your manhood—I have been your friend in fair days and foul—I taught you the duty of a soldier, and the duty of an officer—I have raised you higher than any other man in France could do, or would do—and now tell me—whether do you love best Henry of Bearn or me?"

"Your words, my lord," replied St Maurice, "taught me in early years to love the King, and your actions taught me to love yourself, but the honour of a French noble teaches me to love my duty, and that joins ever with my love towards my King."

"Ha!" exclaimed Biron, his dark brow burning, "must you teach me what is duty?—Begone, ungrateful boy!—leave me—thus, like the man in the fable, we nourish serpents in our bosom, that will one day sting us—begone, I say!"—St Maurice turned to quit the cabinet, with feelings of sorrow and indignation in his heart. But grief to see his benefactor thus standing on the brink of dishonour and destruction, overcame all personal feeling, and he paused, exclaiming, "Oh! my lord, my lord! Beware how you bring certain ruin on your own head — — —." But remonstrance only called up wrath. Biron lost all command over himself. He stamped with his heavy boot till the chamber rang; he bade St Maurice quit his presence and his dwelling; he stripped him, with a word, of all the posts and employments which he had conferred upon him, and bade him, ere two days were over, leave the castle of Bourg, and go forth from his family a beggar as he had entered it. Nor alone, in his rash passion, did he content himself with venting his wrath upon his young follower, but he dropped words against the monarch and the state, which left his treasonable practices beyond a doubt.

The young Count heard as little as possible, but hurried from the presence of a man whom pride and anger had frenzied, and hastening to his chamber, he paused but to ponder over all the painful circumstances of his own situation. Nothing was before him but despair, and his brain whirled round and round with that vague wild confusion of painful ideas, which no corporeal agony can equal. The predominant thought, however, the idea that rose up with more and more frightful prominence every moment, was the necessity of parting from her he loved—and of parting for ever, without one hope, without one expectation to soothe the long cold blank of absence. He could have borne the unjust and cutting unkindness of the Duke—he could have borne the loss of fortune, and the prospect of that hard fierce struggle which the world requires of men who would rise above their original lot—he could have borne the reverse of state and station, comfort, and fortune, without a murmur or a sigh, but to lose the object in which all the ardent feelings of an ardent heart had been concentrated, was more, far more than he could bear. Thus he pondered for near an hour, letting the bitter stream of thought flow on, while every moment added some new drop of sorrow, as reflection shewed him more and more the utter hopelessness of all his prospects.

The setting out of a large train from before his window, first roused him from his painful dream, and, though he knew not why, he felt relieved when he beheld the Duke de Biron himself lead the way, caparisoned as for a journey. The next moment found him beside Mademoiselle de la Roche. Her eyes were full of tears, and he instantly concluded she had heard his fate, but it was not so. She was weeping, she said, because her uncle had come to her apartments angry on some account, and had harshly commanded her back to her convent the next day; and as she told her lover, she wept more and more. But when he in turn related the Duke's anger with him, and his commands to quit the citadel—when he told her all the destitution of his situation—and his hopelessness of winning her when all his

fortune on the earth was his sword and a thousand crowns, Marie de la Roche wept no more, but drying her bright eyes, she put her hand in his, saying, "St Maurice, we will go together! We love each other, and nobody in the world cares aught about us—my uncle casts us both off—but my inheritance must sooner or later be mine, and we will take our lot together!"

Such words, spoken by such lips, were far more than a lover's heart could resist. Had he been absent when that scheme was proposed—had he not seen her—had he not held her hand in his—had her eyes not looked upon him, he might have thought of difficulties, and prudence, and danger, and discomfort to her. But now her very look lighted up hope in his heart, and he would not let fear or doubt for a single instant shadow the rekindled beams. He exacted but one thing—she should bring him no fortune. The Duke de Biron should never say that he had wedded his niece for her wealth—in she would sacrifice all, and share his fate, he feared not that with his name and with his sword, and her love to inspire him, he should find fortune in some distant land. Marie doubted not either, and willingly agreed to risk herself with him upon the wide unknown ocean of events. It seemed as if all circumstances combined to enable them more easily to make the trial. The Duke de Biron had gone to Fontainebleau, boldly to meet the generous master he had determined to betray, and the old chaplain of the citadel, whose life St Maurice had saved at the battle of Vitry, after many an entreaty, consented to unite him that very night to his young sweet bride. Their horses were to be prepared in the grey of the morning, before the sun had risen, and they doubted not that a few hours would take them over the frontier beyond the danger of pursuit.

The castle was suffered to sink into repose, and all was still, but at midnight a solitary taper lighted the altar of the chapel, and St Maurice soon pressed Marie to his heart and his wife. In silence he led her forth while the priest followed with trembling steps, fearful lest the lightest footfall should awaken notice and suspicion; but all remained tranqui-

—the lights in the chapel were extinguished, and the chaplain retreated in peace to his apartment.

There was scarcely a beam in the eastern sky when St Maurice glided forth to see if the horses were prepared. He paused and listened—there was a noise below, and he thought he heard coming steps along some of the more distant corridors. A long passage separated him from his own chamber, and he feared to be seen returning to that of Marie, for he might be obliged at once to proclaim his marriage, lest her fair fame should be injured, and he therefore determined to hasten forward, and strive to gain his own part of the building. He strode onward like light, but at the top of the staircase a firm hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a loud voice demanded “Who are you?” St Maurice paused, undetermined whether to resist and still try to shake off the person who stopped him, or to declare himself at once; but the dim outline of several other figures against a window beyond, shewed him that opposition was vain, and he replied, “I am the Count of St Maurice; why do you stop me, sir?”

“In the King’s name, I arrest you, Count of St Maurice,” replied the voice; “give me your sword.”

“In the King’s name, or in the Marshal de Biron’s, gentlemen?” demanded St Maurice, somewhat bitterly. “You jest with me, gentlemen; my lord the Duke I may have offended, but the King never.”

“I said in the King’s name, young gentleman,” replied the other gravely, taking the sword, which St Maurice yielded. “You, sirs,” he continued, turning to those who stood near, “guard this prisoner closely, while I seek for the Baron de Lux.”

St Maurice was detained for a few minutes in the corridor, and then bade to prepare to journey to Fontainebleau. The whole castle was now in confusion, and all the principal officers of Marshal Biron, the Count found, were, like himself, under arrest. At his earnest entreaty, the Count de Belin, who commanded the party of royal troops, permitted him to take leave of her he had so lately wedded, though only in his presence. Marie de la Roche sur Marne was

drowned in tears, but alarm for her uncle’s safety easily accounted for that, and the few low words of comfort and assurance which St Maurice spoke, betrayed not at all, the secret of their union. She suffered him to speak uninterrupted but by her sobs; but when he bent over her hand to raise it to his lips, with the formal courtesy of the day, all was forgotten but her love and her despair, and casting herself into his arms, she hid her eyes upon his shoulder, and wept with the bitter agonizing tears of unavailing love.

The old Count de Belin gently unclasped her arms, and removed St Maurice, who turned, and grasping his hand, said, with a meaning look, “Sir, you are a soldier and a gentleman—our confidence, I am sure, is safe?”

“Upon my honour,” replied the officer, laying his hand upon his heart, and St Maurice was satisfied. He was soon after put on horseback, and conducted with several others to Fontainebleau, from whence he was immediately carried to Paris, and lodged in the Bastille. But it may be now time to turn to him whose weak ambition had brought ruin on his own head.

As is well known, the Duke de Biron, summoned by the King to his presence on clear information of his treason, proceeded at once to Fontainebleau, depending fully on the fidelity of the very man who had betrayed him, and entered the gardens in which Henry was walking, at the very moment when the monarch was declaring, *that beyond all doubt he would not come*. He advanced at once towards the King, and Henry, whose frank and generous heart would fain have believed him less guilty than he really was, embraced him according to his custom, saying, “You did well to come, Lord Duke, otherwise I should have gone to seek you;” and, taking him by the hand, he led him into another garden, where he could speak with him unobserved. There Henry at once, with the noble candour of a noble heart, told him that good information had been received, of his having carried on a long correspondence with the enemies of the state. “Speak the truth, my lord,” he added; “tell me all, and, good

faith, no one shall know it; the matter shall go no further, and all it shall cost you shall be a sincere repentance."

The Marshal replied, proudly, that he had nothing to confess, and that his purpose in coming, was to meet his accusers. There was a rudeness in his answer, which was not the boldness of innocence; and Henry, turning away, rejoined the court. Still Henry tried more than once during the day to win from the traitor one repentant word. He again and again solicited him to speak. He sent his friends to him, and his relations; and though urged by his council—before which full proofs of the Marshal's guilt had long been laid, and which had taken prompt measures, as we have seen, for securing his followers and dependents—still Henry's heart rebelled against his better judgment, and would not suffer him to order his arrest. "If this matter be tried, and proved against him," said the King, "justice must have its way, for the sake of public example; but I would fain avert the necessity." At length, even at midnight, Henry once more called his treacherous servant to his presence; and again begged him, for his own sake, to confess his fault. "Let me hear from your own mouth," said the monarch, "that which, with great sorrow, I have heard from too good authority; and on a frank acknowledgment, I promise to grant you pardon and kindness. Whatever crime you may have committed or meditated against my person, if you will but confess it, I will cover it over with the mantle of my protection, and forget it myself for ever." *

"Sire!" replied the Marshal boldly, "I have nothing to say but what I have said. I did not come to your majesty to justify myself, but to beg you only to tell me my enemies, that I may seek justice against them, or render it to myself."

Henry turned away disgusted, and the Duke advanced through the door of the saloon into the antechambers beyond. At the door of that, however, which led out upon the staircase, he was met by the Count de Vitry, who, seizing his right hand in

his own left, caught the hilt of Biron's sword with the other hand, exclaiming, "The King commands me to give an account of your person, sir. Yield me your sword."

Biron started, and a mortal paleness came over his face; for it would seem that he never dreamed for a moment, either that the monarch had accurate information of his treason, or would proceed to do justice against him. He suffered himself to be disarmed, however, and led to a secure apartment, where, after he had recovered from his first surprise, he passed the night in violent and intemperate language, injurious to his own cause, and indecent in itself. From thence he was conveyed to the Bastille, and his trial proceeded in with great rapidity. A thousand efforts were made to save him, by his friends and relations; and Henry was besieged, wherever he appeared, with tears and petitions. But the day of mercy had gone by; and the same monarch who had almost supplicated his rebellious subject to say one word that might save himself, now sternly declared that justice must take its course; and that whatever the law awarded, without fail should be put in execution.

In the meanwhile, St Maurice passed his time in bitter meditations, confined in a dull cell of the Bastille, which, though not absolutely a dungeon, contained nothing but one of those small narrow beds, whose very look was like that of the grave, a crucifix, and a missal. The hours and the days wore on, and he saw no one but the people who brought him his daily food, and a few persons passing occasionally across the inner court of the Bastille; so that solitude and sad thoughts traced every day deeper and deeper lines upon his heart, and upon his brow. He thought of her whom he loved—of what her situation was, and what it might be; and when that was too painful, he turned his mind to his own fate, and tried to look it calmly in the face, but still the image of Marie rose up in every scene, and reduced all the native resolution of his heart to woman's weakness.

* These two remarkable speeches are upon record.

He was thus one day cast heedlessly on his bed, when the door of his cell opened, and the jailer desired him to follow. St Maurice rose and obeyed, and a few minutes brought him to a larger chamber, which he was bade to enter. At the other side of the room there stood a middle-sized man, habited in a plain suit of rusty black velvet, with strong marked aquiline features, and grey hair and beard. His eye was keen and quick, his forehead broad and high, and there was something peculiar in the firm rooted attitude with which he stood, bending his eyes upon the open door. Even had St Maurice never seen him before, he could never have doubted that he was a King.

"Come hither, Sir Count," said Henry IV. abruptly, "and tell me all you know of this treason of the Duke de Biron. Tell me all, tell me true, and, by my faith, you shall have full pardon."

"Sire," replied St Maurice, "when my father died in the service of your majesty, and my mother left this world a few days after my birth, I was left a penniless orphan, for all our fortunes had been lost in your royal cause——" Henry knitted his brow—"I was a beggar," continued St Maurice, "and the Duke de Biron took pity on me—brought me up—led me to the field—protected—provided for me——"

"Hold! hold! hold!" cried the King. "Say no more! say no more—get you gone—yet stay—I seek not, sir, this unhappy man's death. Justice shall be done, but no more than justice—not severity. If you know any thing which can mitigate his offence, speak it boldly, and the King will thank you; any thing that may render his crime less black."

"I know little, Sire, of the Marshal's late conduct," replied the Count, "for in truth I have been less in his confidence than formerly; but this I know, and do believe, that he is one of those men to speak, aye, and to write, many base things in a hasty and a passionate mood, that he would be the last on earth to act."

Henry mused for a moment in silence, and then, without any farther observation, ordered St Maurice back again to his cell.

Another long week passed, and day after day grew more weary and horrible than the last. Each hour, each moment, added to anxiety, uncertainty, and expectation, already beyond endurance. The rising and the setting of the sun, the heavy passing away of the long and tardy minutes, the wide vague infinity through which apprehension and care had leave to roam, overwhelmed his mind, and shook even his corporeal strength. Each noise, each sound, made him start; and the very opening of his cell door brought with it some quick indistinct fear. It is said that those long accustomed to solitary confinement, get inured to the dead, blank vacancy of existence without action; lose hope, and fear, and thought, and care; and exist, but hardly can be said to live. But St Maurice had not yet had time to let one of the fresh pangs of his situation become lulled by the opiate of custom, and every moment of its endurance was a moment of new agony. He heard no tidings, he received no comfort, no hope, from any one. The very joys that he had known, and the love he valued most, became a torture to him; his own heart was a burden, and while the future was all dark and lowering, the past was full of regret, and prolific of apprehension.

At length one evening an unusual number of footsteps traversing the court below, called him from the bed on which he usually cast himself in prostrate despondency, and he beheld, from the small window of his cell, a number of people gathered together in the open space, of a quality which shewed at once that some great and formal act was about to take place within the walls of the prison. The Chancellor was there, and various judges and officers of the Parliament, and a number of the municipal body of Paris were on the spot, with clerks and sergeants; and the two chief *prévôts*. A small body of soldiers also guarded the different doors of the court, and on the side next to the garden was raised a scaffold, about five feet above the ground, at the foot of which a strong man in black stood, with two others of an inferior grade, examining the edge of a large heavy sword,

which was suddenly put into the sheath on the sound of some voices at the other side of the court.

At that moment the Duke de Biron was brought in through the opposite door, accompanied by several of the officers of the prison. His dark swarthy countenance was not a shade paler than usual, and, with his hat and plume upon his head, he walked boldly forward with an erect and daring carriage; but as his eye first fell upon the scaffold, he paused a single instant, exclaiming, "Ha!" He then strode forward again, as if he had been marching against an enemy, and came to the foot of the ladder which led to the scaffold. There he paused and looked round him with furious and impatient eyes, as if he would fain have vented the wrath that was in his heart upon some of those around him.

"Sir Chancellor! Sir Chancellor!" he cried, "you have condemned a man more innocent than many you have suffered to escape, and that upon the evidence of two perjured villains. You have done injustice, sir, which you could have prevented, and you shall answer for it before God.—Yes, sir, before him to whose presence I summon you before a year pass over." Then turning to the commandant, he added, "Ah, Monsieur de Roissy, Monsieur de Roissy! had your father been alive, he would have aided me to quit this place. Fie! fie! is this a fate for one who has served his country as I have?"

"My lord duke," said the Chancellor, "you have heard the sentence of your peers, and it must now be executed. The King commands me to demand the insignia of that noble order to which you once belonged."

"There, sir, take it!" cried the duke, giving him his star and riband. "Tell the king, that, though he treat me thus, I have never broken one statute of the order to which my deeds in his service raised me.—Pshaw!" he continued, turning from the priests, who now pressed him to confess—"I make my confession aloud. All my words are my confession.—Still," he added, as his eye rested for a moment on the scaffold and all the awful preparation for his fate, "still I may as well think a while of where I am going."

He then spoke for a few minutes

with the priest who stood by his side. His countenance grew calmer and graver; and after having received absolution and the sacrament, he looked for a brief space up towards the sky, then knelt down before the scaffold, and prayed for some time, while a dead silence was maintained around—you might have heard a feather fall. As he still knelt, the sun broke out, and shone calmly and sweetly over the whole array of death, while a bird in the neighbouring garden, wakened by the sunshine and the deep stillness, broke into a clear, shrill, joyful song, with the most painful music that ever struck the ear.

The prisoner started on his feet, and, after looking round for an instant, mounted the scaffold with the same bold step wherewith he had approached it. His eyes, however, still had in them that sort of wild, ferocious gleam, which they had exhibited ever since his arrest; and though he seemed to strive for calmness, and displayed not a touch of fear, yet there was an angry spirit in his tone as he addressed those around him. "I have wronged the King," he said sharply, "I have wronged the King. 'Tis better to acknowledge it. But that I ever sought his life, is a lie and perjury. Had I listened to evil counsel, he would have been dead ten years ago. Ah! my old friends and fellow-soldiers," he added, turning to the guards, "why will none of you fire your piece into my heart, instead of leaving me to the vile hands of this common butcher." And he pointed to the executioner. "Touch me not," he continued, seeing the other approach him with a handkerchief to bind his eyes—"Touch me not with those hellish fingers, or, by heavens, I will tear you limb from limb! Give me the handkerchief."

He then cast his hat away from him, and bound his own eyes—knelt—prayed again for a moment—rose suddenly up as the executioner was about to draw the sword—withdrew the covering from his sight—gazed wildly round him for an instant, and beckoned one of the officers to tie up his long hair under the handkerchief. This was immediately done, and his eyes being covered, he called out, "Haste! haste!"—"Repeat the *In manus*, my lord," said the

executioner, taking the heavy sword, which had been hitherto concealed by the attendants.

Biron began to repeat the psalm of the dying—the blade glittered in the air—swayed round the head of the executioner; and before the eye could trace the blow which ended the earthly career of the unfortunate but guilty soldier, his head was severed at once from his body, and Biron was no more.

A feeling of intense and painful interest had kept St Maurice at the window till the moment that the unhappy soldier covered his own eyes with the handkerchief; but then a sensation of giddy sickness forced him away, and he cast himself down once more, with bitterer feelings than ever at his heart. The world seemed all a hell of cares and sorrows, and he could have died that moment with hardly a regret. After he had lain there for near two hours, he once more rose, and approached the window. The crowd were all gone, but the dark scaffold still remained, and the young soldier drew back again, saying to himself, "Who next? who next?" He lay down and tried to sleep, but his throbbing temples, and his heated blood, rendered the effort vain. Strange wild images rose up before his eyes. Fiends and foul shapes were grinning at him in the air. Fire seemed circling through his veins, and burning his heart; he talked, with no one to hear—he raved—he struggled—and then came a long term of perfect forgetfulness, at the end of which he woke as from a profound sleep.

He was weak as a child, and his ideas of the past were but faint and confused. The first thing, however, that returned to memory was the image of his cell, and he cast his heavy eyes around, in search of the bolts, and bars, and grated windows; but no such things were near. He was in a small but handsome room, with the open lattice admitting the breath of many flowers, and by his side sat an old and reverend dame, whom he had never seen before. A few

faint but coherent words, and the light of intelligence re-awakened in his eye, shewed the nurse, for such she was, that the fever had left him, and going out of the chamber, she returned with a soldier-like man, whom St Maurice at once remembered as the old Count de Belin, who had arrested him at Bourg. Many words of comfort and solace were spoken by the old soldier, but St Maurice was forbidden to utter a word, or ask a question for several days. A physician, too, with a grave and solemn face, visited him twice each day, and gave manifold cautions and warnings as to his treatment, which the young gentleman began soon to think unnecessary, as the firm calm pulse of health grew fuller and fuller in his frame. At length one day, as he lay somewhat weary of restraint, the door opened, and Henry IV. himself stood by his bed-side. "Now, faith, my good young Count," said the Monarch, "I had a hearty mind to keep you to silence and thin bouillon for some days longer, to punish certain rash words spoken in the Bastille, casting a stigma upon royal gratitude for leaving faithful friends, who had lost all in our behalf, to poverty and want. But I have lately heard all your story, and more of it than you thought I ever would hear; and therefore, though I shall take care that there be no more reproaches against my gratitude, as a punishment for your crimes, I shall sell you as a slave for ever. Come hither, sweet taskmaster," he added, raising his voice, "and be sure you do all that woman can—and that is no small power—to tease this youth through all his life to come."

As the King spoke, the flutter of a woman's robe—the bright, dear eyes—the sweet, all-graceful form,—the bland, glad smile of her he loved, burst upon the young soldier's sight; and she, forgetting fear, timidity, the presence of royalty—all, all but love, sprung forward at once, and bedewed his bosom with her happy tears.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SIR FRIZZLE PUMPKIN.*

CHAP. III.

You will not be surprised if I inform you, that after this recommendation from the general, I was received by the authorities at home with the highest consideration. I was courted and caressed as if I had been a perfect hero of romance. Among those who extended their patronage to me in the kindest and most gratifying manner, was the gallant old Marquis of Hardbottle. During my stay in England, which was limited to three weeks, I was almost a constant guest at his table. His family circle consisted at that time—as his sons were both abroad—of two lovely daughters; indeed, I may say, that at the period I speak of, now eight-and-twenty years ago, they were the most beautiful and fascinating women I had ever seen. Perhaps you may imagine that the superiority of their rank had something to do in bringing me to this judgment of their charms; but circumstances have since occurred, which, in my eyes at least, have deprived them of that superiority, and my opinion remains unchanged. Of the two, the Lady Annabella was my favourite. There was so much playful ease, at the same time so much delicate propriety, in whatever she said or did, that while she immediately attracted the affection, she as surely retained the admiration and esteem.

In this family I passed the happiest hours of my life. There was but one drawback to my felicity. The Marquis was an officer of the old school, and, next to being unflinching in the field, he ranked among the soldier's virtues the being unflinching over the bottle. He attached such importance to this accomplishment, that I plainly saw he estimated a man's courage and strength of nerve, in the exact ratio of his strength of stomach. To this failing of his lordship I made myself a martyr. In spite of my wound, which was now indeed nearly well, I felt myself irresistibly called upon to

drink. Whether or not my behaviour in this respect was influenced by the Marquis's declaration, that he would consider it a personal insult for any gentleman to leave his table in a condition which enabled him to walk, I will not say,—but his lordship was known to be an inimitable shot, and, on occasions of that sort, seldom to be worse than his word. My mornings were happy,—or, if unhappy, only disturbed by my fears of the evening's debauch.

The drawing-room, and the fascinating society of the ladies, you will perhaps imagine, were a sufficient compensation for any sufferings. With me, indeed, it was so. Every time I was admitted into their presence, I found the Lady Annabella's influence gaining the ascendancy over my heart. I do not mean that the conquest she made of my affections was the result of her arts, or even her wishes.—Far from it. I saw, that even if fortune favoured me in future, as much as she had hitherto done, aye, if I raised myself to an equal rank with the object of my admiration, my suit would still be hopeless,—for though I perceived that her heart was untouched, I knew, alas! that her hand was engaged. The Honourable Henry Fitz D'Angle, heir to an immense fortune and dukedom, was her affianced husband, and I have often thought, since the period I mention, that it was little less than madness to yield to the delicious enchantment of those interviews and conversations, when I was aware that I was only nursing a flame, which, in all probability, would consume me. However, I found resistance to my passion impossible, and heart and soul, I gave myself up to the lovely and accomplished Lady Annabella. Our mornings were often employed in shopping: on these occasions, the Marchioness, out of consideration for my wound, allowed me a seat beside her in the carriage. Fitz D'Angle, who, though an intolerable puppy, was

* Continued from the November Number.

handsome in person, and a perfect horseman, usually accompanied us on a spirited Arabian. I shall not say, when, in order to shew his seat, he made the animal rear in the most terrific manner, how certain tremors ran through my heart, as I sat in momentary expectation that the charger, in its descent, would put its iron foot through the carriage window, and demolish my unfortunate head. I remarked, that during these displays, the lovely cheek of Lady Annabella never underwent the slightest change; and I confess, that without allowing myself to enquire into the cause, I rejoiced in perceiving her indifference. I shall not trouble you with lengthened details of the progress of my affection. You will imagine for yourself the effects which beauty and artless condescension naturally produced; and at the end of a fortnight, I was madly, miserably in love.

In the meantime, my favour with the Marquis continued undiminished. The opinion he first entertained of me luckily made him blind to any little appearances of so unheroical a feeling as fright; and the respect with which I treated so choleric and unrivalled a shot, was attributed to the deference I felt myself called upon to pay to his experience and fame. The hospitable orgies after dinner continued as immoderately as ever, and to me the most provoking part of the Marquis's peculiarity was, that no quantity of wine, however large, had the slightest effect upon his brain. Hour after hour, bottle after bottle, passed away—aid-de-camp after aid-de-camp dropt peacefully under the table, and still his lordship sat with his head as clear, and his eye as steady as ever, relating to us—those of us who could listen—the military and bacchanalian achievements of his youth, and ever and anon reminding us of our neglect, if the bottle by any chance hesitated for a moment in its rapid unvarying round. After a succession of these parties had accustomed us to each other, he addressed me one evening in the most friendly and confidential manner. "Pumpkin, I have a proposal to make to you." I bowed, and waited in expectation. "You see," he continued,—"D—me, Jack Hardy, are you going to keep the

claret all night?—my aids-de-camp have a merry life—a very merry life!—Help yourself, Pumpkin—but somehow or other, I can't account for it at all—it is a very short one. About five months, I think, is the average.—Burton, how long has Pilpay been on the staff?"

"Three months, my lord," said Burton, "and two days."

"Is he going soon?"

"Not very, my lord. He'll be good for another fortnight. He'll see out the present case of liqueurs; but that's all."

"I feared as much: his hand has been unsteady in the morning since our week with the Enniskillens."

His lordship paused for a little, and I was in hopes the conversation was at an end; but he turned to me, and said, with the kindest air in the world, "There will be a vacancy, Captain Pumpkin, in my staff in the course of ten days or a fortnight. I fear by that time Pilpay's last glass will be drained, and I need not tell you how I shall be delighted if you will supply his place."

"Is Captain Pilpay, then, my lord, about to exchange?"

"Aye," said his lordship, "this world for a better, I hope—He was always a poor drinker—Will you pass the wine?—something went wrong with him, and he sunk from four bottles a-night to a paltry couple, so we can scarcely expect him to recover.—You will consider my proposal, and let me have your answer to-morrow. In the meantime, fill a bumper; for Burton, I see, is waiting for the wine."—It was a deathblow to my happiness! I looked at his lordship, who was smiling with the most friendly and benignant expression, as if he had been an assassin. What! after I had escaped the horrors of an engagement, was I to be murdered by a lingering death of three months and two days, under the pretence of hospitality and kindness? Better, far better, if I had died at the first view of the enemy; and, alas! I found it equally dangerous to decline the intended honour. There was no saying in what light his lordship might view my refusal. Tormented by these thoughts, the conversation around me passed unnoticed. I only saw before me a collection of murderers, and considered

myself the victim of an atrocious conspiracy. I drank and drank, and strange as it may appear, the wine had less effect upon me than usual. The floods of most excellent claret seemed to fall cold upon my heart; and I sat quiet and unmoved, as if the exhilarating agency of the wine were entirely locked up for a season. The Marquis himself, I saw, or thought I saw, began to lose his usual steadiness; Burton seemed transformed into the red bronze statue of an ancient Bacchus, and I felt that I myself was the only perfectly unchanged and sober being in the room. Suddenly, however, there was a change. The wine, which had apparently been checked in its effects by the appalling communication of my being doomed to a certain and ignominious death, now rushed with the fury of a pent-up torrent into my brain, and, in a moment, I heard strange sounds, as of a battery of a thousand guns stunning my ears; troops of blood-stained soldiers, beyond all number numberless, seemed to mingle in the death-struggle before my eyes, and again the feelings of intensest fear took possession of my being; I shrieked and yelled like a maniac, as if in the midst of a tremendous *mêlée*, and faintly crying out—the only piece of Latin I had brought with me from school—“*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*,” I fell exhausted among the aids-de-camp and bottles which were huddled together under the table. Before, however, sinking into entire oblivion, I heard his lordship say, in a tone of admiration, to Burton, “The ruling passion strong in death. If he survives for six months, that fellow will die a field-marshal—Pass the bottle.”

When I awoke to a consciousness of my situation next morning, I found my feelings of apprehension by no means removed. No way of escape from the dreaded advancement presented itself to my ingenuity; and at length, with the recklessness of despair, I resolved to abide the chances; and sincerely did I pray, as you will readily believe, for the speedy and complete recovery of the unfortunate Pilpay. I presented myself to the Marchioness. Heavens! thought I, are the ladies also in the diabolical plot upon my life?—They

congratulated me on the prospect of a prolonged acquaintance, and expressed, in the kindest terms, the interest they took in my future prospects. Gracious Powers! can such cold-hearted beings assume the appearance of so much cordiality and friendship? In three months and two days my earthly career would inevitably be finished, and they talked to me about my future prospects!!—Hypocrites!—I turned towards the Lady Annabella, who had not yet spoken. She held out her hand to me as I advanced. I took it and bent over it, almost fearing to hear the sound of her voice, lest it should be in the tone of congratulation,—but she said nothing—and in silence, and with a feeling of increased devotion, I bowed again, and let go her hand. That hour finally and for ever sealed my fate; it also, strange as it may appear,—for in spite of my natural timidity, I am somewhat sanguine in my temperament,—gave me hopes of ultimate success; and resolving to set every thing—you will forgive the pun—on the hazard of a die, I announced to the Marquis that I was prepared to succeed Captain Pilpay, in case of his decease.

There seemed now to be established a secret understanding between Lady Annabella and myself. It was friendship, delicate, considerate friendship, on her part, and yet it was so uniform and so evidently springing from the heart, that it was fully equal in tenderness and strength to many an ordinary-minded woman’s love. Fitz D’Angle continued his visits regularly: but I suppose, from some undefined feeling of rivalry, there was a mutual dislike between us. I envied him, indeed, his situation, as acknowledged suitor to the most beautiful and fascinating of her sex; but jealousy itself could see no cause for regret in the manner in which he was treated by his mistress. Cold, formal, and apparently unfeeling, she scarcely seemed the same being when conversing with the conceited coxcomb, whom her family, and not herself, had chosen for her lord; and often I have seen her eyes wandering with the most listless expression, during his “bald disjointed chat,” and then suddenly fill, even to overflowing, with tears!—Gods! if I could have

summoned one ounce of the courage of a man, I would have challenged the cold-hearted puppy, and freed the angelic mourner from his persecution. But no! I made the attempt to rouse my indignation in vain. Though my life I knew was limited to but three months and two days, I would not risk even that minute fraction of existence against the contemptible destroyer of my happiness.

I pass over the first week or two of my duty as aid-de-camp to the Marquis—for Pilpay, to my infinite dismay and astonishment, died on the very day the liqueur case was emptied. I pass over my fears at night, my enjoyments in the morning, and will tell you an incident which occurred when my span of life was reduced to only two months and sixteen days:—At that time there was a magnificent review in Hyde Park. The Marquis, with the whole of his glittering staff, proceeded to the ground. I must tell you, that at that period my horses—the quietest and gentlest animals I could procure,—were, unfortunately, unfit for service, and Fitz D'Angle, who had remarked, and as I suspected, ridiculed my inefficient horsemanship, had spitefully, and I firmly believe, with the purpose of getting me murdered, pressed me to make use of that very Arabian which had so frequently terrified me even with my hated rival upon its back. Afraid to accept his offer, and not knowing how to refuse, I mounted it in an agony of apprehension, and accompanied the Marquis, who luckily went at a footpace, to the field. The ladies, it was arranged, were to be driven by Fitz D'Angle, in his splendid new barouche; for among that individual's other acquirements, his skill as a charioteer was not the least remarkable. The day was uncommonly fine, and thousands of the gayest and loveliest in the land were assembled to watch our manœuvres—and yet, as I rode slowly along that glittering line of rank and beauty, terrified as I was at the hideous danger of my situation on such a demoniacal horse, I took a sort of pride in reflecting that there were no eyes so bright, no lips so lovely, as those of that radiant creature on whom I—a poltroon and a coward—had dared to fix my af-

fection. The Marquis, in the meantime, slowly continued his course, laughing and talking with his staff in the gayest humour imaginable. All his jokes—"and many a joke had he," fell unmarked upon my ear;—at last, after looking at me for some time, during which I was afraid he was guessing a great deal too near the truth, he said, "How silent you are, Pumpkin—ha! but I see how it is—you fire-eaters hate such a bloodless shew as this—you must rein in, man, you must rein in." At this time the animal I was on began to shew sundry signs of impatience, and bounced about in a manner which added in no slight degree to my uneasiness, and as only the last words of the Marquis reached me distinctly, I said, "Rein in? How can I, my lord, on such a prancing devil as this?" For the first time in my life I was taken for a wit. The laughter at this sally, as it was called, was long and loud, and I had the reputation of being as gay as my companions, when there was not a single individual in the crowd safely on his own legs, with whom at that moment I would not gladly have changed places. At last the evolutions began, and as the troops filed and counter-marched, advanced in double quick to the charge, and went through all the movements of a desperate and well-contested battle, my horse and myself seemed to lose our senses almost at the same moment—but from very different causes. It danced, it capered, it reared, it curveted, and till this hour it is a mystery to me how I retained my seat. I can only attribute it to a total inaction on my part. Passive as a lump of inanimate matter, I was probably balanced by my length of limb, but certain it is, that for a considerable time I attracted no particular observation. At last, as the artillery began to peal, there was a considerable movement among many of the horses on the ground which were unacquainted with the noise, amongst the rest my horse fairly got the command. He rushed with the speed of lightning from the group, where he had hitherto remained, and carried me, almost by this time unconscious of my situation, straight towards the artillery; by some means or other I still maintained my seat, and by a

lucky twitch of the bridle, I turned him from coming into contact with the cannon. At that moment I saw coming towards me a barouche at a fearful rate; the driver of whom, even in the agony of that moment, I recognised as Fitz D'Angle, had lost all mastery over his horses, which were evidently hurrying on to destruction; I heard a scream louder and louder as I approached, and at length, with hands clenched in despair, and eyes shut in the overwhelming misery of approaching death, I felt a shock—I heard one wild shout of exultation from the multitudes on every side, and sunk insensible, I knew not where. When I came to myself, the old Marquis was bending over me with tears in his eyes—"Bless you, bless you," said the old man, as he saw I had in some degree recovered my consciousness, "you are the preserver of every thing I hold dear." With my usual prudence I remained perfectly silent, till I could gather something of what had occurred. On looking round, I saw at a little distance the cause of all my misery, the Arabian charger, lying dead; but the barouche, the ladies, and Fitz D'Angle, had totally disappeared. On getting up, I found myself only slightly bruised, with the exception of a considerable wound on my head. My cap had fallen off, and on putting my hand up to the spot of greatest pain, I found the blood issuing in rather a copious stream. I was shortly afterwards put into a carriage, and taken immediately to the residence of the Marquis. On arriving there, no words can paint the kindness with which I was received; the thanks of the Marchioness and the lady Julia were perfectly embarrassing, especially as I was ignorant of the precise manner in which I had deserved them. His lordship who had hurried as fast as possible from the review, now rushed in, and again, with his eyes overflowing with tears, seized me by both hands, and thanked me for my heroic devotion in the service of his family. "'Twas beautiful. My God! how you spanked off when you saw their danger! and that puppy Fitz D'Angle, too, d——e, my boy, you served him quite right—you've floored him, nose, teeth, mustaches, and all—he'll never be

able to smile and simper again as long as he lives."

"I hope, my lord," said I, "Mr Fitz D'Angle is not much hurt?"

"How the devil can you hope any such thing? The fellow would have murdered my wife and children with his confounded folly, if you had not arrested him just in time. 'Gad, you flew from your saddle with the force of a Congreve rocket, and dashed your head right into his face, bent him back as limber as an empty havresack across the coach-box, and knocked three of his teeth down his throat, besides one that was picked up afterwards from his waistcoat pocket. You've killed his horse, though, and that was perhaps the most valuable animal of the two."

I now began to see how matters had occurred, and as I was very slightly hurt, I waited with some impatience for the approach of the Lady Annabella. All that day she never made her appearance. She sent frequently down to enquire if I was hurt, and my hopes, both by her non-appearance and by the manner in which the Marquis spoke of Fitz D'Angle, were raised to the highest pitch. That evening the Marquis himself excused me from all participation in their revels; and next morning—how I shall describe the scene!—the Lady Annabella met me in the breakfast parlour alone; she blushed in the most embarrassed manner, as, in a faltering voice, she offered me her thanks.

"Nothing," she said, "could be sufficient to shew her gratitude to her preserver—thanks were a very inadequate expression of what she felt."

"Believe me, Lady Annabella," I said, "I do not deserve such thanks. I was run away with at the moment, —I lost all command of—of——"

"Of your generous feelings," she interrupted, "when you saw us—I shudder at the recollection—hurried on to inevitable destruction."

I said no more; my attempts at fair dealing and ingenuousness were turned off by the grateful heart of that beautiful girl,—and on that day, in that hour, I ventured—to declare my passion, and as I saw a silent and blushing consent yielded to my suit, I caught her in my arms, trembling

with emotion, and imprinted the first rapturous kiss on the red ruby lips of the present Lady Pumpkin.

Mr Fitz D'Angle, I must tell you, had been dismissed the day before, and in no courteous terms, by the choleric old Marquis; and this measure of her father, you may readily suppose from what I have told you, was by no means an unpleasant event to the Lady Annabella.

By the interest of the family, I was advanced rapidly in my profession, without drawing a sword—and the day which saw me Colonel of the — horse, also saw me the happiest of men, and son-in-law to the Marquis.

(*To be continued.*)

JOHNNE GRAIMIS ECKSPEDITIOUN TILL HEVIN.

COMPILIT BE MR HOUGGE.

THERE wals ane carle, rychte worldlye wyce,
 Quha dyit without remeedde,
 Yet fouchte his wale till Parradyce
 Eftir that he wals deidde.
 And the first soulle that he met there
 Wals of ane mayden mylde and fayre,
 Quha once hadde fallen into ane snayre,
 Whilke led tille evil deidde.

“Och, Mrs Madam!” cryit Johnne Graime,
 “I wondir mychtilye
 How leddye of soche euil faime
 Gatte into this countrie;
 If soche als you get fotyng heirre,
 Then auld John Graime hath cause till feirre
 He hath the wrong sowe by the eirre,
 And sorre dismayit is hee.

“Is this ane plaice of blissitnesse,
 Or is it ane plaice of woe,
 Or is it ane plaice of myddil spaice
 That lyis betweine the two?
 For there’s ane myldnesse in your mienne,
 And blitheness in your brychte blue einne,
 Whilk sertis sennil solde be seinne
 Quhare wyckit demis do goe.”

“Ocho, Johnne Graime! are you but there?
 Did you nere heirre of this,
 That everilke plaice quhare spyrits fare
 To them is plaice of bliss?
 That men and wemyng, be Goddis mychte,
 Were fraimit with spyritis bemyng brychte,
 Stepping from darknesse into lychte,
 Though sunke in synne’s abyss.

“Ane thousande yeris or thousandis tenne,
 Notte reckonit once can bee,
 The immortyl spyrit rysis onne
 To all eternitye.
 It rysis onne, or more or lesse,
 In knowledge and in happynesse,
 Progressyng still to purer blisse,
 That ende can nevyr se.”

Johnne shoke his heidde, and prymmyt his mou,
 And clawit his lugge amayne,
 And sayis, "Fayre daime, if this be true,
 How comis it anenne haif layne
 In darknesse to theyre spyritis fraime,
 Theyre Makeris manage and his ayme,
 Quhille lychtenit be ane synnful daime,
 Quhan lychte canne prove no gayne?"

"Sothe it is ane plesaunt doctoryne
 For wyckit hertis I trowe,
 And sutis the lordly lybberdyne,
 And leddyis soche als you——"
 Then the fayre daime, with wytching wylle,
 Upraysit hir einne, withouten guylle,
 Flung backe hir lockis, and smyllit ane smylle,
 And sayis "How judgest thou?"

"Is it for saunteryng, sordid sotte,
 Ane hepcocrytick craiven,
 Saye quhais wyckit, and quhais notte,
 And wyddershynne with heaven?
 Do you not knowe in herte full welle,
 That if there is ane byrning helle,
 You do deserve the plaice yourselle,
 Als welle als ainy leeving?"

"You judge like menne, and judge amysse
 Of sympil maydenis cryme,
 But through temptationis faddomlesse,
 You can notte se ane styme.
 Through darke and hidden snairis of synne,
 And warnyngis of the soulle withynne,
 The einne of mortal may not wynne,
 Within the boundis of tyme.

"But wolde you knowe quhat brochte mee heire
 To this calme worlde of thochte,
 It wals the sadde and sylente tierre,
 That sweite repentance brochte;
 Of all the thyngis on earthe that bee,
 Whilke God and angelis lofe to se,
 It is the hertes deippe agonye
 For soulle so deirlic bochte.

"'Tis that whilke bryngis the heauenlye blisse
 Downe lyke the mornyng dewe,
 On lost sheippe of the wildernessse,
 Its longyngis to renewe,
 Till the poore lambe that went astraye
 In vice's wylde and weitlese waye,
 Is led als be ane heauenlye raye,
 The lychte of lyffe to view.

"And lette me telle you, auld Johnne Graime,
 Though heirre you seimme to bee,
 You haif through darknesse, floode, and flaine,
 Ane weiry weirde to drie,
 Unless you do at Goddis commande,
 Repente of all your synnes offe hande,
 Whilke in your haiteful natife lande
 Haif griefous beine to se.

"Ane gritter synner wals not borne
 In daille of fayre Scotlande :
 You knowe you stole Jock Laidleyis corne,
 And broke his herte and hande.
 And though menne knowit you were forsworne,
 Yet quhan his family felle forlorne,
 You treited theyre complaynte with scorne,
 And broke them from the lande.

"Och fie, Johnne Graime ! you sordid slaife !
 It settis you welle to cracke ;
 You cheittyng, lying, scurfye knaife,
 Your herte is raiven blacke.
 Insteidde of ane progressife paice,
 In vertue, knowlege, and in graice,
 Thou art laggyng everilke daye and spaice,
 And feirfullye gone backe.

"And there's ane thraldom byding thee,
 Thyne herte can notte conceive,
 Worryit ane thousande yeris to bee,
 Without the leiste reprieve.
 Tyme was—tyme is—but wille not bee,
 For quhan I passe from warnyng the,
 Ane aingel with thyne dethis decre,
 The yettis of hevin shall leive."

"Alake !" sayis Johnne, "It grefis me sorre,
 Shorte mercye I shall fynde,
 I thochte I had bein deidde before,
 But howe I can notte mynde.
 Moche to repentance I inclyne,
 And I colde praye and I colde whyne ;
 But to gif backe quhat nowe is myne,
 To that I shalle not bynde."

Then Johnne knelit downe in hombil waye,
 Upon the swairde of Heaven,
 And prayit als loude als manne colde praye,
 That hee mochte bee forgiven.
 "Johnne !" cryit his wyffe, quha laie awaike,
 "Quhat horryd dynne is this you maike ?
 Get uppe, aulde braying brocke, and take
 Some braith to ende this stevin."

"Whisht, wyffe !" sayis Johnne, "for I am deidde,
 And praying on the skie.
 Quhat is this ? I knowe myne soulle is fledde,
 Or verry soone moste flie ;
 For there is ane aingel on the waye ;
 How lang hee taikis, I cannot saye ;
 But or to-morrow, or to-daye,
 Poore auld Johnne Graime moste die ;

"And, wyffe, we moste repente for lyffe,
 And alle mennis goodis restore."—
 "The fiende be there, then !" quod the wyffe—
 "Though theye were ten tymis morre.
 'Tis goode to keipe the grip one heth,
 Either for lyffe, or yit for dethe.
 Repent and praye while you haif braith,
 And all your synnis gif o'er.

"And taik your chauce lyke mony a shippe
And mony a better manne."

Johnne rose, and swore hee wolde restore;

And syne begoude to banne

All wyckit wyfis of bad intente,

Quha wolde not lette theyre menne repente,

Without theyre frowarde cursit consente,

That helle mochte them trapanne.

Johnne lokit at all his yowes and kie,

Och, thaye were fayre to se,

His golde he countit thre tymis bye,

The teirre blyndit his ee;

But still hee swore he wolde restorre,

And blamit the wyffe, and wepit fulle sorre,

Countyng his treasure o'er and o'er,

And grainyng grefouslye.

They yemit and flaitte ane sommeris daye,

Of quhat wals to bee donne,

And juste als spredde the glomyng graye,

Behynde the setting sonne,

The aingel with the warrande caime,

Johnne felit his veetalis in ane flaime,

Ghastlye hee stairit upon his daime,

But language hee had nonne.

Hee gaif ane shiver, and but one,

And still his golde he eyt;

Hee poyntit to it—gaif ane grone—

And als hee livit hee dyt.

The slaiffe of that o'erpoweryng vyce,

That deiddenyng crafyng AVARYCE,

That turnis the humain herte till ice,

Unblessit, unsatisfyt.

This carle was haited whylle he levit,

Unwept quhan hee wals gone,

But quhaire he wente, or how recievit,

To me wals notte maide knowne;

But on this truth I can reclyne,

That he's quhare mercy's rayis combyne,

In better handis nor his or myne,

Whilke menne wille notte disowne.

THE CORN LAW AND A FIXED DUTY.

THE Corn Law amply demonstrates that it is far more easy to change than improve; it is complained of by all sides. It was at any rate to produce steadiness of price, but it produces far greater fluctuations than the old laws; the free-traders abuse it as a monopoly, and the agriculturists assert it admits foreign corn almost free of duty. Improvement is again the cry, and as people in these days will neither learn from, nor regard experience, the matter is to be improved into a much more defective and injurious condition. The corn-growers in various quarters are intimating that a fixed duty would be preferable to the law, and in some are calling for one in lieu of it.

It seems certain that the question will undergo serious discussion before the end of the present Session of Parliament, and there is strong probability that early change is inevitable. On the one side Earl Grey has only asked that a new enquiry may be a little delayed, and the creed of his party may well justify alarm touching its results; on the other, Mr Courtenay, the late Vice-President of the Board of Trade, has avowed himself a friend to free trade in corn, and however insignificant he may be as an individual, his party connexion renders his avowal deserving of notice. The next great question will be found in the Corn Law, and in some points the latter is indefensible. All, therefore, who wish for such a change as will be beneficial, will do well to enquire rigidly before they give judgment; and the object of this Article is to assist them in such enquiry. Touching the off-hand people who oracularly pronounce, that because the law is injurious, a fixed duty would be faultless, we merely observe, we heartily wish agriculture were rid of all such advocates.

The questions to be solved are evidently these. What is the operation of the Corn Law in regard to price and importation? What would be the operation of a fixed duty in these matters? If certain ends be agreed on respecting price and im-

portation, what would be the best means of attaining them? We shall look at them without reference to principle or system, and solely to discover fact. Whether agriculture ought to have protection, or none—whether one price is too high, or another is too low, are matters which we shall not notice.

Commencing with the first question. When the Corn Law was passed, we stated it gave a bounty on speculation, and would cause far greater fluctuations of prices than the old ones had done. This has been fully verified by experiment. With average crops this country barely produces as much corn as it consumes; if they be deficient even in but a slight degree, it must import. In consequence, a short supply of home-grown corn at spring, with the chance of bad weather, must, without a supply of foreign corn, raise prices, and it must raise them to that point which will bring the foreign corn into the market. Under the law, prices with full supply must sink to the point which will exclude foreign corn by means of heavy duty, and as they rise the duty falls. At the spring time of short supply, the importer has a certainty, that if he keep his corn in bond, he will be able to obtain for it a much higher price, and get it into the market at the lowest duty. He has on the quarter of wheat a certain bounty of from ten to fifteen shillings in price, and from twenty to twenty-five shillings in duty—in all, of from thirty to forty shillings secured to him for keeping his corn back, raising prices, and providing a field for speculation. If he have not the means of holding his corn until price reaches its height, he can as easily sell it in bond, as out of it.

At such a time it is foreseen that foreign corn will be admitted at a low duty, and in consequence the importer gives a price for it abroad which will not suffer it to be cleared at a high one; it then passes from one speculator to another in bond, until the last holder can only afford to clear it at the lowest. As it is thus practically prohibited from be-

ing, cleared until duty falls to the lowest figure, speculators are incited to operate on home-grown corn, by the certainty that price must rise ten or fifteen shillings per quarter.

It necessarily follows that all the foreign corn imported in the year, is brought into the market in an overwhelming mass about harvest; the main part of that imported last year was cleared after harvest, commenced. For some time after, the market overflows with excellent old foreign wheat, while new English is out of condition; the inevitable consequence is, English wheat sustains a fall of perhaps twenty shillings per quarter, and only the better qualities are saleable. This violent fall is only part of the evil: with an average price of 60s. very many farmers cannot obtain more than 45s. or 50s., and they can scarcely sell their wheat on any terms.

This heavy loss to the British producer is only partly a gain to the consumer. While the law forces the foreign corn up until it can only be afforded at a high price, it forces the British off at a glut price; the miller gains the latter on his own terms for mixing, therefore he gives more for the former, which is, to a large extent, held by a virtual monopoly. Wheat is made dear a little before and during harvest, when the generality of farmers have none to sell; and through this it is made, when they have their crop to dispose of, much cheaper to them than to the consumers. After harvest, when the average price of English is 56s., the consumers pay one of perhaps 66s. Thus the loss to the farmers is, in a great degree, a gain, not to the consumers, but to foreigners and speculators.

With an average crop, price continues low until spring, and then, if there be a prospect of another good one, the importer will not buy abroad save at low rates; he has the foreign growers at his mercy, because, in general, they must find a market in this country, or be without one. If abundant supply keep price down, he can bring foreign wheat into consumption, with a duty on it of 20s. or 25s., and still get nearly as much profit as he can do when the duty is only 1s. The fact is, it makes no

great difference to him, on the whole, whether the duty be twenty shillings or one; if it be the higher sum, he, in effect, makes the foreign growers pay it; if it be the lower one, the difference is principally pocketed by such growers and speculators. As duty falls in this country, price rises abroad, and *vice versa*; therefore the difference of duty affects chiefly, not the importer, but the foreign producer and dealer.

In plentiful years, very large importations of wheat can be made with a duty of 25s. per quarter. A gazette price of 60s. or 61s. will admit of such an import as will speedily sink it several shillings. Nothing can be more erroneous than the idea that price will fall no farther than is necessary for making the duty a prohibition; if at 59s. it make the duty a prohibition, it must, in plentiful times, fall to 55s.

Many people argue that the Corn Law affords scarcely any protection, because it admits great part of the foreign wheat at a duty almost nominal. This is erroneous. If the duty were never lower than 10s., the foreign grower would obtain less for his wheat, and in general the British consumer would pay no more for it than he does at present; importation would be a little smaller, but the British farmer, save in years of great scarcity, would gain no higher prices of moment.

The present Corn Law, therefore, compels the average price of wheat to fluctuate between about 54s. and 75s.; with it, such price must, of necessity, fluctuate to this violent extent almost annually. Let us now enquire how a fixed duty would operate.

Two very different parties advocate one; the first consists of the professed friends of agriculture, who have not, as far as we know, stated what duty would please them. As we imagine they would require a high one, we will look first at one of 20s. At spring, with short supply and the chance of bad weather, there would be a certainty that price would rise greatly, if foreign wheat should be kept from consumption; the importer, of course, would have a large bounty, amply sufficient to be irresistible with him, on keeping his

wheat back and raising prices; in addition, he could sell this wheat as readily in bond as out of it.

We have said a duty of 10s. per quarter would not much affect importation and price; one of 20s., however, would affect them greatly. With an average price of 72s., importation would be far larger under a duty of 10s. than under one of 20s.; probably 82s. would be requisite for gaining the same supply with the higher duty, which 72s. would gain with the lower one. Price must, of necessity, be higher or lower, as supply is smaller or larger. The certainty that England must import always, raises prices abroad, but at present the advance is lost by the Exchequer, and not paid by the consumer. With a fixed duty, all the addition made to price abroad would have to be added to it at home; in consequence, no considerable quantity of foreign wheat could be taken out of bond, or imported, until price should rise to perhaps 80s.

Thus, with a fixed duty of 20s., there would be about the same keeping of foreign wheat from consumption—speculation and advance of price—overflow of foreign, and sudden fall of English wheat, at the close of harvest—which are now witnessed. The main difference would be, wheat at the highest point would be several shillings per quarter dearer with the duty than it is with the existing law.

We have assumed, that, in plentiful moments, a duty of about 27s. is necessary for constituting a prohibition, when the average price is about 60s. Of course, to make a fixed duty of 20s. a prohibition, the average price must be 53s. We have said, that in such moments the average price must be several shillings below that which makes the duty a prohibition; the fixed duty in question would bring a very large quantity of foreign wheat into the market, with an average price of 50s., and it would sink this price to about 48s.

A fixed duty of 20s. would, therefore, compel the average price of wheat to fluctuate almost annually between 48s. and 80s.; in almost every year, this price would be nearly as low as the one sum, and as high as the other.

The other advocates of a fixed

duty, who consist of the professed enemies of agriculture, call for one as low as possible. We will look at the one of 8s. With the present law, foreign corn may be bonded at any time: and there is generally a certainty, that, in some part of the year, it can be taken out of bond almost free from duty. In consequence, importation is as free, and about as extensive, as it would be if this corn were subject to neither law nor duty. At spring, therefore, short supply, &c., would have the effects, with a duty of 8s., or without one, which they now have. If a fixed duty of 8s. should have any operation, it would necessarily make foreign wheat several shillings dearer at harvest than the existing law makes it.

If, in plentiful times, a duty of 27s., with an average price of about 60s., be necessary to form a prohibition, it follows that a price of 41s. would be required for making a duty of 8s. a prohibition. In such times, an average price of 43s., with a fixed duty of 8s., would bring a very great quantity of foreign wheat into the market for consumption, and prices would sink to perhaps 36s. or 38s.

A fixed duty, therefore, of 8s. would compel the average price of wheat to fluctuate almost yearly between 38s. and 76s.

In years of scarcity, a fixed duty would make corn considerably dearer than the existing law makes it.

Thus, the assertions of the advocates of such a duty, that it would make the trade in corn less speculative, and price more steady, are the reverse of fact. Doubtlessly, in times of short supply, it would only offer a rise of price, as a bounty on speculation, while the law offers both a rise and a large reduction of duty; but it would ensure a greater rise than the law can do. At present, the duty is taken into account by both buyer and foreign seller; the fall in it is chiefly pocketed by the latter, and, in consequence, it is much the same to the former, in regard to speculation, as a fixed one would be. A fixed duty would make corn, in plentiful times, much cheaper, and in those of short supply, somewhat dearer than the law makes it; in consequence, it would give as great a bounty on speculation as is given by the law. Under the latter, a large

part of the bounty is not felt in the market price, it is merely taken from the revenue; but the whole, with a fixed duty, would operate on price, and, of necessity, give it a much wider range than it now possesses. The variation of price allowed by the law, is about 20s. per quarter; but a fixed duty would allow one of from 30s. to 40s.

It is because the law admits foreign corn almost free from duty, that the agriculturists imagine it affords them little protection. The fact is, it does not so admit it, until their price rises much above what is called a remunerating one; and if this price should never rise above 60s., or 62s., it would be at it equal to a fixed duty of nearly 25s. In seasons of short supply, it acts as a prohibition, until the six weeks' average price rises to 73s., while, with the old laws, the prohibition ceased when this price reached 70s. Granting that foreign corn then enters the market nearly duty free, this is a loss to the revenue; but, in general, it makes little difference to the agriculturists; the certain rise of price is foreseen by foreign corn-growers and speculators, therefore the holder of the corn brings it into consumption at as great a cost to himself as he would do, if it were subject to a considerable fixed duty. A few shillings more or less in price, would have no material effect on importation. Compared with a fixed duty, in respect of protection, the law may give less than a duty would give, when the farmers have no corn to sell; but it gives far more than could be drawn from a duty when they want a market. Importation may be greater with it, than it would be with a duty, in times of short supply; but, in other times it is much less. We necessarily think the corn law infinitely preferable to a fixed duty; but still we wish to see in it great alterations, because it is obviously extremely defective.

All sides call for steadiness of price, and it is demonstrable that it can only be produced by steadiness of supply, with reference to demand. Of course, it can only exist in such a corn law as will, in the first place, exclude foreign corn when there is no deficiency; in the second, bring such corn into the market when

there is deficiency; and, in the third, admit no more than demand requires. The present corn law does exactly the reverse, therefore it causes violent fluctuations of price.

We do not say whether the quarter of wheat ought to sell for thirty shillings, or sixty, but it is clear to all living men, that if the market be plentifully supplied with English at any price, the admission of a considerable quantity of foreign must of necessity cause that price to fall greatly. Taking the sum at 60s., it is manifest that when there is with it a full supply of English wheat, foreign must be excluded, or there can be no steadiness of price. A duty cannot be depended on for causing such exclusion; at one moment it will do it, and at another it will do the contrary. The corn law imposes one, and it operates in this manner; when there is a short supply of English wheat, it rigidly excludes foreign; but when the supply of English is good, it brings half a million of quarters of foreign into consumption. This, in the nature of things, must be its general operation, because a bounty is offered by short supply, on keeping foreign wheat from, and, by abundance, on forcing it into consumption.

What, then, can exclude foreign wheat when there is a sufficient supply of English at 60s.? Nothing but a legal prohibition. We are not saying that this would be better than a violently varying price; we merely maintain that there must be the one or the other, and that such prohibition can alone produce that exclusion, without which there cannot possibly be steadiness of price.

In the nature of things, price, save in years of scarcity, must generally be some shillings below that fixed on for suspending the prohibition. If, therefore, the farmer ought to have 60s. for his wheat, the prohibition must be in force so long as the price is not higher than from 66s. to 70s.

The next thing for securing steadiness of price must bring foreign corn into consumption when there is a deficiency; and it must bring no excess. The present law, at such a time, keeps this corn from consumption—produces high prices when they cannot benefit the generality

of farmers—throws the whole importations of the year on the market at once, about harvest—makes these importations excessive—and binds the mass of farmers to losing prices, so long as they have corn to sell. In reality it compels the consumer to pay, on the average of the year, a considerably higher price than the British producer obtains, solely for the profit of speculators and foreigners; when he buys of the British farmer, corn is cheap; when he buys of the foreigner, it is dear.

When price rises to the point for suspending prohibition, the law ought evidently to take as much foreign corn out of bond as the market will bear. Suppose this point should be 66s., and the quantity 400,000 quarters; when the average price should rise to this sum, the law might command all bonded wheat to be cleared within a week, provided the quantity should not exceed that we have named; should the quantity be greater it might command the clearance of half, three-fourths, or any other proportion of it. In addition, it might prohibit the clearing of any more for a month or six weeks afterwards. In such case, speaking generally, when the average price should rise to 66s., as much foreign wheat would be brought into consumption as would not only prevent it from rising higher, but reduce it in a small degree; and the farmers would be protected from the glut which operates so perniciously against them for some months after harvest. The consumers would gain rather than lose; they would have wheat cheaper in summer, if they had it somewhat dearer in winter.

Whether the trade in corn ought to be free or the contrary—whether a legal prohibition up to a certain point is a more baleful thing than ruinous fluctuations of price—whether the quarter of wheat ought to sell for twenty shillings or eighty, are matters with which we have nothing to do. The question before us is—what will produce general steadiness of price? and in reply we say, nothing but a law which will prohibit foreign corn when there is abundance of British, and bring the former into the market when there is a deficiency of the latter, but only

in such quantity as the market can sustain.

It is our conviction that, putting years of decided scarcity out of sight, a duty of eight or ten shillings per quarter on foreign wheat would raise the price very little to the consumer. The English market is the principal, and often the only one to which the foreign corn-growers and dealers can look; therefore they must take almost any price it will offer them. If their corn should only be admitted with an average price of 66s., a duty of 10s. would leave a price to the importer of 56s., and under it importations would be nearly as large as they now are. Should the law clear bonded wheat at 66s., this duty would fall almost wholly on the foreign producers in ordinary years.

The present system is in the highest degree false in principle. It forces foreign corn up to a high price in order to exempt it from duty, and then it throws all the advance on the consumer; it really taxes the latter for the purpose of robbing the Exchequer. The consumer and the Exchequer jointly lose from it nearly a pound per quarter. While most imported commodities are subject to heavy duties, which fall on British consumers, corn is admitted nearly free from them, although such duties on it would fall mainly on foreign producers. At the very least half a million per annum is lost in this manner to the revenue, and the loss causes corn to be dearer rather than cheaper to the community.

We, of course, conceive that foreign corn should be prohibited by law up to a certain price, and then admitted at a fixed duty of 8 or 10s. on wheat, and a proportionate one on other kinds of grain.

In years of decided scarcity the duty would be added to price, therefore in them government ought to have the power of suspending it.

It must be observed that the Corn Law has only been tried in years of short supply. Let the next two harvests be good ones, and it will bring a ruinous accumulation of foreign wheat into the market under a duty of 25s.

Our belief is that these changes in the law would in the first place ensure as much steadiness in the price

of corn as the variation of seasons will admit of. Secondly, they would cause corn to be on the average of the year cheaper rather than dearer to the consumers. Thirdly, they would give better prices to the British producers. And fourthly, they would add a considerable sum to the revenue.

If we be in error, it is at any rate certain that those who wish to judge correctly of the question, must examine it as we have done. Yet who does so examine it? Do the landowners, and their scribes, who decide with so much ease and confidence that a fixed duty would be better than the law, assign any substantial reasons for their decision? No, they stand on the assertion—foreign corn is admitted almost free of duty, therefore the law yields no protection. It is evident enough that they imagine a fixed duty would add its amount to price in moments of short supply; and that they never bestow a thought touching what it would do in those of abundance. To make price higher when it is remunerative, they would make it lower when it is ruinous.

There is another set of agriculturists who declaim against taxes, and profess they would consent to a free trade in corn, if they could have them reduced sufficiently. Do these men support their doctrines by argument and calculation? They stand on assumptions which are manifestly groundless. They speak of poor-rates;—in a large part of England, these only form a tax of about a shilling per quarter on the corn sold; in other parts where they are heavy, wages are low in proportion, therefore the landowner gains in rent much of what he has to allow for poor-rates. If a farm in Sussex pay yearly fifty pounds more for poor-rates, and fifty pounds less for wages, than one of the same size in Yorkshire; such rates are really no greater a burden to the Sussex landowner, than they are to the Yorkshire one. It must be remembered, that the continental corn countries have what is equivalent to poor-rates.

Then these men clamour against the malt-duty. It is paid chiefly by the consumers, and what benefit could its abolition yield to the corn-

growers, if coupled with the free import of foreign corn?

As to direct taxes, the land pays none of moment. Land in England is less burdened with them than it is in many continental states.

With regard to general taxes, other countries pay them as well as this; let us, therefore, assume, that on the average, the Englishman pays twice as much in taxes as the foreigner. It must be remembered, that many articles of dress, &c., are much cheaper here than they are abroad, and that this goes far towards balancing the difference against him in taxation. Let us farther assume that the agriculturists pay twenty millions of the annual taxes, and that their yearly sales of corn, cattle, wool, timber, &c., amount only to one hundred millions. In each case, they pay ten millions of taxes more than they ought to do, to be on a level with foreigners. This sum amounts to ten per cent on a sale of one hundred millions; therefore, taking the quarter of wheat at three pounds, they ought to obtain only six shillings more for it than foreigners, on account of difference in taxation. We believe that this greatly exceeds the truth, and that the advantages possessed by the Englishman over the foreigner in a market for animal food, butter, poultry, &c., fully cover such difference.

Amidst foreign agriculturists, the landowners draw very little revenue from their land; there are comparatively no farmers or other middlemen to be supported by it, and the standard of living is at the lowest point among the labourers; this is the difference which prevents British ones from competing with them.

It is not necessary for us to say that we are the friends of agriculture, but in fighting its battles we must look at truth and honesty. We cannot say it is oppressed with taxes, because we know it is not; instead of paying more than its share of them, it pays less. These men, in offering to give up its protection in exchange for a reduction of taxes, are advocating its ruin. This is not the only reason why we notice their conduct. Their preposterous outcry against taxes nurtures the spirit of disaffection and revolution, and it

contemplates the spoliation of the public creditor.

Why do they so act? Because, forsooth, they must be liberal—they must not gainsay the economists—they must be so far enlightened as to admit that the doctrines of free trade are true in the abstract. For this they despise demonstration, promulgate the most gross errors, and render the cause they profess to support indefensible.

Turning to the avowed enemies of agriculture, do they speak from careful and dispassionate investigation? They assert that the Corn Law is a monopoly which excludes foreign corn to rot where it is grown. This law has admitted all the surplus corn of other countries at much higher prices than free trade would have allowed; it has, therefore, given a greater stimulus to the production and import of foreign corn, than free trade would have given. They thus put forth a deliberate falsehood.

These people assert, farther, that foreign corn, bought by this country, must be paid for wholly with manufactures, and that by its exclusion, the export of the latter is prevented. As the law causes the price of foreign corn to be higher, and the import to be larger than they would be with free trade; it, of necessity, on their own doctrines, makes the export of manufactures greater than free trade would make it. Here they put forth another gross falsehood.

These men make it a fundamental principle, that variations in the price of corn must affect rent alone. In addition to the evidence of all history, the present state of England proves, that in their natural operation, they affect rent the least, and fall principally on the wages of husbandry labour. It is evident to all, that the landowners could now obtain the rents they received before the reduction in prices, of late years, and throw the reduction on such wages. These very men are practically confessing it, for instead of leaving rents to be regulated by the

common laws of bargain, they bully and intimidate the landowners into a reduction of them. They here put forth another manifest falsehood.

What is their object? It is to mislead and inflame the ignorant.

There is another set of people who pretend to favour free trade in corn, not from hostility to agriculture, but for the sake of common good. Do they stand on enquiry and proof? No, with them, all is ignorant assertion—prohibition is wrong, no matter what may be its fruits; free trade is right, however ruinously it may operate; the object of legislation is to practise doctrine in contempt of consequence. They are utterly incapable of understanding the question, and they do not attempt it. They are sordid traders in place and creed, who take up any opinion which is calculated to promote their personal benefit.

And there is another set of men who despise investigation, because they are pledged. They voted for the Corn Law, they belong to the parties from which it emanated, therefore they pronounce it faultless. All the evils experienced under it, are produced by change of currency, bad seasons, or any cause, save its defects. To escape the confession of their own errors, they close their ears to argument, and insist that the most decisive demonstrations are false, and below notice.

Yet, it is self-evident to every human being, that if the regulations for the import of foreign corn be not framed upon comprehensive investigation, severe fact and accurate deduction, in total disregard of abstract doctrine and prejudice, they must operate most injuriously against the interests of manufactures, trade, and the empire at large, putting those of the agriculturists out of the question. If this truth be disregarded by all other men, it ought at least to be attended to by landowners and farmers: we, therefore, call on them to examine deeply and dispassionately, before they pledge themselves

FAMILY POETRY.

No. I.

----- Modo sumptâ veste virili !

Hon.

Zooks ! I must woo the Muse to-day,
 Though line before I'd never wrote !
 "On what occasion?" do you say ?
 OUR DICK HAS GOT A LONG-TAIL'D COAT !!

Not a coatee, which soldiers wear
 Button'd up high about the throat,
 But easy, flowing, debonair,
 In short a *civil* long-tail'd Coat.

A smarter you'll not find in town
 Cut by Nugee, that Snip of note ;
 A very quiet olive-brown
 's the colour of Dick's long-tail'd Coat.

Gay jackets clothe the stately Pole,
 The proud Hungarian, and the Croat,
 Yet Esterhazy, on the whole,
 Looks best when in a long-tail'd Coat.

Lord Byron most admired, we know,
 The Albanian dress, or Suliote,
 But then he died some years ago,
 And never saw Dick's long-tail'd Coat.

Or, past all doubt, the Poet's theme
 Had never been the "White Capote,"
 Had he once view'd, in Fancy's dream,
 The glories of Dick's long-tail'd Coat !

We also know on Highland kilt
 Poor dear Glengary used to dote,
 And had esteem'd it actual guilt
 I' "the Gael" to wear a long-tail'd Coat.

No wonder 'twould his eyes annoy,
 Monkbarns himself would never quote
 "Sir Robert Sibbald," "Gordon," "Roy,"
 Or "Stukely" for a long-tail'd Coat.

Jackets may do to ride a race,
 Or row in, when one's in a boat ;
 But, in the Boudoir, sure, for grace
 There's nothing like Dick's long-tail'd Coat.

Of course, in climbing up a tree,
 On terra-firma, or afloat,
 To mount the giddy top-mast, he
 Would doff awhile his long-tail'd Coat.

What makes you simper, then, and sneer ?
 From out your own eye pull the mote !
 A pretty thing for you to jeer !
 Haven't *you*, too, got a long-tail'd Coat ?

Oh! "Dick's scarce old enough," you mean?
 Why, though too young to give a vote,
 Or make a will, yet, sure, Fifteen
 's a ripe age for a long-tail'd Coat.

What! would have him sport a chin
 Like Colonel Stanhope, or that goat
 O'Gorman Mahon, ere begin
 To figure in a long-tail'd Coat?

Suppose he goes to France—can he
 Sit down at any *table d'hôte*,
 With any sort of decency,
 Unless he's got a long-tail'd Coat?

Why Louis Philippe, Royal Cit,
 There soon may be a *sans culotte*;
 And Nugent's self must then admit
 The advantage of a long-tail'd Coat!

Things are not now as when, of yore,
 In Tower encircled by a moat,
 The lion-hearted chieftain wore
 A corselet for a long-tail'd Coat.

Then ample mail his form embraced,
 Not, like a weazel, or a stoat,
 "Cribb'd and confined" about the waist,
 And pinch'd in, like Dick's long-tail'd Coat;

With beamy spear, or biting axe,
 To right and left he thrust and smote—
 Ah! what a change! no sinewy thwacks
 Fall from a modern long-tail'd Coat!

For stalwart knights, a puny race
 In stays, with locks *en papillote*,
 While cuirass, cuisses, greaves give place,
 To silk-net *Tights*, and long-tail'd Coat!

Worse changes still! now, well-a-day!
 A few cant phrases learnt by rote
 Each beardless booby spouts away,
 A Solon, in a long-tail'd Coat!

Prates of "The march of intellect"—
 —"The schoolmaster," a *Patriote*
 So noble, who could ere suspect
 Had just put on a long-tail'd Coat?

Alack! Alack! that every thick-
 skull'd lad must find an antidote
 For England's woes, because, like Dick,
 He has put on a long tail'd Coat!

But lo! my rhymes begin to fail,
 Nor can I longer time devote!
 Thus rhyme and time cut short the *tale*,
 The *long tale* of Dick's long-tail'd Coat!

No. IV.

THE REFORM BILL.

SINCE the close of our last record of Parliamentary proceedings, the subjects discussed have been various and important; but as public attention is at present almost wholly devoted to the Reform Question, we shall content ourselves with a very brief notice of what preceded it, in order that we may dwell more at large upon the all-engrossing subject.

There was a discussion on the affairs of Belgium, in which Mr Hume displayed his accustomed freedom from the trammels of accurate statement and correct reasoning. Lord Palmerston spoke like a Whig Minister acting on Tory principles; and Sir Robert Peel shewed that the air of the opposition side of the House, had a marvellously bracing effect upon his powers as a parliamentary speaker—he put us in mind of “young Peel,” who won golden opinions some sixteen or seventeen years ago. A new measure, touching the Game Laws, was brought forward by Lord Althorpe, which is to be regretted, as the Game Laws require amendment, and my Lord Blunder is not the man to amend any thing. Mr Perceval brought forward his motion respecting a General Fast, and delivered a speech which we would advise every one who has the time to spare, to read in the *Mirror of Parliament*; as, not being suited to the taste of the newspaper reporters, it was contemptuously treated by their high mightinesses. Alderman Waithman proposed his “string of resolutions” respecting Imports and Exports. The worthy Alderman has a glimmering of a right notion in his head upon these matters, but his “string” was so dreadfully tangled and perplexed, that no living man could clearly perceive the thread of his argument. The quantity of value, and value of quantity, were so mixed up in his arithmetical calculations, that the honourable House, like Milton’s council of the fallen angels, could

—find no end, in wandering mazes
lost.”

and rejected the “string” altogether. Burke, or some other worthy, makes obscurity an essential of the sublime; if this be true, the worthy Alderman possesses at least one quality towards making up sublimity of genius. Mr Hobhouse brought forward a measure to regulate the hours and mode of employment in cotton factories, which, as it happened to be recommended by the sound sense and humanity of its object, was consistently opposed by “the honourable Member for Middlesex,” as Mr Joseph Hume is now almost exclusively called, though the honest old Whig gentleman Mr Byng, his colleague, has been member, we believe, ever since the flood, or, at all events, since leather breeches were invented, which is no modern occurrence. That “huge pile” of national extravagance and architectural folly, or something worse than folly, Buckingham Palace, came under discussion. A committee was appointed, and if they do their duty, we shall hear more of this in due season. The Irish Union (O’Connell’s folly), and the alterations of the Budget (Althorpe’s folly), took up considerable time, and caused the taking down of many speeches. The Poor Laws were discussed for the eleven hundred and fifty-fifth time. Evesham Borough Disfranchisement, of which we shall probably hear much again, and the Steam-boat Tax, of which we shall probably not hear much again, were both debated. Greek affairs were mentioned, upon which (*incredibile dictu!*) Mr Hume could not keep silent. Our relations with Portugal were discussed in the House of Lords, and Lord Strangford incurred the high displeasure of Ministers, by shewing the palpable infraction of treaties which the precious budget scheme of the Chancellor of the Exchequer involved. In the same House, the details of a reform in the Court of Chancery, were stated by the Lord Chancellor Brougham. The rankness of the job at which this reform aims, begins now to be pretty well understood.

The learned lord must have had great reliance on the stolidity of the public, when he supposed that such bare-faced cupidity of power and patronage would pass current for moderation and self-denial.

To return to the Commons—the Sugar Duties were discussed, and Charles Grant played the independent, and differed from his colleagues, while Sir James Graham bridled up like a pompous old lady, and talked big, and Sir Robert Peel feeling that the time was not yet come, refrained from turning out the Ministers by a division. The Army Estimates were brought forward, in which Sir Henry Hardinge exposed a tricky omission, to make the amount appear less than it really was; and the Navy Estimates also came before the House, when Sir James Graham, not having any thing to say for what he had done himself, attacked the financial arrangements of his predecessors. Lord Howick brought forward a bill for the Encouragement of Emigration, which is likely to repose in the silence of contempt; and lastly, and on the last of the month, Mr. O'Connell once more exhibited himself as a poor shuffler, who, while he bullied in public, sued for mercy in private. We now come to the "absorbing question."

In commencing a review of the debate on the bringing in of the Reform Bill, we must confess to some fear, that our theme will be wanting in the excitement that belongs to novelty, for so much has been said about it, both in and out of Parliament, and so few can have avoided giving some consideration to a subject so momentous, that the Reform debate seems already as a twice-told tale; but it is essential that our pages should bear record of so vitally important an event of contemporary history; and we really think there is still much to be said upon this "great argument," ere it is thoroughly understood, and the rather, as a large quantity of the words spoken in Parliament, had but little application to the practical question, and served rather to bewilder than to convince.

In the metropolis, there did not appear to be that intense excitement of the populace regarding the bringing forward of the measure, which

those at a distance may have calculated upon as probable, or believed to have existed, in consequence of the inflated descriptions of the journalists. It is usual, when questions of very great public interest are to be discussed, to find a restless crowd in the neighbourhood of the House, watching the arrival of the members, as though they could read in their countenances the part they were to take—and lingering about the walls as though the sound of the discussion could ooze through them; but, on the evening of the first of March, the numbers around the House were few, and of a description that made me wonder what interest they could take in an abstract political question, or why they should have taken that particular place to spend their idleness. Small groups of unwashed artificers were scattered here and there, in aprons and woollen jackets, who seemed as if they had just left their work to indulge in half an hour's political relaxation, while a few with long coats, which had long since bade adieu to their high and palmy state, and with faces which certainly did not indicate either prosperity or contentment, stood gazing on.

"With folded arms and melancholy feat."

But there was no bustle, no strife, nor no noise, which was the more remarkable, as a considerable part of the people in waiting were women. It is quite certain, however, that that class of the community who generally concern themselves in politics, looked forward with a longing curiosity and intense anxiety to this evening, which was well justified by the event. The government was known to have miserably failed in fulfilling the expectations which it had encouraged; and even the friendly member for Middlesex had, with his accustomed blandness, assured the Ministers, that of the three pledges under which they had obtained power they had failed to fulfil two, and the trial of the third was yet to come, in the Reform question—it was therefore known to be the last resort of the Ministry—the final cast upon which their political existence was hazarded; but very few prognosticated the desperate boldness of the throw, which, in this extremity, they determined to make. The attendance of

members was as great as it could be—the House would not have held more—and every place to which those not members of the House are allowed access, in order to hear the debates, was more than fully occupied.

At the hour of six, as punctual as the postman's bell, uprose the Lord John Russell, the mouthpiece of the British Cabinet, upon the subject of Reform. Never was a great subject intrusted to an orator of more miniature powers. He is to a great orator, what a little French musical box is to a cathedral organ. He seems to be wound up for his task—the spring is touched, and away he goes, tinkle, tinkle, with a voice like that of conscience, "still and small." He speaks like one repeating memoriter, a language of which he does not understand the meaning, and thus the most astounding announcements drop from his lips, in precisely the same tone, and with the same manner, as if he were moving "that the candles be now lighted"—to this, as well as to the incredible extravagance of some of the alterations which he announced, must be attributed the peals of laughter with which matters of such serious importance were occasionally received. After the usual commonplaces concerning his apprehension in entering upon so important a subject, and so forth, he ventured upon rather an extraordinary wish for a popular reformer, namely, that Earl Grey had a right, by some law of Parliament, to come into that House and explain his measure himself. Now we, who by no means pretend to such abhorrence of aristocratic influence in the House of Commons, as the noble member for Tavistock affects to entertain, could by no means endure this, and our gorge rises at the very imagination of such an interference of a peer, with the business of the people's house; but as boroughs lose their atrocity in the pure sight of Lord John Russell, when they chance to bear the fortunate names of Malton, Calne, or Tavistock, so the name of Earl Grey has a magic influence to make the sound of his patriotic Lord John-loving voice, agreeable, even were it thrust upon the independent House of Commons. The noble

wished to place themselves "between two parties"—an absurd wish, which, notwithstanding his Lordship's assertion, we are not inclined to believe. One of these parties, he accused of bigotry, the other of fanaticism; but the party to which the latter epithet was applied, have already, in a singular spirit of forgiveness, adopted the propositions of the noble lord as stepping-stones to enable them to cross the old-fashioned current of English feeling; and to arrive at the object of their bad desires. His lordship then proceeded to state some of the reasons which made Reform necessary; and the first was, that by the ancient constitution of this country, all the laws should be made by consent of the whole commonalty of England. To this argument, we may borrow a reply from the speech of Mr Macaulay, on a subsequent evening, who stated, that our ancestors might have made very wise laws for their own time, but we had a right to use the same privilege.

When the population was scanty, and the bulk of it were slaves, the possibility of obtaining the consent of all the free men may be conceived; but it is sheer absurdity to argue from the existence of a rule practicable at a very remote period, to the necessity of a change in order to its resumption now, unless it were shewn, first, that the old rule was preferable in principle to the modern one; and, secondly, that altered circumstances had not rendered it inapplicable to the present state of affairs. Now, this it would be impossible to shew, and, therefore, the comparison of the present mode of representation with that alleged to have existed in the earliest page of our history, is of no avail. But the truth is, that however flippantly and confidently Lord John Russell may talk about the origin and early history of Parliaments, there is nothing in our history more uncertain than their nature and the extent of their power. Blackstone says, that "the original or first institution of Parliaments is one of those matters which lie so far hidden in the dark ages of antiquity, that the tracing of it out is a thing equally difficult and uncertain," and how members were

Michel-Gemote, or Wittena-Gemote, of our Saxon ancestors, it would doubtless puzzle the learning even of Lord John Russell to ascertain. One thing, however, is certain, that this great council of the nation, the *Communitas Regni Angliæ*, has happily had within itself, like the other parts of our Constitution, the capability of adaptation to the wants, necessities, and circumstances of the nation, and has, consequently, frequently undergone changes. It is absurd to tell us, that we ought to go back to the system of representation in the time of the Saxon kings, merely because it was the system then, and it would be no less absurd to insist that no change in the circumstances of the country should induce us to alter the mode of representation now in existence. It does not follow, that because we condemn the proposed revolution, we therefore think the present system perfect. We believe the present system better adapted to the condition of the nation, than the one proposed would be, and we know that a violent change ought not to be hazarded, except for the sake of some great necessity, and obvious improvement. Those who talk to us of the efficacy of going back to the first principles of our representation, from which they say corruption has turned us aside, talk mere folly. These first principles were assumed for the period, and the practice has usefully changed, according to changing circumstances, and the alteration has, therefore, been *gradual and almost imperceptible* in its progress. Such is the manner of all useful change in states, whose institutions are originally founded in reason and in freedom, and any other is generally the result of popular frenzy, or individual guilt. In the simple days of good King Alfred, Parliaments were not summoned for "the dispatch of business," that is, to discuss regulations touching the taxes and the public debt—the Bank affairs—the East India affairs—the West India affairs, and a thousand other concerns of national moment, then lying unborn in the womb of time. In those days, the great council was ordained to "meet twice in the year, or oftener, if need be, to treat of the government of God's people, how

they should keep themselves from sin, should live in quiet, and should receive right." If Mr Perceval were to rise in the House, and argue that he proposed nothing but a return to the ancient Constitution, in recommending that such should now be the business of the House, what a quantity of contemptuous derision would not the newspapers pour upon him? And yet, when Lord John Russell, and others, use this kind of argument for resuming the rule of representation alleged to have prevailed with regard to these councils, they are lauded as having uttered words of wisdom, founded upon learning.

In the next place, Lord John wishes to shew the evil of the present system, and lacking better matter, he favours us with a dramatic scene. He supposes a stranger acquainted with the wealth, industry, and civilization of this mighty kingdom, examining with his own eyes into the nature of the representation under which the legislature is formed, and, says Lord John, if he were taken to a ruined mound in one place, and some stone walls in another, and informed that each of these returned two members to Parliament, would he not be greatly astonished? Perhaps, he would, Lord John,—and what then? Astonishment is, for the most part, the consequence of ignorance, or imperfect knowledge, and so it would be in this case. If you, Lord John, or any other reforming zealot with contracted mind, were his *Cicerone* on the occasion, he might remain in astonishment that a country which, by the hypothesis of the illustration, he knows to be a prodigy of wealth, industry, and civilization, should have become so under such a mode of representation; but if a person of sense and honesty accompanied this enquiring stranger, he would say to him, "These were once places with some inhabitants, to whom the King gave the right of sending Members to Parliament; they have undergone the common vicissitude of time, and their local importance has passed away. But while they were decaying, concerns of a greater magnitude were growing up, which, though they have a name, such as the Banking interest—the Colonial interest—the Mercantile and Shipping interest, and

many others, yet have they no local habitation to which a right of representation could be affixed, and therefore they possess themselves of these places to which the ancient privilege is attached. Thus the most important interests in the country are *in fact* represented in Parliament, while *in form* the right of representation remains vested in a ruined mound, or some scattered walls." Then the astonishment of the stranger would cease, and he would see in the explanation he had received one great reason why this country was "unparalleled in wealth and industry, and more civilized and more enlightened than any country ever was before it." Such is the description which Lord John himself vouchsafes to give to the country, that has been so many years under the control of a system which he pronounces to be so pernicious. Do men gather grapes of thorns? or is it possible that the system can be so full of evil, from which such results have flowed? But Lord John Russell thinks a stranger would be "astonished," and this he really seems to suppose is *argument* against the present state of the representation!

The next argument of the noble mover, was in the shape of assertion, and every man must judge of its truth, according to the evidence which his own experience, or the knowledge he has acquired, will supply. He asserted that the confidence of the people in the constitution and construction of the House of Commons was entirely gone. This assertion was instantly, and with some indignation, denied by many members, of whom, several, at all events, were equal in character, and superior in ability and experience, to Lord John Russell. The statement then, even as an *argumentum ad verecundiam*, should go for nothing with the public; but even were it granted in the affirmative, though it would certainly settle the question that reform was necessary, the nature of the reform is left untouched by the argument, and it does not follow that by the adoption of the proposed measure, the confidence of the people in the House would be increased.

These were all the reasons for the reform which Lord John had to offer, and he then came to the statement

of what that plan of reform was, upon which the government had resolved. We omit the consideration of the remarks with which Lord John accompanied each item, and confine ourselves to the propositions themselves. First, they proposed that every borough which appeared by the population returns of 1821 to contain less than two thousand inhabitants, should lose the right of sending members to Parliament—this would utterly disfranchise sixty boroughs, (cheers and loud laughter.) Forty-seven boroughs which contained less than four thousand inhabitants, should be deprived of the right of sending more than one member, (more cheers and more loud laughter.) These reductions, along with two taken from the four members now returned for Weymouth, would make up a reduction of one hundred and sixty-eight members, which was the whole extent to which the ministers proposed to go in the way of *disfranchisement*, (yet more cheers and yet louder laughter.) We have already explained how the ludicrous contrast of Lord John's precise and feeble manner, with the importance of the matters he had to communicate, may have created momentary feelings of mirth, but certainly there was enough in this statement,—given, be it remembered, on behalf of the government of the country,—to make

—"the boldest hold their breath for a time."

For such a desperate sweep at existing institutions was certainly never attempted before, except under the avowed name of revolution.

But this was *not* all the disfranchisement in Lord John's plan, though he was pleased to say so—the right of election was to be taken away from all non-resident voters for cities and towns, and the elective right belonging to freemen and members of corporations, whether resident or not, to terminate with the lives of the persons having the privilege at present, and during their lives to be shared in common with all householders rated at or above an annual rent of £10. This surely is important disfranchisement; and though we do not question the power of the legislature to deal with pub-

lic privileges, nor deny the possibility of its expediency in urgent cases; yet the case should undoubtedly be a very clear and undeniable one, which would justify the Parliament in taking such a course with long established rights. The *extension* of the elective right, though it diminishes its importance to each individual, is of a very different character from direct spoliation; and the change proposed with regard to the franchise in counties, seems agreeable to common sense and practical utility. The change it effects will be neither violent in its character, nor calculated to throw a large measure of power into the hands of a class not accustomed to exercise it. There seems to be no reason in practice, why copyholders of L.10 a-year and upwards, and leaseholders of L.50 a-year, having a tenure of twenty-one years, should not vote along with the freeholder of forty shillings a-year, and these are the persons to whom the franchise is proposed to be extended.

We now come to that part of the plan which regards the disposal of the 168 members of which the House would be deprived by the proposed disfranchisements. To seven large towns which have not at present the right of sending members to Parliament, it is proposed to give two members each, and to twenty places of inferior note, one member each—to four districts of the metropolis, two members each—to twenty-seven of the largest counties two additional members each—to the Isle of Wight one member—to Wales one additional member—to Scotland five additional members—to Ireland three additional members, making up the number of 106 in place of 168 taken away, and leaving the proposed House of Commons sixty-two less in number than the House now contains. Shall it be said that such changes as these, all effected at once, ought not to be considered and to be called revolution? There is no way in which change could be introduced in the constitution of the House, that is not resorted to, and to an extent fatal to all existing arrangements! The right of voting—the places to return members—the numbers to be returned from the places permitted

to retain the right—the number of voters—the positive and relative number of members from the several kingdoms of the Empire, and the total number of the Imperial House of Commons, are all at once proposed to suffer a violent alteration, and yet ministers, and the friends of ministers, are indignant that this should be called a revolution! But this is not all—in some of the places which are to have the privilege of returning a member or members, it is expected that three hundred householders rated at L.10 a-year may not be found, and in such cases a *royal commission* is to have the power of adding the neighbouring parishes or chapelries to such places, in order to increase their number; and this same commission is to divide counties where it is thought expedient to make two divisions, each division to return two members. In short, by this *popular* bill, a royal commission is to have power to cut and carve the people's representation in a way which, were it proposed at another time, and by other men, the popular party would rend the skies with clamour, and cry aloud that all liberty was lost. Along with all this, there is to be a reform in the mode of election, the nature of which, from what was said respecting it by Lord John Russell, seems to be nearly the same as that in the bill introduced by Lord Althorpe a few years ago—a bill exhibiting such a vexatious complication of details, and such complete ignorance of what was practicable—so dull, so heavy, and so difficult to be understood, that even were not Lord Althorpe its ostensible parent, the relationship might have been sworn to from the likeness. The bill was of course turned out, and its lucid wisdom is reserved for the "happier auspices" of the present period.

Well might Sir Robert Inglis say that "the plan of the noble lord was wild and impracticable"—its principles are revolutionary—its effects would probably be an utter subversion of every thing established in this country, which legislation can affect. But we are happily guarded against such fearful consequences, not only by the strength of the opposition which this bill will meet with, but also from the sheer impossibility of

reducing to practice the political romance with which the noble lord has been entertaining his own imagination, and giving exercise to the eloquence of his fellow-senators. Certain it is, however, that a government allying itself with the most violent of the populace, may have force enough to throw down that which it has not skill to build up again—it might create a political chaos, from which the *lucidus ordo* of its extravagant dreams is expected to arise, and then sink in helpless imbecility amid the ruins. Against this dark and dreadful fate, it is our duty to guard, by taking from ministers the power of even commencing their mad experiment.

It is to be especially noted, that Lord John stated no practical evil arising out of the system which he desired to reform—such argument as he brought forward was abstract in its nature, and, even if granted, proved no more than anomaly in form. It may seem contrary to reason, that, in a city where there are five thousand men of property, only fifty have the right of voting for a representative; but undoubtedly, to the practical politician, it would strengthen the argument for reforming this system very much, if the positive inconvenience or injury happening to the city in consequence of this limited right of voting were shewn. Lord John did not attempt any thing of this kind in favour of reform; but Sir Robert Inglis did not imitate this forbearance in his reply. He shewed that towns without representatives, flourished as much and more than other towns which had them; that while, by the present system, all classes and interests of the community were represented, and all varieties of talent admitted, by that proposed, one class would preponderate, and others be entirely excluded; that the most eminent persons who had ever adorned Parliament came there by means of the boroughs which it was intended to abolish; that the present House of Commons was less under the influence of royalty and aristocracy, and more affected by public opinion, than Parliament had been accustomed to be, and therefore less in need of a popular reform; that the debates being more public than ever the

popular control was stronger than ever; that a House so popular in its constitution as that proposed, acting along with a free press, could not coexist with monarchy; and, finally, that such a House of Commons would cease to be a conservative body between the mass of the people and the crown. We do not mean to say that all these are self-evident propositions, but most of them are nearly so, and they involve practical results of the very highest importance. Sir Robert Inglis's speech was replete with good sense—it contained the germ of most of the arguments which were dwelt upon with perhaps more eloquence by others, and the more it is examined, the more will its solid value appear.

Mr Twiss principally directed his observations against the violent and sweeping nature of the measure, which he declared would take away all monarchical or aristocratical spirit from the House, in which already the will of the people had more control than it was strictly entitled to, consistently with the nature of our constitution. This learned gentleman's observations had, we confess, rather too much the tone of my lady's drawing-room for our taste; but with regard to the fact of the condition of the persons to whom the measure would transfer much of the elective power, he spoke correctly enough.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer argued, that the middle classes possessed quite enough of intelligence to qualify them to return the members of the House of Commons. This is one of those blunt, plain assertions, which, when Lord Althorpe utters, he thinks he says something to the purpose; but that is only because his views, although straightforward and passably honest, as the world goes, are coarse and confined. The middle classes have, no doubt, quite enough of intelligence to choose representatives for themselves and their interests, but they ought not to be able to exercise a preponderating influence, either upon those above or those below them. It would probably please the taste of the middling classes that there should be no aristocracy; does Lord Althorpe mean to say that, if such were their taste, it should be complied with? Their

intelligence for their own purposes is not to be denied, but their intelligence for the government of the whole, cannot be admitted. No reasonable man will gainsay their right to have very considerable influence in the House of Commons; but if a preponderating influence is to rest anywhere, it should be with those whose property, whose habits of leisure, whose opportunities of travel, and whose exemption from the necessity of looking to private emolument, should make them the most interested, and, we would also suggest, not the least capable, to act for the dignity, honour, and welfare of the state. We dislike, as much as any reformer can, to see dandy lords and gentlemen in the House of Commons, and we heartily desire that some mode might be devised of forever preventing such gentry from obtaining places which they cannot adequately fill, and receiving public money, which they by no means deserve; but certainly we are of opinion that, in the House, their manners are more offensive than their conduct is hurtful to the state; and we put it to any man's experience, whether your coarse, meddling, cleverish, confident member, does not often do more absolute mischief in a year, than all the coxcombs in the House. For example, if it were questioned whether, for the good of the nation, it would be more expedient to rid the House of my Lord C—— and the Honourable Mr B——, or of the Right Honourable Poulett Thompson and Mr Warburton, we should have no hesitation about ousting the latter gentlemen, who, although no fools, are positively mischievous, and are supposed by a calumnious world sometimes to have an interest other than that of the public in view.

The speech of Lord Leveson Gower should, we think, be read with particular pleasure by every Scotchman, for well did he describe its proud condition, in the ironical description of its necessity for reform. Lord Gower appealed to practical circumstances, and he conveyed his arguments in language rich with poetical imagery. We do not deny that his Lordship is sometimes guilty of the fault of sacrificing force of thought to mere elegance of expression; but

in this speech he combined them. In order to shew the usefulness of boroughs, as a refuge for able men against popular prejudice, he referred to the case of Burke, driven from the representation of Bristol because he preferred the cause of his country to the selfish ends of his constituents. "They saw him (Burke) ostracised from Bristol, take refuge on the hearth of a borough, and they felt that though the portal may be comparatively low which gives some of us entrance here, integrity may pass it without stooping, and that, though strait the gate and narrow the way, wisdom may enter there without losing sight for one instant of those great lights of truth, of reason, and humanity, which are the beacons of its course in the night of distress and danger—the landmarks of its bright and glorious pilgrimage by day." Perhaps this may seem too elaborately fine to the reader, but it appeared beautiful and most impressive in the delivery; and the plain fact is not to be got over, that protection from the occasional injustice of popular feeling, has been found over and over again to be necessary, in the case of members of Parliament whose seats have been forfeited by independent conduct, and that the existence of close boroughs makes an admirable provision against this emergency.

The second evening's debate was opened by Mr Hume, who did not advance any argument upon the subject in controversy, but contented himself with recording as a radical reformer his approbation of the measure, and his astonishment at the length to which ministers had gone, though he should have been better pleased had they gone yet farther. Mr Hume spoke with a highly commendable brevity. Mr Shelley, in a speech of some length and considerable spirit, roundly maintained that the members for the places called rotten boroughs, were the best and most independent members in the House—not fettered by local prejudices, nor bound down by local interests, but representatives of the whole country, and thus qualified to view every question fairly upon its own merits, and to vote according to justice and to reason.

Mr Baring Wall, who avowed himself to belong to the class of moderate reformers, delivered a speech full of intelligence, strength, and liveliness, which made a great impression on the House. As a moderate reformer, he was determinedly opposed to the bill, and stated, that before his party attempted to develop their own plans and wishes, it was absolutely necessary "to get rid of, to destroy, and turn out the measure brought forward by the noble lord—to get rid of it should be the first object of the moderate reformer."

Lord Newark did not touch the merits of the question in debate—he would rather support a reasonable amendment on the question than the question itself, but he would rather have the proposed reform than no reform.

Lord Darlington expressed the question in brief—it was, whether the sovereign power was to be lodged in King, Lords, and Commons, or to be transferred to the people alone? Lord Darlington is neither a Solomon nor a Cicero, but he hit the point pretty fairly here. Lord Ebrington supported the ministerial plan, because it went to represent all interests, and to produce that sympathy between the House and the people which had long ceased to exist. The first part of the noble lord's reason is a matter of argument, and we utterly deny that the plan would tend to the representation of all interests—on the contrary, the principal, and, as it appears to us, the palpable objection to it is, that it would destroy the mixture of interests now to be found in the House. The second part is matter of opinion—we do not mean to say that the sympathy between the House and people has of late years been very lively, or that it ought to have been so; but we feel satisfied that, were this bill to pass, the sympathy would be lessened, and, if it be thrown out, it will be increased. Lord Stormont was adverse to the bill, and dwelt upon the impropriety of the time chosen for such an agitating topic. Sir John Walsh, whose able pamphlet on reform entitles his opinion to no inconsiderable weight on the question, was decidedly adverse to the bill. He took a nice, but very just distinction, be-

tween attending to the interests and to the will of the people.

Mr Thomas Babington Macauley then arose,

'The applause of listening senates to command,"

and rattled away with such rapidity and brilliancy, (we heard an ill-natured person say flippancy,) that the reporters were astounded, and could not accurately tell what he said. He has, however, published his speech, as he knows the world and the trade of authorship too well, to take the trouble of writing a speech without making some money of it. We would have bought it, but that the charge was eighteenpence, which we thought unconscionable—the Lord Advocate's was only a shilling—and not liking to encourage a want of modesty in a young man, we took the learned lord's as being the cheaper and the better of the two. Mr Macauley's speech has been honoured with many compliments in the House, and we are willing to believe that it was "vastly clever," but we hardly think it is worthy of being rewarded with a lordship of the Treasury. We sincerely advise Mr Macauley not to take this office when it is offered to him—is not his fellow-reviewer, Brougham, a peer and a chancellor? He should be at least a master of the rolls—we were going to say vice-chancellor—but as this would deprive the country of his services in Parliament, we feel considerable remorse for having even inadvertently wished for an event involving so great a national calamity. Mr Macauley is, by the by, one of Lord Brougham's "Septuagint," as he calls them, which his self-denying Chancery Reform Bill is to sweep away; we shall see in due time what arrangement has been entered into in the way of compensation. Lord Mahon spoke next and thought that the whole fabric of our institutions ought not to be destroyed, merely to meet the caprice of radicals or visionary reformers—he opposed the measure. Mr Hunt supported it, and talked of his confinement in Ilchester gaol.

Sir Charles Wetherell's speech was one of which no report can convey any thing like an adequate notion. The appearance and manner of the man are so peculiarly his own

—his gesticulations are so odd—his style so singular, and yet the sense, honesty, and force of what he says, so remarkable, that we cannot choose but highly respect him, while we laugh both with and at him. Never was any thing at once so ludicrous and so sensible, as Sir Charles Wetherell's speeches. The House was convulsed with laughter during his speech on the Reform Bill. The chief force of his argument was directed against the violation of chartered rights, which this bill would occasion. Because Mr Locke said that things should be called by proper names, he would call the measure "corporation robbery." His description of an imaginary scene between Sir James Graham and one of his Cumberland constituents, in which the baronet admits that he could take off no taxes, but had taken off sixty-two members from the House of Commons instead, was given so well—the dialogue managed with such irresistibly comic effect, that Treasury bench and all joined in the universal roar of merriment. He concluded by affixing a name to the measure, which is not likely to die—the "*Russell purge*" will not soon be forgotten.

Sir Thomas Denman replied in a speech, to which, had the House not been previously exhausted, it would have been pleasant to listen, as it always is to a man possessing so fully the graces and ingenuity of an orator as Sir Thomas Denman; but of argument bearing on the general question we found none, except that drawn from his own individual experience, of the painfulness of sitting as the nominee of the patron of a borough. This is a matter rather of sentiment than reasoning, and when the question is, whether the boroughs are or are not of advantage to the working of the political system of the country, we do not think that an argument of this kind goes for much.

On the third night of the debate, the speakers against the bill were Mr G. Banks, Mr Hart Davis, Mr Baring, and Sir Robert Peel; in its favour, Mr Hobhouse and Lord Palmerston. It is with great regret that our limits compel us to notice these speeches so slightly; for we must confess that, in the absence of any very leading man, we could not have

supposed that the House would have been able to produce such a night's debate, of which England at any time might be proud. Mr Hart Davis's talents are not those of an orator; but setting him out of the list, Lord Palmerston, who can sometimes make a good speech, was considerably inferior to all the rest. Mr Banks's speech was forcible and ingenious, and shewed great research upon the history connected with the question. Mr Hobhouse's reply was full of force and spirit, and made the very best of the subject, but he did not enter with any closeness into the practical details of the measure. The weight attached to Mr Baring's position in the House, and the strict common-sense view in which he discussed the question, gave to his disapproval of the measure a force that very sensibly affected the opinion of the House. He maintained, that "while a mixture of aristocratic and popular influence in the House had been the greatest promoter of freedom and of equal and just laws, he knew of no oppression, of no grievance, which had sprung from their union." What has been the reply to this? Has the grievance, the practical evil, the pernicious laws, arising from the present state of the representation, been pointed out? No. Has the practical good, in the shape of greater liberty, or less taxation, or more trade, or greater plenty, which the reform will effect for the people, been pointed out? No. Lord Palmerston talked vaguely of public opinion in favour of a change—of what Mr Canning's opinion would be were he now alive; and lightly assumed the existence of five defects in the representation; when the whole matter in controversy is, whether these things do exist, or, if existing, whether they are defects? But he pointed out no direct evil as the result of the working of the system which he says is so defective. We do not say that the system is so perfect that no evil result could be pointed out; but we do not find that the supporters of the measure of reform have discovered such a result.

From the speech of Sir Robert Peel the House and the country expected much; and we who have been, and may perhaps be again, as ready to blame Sir Robert Peel as to praise

him, confidently feel, and, therefore, hesitate not to say, that whoever has heard or read the speech must in candour admit, that even the highest expectation has been amply fulfilled.

It is, in truth, a most masterly disquisition, both upon the general question, and the arguments (if such they may be called) brought forward in support of it; and, indeed, were it not that the public craves something new, and will not bear a repetition of the same dish, however excellent, we should feel that we served the cause better by a reprint of this speech, than by any commentary of our own. The menaces by which the necessity of the measure is sought to be established, are met, and indignantly repelled—the sophistries and avoidance of the real question, on the part of his adversaries, exposed—the authorities in favour of our mixed constitution, quoted, (the noble mover of the present Revolution bill being one,)—the disfranchisement of various bodies of electors, without any delinquency proved against them—the exclusion of the lowest orders, in some places, where they are now enabled to vote—the “*tendency*” of boroughs to become the means of introducing men of talent to the House—the desire of other states to imitate our forms of legislative deliberation—all these are used as arguments against the adoption of the measure, and then he comes to that which to us appears the most important of all. “What, sir, are the practical advantages which are now promised as the consequence of the change we are invited to make—as the compensation for the risk we must incur? Positively not one. Up to this hour, no one has pretended that we shall gain anything by the change, excepting, indeed, that we shall conciliate the public favour. Why, no doubt, you cannot propose to share your power with half a million of men, without gaining some popularity—without purchasing, by such a bribe, some portion of goodwill. But these are vulgar arts of government; others will outbid you, not now, but at no remote period—they will offer votes and power to a million of men—will quote your precedent for the concession, and will carry your principles to their legitimate and natural consequences.”

On the fourth night of the debate, the measure was supported by Mr Gisborne, Mr John Smith, Mr Stanley, and the Lord Advocate, and opposed by Mr Freshfield, Mr Duncombe, Mr Calcraft, Mr H. Seymour, Mr Wynn, and Mr Croker. Here is a goodly array of debaters, and they played their parts well. Mr Stanley's speech was a very able one, but entirely theoretical as far as it related to the question, and only touching facts when it became personal. Mr John Smith did allude to one practical result to arise from the measure, which he seemed to think would be a beneficial one; it was, the disappearance of many now in the House—“many well-dressed, well-behaved, well-bred young gentlemen, but whose loss would be well supplied by the twenty new members who would be returned from the towns to be enfranchised.” We are willing to give this fact, whatever weight those who dislike well-dressed, well-bred young gentlemen, may please to allow it; it is well to get even one practical argument out of such a heap of declamation. Mr Calcraft declared himself a Reformer, but directly adverse to a Reforming measure of the extent of that proposed. Mr Wynn held the same view, and evinced his sincerity by sacrificing his place in support of it.

The high character of the Lord Advocate for profound and varied abilities, and great dexterity in the use of them, led to great expectation from this his first important display in the House of Commons. He was destined to be tried by a high standard, that of his own reputation; and if he in some degree failed, which, in the general impression of the House, and the metropolis, he certainly did, it was because mere excellence disappointed, when something transcendent was expected. He did not hit the tone of the House—he fell into the error, in this respect, which many men of genius do, who adopt a more refined, and less obvious train of argument or illustration, than such a mixed auditory as the House of Commons have patience to follow. They require something that strikes the senses more immediately, and which it takes very little trouble to understand. It was thought that the mantle of

Brougham was to descend upon Jeffrey; but this thought is gone for ever: the intense earnestness—the headlong passion—the strong plain sense of Brougham, which made him the wonder, terror, and sometimes the delight, of the House of Commons, are not found to belong to his literary associate. While Jeffrey spoke, it was whispered about in the House, “this is not a speech he is delivering, but a treatise; he ought not to have spoken *ithere*; but printed it in his Review.” So great was the impatience of a part of the House at his manner, that, at one time, an attempt was made to silence him by coughing and other noises, but the vehement cheers of his friends put an end to what must certainly be considered unfair towards a man of Mr Jeffrey’s character for intellect, even though the manner of its display, on that occasion, was not the most fortunate. As to the practical part of his argument, he avowed that the evil he wished to avoid by the measure, was the danger of driving a great proportion of the distressed population into excess, by a denial of their just demands—that is, we suppose, the danger of a violent exertion of physical force, and the good to be derived, was the “infusion” of 500,000 new constituents, who would create an additional phalanx for the protection of the authority, and the loyalty of the kingdom.

Of all the men in the world, the very one whom we could have wished to rise up after Mr Jeffrey, did actually rise—his literary and critical rival, Mr John Wilson Croker. Mr Croker was, and is, we are sorry to say, suffering from severe ill health, but he nevertheless made a speech full of admirable points, some of them rather over-laboured; and his manner altogether too bitter, but still his speech was powerfully effective, and the facts that he flung out, like Congreve rockets, stuck and burned where they fell. After his facts about the history of Parliamentary Reform Petitions, no one could venture to speak of the gradually increasing desire of the people for Reform; and the “principle” of a representation adapted to population, was pretty plainly shewn to be utterly disregarded in the government scheme, though it served to point the arguments and

adorn the speeches of its supporters. The quotation from the Edinburgh Review bore very hard on the consistency of its quondam editor, and were we to regard the speeches of these two learned and literary gentlemen as a trial of strength between them, we should be inclined to decide that he of the north came off but second best in the tussle.

The fifth night of the debate brought forward no less than seventeen speakers, of whom, ten were for, and seven against the measure. Of the former, only one, Mr Robert Grant, said any thing deserving of notice or remembrance, unless, indeed, we except Lord Howick, the tone of whose speech excited very marked disgust. On the other side, the principal speech was that of Mr North, which we have heard experienced judges declare to have come nearer the best style of Mr Canning, than any thing that has been heard in the House of Commons since the death of that fascinating orator. Sir George Clerk and Mr Hope gave spirited answers to the speech of the Lord Advocate; and Colonel Tyrrell, in a plain country-gentleman style, spoke effectively upon the question, and put the House in great good-humour, at the expense of Mr Whittle Harvey. The balance of effective speaking on this night, was exceedingly in favour of the opponents of the measure. On the sixth evening, the promoters of the bill rather recovered ground by the powerful *talk* of O’Connell, who certainly, on that occasion, brought up a great deal of leeway in the estimation of the House. Sir J. Graham’s was rather a good speech, but not so good as was expected, and he made sad blunders with some nautical illustrations which he attempted—he broke down in the principal one, amid great laughter of the House, and got quizzed by that merry bluff gentleman, Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke.

Mr Attwood’s speech against the measure, was, as his speeches always are, full of sound practical sense. Sergeant Lefroy, from Dublin, was not well, nor very well received. Mr Praed’s speech, which was also delivered under manifest indisposition, and at a bad hour of the night to win easy approbation, was one of very great promise. The

newspapers very inadequately reported it; but those who heard it, were not disappointed in marks of that brilliant genius which has led to his obtaining a seat in the House. Mr Bethell of Yorkshire spoke, but it was not discoverable on which side.

On the seventh and last night, there were many speeches, of which the principal were Mr Perceval's against, and Mr Harvey's for the measure. The former, let who will ridicule it, was an excellent speech, striking home upon the really important matters in the question.

“— *Facilis est rigidi censura cachinni.*”

It is easy to laugh at Mr Perceval—because he puts his religion, perhaps, too much in the van, when it is not likely to be treated with respect; but when a man speaks plain practical sense, he should not be sneered down for a peculiarity of manner. As to Whittle Harvey, he spoke as he generally does—clever, impudent, hard, and superficial. His support adds no weight of character to any measure—he is sufficiently well known to be, as Colonel Tyrrell said, “not particular to a shade.” Lord John Russell's reply was very bad in the beginning, and better towards its close, but throughout feeble in manner, and uncandid in statement.

Such is a sketch, rapid and imperfect it must be allowed, of the great debate on the bringing in of the reform bill; but who can describe within a few pages the minute particulars of seven times seven hours speech-making? Upon the whole debate we should not fear to leave it to any honest critic, of any party, to decide which had the advantage, sure of a decision in favour of the speeches against the measure. In the mortifying consciousness of this being the fact, the friends of Ministers cry out against the right of borough members to have been heard at all upon the question. So violently unjust a point was, we suppose, never before set up upon a matter where public rights were in controversy. Why should not borough members be heard? They do not appear as *witnesses* in their own cause—they are, as members of the House of Commons, members for the whole country, and on an equality as senators with

any other members. They are pleading a cause, not giving evidence, and they come forth as champions in the fair field of argument, to stand or fall by the test of truth and facts, which are open alike to all. If the members for boroughs be able men, should we not be cautious how we interfere with the system which brings them into the House?—if they be not able men, why are their speeches thus feared? for as yet it is not the interference of their votes which has been objected to.

We do most sincerely trust that no clamour without, nor intimidation nor abuse within, the House, may have the effect of giving any successful countenance to a measure of a tendency so revolutionary, that were it to pass into a law, we cannot see how sober thinking men could have confidence in the stability of any institution in this country. We think it perfectly obvious that such a revolution in the mode of electing the House of Commons, would give a preponderance to the democratical part of our constitution, which would soon be fatal to the existence of the other parts, and therefore destructive to the well-being of the democracy itself. If we could believe that the common people, or the middle class, (as that is the favourite phrase,) were capable of more happily governing themselves, if all authority were taken away from those above and below them, we might look upon such a measure as this with some hope, but we think no such thing; and whatever respect we may have for the sound sense of this class, displayed in the management of their own affairs, we firmly believe that, in matters of government, a mixture of other influences with theirs is necessary not only for the good of the nation at large, but even for their own peculiar good.

We have looked, but looked in vain, for any argument establishing a link of connexion between the Reform so much clamoured for, and an abolition of the causes which distress the people, check their industry, and thwart their efforts to be prosperous and happy. This should be looked to first, and were this attended to, we should then be by no means adverse to such a cautious and gradual amendment of our representative

system, as would give to property and intelligence, a more equal and generally diffused influence; but to be useful at all—nay, not to be destructive—it should be soberly, cautiously, and gradually done. The present measure is altogether rank with the odour of revolution—it stinks in the nostrils of men who love peace, and prosperity, and security, and can only find partisans amongst those whom party fury blinds to the dictates of common sense, or who yield to base fear, instead of looking

steadily at a slight danger, which would vanish away as soon as it was boldly examined. This we say with regard to the nation at large; as to the party which has introduced it to Parliament, they appear to have adopted it as a desperate expedient for bearing down the opposition, which their previous ill success had made so strong. Through fear of not continuing to govern, they have risked a measure, of which the bare promulgation directly tends to make the country ungovernable.

TO MRS HEMANS.

Thou hast ennobled Woman, and thy name
 Shall to posterity be handed down.
 Thine, lady, thine shall be the poet's fame;
 And, brightly wreath'd within thy laurel crown,
 Fair flowers of light and loveliness shall bloom,
 Scattering their perfume round thy hallow'd tomb!

How oft the deep-toned magic of thy strains
 In eve's soft twilight, to the heart appealing,
 Touching each nerve, and thrilling through my veins,
 In breathings full of rich and tender feeling,
 Has made the warm blood from my cheek retire,
 And in *my* breast a slight poetic fire!

O were it mine to tune thy sounding harp,
 And strike the chords of thy celestial lyre—
 To bid contending passions, keen and sharp,
 Quit their strong hold, and at my will expire;
 To raise the patriot flame, and for the brave
 A requiem sing, like thine own Körner's Grave!

But no! it may not be! No hand but thine
 Shall ever tune that deeply-touching string;
 Thou art thyself alone, whether thou twine
 In rosy garland fair the flowers of spring,
 Or wake the mourning for the early dead,
 Or the low plaintive wail for love that's fled?

Lady! despise not thou my humble song,
 And think not lightly of the heart that feels
 (Though loftier praises may to thee belong)
 The bright enchantment that thy music yields:
 Thou lov'st sincerity; and though my lays
 Be *homely*, thou wilt not reject the praise.

E. P.

Leeds.

SOTHEY'S HOMER.*

PATRIOTS as we are, as well as Cosmopolites, how relieving, how refreshing, how invigorating, and how elevating to our senses and our souls, to fly from politics to poetry—from the Honourable House to the Immortal Homer—from the vapid feuds of placemen and reformers, to the deadly wrath of nature's heroic sons—from the helpless limp of any middle-aged Smith, to the elastic lameness of old Vulcan—from O'Connell and Hunt, with their matchless blacking, to

"Atrides, king of men, and Thetis' god-like son!"

We are no great Greek scholars; but we can force our way, *vi et armis*, through the Iliad. What we do not clearly, we dimly, understand, and are happy in the glorious glimpses; in the full unbroken light, we bask like an eagle in the sunshine that emblazons his eyrie; in the gloom that sometimes falls suddenly down on his inspired rhapsodies, as if from a tower of clouds, we are for a time eyeless as "blind Mæonides," while with him we enjoy "the darkness that may be felt;" as the lightnings of his genius flash, lo! before our wide imagination ascends "stately-structured Troy," expand tented shore and masted sea; and in that thunder we dream of the nod that shuddered Olympus.

Some people believe in twenty Homers—we in one. Nature is not so prodigal of her great poets. Heaven only knows the number of her own stars—no astronomer may ever count them—but the soul-stars of earth are but few; and with this Perryan pen could we name them all. Who ever heard of two Miltons—of two Shakspeares? That there should even have been one of each, is a mystery, when we look at what are called men. Who, then, after considering that argument, will believe that Greece of old was glorified by a numerous brotherhood of coeval genii of mortal birth, all "building up the lofty rhyme," till beneath their har-

monious hands, arose, in its perfect proportions, immortal in its beauty and magnificence, "The Tale of Troy Divine?"

Was Homer savage or civilized? Both. So was Achilles. Conceived by a goddess, and begotten by a hero, that half-celestial child sat at the knees of a formidable Gamaliel—Chiron the Centaur. Grown up to perfect stature, his was the Beauty of the Passions—Apollo's self, in his loveliness, not a more majestic minister of death. Paint him in two words—STORMY SUNSHINE.

Was the breath of life ever in that shining savage—or was he but a lustrous shadow in blind Homer's imagination? What matters it? All is that we *think*; no other existence; Homer *thought* Achilles; clouds are transient, but Troy's towers are eternal. Oh! call not Greek a dead language, if you have a soul to be saved! The bard who created, and the heroes who fought in the Iliad, are therein not entombed, but enshrined; and their spirits will continue to breathe and burn there, till the stars are cast from the firmament, and there is an end to what we here call Life.

Homer, you know, wrote in Greek, and in many dialects. He has been translated into English, which, in heroic measures, you know, admits but of one. All translation of the highest poetry, we hold, must be, such is the mysterious incarnation of thought and feeling in language, at best but a majestic mockery—something ghostlike; when supposed most substantial, suddenly seeming most a shadow—or change that image, why, then, like a broken rainbow, or say, rather, like a rainbow refracted, as well as reflected, from the sky-gazing sea. Glorious pieces of colour are lying here and there, reminding us of what, a moment before, we beheld in a perfect arch on heaven.

But while the nations of the earth all speak in different tongues—they all feel with one heart, and they all

* London: Murray, 1831,

think with one brain. Therefore, he who hath the gift of tongues, may, from an alien language, transfuse much of the meaning that inspirits it into his own; although still we must always be inclined to say, listening to the "repeated strain,"

"Alike, but oh! how different."

All truly great or good poets desire that all mankind should, as far as it is possible, enjoy all that in the human is most divine; and therefore while each has

"Like Prometheus stolen the fire from heaven,"

they have all exultingly availed themselves of the common privilege of stealing—when ever inspired so to do—and plagiarism is thus often the sign of a noble idolatry—of stealing from one another, that after hoarding them up in the sunny and windy air-lofts of their own imaginations, they may in times of dearth—or to make plenty more plenteous—diffuse and scatter those life-ennobling thefts—in furtherance of the desires of the dead—

"O'er lands and seas,

Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms!"

And thus, too, have the truly great and good poets sometimes—often—felt that it was dignified to become translators. What else—ay, ay, much else—was the divine Virgil? Fools disparage him, for that he translated—stole from Homer. As well despise Shakspeare because he stole, not only from unwritten nature and her oral traditions, but from all the old Homeric war chro-

nicles people had got printed, that he could lay hands on;

"For the thief of all thieves was the Warwickshire thief!"

Indeed, Shakspeare, who had "little Latin, and no Greek," contrived—heaven only knows how—to translate into English thousands of fine things from those languages. Marlow was an avowed and regular translator—so was Ben Jonson—and many others of that wonder-working age. But come down, without fear of breaking your neck by the fall—to Dryden and Pope at once;—and then, sliding along a gentle level, to Cowper—and, last of all, to Sotheby—all translators—and who is good, who better, and who best, you sure will find it hard to say—of the "myriad-minded" Homer.

Let it at once suffice for Mr Sotheby's satisfaction, that we say he is entitled—and we do not know another person of whom we could safely say as much—to deal with that well-booted Grecian, even at this time of day, after all that has been done to, in, with, and by "Him of the Iliad and the Odyssey," by not a few of our prevailing Poets.

Let us draw the best of them up in rank and file, and as they march before us, try their height by a mental military standard, declaring who are fit for admission into the grenadiers, who into the light company, and who must go into the battalion.

We shall confine ourselves to the First Book—itsself a poem—and let us try the volunteers by the test of the Opening thereof—almost all educated persons being familiar with that glorious Announcement in the original Greek.

CHAPMAN.

"Achilles' baneful wrath resound, O Goddess, that impos'd
Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many brave souls loos'd
From breasts heroic, sent them far to that invisible cave
That no light comforts, and their limbs to dogs and vultures gave;
To all which Jove's will gave effect, from whom first strife begun
Betwixt Atrides, king of men, and Thetis' godlike son."

DRYDEN.

"The wrath of Pelcus' son, O muse, resound,
Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were sent in early youth to shades of night,
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made.
So was the sovereign will of Jove obey'd;
From that ill-omen'd hour, when strife begun
Betwixt Atrides great and Thetis' godlike son."

TICKEL.

"Achilles' fatal wrath, whence discord rose,
That brought the sons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
O Goddess! sing. Full many a hero's ghost
Was driven untimely to th' infernal coast,
While in promiscuous heaps their bodies lay,
A feast for dogs and every bird of prey.
So did the sire of gods and men fulfil
His stedfast purpose and almighty will;
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
Atrides, king of men, and Peleus' godlike son."

POPE.

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess sing,
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove."

COWPER.

"Sing, Muse, the deadly wrath of Peleus' son,
Achilles, source of many thousand woes
To the Achaian host, which num'rous souls
Of heroes sent to Ades premature,
And left their bodies to devouring dogs
And birds of heaven, (so Jove his will perform'd,)
From that dread hour when discord first embroil'd
Achilles and Atrides king of men."

SOTHEY.

"Sing, Muse, Pelides' wrath, whence woes on woes
O'er the Achæans gather'd host arose,
Her chiefs' brave souls untimely hurl'd from day,
And left their limbs to dogs and birds a prey;
Since first 'gainst Atreus' son Achilles strove,
And their dire feuds fulfill'd the will of Jove."

What are the qualities that characterise the original? Simplicity and stateliness. Each word in the first line is great.

MHNIN αἰεὶ, Θεᾶ, Πηλεΐάδew 'Αχιλλῆος.

Now, not one of all the translations makes an approach to the grandeur of that magnificent line. It is then, we may conclude, unapproachable in the English—and consequently in any other language. Dryden and Cowper, we think, (please always, if you have time and opportunity, to verify or falsify our criticisms by reference to translation and original,) succeed best; Pope and Sotheby are about on an equality, though Pope is the more musical; and Tickel is poor, though Johnson, throughout that passage, waywardly prefers him to Pope. Perhaps some will think old Chapman the best, after all, and certainly his lines have the "long-resounding march," if not the "energy divine." Pope says of Chapman sneeringly, that he has "taken

an advantage of an immeasurable length of verse." The longer the better, say we, had he known how to use it—which, though the above quotation be very good, we say he generally did not, in spite of the Cockneys.

Observe with what a sonorous and significant, nay sublime, word, Homer begins the second line, οὐλομένην. The translators give "baneful," "dire effects," "fatal," "direful," "deadly," all right and good, but not one of them placed where Homer placed his word in its power. Sotheby omits it.

The last line of the Announcement is full brother to the first—only look at it.

'Ατρεΐδης τε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν, καὶ δῖος 'Αχιλλεύς.

All the translators were bound by every tie, human and divine, to have preserved—if that were possible—its sound, and its sense, and its soul. Old Chapman has done so, and

praise be to him; Dryden had the gumption to steal old Chapman's line, but even in an Alexandrine he could not get a common title to Agamemnon's just title of "King of Men," and had to cut it down to "great," thereby impairing its majesty; Tickle also keeps to old Chapman, and wisely drops out "betwixt;" Pope

translates it poorly, and kills it by transposition; Cowper keeps it in its right place, but has dropped the noble and essential epithets; Sotheby almost repeats Pope.

Let us go straight to the famous picture of the Descent of the Plague-Apollo. We must really give the Greek.

ὦς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
 Βῆ δὲ κατ' οὐλύμποιο καρήνων χρώμενος κῆρ,
 Τόξ' ἄμοισιν ἔχων, ἀμφηρεφία τε φαρέτερη·
 Ἐκλαύξαν δ' ἄρ' οἵστοι ἐπ' ὤμων χροιομένοιο,
 Αὐτοῦ κινηθέντος· ὁ δ' ἦν νυκτὶ εἰοκάς·
 Ἐξέτ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε νῶν, μετὰ δ' ἰὸν ἔηκε·
 Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.
 Οὐρήας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπ' ὤχετο, καὶ κύνας ἀργούς·
 Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλους ἐχέπυκνός ἐφίεις,
 Βάλλ'· αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκύων καίοντο θαρμιαί.

This all men feel to be sublime. Yet, strange to say, we doubt if to two imaginations it presents any thing like the same picture. The Sun-god, Phœbus Apollo, being incensed, slew mules, dogs, and Greeks. He is the Plague. Yet he is a Divinity too—and, at one and the same time, he plays to admiration the part of both, and we defy you to tell which is, in your mind, the predominant idea—of his Godship or his Plague-ship. Down to the end of the line closing with βιοῖο, he is himself φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων—Etty might paint him—Macdonald shew him in sculpture. But henceforth he is entirely, or nearly, the Plague. True, he continues to shoot his arrows—but the Impersonation grows faint; and, finally, from before our eyes at least, fades utterly away. For how can the imagination, that was startled by

the suddenness of the descent of the glorious Apparition from the summits of Olympus, figure to itself the same Sight sitting apart from the ships for nine nights and days of slaughter, and of blazing funeral piles! The bright Vision of Poetry gives place gradually to the dim vagueness of national Superstition. If this be true—and if it be possible to do it, then the translator should vary his version, in the same spirit as Homer saw and sung, and make us feel the strange transition from Divinity to Disease. How may he do so? By intensifying, as Homer did, the Personality of the Godhead, up to the highest pitch at βιοῖο; and then letting it generalize itself away into the mere presence of the unwearable activity of death.

Competitors! right shoulders forward—wheel!

CHAPMAN.

"Thus he pray'd, and Phœbus heard him pray—

And, vex'd at heart, down from the tops of steep heaven stoop'd, his bow,
 And quiver covered round, his hands did on his shoulders throw;
 And of the angry deity the arrows as he moved
 Rattled about him. Like the night he ranged the host, and roved
 (Apart the fleet set) terribly; with his hard-loosing hand
 His silver bow twang'd, and his shafts did first the mules command,
 And swift hounds, then the Greeks themselves—his deadly arrows shot,
 The fires of death went never out, nine days his shafts flew hot
 About the army."

DRYDEN.

"He pray'd, and Phœbus hearing, urged his flight,
 With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;

His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw;
 His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
 Black as a stormy night, he ranged around
 The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground.
 Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
 And feather'd fates among the mules and sumpters sent,
 The essay of rage; on faithful dogs the next;
 And last in human hearts his arrows fixed.
 The god nine days the Greeks at rovers killed,
 Nine days the camp with funeral fires was filled."

TICKEL.

"Apollo heard his injured suppliant's cry;
 Down rush'd the vengeful warrior from the sky;
 Across his breast the glittering bow he flung,
 And at his back the well-stored quiver hung:
 (His arrows rattled as he urged his flight.)
 In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal sight,
 Then took his stand the well-aim'd shaft to throw;
 Pierce sprang the string, and twang'd the silver bow.
 The dogs and mules his first keen arrows slew;
 Amid the ranks, the next more fatal flew,
 A deathful dart. The funeral piles around,
 For ever blazed on the devoted ground."

POPE.

"Thus Chryses pray'd, the favouring power attends,
 And from Olympus' lofty top descends.
 Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound,
 Fierce as he moved his silver shafts resound.
 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
 And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
 The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
 And hissing, fly the feather'd fates below.
 On mules and dogs, the infection first began,
 And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
 For nine long nights, through all the dusky air,
 The pyres thick flaming, shot a dismal glare."

COWPER.

"Such pray'r he made, and it was heard. The God,
 Down from Olympus, with his radiant bow,
 And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung,
 March'd in his anger; shaken as he moved,
 His rattling arrows told of his approach.
 Like night he came, and seated with the ships
 In view, dispatched an arrow. Clang'd the cord,
 Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow.
 Mules first, and dogs, he struck, but aiming soon
 Against the Greeks themselves, his bitter shafts
 Smote them. The frequent piles blazed night and day."

SOTHEY.

"Thus Chryses pray'd: his pray'r Apollo heard,
 And heavenly vengeance kindled at the word.
 He from Olympus' brow, in fury bore
 His bow and quiver's death-denouncing store.
 The arrows, rattling round his viewless flight,
 Clang'd, as the god descended, dark as night.
 Then Phœbus stay'd, and from the fleet apart,
 Launch'd on the host the inevitable dart;
 And ever as he wing'd the shaft below,
 Dire was the twanging of the silver bow.
 Mules and swift dogs first fell, then far around
 Man felt the god's immedicable wound.
 Corse lay on corse, to fire succeeded fire,
 As death unweary'd fed the funeral pyre."

Here again, old Chapman may be said, on the whole, to be excellent. But Homer does not shew us Apollo—that translator does—in the act of enduing himself with his bow and quiver. We see from the first the “heavenly archer,” (these are Mr Milman’s words,) equipped for revenge. “His silver bow twang’d,” is indeed wofully inadequate, and “hard-loosing hand,” though rather expressive, and shewing that old Chapman may have been a toxopholite as well as Ascham, nor yet un-Homeric, is not in the original, and therefore gives offence to us who belong to the King’s Body-Guard.

Dryden sadly mistakes and mars the majestic meaning of

Ἐκλαγξαν δ’ ἄρ’ οἵ τοι ἐπ’ ὤμων χωόμενοι,
 Αὐτῶ κινήθηντος

“His bow twang’d and his arrows rattled as they flew!”

This is an unlucky blunder—and it led him into another,—

“Then with *full force* his deadly bow he bent!”

As much as to say, we presume, that though before his “bow twang’d” it had not been bent with full force. “Glorious John” did not see that it had not before been bent at all. Why should it, till he had taken his station apart from the ships? “Feather’d fates” are fine things—but not in the passage. “The Greeks at rovers killed,” is a piece of pedantic impertinence—which archers will understand—and for which, could Homer have foreseen it, he would have longed even in Hades to have broken Dryden’s head.

Tickel’s translation is nearly a total failure. Vengeful “warrior,” is somewhat impertinent.

“The well-aimed shafts to throw,”

suggests a suspicion that our friend was thinking of a “stone bicker;” yet, strange to say, the next line is more truly Homeric than, perhaps, any other single line in any of the other translations, and is almost perfect,—

“Fierce sprung the string, and twang’d the silver bow.”

“In clouds he flew, concealed from mortal sight,”

is an absolute and manifest lie; for Homer saw him, and so do we, and so did Tickel himself, unless he were bat-blind, which he was not, but, on the contrary, had a couple of good sharp eyes in his head.

On Pope’s translation it is not possible to bestow much praise.

“Bent was his bow *the Grecian hearts to wound,*”

is false and feeble. “Resound” should have been “resounded,” we suspect; though such capricious change of tense is, we know, a bad trick, common among the poets of Pope’s school.

“And gloomy darkness gather’d round his head,”

is idle tautology. “Twang’d his deadly bow,” not literal, where literality was demanded; and “feathered fates” may be restored, without Pope being the poorer, to Dryden.

“For nine long nights, through all the dusky air,
 The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare,”

are very noble lines; but the pyres burned by day as well as night—though by day they were doubtless not so visible. Homer left us to see them of ourselves during both; but since Pope has grandly directed our eyes to the night-imagery, we owe him gratitude.

Cowper, on the whole, is good, forcible; but owing to some rather commonish words, we fear, not sufficiently dignified—for Apollo. “Marched in his anger,” is raw-recruitish; though raw recruits are often formidable fellows; and “told of his approach,” is very prosaic. After it, only think of Milton’s “far-off his coming shone!” The attempt at imitative harmony or discord in the singular line about “dread-sounding bounding,” we confess we like—but liking is not loving, nor loving admiring, nor admiring astonishment, nor astonishment exultation.

Sotheby is excellent—but not all we hoped he might have been—with all these bell-rocks and beat con lights—to shew him his path on the waters. “Kindled *at the word,*” is sudden and sharp, but quaint and

incorrect. "Then Phæbus stayed," has the same merit and the same demerit. We do not like the repetition of "dart" in "shaft." "Immedicable wound" and "inevitable dart," have a sameness of sound not satisfactory to our ears at the close of lines so near each other—nor is there any thing answering to either epithet in Homer.

"Dire was the twanging of the silver bow," is admirable in its almost literal simplicity.

"Corse lay on corse, to fire succeeded fire,
And death unwearied fed the funeral pyre,"

are in themselves two strong lines—but are they both equal in power and glory, to

αἰὶ δὲ πυρὰὶ νεκρῶν καίοντο θαμναί;

No.

There is one half line in the original of which we have yet said nothing—and which loses its identity in some of these translations, and scarcely preserves it in others. What effect does it produce on your imagination?

ὁ δ' ἦνε νυκτὶ εἰσαίῳ·

Old Chapman renders it—rightly so far, for so far literally—

"Like the Night, he ranged the host."

Dryden—

"Black as a stormy night, he ranged
around
The tents."

Pope—

"Breathing revenge, a sudden night he
spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his
head,"

which last line we have already abused. Tickel, idiotically as we said—

"In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal sight."

Cowper best of all, and perfectly—

"Like night he came;"

and Sotheby—

"As the God descended, dark as night,"
—which is not so good as Cowper,
only because not literally Homer.

We ask you again, what effect does it produce in your imagination? Not surely that of night over the whole sky—not utter concealment of the God in a darkness not appertaining to himself, but in which he is merely enshrouded, as are the heavens and earth? No, no, no, that cannot have been intended by Homer. But Homer, we think, in the inspiration of his religious awe, suddenly saw Apollo, the very God of Light, changing in the passion—the agony of rage—into an Apparition the reverse, the opposite, of his own lustrousness, —undergoing a dreadful Transfiguration. It was not as if Day became Night, but that the God of Day was wrath-changed into the Night God—almost as if Apollo had become Pluto. Milton must have understood the image so, for he has transferred it—not the change—but the image itself, to his most dreadful personage, "Black it stood as Night"—in the daylight, you know, and therefore was that Foul Blotch so terrible. Try then each translation separately, by this the test of truth, and judge for yourself which is good, which bad, and which indifferent. We should like to hear your opinion.

Meanwhile, before we proceed to another passage, only hear old Hobbes, who, perhaps you may not know it, translated the Iliad and the Odyssey. "His poetry, as well as Ogilvie's," (which we have never chanced to see,) says Pope truly, "is too mean for criticism."

"His prayer was granted by the Deity;
Who with his silver bow and arrows keen,
Descended from Olympus silently,
In likeness of the sable Night unseen."

In this stealthiness there seems to us something meanly suspicious. True, that in scripture we read of death coming like a thief in the night—but that was not said for the sake of sublimity, but to shew us how we are, in our imagined deepest home-felt security, unsafe from that murderous wretch Death, or Williams. But Homer being a heathen meant no uncivil scorn of Apollo—whereas Hobbes converts him into a cracksman.

"His bow and quiver both behind him
hung,
The arrows chink as often as he jogs!"

We come now to that immortal quarrel

“Betwixt Atreides, king of men, and
Thetis' godlike son;”

and are thankful to learn that we ourselves have never felt tempted, by a rash ambition, to dare to try to translate it. Never did Wrath so naturally, we may say rightfully,—speaking of chiefs who were anything but Christian—flame up, from a single spark into a roaring flame, within magnanimous hearts. Ere yet we knew what Chryses was about to divulge as the cause of the Plague—unless, indeed, he had a sort of pre-saging forethought, that it somehow or other regarded the king—Achilles, by promising the priest immunity from all punishment, placed himself in the spirit and posture of a foe to Agamemnon. That Atreides should have been smitten with sudden rage against the suppliant Father, we cannot wonder; for we soon have his own word for it, that Chryses was now as dear, that is, dearer to him than ever had been Clytemnestra in her golden and virgin days. Kings, heroic and unheroic, are seldom subjects to right reason; and, in his towering passion with the low-footed Chryses, his looks could have been none of the sweetest towards the swift-footed Achilles. That fiercest of the fierce, took him up at once, on his first tyrannical deviation from justice—thence instant revenge threatened not vainly by him whose will was law—the pride of unmatched power in one, conflicting with the more than pride of the invincible valour of the other—the indignation of habitual dignity on this side, watching the character of the rage of natural passionateness on that—till each seemed equally the point of the stormy light that redly discoloured the countenances of both heroes—and king and prince shone and shook alike in the perturbation of their savage spirits, the intolerant and untamed sons of headstrong and headlong nature.

Is it not amazing to think of it, after we lay down this dramatic scene, how Homer, without any ap-

parent effort, has kept up, throughout all the furious injustice of these heroes to each other, such strong sympathy with both, that though sometimes shaken, it is never broken; and that, during the course of the quarrel, though assuredly our hearts beat faster and louder towards Achilles, they ever and anon go half over to the side of Agamemnon? *He* swore but to deprive his antagonist of that blessing of which himself was about to be, as he thought, robbed—the enjoyment of love and beauty. What signifies right, or the observance or violation of right, when disappointment, which in the soul of a king is equal to a subject's despair, has darkened conscience and corrupted will, and seeks refuge in revenge? And what signifies blood-thirsty heroism, that has been exulting in victorious fields of death to the soul in which it has burned, when its sweetest meed is ravished out of its embrace, the light of woman's eyes, and the fragrance of woman's bosom, that had captivated the conqueror, and bound him within his night-tent, in divinest thralldom, the slave of a slave? Patriotism, glory, fealty, are all overpowered by pride raging in the sense of degradation, injustice, and wrong, done to it, openly beneath the sun, and before all eyes; and down is flung the gold-studded sceptre on the earth, that the clash may ratify the oath sworn to Jove, that never more shall the hand that swayed it draw the sword, though the hero-slaughtering Hector should drive Greece to her ships, and Troy be triumphant over her flying sons. Is not this a Quarrel indeed of demigods, and who could have sung it but Homer?

We cannot quote all the translations of the progress of this Wrath up to the intervention of Minerva, and therefore we shall quote none of them—but go to the passage in which the goddess reveals herself to the goddess-born, and so far calms the roar within his soul, as does a sudden lull for a while that of the sea. Agamemnon has just said—as Dryden makes him say, “Briseis shall be mine.”

CHAPMAN.

“Thetis' son at this stood vext, his heart

Bristled his bosom, and two ways drew his discursive part,

If from his thigh his sharp sword drawn, he should make room about
 Atrides' person, slaughtering him, or sit his anger out,
 And curb his spirit. While these thoughts strived in his blood and mind,
 And he his sword drew, down from heaven Athenia stoop'd, and shined
 About his temples, being sent by the ivory-wristed queen,
 Saturnia, who out of her heart had ever loving been,
 And careful of the good of both. She stood behind, and took
 Achilles by the yellow curls, and only gave her look
 To him appearance; not a man of all the rest could see.
 He turning back his eye, amaze shook every faculty;
 Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so terrible they were
 Sparkling with ardour"——

DRYDEN.

" At this the impatient hero sourly smiled;
 His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd,
 And, justled by two tides of equal sway,
 Stood for a while suspended in his way.
 Betwixt his reason and his rage untamed,
 One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd;
 That only counsell'd to the safer side,
 This to the sword his ready hand apply'd.
 Unpunish'd to support the affront was hard,
 Nor easy was the attempt to force the guard.
 But soon the thirst of vengeance fired his blood,
 Half-shone his falchion, and half-sheath'd it stood.
 In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
 Commission'd by the imperial wife of Jove,
 Descended swift: (the white-arm'd queen was loath
 The fight should follow, for she favour'd both:)
 Just as in act he stood, in clouds enshrined,
 Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind;
 Then backward by his yellow curl she drew;
 To him, and him alone, confess'd in view.
 Tamed by superior force, he turn'd his eyes
 Aghast at first, and stupid with surprise."

POPE.

" Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,
 His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
 Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:
 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
 Force thro' the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord:
 This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While half-unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,
 Minerva swift descended from above,
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove;
 For both the princes claim'd her equal care.
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
 Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confess'd,
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes."

COWPER.

" He ended, and Achilles' bosom swell'd
 With indignation; racking doubts ensu'd,
 And sore perplex'd him, whether forcing wide
 A passage through them, with his blade unsheath'd,
 To lay Atrides breathless at his foot,
 Or to command his stormy spirit down.
 So doubted he, and undecided yet,
 Stood drawing forth his falchion huge; when, lo!
 Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike

Were dear, and who alike watch'd over both,
 Pallas descended. At his back she stood,
 To none apparent, save himself alone,
 And seiz'd his golden locks. Startled, he turn'd,
 And instant knew Minerva. Flash'd her eyes
 Terrific, whom in haste he thus bespake :"

SOTHEYBY.

"He spake—Achilles flam'd—wrath, deep, disdain,
 Swell'd his high heart, and thrill'd in every vein;
 In doubt, with sword unsheath'd to force his way,
 Dash thro' the warriors, and the tyrant slay;
 Or, in stern mastery of his mind, control
 Th' unsated vengeance of an outrag'd soul.
 In this dread doubt, while now in act display'd,
 His hand had half unsheath'd th' avenging blade.
 Pallas, at mandate of the wife of Jove,
 Who watch'd the rival chiefs with equal love,
 Unseen by all, behind Achilles stood,
 Seiz'd his gold locks, and curb'd his madd'ning mood.
 He turn'd, and awe-struck, straight the goddess knew,
 As from her eyes the living lightning flew."

Achilles has now lost all desire—
 all power to speak—and he late so
 insultingly, and scornfully, and sa-
 vagely, and fiercely, and ferociously
 eloquent, is dumb. *Ὡς φέτο Πηλεΐωνι
 δ' ἄχος γένητ'*. Homer then in four
 lines says, that the heart of Achilles
 deliberated—to kill Atrides, or to
 subdue his own rage. The words he
 uses are strong as strong may be,
 and direct as his alternate purposes
 of slaughter or silence. Let them be
 so, therefore, in all translation. Old
 Chapman deserves to have his grave
 disturbed for having said "his heart
 bristled his bosom," which either
 means nothing, or that the hair there-
 on bristled, which is mean and mi-
 serable falsehood of the chest of the
 youth who excelled all living in he-
 roic beauty. "Stood vext," is per-
 haps good—to them who remember
 Shakspeare's "still vexed Ber-
 muthes." "This discursive part,"
 no doubt, gives the right meaning,
 but is too formal and philosophical
 for the occasion. What follows on
 to the Apparition of Pallas, is forceful
 and rather grim—which is good—
 but there is a dignity in the original
 —in the verbs, especially—which has
 forsaken Chapman's eyesight. Mi-
 nerva, sent by Juno, the protectress
 of both heroes alike, comes from
 heaven, and takes Achilles by his
 yellow hair, who, astounded, turns
 his head, and by her stern eyes re-
 cognises the Goddess. Now when
 Chapman says that Athenia "shined
 about his temples," he is mani-

festly thinking not of her Person,
 which was there, but of Wisdom, of
 which she was Goddess—and this
 open expression of Homer's hid-
 den meaning, is as bad as can be, and
 brings out marvingly the lesson which
 the great moral bard doubted not all
 the world would read for itself.—
 Otherwise the translation has the
 merit of much vigour.

Dryden's version is, of course, also
 vigorous; but it is not literal, but
 licentious; and he wilfully violates
 throughout both the style and the
 spirit of Homer. The "hero sourly
 smiled," is in itself good, but not in
 the original; and one hates to see
 heightenings of the expression of any
 strong passion beyond the aim of the
 mind that depicted it.

"And, justled by two tides of equal sway,
 Stood for a while suspended in his way,"

is coldly conceived and inaccurately
 expressed, as are the two, indeed
 the six lines, which follow—a sorry
 sort of declamation, in which the
 plainest statement is perverted and
 falsified, and fire made mere smoke.
 The rest is sweeping and sonorous;
 but thirteen lines of Greek into
 twenty-one of English, is a dilution
 that must be severely condemned.

Pope's translation is very fine. It
 flows freely, and has few faults, ex-
 cept that it is somewhat too figura-
 tive.

"Now fired by wrath, and now by rea-
 son cool'd,"

is an antithesis not to be found—though there is something like it—in Homer.

"This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,

And calm the rising tempest of his soul," sounds like commonplace to our ears now—though it is likewise common sense. "A soft whisper" did not suit the ear of Achilles—at least, not from cool reason, though assuredly from warm Briseis—and

"A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest,"

is not in Homer; for Homer never spoke nonsense; and nonsense it would have been to have said that a sable cloud was present on this occasion.

Sotheby's translation, we may safely say, is admirable. It has but one line more than the original—and loses little either of the style or sense of Homer.

"Swelled his high heart, and thrilled in every vein,"

is a line, the construction of which Pope was too fond of, and its latter half is weak and futile; and the last line of all,—

"As from her eyes the living lightning flew,"

is a sorry substitute in its meretricious glitter, for

δινὰ δὲ οἱ ὅσσοι φάανθιν

But with these blemishes—which to some people may not seem blemishes at all, but beauties, the translation is such as probably to surpass the power of any other of our living Poets.

Even more admirable is the translation by Cowper. It is almost as literal as translation can be; and we do not scruple to say that it is faultless.

"Stood drawing forth his falchion huge; when lo!

Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike Were dear, and who alike watched over both,

Pallas descended"——

is perfectly Homeric. But were we to indulge ourselves in criticism, we should find ourselves re-transcribing the whole passage. Cowper is bald—Cowper is dull—Cowper is tame! So drivel the dunces—but

even at this time of day, few feel, and fewer know, what is the power of blank verse—and of blank verse Cowper was a great master.

Pallas has vanished away into the mansion of Ægis-armed Jove, and Achilles is left again to struggle with his own great heart. The awe of that sudden celestial visit yet lies upon him, and his sword is chained in the scabbard. But though he will obey the mandate, he feels free in his obedience still to fling scorn and wrath into the face of the King. Enough that he slays him not where he stands, but yet allows him life. Juno herself, nor Jove either, shall wrong him out of another—and a lasting revenge. Nay, Minerva's self—the Goddess of Wisdom—had given him the privilege to shoot through Agamemnon's heart the arrows of disdain—swift as those of death—and foretold that the day is doomed, when his great loss will be far greater repaid.

Such, we may believe, was his mood; and Homer says, ere the wrath of Achilles again bursts forth, *Πηλεΐδης δ' ἑαυτὶς ἀταρτηροῖς ἐπέσσειν Ἀτρεΐδην προσέειπε, καὶ οὐπω λῆγῃ χόλοιο.*

This is introduction enough—and in the usual style of Homer. But it does not satisfy Dryden; and he chooses to tell us how Achilles looked and felt, contrary to the positive assertion of Homer.

"At her departure, his disdain return'd;
The fire she fanned with greater fury burn'd;

Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent"——

Homer does not say that Minerva fanned the fire—that would have indeed been a work of supererogation, and a Milesian fulfilment of the mandate of Juno. "Rumbling within," is in the vein of old Chapman's "bristling his breast."

Pope saw the simple words, and felt their power—and therefore says, sufficiently well—

"Nor yet the rage his boiling heart forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke,"

Cowper writes,

"But though from violence, yet not from words

Abstain'd Achilles', but with bitter taunts
Opprobrious, his antagonist reproach'd ;"
which is stiff and formal—as if written
by a Quaker.

Sotheby says,

"But Peleus' son again, with gather'd ire,
Hurl'd on the monarch words of living
fire."

He did so. His words were of
"living fire." Just as from Minerva's
eyes "living lightning" flew. But
why should Mr Sotheby say what
Homer did not—either in this pas-

sage, or in any other in the Iliad of
Odyssey? All the translators—except
Pope perhaps—have failed; so
difficult must it be to do apparently
a very easy thing. But Achilles
speaks—and we cry "hear! hear!
hear!" though he is sadly out of
order—and others may cry "chair!
chair! chair!" The son of Thetis
excelled in a reply. Had Lord
Brougham "the accomplishment of
verse," we think he would give the
closing speech of Achilles with characteristic power.

DRYDEN.

Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent,
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight;
When did'st thou thrust amid the mingled peace,
Content to bide the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each Plebeian soul;
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to controul.
Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary power,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
These, traitor, are thy talents; safer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor could'st thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their souls as abject as their state.
But, by this sceptre, solemnly I swear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch shall bear;
Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to those
Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose,)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift shall bribe it, and no prayer persuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conquering arms, with corpse to strew the field,
Then shalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confess
My wrong repented, when 'tis past redress.
He said: and with disdain, in open view,
Against the ground his golden sceptre threw;
Then sat: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.

POPE.

"O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war.
'Tis ours the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base;
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
Are tamed to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which sever'd from the trunk, (as I from thee,)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From which the power of laws and justice springs,
Tremendous oaths inviolate to kings;

By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
 When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
 Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
 Forced to deplore, when impotent to save;
 Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

COWPER.

"O charged with wine, in steadfastness of face,
 Dog unabash'd, and yet at heart a deer!
 Thou never, when the troops have taken arms,
 Hast dared to take thine also; never thou
 Associate with Achaia's chiefs, to form
 The secret ambush. No; the sound of war
 Is as the voice of destiny to thee.
 Doubtless the course is safer far to range
 Our num'rous host, and, if a man have dared
 Dispute thy will, to rob him of his prize.
 Tyrant! the Greeks are women, else themselves
 Would make this contumelious wrong thy last.
 But hearken, I shall swear a solemn oath
 By this my sceptre, which shall never bud,
 Nor boughs bring forth as once, which, having left
 Its parent on the mountain-top, what time
 The woodman's axe lopp'd off its foliage green,
 And stripp'd its bark, shall never grow again;
 Which now the judges of Achaia bear,
 Who, under Jove, stand guardians of the laws,—
 By this I swear, (mark thou the sacred oath,)
 Time shall be, when Achilles shall be miss'd;
 When all shall want him, and thyself the power
 To help the Achaians, whatsoe'er thy will;
 When Hector at your heels shall mow you down,
 The hero-slaught'ring Hector! Then thy soul,
 Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse
 That thou hast scorn'd, as he were nothing worth,
 A chief, the soul and bulwark of your cause."

SOTHEBY.

"Swoln drunkard! dog in eye, but hind in heart,
 Who ne'er in war sustain'st a warrior's part,
 Nor join'st our ambush; for alike thy fear
 In war and ambush views destruction near.
 More safe, 'mid Græcia's ranks th' inglorious toil,
 To grasp some murmurer's unprotected spoil.
 Plunderer of slaves—slaves void of soul as sense—
 Or Greece had witness'd now thy last offence.
 Yet—by this sceptre, which, untimely reft
 From its bare trunk upon the mountain left,
 Bark'd by the steel, and of its foliage shorn,
 Nor bark nor foliage shall again adorn,
 But borne by powerful chiefs of high command,
 Guardians of law, and judges of the land:
 Be witness thou, by this tremendous test
 I ratify my word, and steel my breast,
 The day shall come, when Greece, in dread alarm,
 Shall lean for succour on Pelides' arm:
 Then, while beneath fierce Hector's murderous blade
 Thy warriors bleed, and claim in vain thy aid,
 Rage shall consume thy heart, that madd'ning pride,
 Dishonouring me, thy bravest chief defied."

Dryden has made some hits—but also many misses—Achilles at once gives vent to a matchless burst of the concentrated essence of scorn.

Οἶνοβαρὺς, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραιδίην
δ' ἐλάφοιο

Drunkard, Dog-eye, Deer-heart!

We call this *multum in parvo*. Dryden leaves out both dog and deer! Incredible. And of one line makes three—a commentary rather than a translation.

“Arms are the trade of each Plebeian soul”—

is a pure interpolation—and most unlike the direct charge against the king by Achilles. Nothing can be worse.

“To peel the chiefs, the people to devour,”

is in itself good, and we suppose it impossible to translate adequately the words “Δημοδόρος βασιλεὺς. A fine flow of versification perhaps redeems this version—but at its close we feel how feeble, even in Dryden, is the proud prophecy of Achilles, who in Homer concludes with calling himself what all the world knew he was, ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν, an avowal of the consciousness of his own worth most suitable and sublime.

Pope almost entirely succeeds where Dryden utterly fails. In the first burst, he ought not, however, to have let escape him Οἶνοβαρὺς, which is ill supplied by the whole line, though it be a strong one,

“O monster! mixed of insolence and fear.”

That strong line, indeed, does not contain within it οἶνοβαρὺς—but the dog and deer. The line naming these animals is perfect.

Achilles becomes rather too much of the rhetorician in Pope's hands; but he declaims with great energy, and we shall not play the captious critic on his oration. We must object, however, to two lines, which, doubtless, Pope thought a mighty improvement on Homer,

“When flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead.”

It is not in such pompous terms that hero speaks of hero—especially when soul-inflamed; nor is it thus that Homer makes Achilles speak of Hector. No purple shores—no mountains of the dead—simply

εὖτ' ἂν πολλοὶ ὑφ' Ἐκτορος ἀνδρῶ-
φόνοιο

Θνήσκοντες πίπτωσι.—

“When many dying fall beneath
The hero-slaughtering Hector.”

Cowper, as usual, keeps close to Homer. And, after all, of a Great Poet the most literal version must be the best. Better to lose something—than to get much that has no business there—which may be not only idle, but false to the truth—mingling styles and spirits that “own antipathy”—that will with difficulty be brought to coalesce, and that cannot be amalgamated.

“O, charged with wine” is not οἶνοβαρὺς, for it restricts his accusation to that hour—but Achilles calls Agamemnon a drunkard—a wine-swiller—or beer-barrel. Had Achilles believed him drunk then, we scarcely think he would have honoured him by such prolonged and repeated Addresses to the Throne. With that exception, his abuse of Agamemnon is well rendered—and it is Homeric.

It is dangerous to Cowper to read his translation immediately after Dryden's and Pope's. There is a richness in their diction, and a profusion of harmonious sounds overflowing the page, which, along with the rhymes, fills the ear with a music that wafts on the mind, and makes reading something like flying—a pleasure accompanied with a sense, as it were, of our own easy-working power. Meanwhile, we too often feel and think vaguely and obscurely—or perhaps not at all—and, as for seeing, we can scarcely be said sometimes to see any thing; for we either trust to our ears, on which occasions people shut their eyes, or we behold men and things floating away by us, like clouds on the air, or bubbles on a stream. But Cowper strives to set before us Homer's Iliad in its simplicity—and it is often most simple when it is most sublime,—and under no delusion, or igno-

rance, regarding the Bard's express and definite meaning, why, to enjoy his poetry, we must see things as well as hear words; the imagination must exert itself, or, let us say the truth at once, the gentle reader will infallibly fall asleep. "How magnificent is Dryden's Homer!" "How splendid is Pope's!" But he ordered to sit down and mould a Hero from some of these magnificent or splendid descriptions, or to stain one on the canvass, and you will find, on comparing your statue or picture with the originals in Homer, that "Greek does not meet Greek," tough as may be the tug of war; and that the wondering world, if not admiring, must be left to conjecture in what forgotten ancient bard or historian you can have found such and such personages; and, above all, what it is that they are about—"doing or suffering."

We have neither time nor room—nor indeed inclination—to make many particular remarks on Cowper's translation of this speech, wishing to come to Sotheby.

"When Hector at your heels shall mow
you down,
The hero-slaughtering Hector"—

Here though the first line is not Homer, it is surely far better in itself, and infinitely more characteristic of Achilles, than Pope's "purpled shores and mountains of the dead,"—and shews, that if at any time Cowper is forced to depart from the original—and the structure of verse must often force every translator so to do—he still writes in a kindred and congenial spirit. In like manner, Cowper changes into a different form of expression the final sentiment of Achilles, which he ought not to have done, for 'twould have been easy to have kept close to the Greek; but he adheres to the meaning of it, nay, rather intensifies it; whereas Dryden "changes the drink upon us," and

for purple wine passes off pale negus, as you may assure yourself by looking at the wishy-washy stuff of the last two lines of Achilles' speech, than which nothing can be wersher, except perhaps saltless parritch.

Now, read again Sotheby—after you have read the other three—great names all, Dryden, Pope, Cowper—and read again Achilles' last speech—but not like Sir Charles Wetherell's dying words—in Homer. You have done so. And do you not think with us, that Sotheby's version is the foremost of the four? It is—*longo intervallo*. From first to last, it breathes insult and scorn, unweakened by one needless or unnatural word of ornament,—a loftier indignation mixing with them, as Achilles, swift of tongue as of foot, eyes his own sceptre, which, after having sworn by, he intends to dash on the ground,—and finally, insult, scorn, indignation, all, themselves almost tamed in his heroic breast by the exultation that fills it from the forethought, when he shall have abandoned the host, of his revenge on Agamemnon, coming too from the very sword of Hector, his mighty foe, the hero-slaughtering Hector, then unopposed by the man his king had dishonoured—the best of all the Greeks—*αριστος*

Λαίαν.

To have been able so effectually to rid himself of all remembrances of the words of Pope and Dryden, (except in the first lines, which he improves,) shews how thoroughly imbued Sotheby's mind is with the true feeling and knowledge of Homer's genius—and this one passage alone proves him a great translator.

A sudden thought strikes us—let us leave Achilles, and see who of the *ὁμοτίμοι* are most successful in Jupiter's NoB—when he was "a' nid noddin in his house at home."

Jove has been listening propitious to the prayer of Thetis for her son, and he says,—

Εἰ δ' ἄγε, τοὶ κεφαλῇ κατανέυσσμαι, ὄφρα πιπίσῃς.
Τῆτο γὰρ ἐξ ἔμεθεν γε μετ' αἰθανάτοισι μέγιστον
Τέκνωρ· ἔ γάρ ἐμόν παλινάγρετον, ἐδ' ἀπατηλόν,
Οὐδ' ἀτελεύτητόν γ', ὅ, τι κεν κεφαλῇ κατανέυσω.

Ἢ, καὶ κυανέσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νύσσι Κρονίων·
Ἀμείβεσθαι δ' ἄρα χαίται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος,
Κρατὸς ἀπ' αἰθανάτοιο μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὀλυμπεν.

Even if you cannot read Greek, you will feel that something sublime is going on there—depend upon it—by getting some one who can, (and to whom the gods have given to

speak *ore rotundo*;) to recite that poetry. Should you be still rather at a loss, let Dryden come to your assistance.

DRYDEN.

Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely,
When nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky—
This ratifies the irrevocable doom :
The sign ordained, that what I will, shall come.
The stamp of Heaven, and seal of fate,—he said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head.
With terror trembled Heaven's subsiding hill;
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.

POPE.

But part in peace, secure thy prayer as sped,
Witness the sacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fixed, irrevocable sign ;
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls—AND GIVES THE NOD—
The stamp of fate and sanction of the god.
High heavens with trembling the dread sanction took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

COWPER.

And to assure thee more, I give the sign
Indubitable, which all fear expels,
At once from heavenly minds. Nought so confirm'd,
May ever be reversed, or rendered vain.
He ceased ; and under his dark brows THE NOD
Vouchsafed of confirmation. All around
The sovereign's everlasting head his curls
Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain reel'd.

SOTHEBY.

Hence ! hence ! lest Juno now detect thee here—
Away ! Thy prayer is granted—disappear !
Go, firm in trust ; I pledge the brow of Jove,
The sign most sacred 'mid the god's above ;
This stamp of Fate, th' irrevocable sign,
That perfects all its promises, be thine !
He spake ; and fully to confirm his vow,
The sanction gave, and bow'd his awful brow ;
From his immortal head profusely flow'd
Th' ambrosial locks that waved around the god,
While all Olympus trembled at THE NOD !

Dryden is here not very good—nay, he is almost bad—bad—very bad—though one quakes to say so of Glorious John, as he was writing of Glorious Jove. True that these lines of his have even a majestic flow—as is ever the case when he wills it, with his versification ; but throughout there is, to our mind, a manifest struggle to be strong, which nevertheless fails to attain the effortless sublimity of Homer. In this version Jove tells Thetis that “ he bows the

sky,” an expression, which the more you look at it, *here*, becomes the more obscure. Does it refer to

“ ἀθανάτοισι μέγιστον τίμημα ;”

If it does, it could not easily be worse ; if it does not, there is nothing equivalent to it in the original ; and if on any occasion Homer ought to have had his own way entirely, it was on this, for he is perfect.

“ The stamp of heaven and seal of fate ”

is language fitter for the lips of a clerk in the Home-office, the Customs, or Excise, than the mouth of Jove. Look at the words in Homer! Not one expression of artificial appliances.

"He shook the sacred honours of his head,"

is a shy line that rather shuns the original—

"Κυανέησιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσσι νηυσὶ Κρονίων."

A "subsiding hill" may be something very impressive; but we should think a hill had little chance of subsiding while it trembled with terror. We speak, however, in the dark; only this we know, that Dryden was more than half-drunk when he thought that a translation of

"μείγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν" Ὀλυμπον."

Nay, that he was whole drunk—in a state of *civilization*)—is, though an inadequate, still a humane excuse, for the enormity of attempting to murder at one blow both Homer and Jupiter. Far gone, indeed, must he have been, ere, after he had heard Olympus tremble, he could yet hiccup out,

"And from his shaken curls ambrosial dew distill."

That is putting the horse behind the cart—the cause after the effect—making the Nodder yield precedence to the noddee.

Pope is better—and he had probably been better still, had he not been haunted by Dryden. Witness

"The sacred honours of our head."

and

"The nod that ratifies the will divine."

That last line is judiciously stolen or borrowed—of the first we have much pleasure in again expressing our dislike.

"The stamp of fate and sanction of the god,"

is another piece of plunder of which we do not grudge Pope the possession—and so is "this seals thy suit," a style of talking less characteristic of Jupiter than of a Jew-clothesman. But the "sable brows," the "ambrosial curls, and even "all Olympus," &c. are excellent, and for their sake we praise the passage.

After these sonorous singers, Cow-

per's voice at first hearing sounds somewhat flat—but we soon perceive it is a fine tenor—he has the right tune, and knows and gives its true character. In Dryden and Pope, Jupiter is as proud as Punch; in Cowper he is every inch a King. He does not shew off before Thetis, but gives her a solemn and sublime assurance of his benignant will—just as he did in Homer. No witnessing "the sacred honours of his head,"—no sealing—and no stamping. "Huge mountain reel'd" is magnificent, though we are loath to lose "Olympus." The passage reads like a version of Homer by Milton.

Sotheby far excels Dryden and Pope—does he equal Cowper? Many will say yes—we reluctantly say no. Throughout the whole of his Translation of the Iliad, Cowper seems never to have—though he well knew them—cared what other translators had done. He might have said, like Anthony,

"I only speak right on."

From this wise forgetfulness arose utter fearlessness, and thence power. Sotheby, on the other hand, an accomplished and ambitious scholar, has come forward in order to excel, and he hopes to be the Prizeman. He is seen often striving to outshine; and sometimes, perhaps, he seems less desirous of honouring Homer, than of triumphing over "his traducers." Jupiter, not wishing to awaken the jealousy of Juno, says to Thetis,

"Ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν αὐτὴς ἀπόσιγχε,"

which, though decisive, is not discourteous—though peremptory, polite. That he was in no great quandary, and was very far from wishing Thetis to hurry herself, is manifest from the self-composure displayed in his preface to his celebrated Nod, no less than in his celebrated Nod itself, the beau-ideal of a Nod (as we believe it was remarked, without his being sensible of saying so, by our friend Charles Nodier,) even in the Land of Nod. Why, then, should Sotheby have shewn Jupiter in such flurried alarm of Juno? The terrified Thunderer orders Thetis off five times: 1. "Hence!" 2. "Hence!" 3. "Away!" 4. "Disappear." 5. "Go!" Such extreme repetition can be thought natural only on the ground of extreme tre-

pidation—and gives one the idea, not of Jove the Cloud-compeller, but the Hen-pecked. Sotheby, too, must needs have the “stamp of fate,” which, by the by, we should like to see fairly out of the hands of the distributor. “Firm in trust,” for “οφρα πισοιθης,” is simple and strong, and sufficient. “Pledge the brow of Jove,” is very fine; and its slight deviation from the original is on that account allowable. We do not

see the beauty of the use of “sign” twice, and it probably had not been but for the rhyme. The five lines from “He spake” are noble. Indeed, we cannot imagine them improved; and therefore the judges—that is We—assign the prize to Cowper and Sotheby conjunct in brackets.

The feeling of the sublimity of this renowned passage of Homer is not, however, complete without what follows the *ΝΟΔ*.

Τά γ' ὡς βαλύνσαντε διέτμαγεν· ἢ μὲν ἔπειτα
Εἰς ἄλλα ἄλτο βαθεῖαν ἀπ' αἰγλήντος Ὀλύμπου·
Ζεὺς δὲ ἰὸν πρὸς δῶμα. Οἱ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἀνέσταν
Ἐξ ἰδέων, σφ' πατρὸς ἱερῆον· ἔδ' οἱ τις ἔτλη
Μῆναι ἐπερχόμενον, ἀλλ' ἀντίοι ἔσαν ἅπαντες.
Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἔνθα καθίζετ' ἐπὶ θρόνῳ·

Let us compare here again the competitors for the Grecian Crown.

DRYDEN.

“The Goddess goes exulting from his sight,
And seeks the seas profound, and leaves the realms of light.
He moves into his hall; the Powers resort,
Each from his house, to fill the Sovereign's court.
Nor waiting summons—nor expecting stood—
But met with reverence, and received the God.
He mounts the throne,” &c.

POPE.

“Swift to the seas profound the Goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining synod of th' immortals wait
The coming God; and from their thrones of state,
Arising silent, rapt in holy fear,
Before the Majesty of Heaven appear.
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,” &c.

COWPER.

“Their conference closed, they went. She, down at once,
With headlong plunge into the briny deep,
And to his own ethereal mansion, Jove.
His dread approach perceived, uprose the Gods,
And all at once, to meet the sire of all.
He reach'd his throne, and sat.

SOOTHEY.

“Their conference o'er, the Ocean Nymph again
Down from Olympus plunged beneath the main.
Jove sought his palace: as their sire appeared,
The Gods his might and majesty revered;
None dared regardless linger on his seat—
But on their king's advance arose to greet.
Jove on his throne reclined,” &c.

Dryden may be called—should you happen to be in good humour—spirited; should you happen, “as is your custom of an afternoon,” to be in spirits yourself, then you probably will call him splendid. But to us, who are scribbling away

“In the silence of midnight's contemplative hour”

with no refreshment on the table but our snuff-box, (filled, by the by, with Incomparable, a kindly-taken present, at a pinch, from our unforgetful friend in Wigmore street, No 6,) the version is far from first-rate. In Homer, *Thetis* vanishes in a moment—“Εἰς ἄλλα ἄλτο βαθεῖαν,” in Dryden, she is nominative to three verbs. She “goes.”

she "seeks," and she "leaves." She lingers in that long lazy line—when she should have been off like a shot—down to the deep like a sea-eagle.

"The Powers resort,
Each from his house, to fill the sovereign's
court,"

is good in itself, but bad, in so far as it is a misreading—for the Powers were already at court, and Homer says they rose up from their seats. But a mere mistake of ignorance is not to us half so offensive, in a translator of Homer, as a wilful error of arrogance, and therefore we are here gentle upon John.

Pope, here, is much inferior to his Master. In the first line, "flies" is not at all the right word; neither is "starry mansion," in the second; yet the suddenness of the parting is given, and the rapidity of the motion of the sea-diving and of the sky-soaring Immortal. "Rapt in holy fear," are words that, to our ears, seem not rightly applied to a Synod of Heathen Gods and Goddesses. They sound too Scriptural—we hope we are mistaken—but we are not mistaken, we fear, in objecting to "Trembling they stand." What, may we ask, were they so very much afraid of? Still we pass Pope, by no means a pauper, with praise to the next parish.

Cowper, again, beats both Dryden and Pope hollow. He was full of Homer then—when he saw Thetis

"Down at once
With headlong plunge into the briny
deep;"

and how calm the contrast of

"And to his own etherial mansion, Jove!"

What can be better, too, than

"Uprose the Gods,
And all at once!"

Nothing. Cowper, again, had Milton in his mind. He leans on the right arm of Homer, and on the left of Milton—and so doing, he is not likely to fall to the ground.

Sotheby is rather better, *perhaps*, than Pope—but very inferior to Cowper. "Ocean-nymph," we do not relish—we hardly know why—applied here to Thetis. She was an Ocean-nymph, but here we look on her as the mother of Achilles, and wish Sotheby had called her Goddess. Homer here calls her simply *η*, and we prefer that monosyllable with its aspirate. "Again" is scarcely correct. She did not plunge "again." It was her first and only plunge—that day. "Linger on his seat" "is not the potatoe." "Reclined" is surely not "*καθίστημι*." We believe he sat down on his throne, as straight as a pole or a pine. Stop—perhaps not. He leant a little back—like a glorious oak-tree—slightly off the perpendicular, yet with its golden crown steadfast in the sunshine.

Where is Tickel? Under a heap of slips. Let us see how he and Addison—for Pope shrewdly suspected the Spectator had a finger in the pie—manage the matter.

"Believe my nod, the great, the certain sign,
When Jove propitious hears the powers divine,
The sign that ratifies my high command,
That thus I will; and what I will shall stand.
This said, his kingly brow the Sire inclined,
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the God:
Olympus trembled at the MIGHTY NOD.
The Goddess smiled; and, with a sudden leap,
From the high mountain plunged into the deep.
But Jove repair'd to his celestial towers,
And as he rose, uprore the immortal powers.
In ranks on either side the assembly cast,
Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he past,
To him enthroned," &c.

'Pon our honour, Tickel, or Addison, or both, have acquitted themselves admirably. They have deviated a little too much from the words, but they have preserved the spirit of Homer,—and they need not shrink from comparison with the best of their competitors.

But where all this while has been sleeping old Chapman? Why, we have

"To thy prayer my eminent head shall move,
Which is the great sign of my will with all the immortal states;
Irrevocable; never fails; never without the rates
Of all powers else; when my head bows, all heads bow with it still,
As their first mover, and gives power to any work I will.
He said; and his black eyebrows bent; above his deathless head
Th' ambrosian curls flowed; great heaven shook; and both were severed,
Their counsels broken. To the depth of Neptune's kingdom dived
Thetis from Heaven's height; Jove arose, and all the Gods received
(All rising from their thrones) their Sire, attending to his court.
None sat, when he rose; none delayed the furnishing his port,
Till he came near—all met with him, and brought him to his throne," &c.

The old boy had certainly a fiery spirit, and an energetic style. Be satisfied to skip or slur over all his asperities, and roughnesses; as you value your life, to steer clear of his jaw-breakers; and shut your eyes, if you can, against the bold blunders that he dashes into your face, and you may often be roused and elevated by his Iliad. He himself thought his translation a great work. He speaks of "the frontless detractions of some stupid ignorants that, no more knowing me *than their own beastly ends*, and I ever (to my knowledge) blest from their sight, whisper behind me—vilifying of my translation; out of the French affirming them," &c. and afterwards saith of the judicious reader, "that he will easily see I understand the understandings of all other interpreters, and commenters, in places of his utmost depth, im-

portance, rapture." And again, "for my other fresh fry, let them fry in their foolish galls; nothing so much weighed as the barking of puppies, or foisting-hounds; too vile to think of our sacred Homer, or set their profane feet within their lives' lengths of his threshold."

The old bouncing buck then tells us, that he has "not left behind him any of his (Homer's) sentence, elegance, height, intention, and invention"—and then to shew his humility, he saith, "I know I cannot too much diminish and divest myself," which he does by elsewhere informing us that he translated the last twelve books in fifteen weeks! We must have an article on Chapman.

Mercy on us! here is that little thick, black, beast—Old Hobbes—We mean his Homer. Hark!

"But go, lest she observe what you do here.
I'll give a nod to all that you have spoken;
That you may safely trust to, and not fear—
A nod from me is an unfailing token.
This said, with his black brows he to her nodded,
Wherewith displayed were his locks divine;
Olympus shook at stirring of his godhead,
And Thetis from it jump'd into the brine.
And Jupiter unto his house went down!
The gods arose and waited on him thither;
But unto Juno it was not unknown
That he and Thetis had conferr'd together," &c.

This is the unconscious grotesque, and burlesque of the sublime and beautiful, and will never, we venture to prophesy, be carried farther by any mortal—Momus aping Apollo.

It is our intention to have several—perhaps six, articles on Sotheby—like and unlike this one; and before Christmas, his merits, which are of the highest order, will be admired wherever Maga cheers human life.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LVI.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE—*The Snuggery—Time, Nine o'clock—Present, NORTH, TICKLER,
and SHEPHERD—Tea, Coffee, Caulkers, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.*

SHEPHERD.

Receet the passage, again, sir—for oh ! but it's beautifu', and I couldna
hae believed that it was Milton's.

TICKLER.

Milton is worth all your modern poets in a lump, were you to multiply
them by——

SHEPHERD.

But we shanna put them a' into a lump, Mr Tickler—nor multiply their
multiplicand by any multiplicawtor whatsomever ; for I hae nae notion o'
slumpin' inspiration in that gate, a sair injustice to a' individual Genie. Let
ilka poet, great and sma', stau' on his ain feet, and no be afeard o' the takin'
o' his altitude, by quadrants in the hauns o' geometrical critics—accepp
them that sits on ane anither's knees, and they may just keep sittin' there ;
and them that tries to owerlap their betters, by getting theirsells hoisted
up upon stools or tables—to say little or naething o' twa three mair wha shall
be nameless, that speels up the backs o' the brither-bards, and look proudly
alang the heads o' the crood, seemingly higher by head and shouthers than
their supporters and elevators, but wha are sure to get a fa' at last—and
then, wae's me ! they're trampled aneath hoofs, and never mair recover
either their hats or their laurels. But receet the passage again, Mr North.

NORTH (*recites*).

" Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied—for bird and beast,
These to their grassy couch, these to their lair,
Had slunk—all but the wakeful nightingale—
She all night long her amorous descant sang.
Silence was pleased. Then glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus, who led
The starry host, shone brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

SHEPHERD.

How beautifully progressive, sir, up to the tapmost pitch o' nocturnal
beauty !

NORTH.

Seemingly most simple, James, yet, believe me, steeped, every syllable and sentence, in imagination. Had it not been so, be assured, the "divine Milton" had never introduced so long a description into *Paradise Lost*. Natural it might have been, without being imaginative; but, in that case, it would have disfigured instead of improving the poem.

SHEPHERD.

It may be sae. I ken naething, for my ain pairt, about imagination—that's to say, the secret o' its power. For I'm a poet, and nae metaphysician; whereas the late Dr Thomas Brown—wha, by the by, was aye unco kind to me—was a metaphysician, but nae poet.

NORTH.

Coleridge is both—so is Wordsworth—so is Bowles—and so was Byron. For my own part, James, I am neither—

SHEPHERD.

That's true.

NORTH.

What's true, sir? Do you dare to say that I am not sup—

SHEPHERD.

I'm wullin', Mr North, to alloo ye the possession o' a' the powers that ever glorified humanity, gin you would but gie ower layin traps for compliments to your genius and tawlons—fishin' for flatteries, no only frae the likes o' me—for that I can understaun' and sympatheese wi'—but frae fules and sumphs o' a' ages and sexes—sometimes wi' the flea, and sometimes wi' the worm—and sometimes wi' the baggy mennon—and sometimes wi' the sawmon-rae—and, when nae bait 'll catch them, wi' the verra naked hyeuck, or a girn!

NORTH.

I acknowledge—I confess—I glory in that impeachment. Without sympathy, James, there is

"A craving void left aching at my heart."

'Tis like the air I breathe—without it I die. That's the secret of my seeming love of—

SHEPHERD.

Weel, weel—I believe you—judging by mysell—but what o' the passage?

NORTH.

The imagination, therein, my dear Shepherd, is conceivable to be, either in the successive objects or portions of descriptions, that is, severally, in each; or not in each singly, but in the conjunction of them in the whole.

SHEPHERD.

Or baith ways at ance.

NORTH.

True. What then, may be the Imagination of the successive members of the whole? Rather, is there any, and what is it, in them, in this example? For it may be whatever it is in real objects.

SHEPHERD.

I'm perplexed already—what's your wull?

NORTH.

There appears to be much of that kind of Imagination which consists in infused animation and undefined incipient Impersonation. "Now *came still evening on*," and "Twilight grey had in her sober livery all things *clad*." "Silence *accompanied*."

SHEPHERD.

You say richt, sir—three impersonifications.

NORTH.

If I could suppose that here were meant to be introduced three distinct figured personages, taken out of Italian poetry, and all sorts of poetical writing, for some hundreds of years, I should be sorry. I hope and confide that Milton meant no more than that degree of alteration of things from their reality which forces itself irresistibly upon us, in certain proper moods of contemplating them.

SHEPHERD.

Imaginative moods.

NORTH.

Try to consider each expression as literally as you can, and suppose that Milton meant to represent the objects as nearly what they are, to the simple understanding, as poetical feeling, predominant, would suffer him. Try how much the word Evening is forced from meaning the mere season or hour. "*Came on*" seems to mean more than that the Evening succeeded to the day. In the first place, it severs the hour, as having a unity in itself; in the next, it attributes to the season a power of advancing, an energy of progress of its own.

TICKLER.

Come, be clear, North—no mysticism.

NORTH.

What! are you listening? *Detur*, that the proper idea of Evening to the understanding, is of a certain state of external affairs, then co-existent with a particular portion of diurnal rotation:—*Detur*, that the *natural* idea of Evening superadds to this something of positiveness in the season of existence, of unity, a distinct entity in it.

TICKLER.

Begin then, my metaphysical master, with an explanation of the *natural* idea of Evening, and then shew us what of Poetry or Imagination—if any—Milton has added, out of his divine mind, to that Idea.

SHEPHERD.

That's the richt method o' procedure, sure aneuch, Mr North. Mr Tickler's a clear headed tyke.

NORTH.

You will observe then that the accustomed idea of Evening has in it a degree of work of imagination, since in it that darkness, or less light, which is merely the state, or fact, of certain objects being less illuminated than for some time past they have been, is conceived by us, in the first place, as a positive existing dusk; and in the second, as brought on by a certain hour or season, which hour or season, being in effect nothing but a portion of the admeasurement of time, appears to us to be made up, and consist of, in part, those appearances in nature which are merely its accompaniments,—amongst others, for instance, of that very darkness which at the same time it appears to bring;—the hour, properly considered, can bring nothing: it can only coexist with other things, or become existent along with them. And in all ideas of day, night, seasons, &c., there is such illusion.

TICKLER.

As the old Schoolmen used to say,

"In omnem sensus actum influit Imaginatio."

NORTH.

Correctly quoted, Tim? Nevertheless, there must be an idea of Evening, which being the universal idea, and as necessarily conceived by the human understanding as that the Sun sets, though mixed in part of illusory conception, is not, for the purposes of poetry, to be accounted imagination.

TICKLER.

Granted.

NORTH.

Let us take, then, this accustomed, simple, necessary idea, and see how far the expressions of the passage in question go beyond it. It shall then appear, that in Milton's expressions there is conceived something more, namely, of the motion of that which has no motion; and, as I think, of an energy, and almost a will of motion in itself. In some way, the words are lifted out of prose, and but a little way. The epithet "*still*," though as ordinary an epithet to Evening as you can find, enhances the effect, the separation of Evening, from being nothing but a state, with time, of external existence.

TICKLER.

But you must make out more distinctly, sir, the division between the na-

tural imagination which is in our usual idea of Evening, and the heightened imagination that is in Milton's expressions.

NORTH.

I will. If you go through the description, you find, as to each object of thought, some heightening of the same sort. "Twilight had *clad*,"—an energy of action. Even "Silence *accompanied*,"—is an act,—and an act of that which is so far from being something, that it is not even the negation of an entity, but the negation of certain actions of entities. Besides, whatever it is, it is included in the state of external things. It does not "accompany." "Hesperus *that led*,"—"host,"—"rode brightest,"—"clouded *majesty*,"—"queen,"—"unveiled *her light*,"—observe here is, at every point almost, a heightening from the inanimate reality. The only part of the description which is without alteration from reality, is *bird and beast*, they being already animate. What is to be remarked, in respect to them, is merely the generalizing way in which they are disposed of, and perhaps the word "slunk." Now, supposing the description to be a tolerably good one, we may say that every step of it falls under imagination, severally. The objects being either such as naturally affect imagination without any heightening from the peculiar and strong feelings of the poet, or being brought under imagination, or their natural imagination enhanced by such heightenings. The nightingale singing sole, is in herself an object to imagination. I do not take "*living sapphires*" to have the sense of that infused animation which belongs to impersonation, but merely the effect to the eye. The firmament "*glowed*," may have a slight degree of imagination. There is something in the conception beyond what the cold understanding gives.

TICKLER.

You have explained your meaning well, sir.

SHEPHERD.

Middlin.'

NORTH.

Is there, then, I ask, gentlemen, besides this imagination in the parts, any imaginative effect in the whole, that is, an effect resulting from the combination of all the parts? I am inclined to think there is, and that the impression which is left from the whole is that of a LIVING CALM.

SHEPHERD.

A Leevin' Cawm!

NORTH.

If so, the contribution of every part to the effect of the whole is intelligible. The stillness throughout—the song that does not disturb silence—the lights so serene and yet pregnant with life—the infused animation of every object that has not—and the sufficiency of animation in those that have it—have all a perfect propriety. It may not belong exactly to the question I am considering—

SHEPHERD.

What question?

NORTH.

—though it does to the poetical analysis of the passage, to show the skilful progress of impressiveness.

SHEPHERD.

Ah, ah! ma man! You're borrowin' frae me noo—for that's the verra first observe I made on your selectin' the passage.

NORTH.

So much the better, James. Observe then, on the whole, each object rising in this respect above another—and yet not by a scale. For instance, when real living creatures are introduced, it is done in gradation, first, those that sleep, then the night-singer, in whom the feeling of animal natural life is raised to its height, by the line "She all night long her *amorous* descant sung." And immediately a great tranquillization follows, and that animal vitality is blotted out by insensate things, and no pulse or breathing is more, save those which circulate in space, and in the bosom of universal nature.

SHEPHERD.

Still following out ma original idea!

NORTH.

Detur, that all I have said is right—here is then shewn by an instance what is meant properly by a poetical description—that is to say, of many ways believed, one way is shewn in which a description is placed under the reign of Imagination.

SHEPHERD.

Aneuch. Be dune, sir.

NORTH.

This is the preparatory part of the enquiry. Then ensues this other question—What is in this instance the character, quality, nature of the affection of imagination? It is plain, in the first place, that it is essentially *feeling*. Secondly, that it is feeling of a singular, remote, and rather mysterious kind. Thirdly, the feeling is that which accompanies and enters into the lower degrees of impersonation. If the impression resulting from the whole, is that which I have endeavoured to render by the expression, a LIVING CALM, this belongs to the same mode of imagination. It is as if the vast and deep tranquillity, the very rest and peace, were self-conscious.

TICKLER.

You're a clever lad, Kit, Perge Puer.

NORTH.

It may be proper here to repeat, that in this particular act or mode of imagination, the analysis of imagination gives this form, which always appears to me to be the essential and proper form of imagination, viz. that an object being given to the understanding, by a new and further intellectual act, a feeling not proper to the object (that is, not proper to it in its truth, as conceived by the understanding) is superinduced upon it. Try this in one or two instances. "Silence was pleased." What is given to the understanding? The noiselessness and hush of night—and song delighting the ear, and not disturbing to the heart, but rather quickening and deepening the affection, produced by the general hush and repose. But herein moved imagination perceives a listening spirit of silence—and that pleasure which is felt by the bodily imagined witness, the poet, or any other, and that non-disturbance and rather vivifying and intensifying of his affection of stillness and peace, is, by a turn of imagination, transferred to that spirit which is conceived to be pleased with, and, instead of being annihilated, to exist in more animation by virtue of those sounds. There is here both a production and a variation of thought, beyond or after, or from what is given, proper to the understanding. Is there, by means of these further intellectual acts, any new different feeling induced towards the object of the understanding? Undoubtedly there is, though the difference may be difficult to define. For it is quite impossible that we should look with the same affection of feeling on objects materially different, though it is often difficult to ascertain what our feeling is, especially towards objects which do not affect us with strong emotion; as indeed very many of the feelings of imagination are of so slight, delicate, fine a kind, that we hardly know how to speak of them, or to call them feeling, they are so infinitely remote from the vehement, and possessing power of ordinary passion. Our feeling, or the affection of our mind, the disposition to feel, cannot be the same towards objects so different as the actual silence of nature, and that vivified silence having a soul into which song is instilled. The affection with which we consider silence itself, including in it the idea of tranquillity, is that of tranquillity mixed with something of solemnity, and from its vacancy of fear. But if silence is considered as "LIVING," the sense of solemnity is taken off in some degree, that of fear altogether.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, thank Heaven, this metafeesical enquiry, for it was nae less, into the natur o' imagination, is owre, and that I hae survived it, though rather a wee fentish—sae let's drap in a thummle-fu' o' cogniac untill this—is't the seventh or aucht'cup, think ye, sir, o' coffee—and fortified by the speerit, I wad fain trust that sae I shall be able to endure the severest conversation

it is in the power o' man to inflict. Mr Tickler, spoot you, in your turn, a screed o' Milton.

TICKLER.

The other Shape,
If Shape it might be called, that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seemed,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd its head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on,
Satan was now at hand——

SHEPHERD (*looking round.*)

What said ye? Sawtan at haun'!

NORTH.

Speak of the Devil and he'll appear, is a general rule, my dear James, subject to an occasional exception. Regain your composure.

SHEPHERD.

It's a fearsome passage.

TICKLER (*taking NORTH's crutch under his arm and imitating the voice, gesture, and manner of the "old man eloquent."*)

In this sublime passage, the power of Imagination is at its height. This Being, who, at the gates of hell, offers combat to Satan, has not even yet been named, as if the poet were so lost in the emotion accompanying the sight of the phantom he had himself conjured up, that even a very name had not risen yet for what was so unsubstantial. He scarcely dares to call it by the vague term "Shape;" but as soon as he does so, qualifies even that approach to substantiality, by saying, "if Shape it might be called, which shape had none distinguishable," or "substance might be called that shadow seemed." Then he adds that still farther feeling of unreality—"each seemed either," that is, substance seemed shadow, shadow seemed substance. Thus uncertain in its horror to his eyes, "black it seemed as night;" not utter darkness, but something black and grim, "darkness visible"—fierce—not as a Fury—for that would be something too definite, since the image of a fury is of something conceived to exist—but fierce as ten furies, an expression in which all individuality is lost, and nothing conveyed to the mind but an idea of aggregated and accumulated fierceness. "Terrible as hell" is still more vague, and purposely so, or rather so under the power of the emotion; yet in all this obscurity, unsubstantiality and shadowiness, *it* shook a dreadful dart, (observe how much effect is in that word, *it*,) something not described by any quality, as of size or shape, but merely "dreadful"—how, why, or in what dreadful, we know not; while this motion of its weapon directs the mind to look on the Shape that brandishes it, and lo! that which seemed its head—not its head, but that which in that fury-haunted and infernal darkness seemed its head—the likeness—not the reality—but the likeness of a kingly crown had on! Poetry alone could give such an Imagination as this—for painting would at once of necessity give outlines, features, realities, which, however enveloped in obscurity, would be fatal to the fearful effect, and embody too sensibly the here almost unembodied attributes of this seeming, shadowy, threatening, scarcely-existing, yet most terrific Impersonation!

SHEPHERD.

Had ma twa een been shut the noo, like them o' a Methodist minister sayin' grace, I could hae sworn that you was Mr North, Mr Tickler. His verra vice! And then, as to the matter, the same licht o' truth fitfully bricht-enin' through the glimmer or gloom o' a mair or less perfect incomprehensibility. An' that's what you twa chiels ca' pheelosoficcal creetyschism?

TICKLER.

Pray recite, James, a passage from the Excursion, that I may make it undergo a similar process of investigation into the principles of composition.

SHEPHERD.

Mee receet a passage frae the Excursion?

NORTH.

What is your opinion of that Poem, Tickler?

TICKLER.

The Excursion is full of fine poetry, but it is not what the author intended it to be, and believes that it is—a Great Poem. Mr Wordsworth cannot conceive a mighty plan. His imagination is of the first order; but his intellect does not seem to me, who belong, you know, North, to the old school, commanding and comprehensive. His mind has many noble visions, but they come and go, each in its own glory; a phantasmagorial procession, beautiful, splendid, sublime, but not anywhere forming a Whole, on which the spectator can gaze, entranced by the power of unity.

SHEPHERD.

Entranced by the power o' Unity! Havers—clavers!

TICKLER.

Considered as a work that is to hand down his name to future ages, among those of our great English poets, our Spensers and our Miltons, I must think it a failure, and that it will for ever exclude him from that band of immortals. But you have taught me, sir, to see that it contains passages of such surpassing excellence, in the description of external nature, and in the delineation of feeling, passion, and thought, that I think they may be set by the side of the best passages of a similar kind to be found within the whole range of poetry.

SHEPHERD.

That's praise aneuch to satisfy ony reasonable man.

NORTH.

We are not now speaking for the satisfaction of Mr Wordsworth, but of ourselves——

SHEPHERD.

And the world.

NORTH.

My admiration of Mr Wordsworth's genius is well known to the universe, and has often been expressed with more enthusiasm than has been accompanied by the sympathies even of the wisest. I hope it is nevertheless judicious; and I have always given reasons for my delight in his works. But the admiration of some of his critics has, of late years, been any thing but judicious; and the language in which it has been expressed, so outrageous, as to do greater injury to his just and fair fame, than all the attacks of his mightiest or meanest enemies. The Excursion has been often compared by the cockneys with *Paradise Lost*; and that portion of the Reading Public who know something of Mr Wordsworth's poetry, but not much, have become indignant and disgusted at such foolery, and transferred, unconsciously, to the bard himself some of those ungenial feelings with which it was inevitable and right that they should regard the idiots who had set him up as their idol. His genius is indeed worthy of far other worship.

TICKLER.

With Milton! Shakspeare! forsooth! Why, *Paradise Lost* is, by the consent of all the civilized world, declared to be the grandest and most sublime poem that ever emanated from the mind of man, equally so in conception and in execution. It embraces all that human beings can feel or comprehend of themselves, their origin, and their destiny. The Excursion is an eloquent and poetical journal of a few days' walk among the mountains of the north of England, kept by one of the party, in which every syllable, good, bad, and indifferent, that was uttered by the three friends, was carefully recorded, and many connecting descriptions introduced by the journalist himself, who was the only one of the trio who had "the accomplishment of verse." I have said enough already to expose the frantic folly of those who speak in the same breath of *Paradise Lost* and the Excursion.

SHEPHERD.

Quite aneuch.

NORTH.

I am delighted to find you so reasonable, Tickler.

TICKLER.

Nay, I am even an enthusiastic Wordsworthian.

NORTH.

Although the Plan of the Excursion is altogether inartificial, and far from felicitous in any respect, yet it affords room for the display of Mr Wordsworth's very original genius, which delights in description of all that is grand and beautiful on the earth, and in the heavens above the earth, and which is, on all such occasions, truly creative. The Three Friends wander wherever the wind wafts them, poetizing and philosophizing in the solitudes." Sometimes the objects before them awaken their spirits—the rocks, or the houses, or the clouds—and not unfrequently they forget "the visible diurnal sphere," and, in fine flights of imagination, visit the uttermost parts of the earth. The "impulses of deeper kind that come to them in solitude," they delightedly obey; and soon as those impulses cease, they are all equally willing, according to the finest feelings of humanity, to cross the thresholds of "huts where poor men lie," and to converse of, or with them, cheerfully and benignantly; or when more solemn thoughts again arise, to walk into the Churchyard among the Mountains, and muse and meditate among the stoneless turfs above the humble dead, or among the pillars of the sacred pile, on which hang the escutcheons, or are painted the armorial bearings of the high-born ancestry of hall and castle.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, sir, these Books are delichtfu—divine.

NORTH.

I love to hear you say so, my dear James. They are divine.

TICKLER.

Would that all those exquisite pictures had been by themselves, without the cumbrous machinery of the clumsy plan—if plan it may be called.

NORTH.

It is obvious that a parallel might be drawn, though I have no intention now of doing so, between the Excursion and the Task. Wordsworth, if not by nature, certainly by the influences of his life, has far higher enthusiasm of soul than Cowper. He has seen far more of the glories of creation than it was given that other great poet to see; and hence, when he speaks of external nature, his strains are generally of a loftier mood. But Cowper was not ambitious—and Wordsworth's chief fault is ambition. The author of *The Task* loved nature for her own sake—the author of *The Excursion* loves her chiefly for the sake of the power which she inspires within him—for the sake of the poetry that his gifted spirit flings over all her cliffs, and infuses into all her torrents. It often requires great effort to follow Wordsworth in his hymns—nor can any reader do so who has not enjoyed some of the same privileges in youth that have all his life long been open to that poet—above all, the privileges of freedom from this world's carking cares, enjoyed to the uttermost among the steadfast spectacles, or sudden apparitions of nature. But almost all persons alike, who have ever lived in the country at all, can go along with Cowper. Fields, hedge-rows, groves, gardens, all common rural sights and sounds, and those too of all the seasons, are realized in *The Task*, so easily and naturally, that we see and hear as we read, with minds seldom, perhaps, greatly elevated above the every-day mood, but touched with gentle and purest pleasure, and filled with a thousand delightful memories. Wordsworth's finest strains can be felt or understood only when our imagination is ready to ascend to its highest sphere—and to the uninitiated they must be unintelligible, and that is indeed their very highest praise. But the finest things in *The Task* may be enjoyed at all times, and almost by every cultivated mind. That too is their highest praise. To which of the two kinds of poetry the palm should be given, it would be hard to say; but it is easy to know which of the two must be the more popular. Were it for nothing else than its rural descriptions, *The Task* would still be a favourite poem with almost all classes of readers. Noble as they are, and, in our opinion, frequently equal, if not superior to any thing of the kind in poetry, the rural descriptions of Wordsworth (rural is but a poor word here) can never be sympathized

with by the million, for not ten in a thousand are, by constitution or custom, capable to understand their transcendent excellence.

TICKLER.

There must, I fear, be some wrong-headedness in the poet, who, from the whole range of human life, deliberately selected a pedlar for his highest philosophical character in a philosophical poem.

SHEPHERD.

Donna abuse pedlars, Mr Tickler. In Scotland they're aye murder'd.

TICKLER.

Mr Jeffrey murder'd the pedlar in the Excursion.

SHEPHERD,

Na. Mr Wordsworth.

NORTH.

No impertinence, gents,

SHEPHERD.

Nae wut without a portion o' impertinence,

NORTH.

Therefore I am never witty.

SHEPHERD.

But then, you see, you may be impertinent, as you was the noo, notwithstanding.

NORTH.

The first twenty pages of the *Excursion* enable the reader to know on what grounds, and for what reasons Mr Wordsworth has chosen, in a moral work of the highest pretensions, to make his chief and most authoritative interlocutor, a pedlar. Much small wit has been sported on the subject, about pieces of tape and riband, thimbles, penknives, knee-buckles, pincushions, and other pedlar-ware; and perhaps such associations, and others, essentially mean or paltry, must, to a certain extent, connect themselves in most, or all minds, with the idea of such a calling. There is neither difficulty nor absurdity, however, in believing that an individual, richly endowed with natural gifts, may be a pedlar—and certainly that mode of life not only furnishes, but offers the best opportunities to a man of a thoughtful and feeling mind, of becoming intimately and thoroughly acquainted with all the on-goings of humble life. Robert Burns was an exciseman. Yet it does not follow from this, that there is wisdom in the choice of such a small retired merchant for the chief spokesman in a series of dialogues, in which one of the greatest poets of England is to take a part. Of many things spoken of in those dialogues, such a pedlar, in virtue of his profession, was an excellent judge; but of many more the knowledge is not only not peculiarly appropriate to a pedlar, but such knowledge as could only, I conceive, have been accumulated and mastered by a man of finished classical education. We fear, therefore, that there is something absurd in his language about Thebes, and “Palmyra central in the desert,” nor less so in the profound attention with which he listens to the “Poet’s” still more eloquent, most poetical, and philosophical disquisition on the origin of the heathen mythology. But admitting this, none but the shallowest and weakest minds will allow themselves to be overcome by a word. Blot out the word pedlar from the poem, substitute, as Charles Lamb well remarked, the word palmer, and the poem is then relieved from this puny and futile objection. Let his previous history be unknown—his birth and parentage—and let him be merely said to be a MAN of natural genius, great powers of reflection, a humane spirit, an understanding chiefly cultivated by self-education, though not unenlightened by knowledge of history, and especially of long and intimate experience of the habits, and occupations, and character of the poor, and we have a person before us, entitled to walk and talk even with Mr Wordsworth, and if so, before all the world.

TICKLER.

My dear Shepherd, will you have the goodness to help me to wheel round yonder sofa-bed towards the right flank of the fire?

SHEPHERD.

Surely, sir—but you’re no gaun to sleep?

TICKLER.

Why, James, I waltzed from eleven last night till three this morning——

SHEPHERD.

You what?

TICKLER.

Waltzed, and galloped, and mazourka'd.

SHEPHERD.

The man's mad.

[TICKLER lies down on the sofa-bed, and the SHEPHERD covers him cozily with cloaks.]

TICKLER.

Pastor Fido!

SHEPHERD.

I wunner what Procrusty wou'd hae thocht o' you, sir?—Noo—dinna snore nane. Though I snore mysell, I canna thole't in ithers—that's a gude callant—say your prayers—shut your een—and gang to sleep. Hushaby—hushaby—hushaby—hushaby! Remember me, sir, to a' your freens in the Land o' Nod—a strange shadowy set, an unaccountable generation—leevin' unner laws that hae subsisted syne the Fa', and enjoyin' sic a perfeck system o' misrepresentation, that nae desire hae they o' Parliamentary Reform]

TICKLER (*indistinctly.*)

A plague on both your houses."

SHEPHERD.

His een's fast glazin'—there's a bit snorie—and noo I think that may be safely ca'd sleep.—(*Starting up*)—Mr North, haud ma hauns!

NORTH.

Hold your hands! What do you mean, James?

SHEPHERD.

I was seized just then wi' a shudderin' impetus to murder Mr Tickler—and had there been a knife on the table, I do devoutly believe I woud hae nicked his craig.

NORTH (*taking his crutch from its corner.*)

I cannot just exactly say, James, that I altogether like the expression in these eyes of yours at present. Burke indeed is dead—but his accomplices are yet alive——

SHEPHERD.

Oh, man! but you're easily frightened—you're a great cooart——

NORTH (*cautiously restoring the crutch to its corner, while he still eyes the SHEPHERD.*)

Well then—well—James.

SHEPHERD.

Wheesht, sir—wheest. Speak loun, and ring the bell saftly—for eisters, and we'll cheat Tickler oot o' the brodd.

[*Enter the Establishment with the Oyster board—the Council of Five Hundred.*]

NORTH.

Now, my dear James, let us suck them up silently—not to disturb Timothy's dreams.

SHEPHERD.

Excessive sappy!

NORTH.

Very.

SHEPHERD.

Young though lusty—their beards are no grown yet—ay, here's ane wi' a pair o' whuskers——

NORTH.

The natural history of the oyster——

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir! but I'm fonder and fonder every day o' the study o' natural history.

NORTH.

You have Bewick, I know, James, at your finger-ends——

SHEPHERD.

Na—you ken nae sic thing. I hae little or nae knowledge at my finger-ends, or ma tongue-tip either—it lies a' in my brain and in my heart. When, at times, the ideas come flashing out, my een are filled wi' fire—and when the emotions come flowin' up, wi' water; at least in the ae case there's brichtness, and in the ither a haze. Aften the twa unite, like a cloud, veilin', but no hidin', the sun—like radiance on dew, shewin' it mair translucent ere it melt awa' on the spring buds or the simmer flowers—an evanescence o' liquid lustre, out o' whose bosom the happy thochts flee awa' to ither regions o' delight, like bees obeyin' their instincts, that lead them, without chart or compass, to every nook in the wilderness where blaws a family o' heather-bells.

NORTH.

I know you have the *Journal of a Naturalist*, published by Mr Murray—a delightful volume—perhaps the most so—nor less instructive than delightful—given to natural history since White's *Selborne*.

SHEPHERD.

You gied me't, and I never lend byeucks you gied me—for to lend a byeuck is to lose it—and borrowin's but a hypocritical pretence for stealin', and shou'd be punished wi' death—

TICKLER.

Without benefit of clergy.

SHEPHERD.

True, indeed, sir; a clergyman cou'd be o' nae benefit to sic an unjustified sinner.

NORTH.

But there is another work, James, called "*The British Naturalist*," published by Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnott, Ave-Maria-Lane, which I must send out to you by the carrier—

SHEPHERD.

What for no gie't to me the noo, and I'll put it in my pouch?

NORTH.

'Tis not in the Snuggery. Indeed, at present, both volumes are with Mrs Gentle. The author is not only well versed in natural science, but he is a close observer of nature. He has a keen eye and a fine ear, and writes, not only with perspicuity, but, like almost all good naturalists, with eloquence. He views his subjects in those masses in which we find them grouped in nature; and the plant or the animal has been taken in conjunction with the scenery, and the general and particular use—and when that arose easily, the lesson of morality or natural religion.

SHEPHERD.

A plan, I jalouse, at aince natural and feelosofical.

NORTH.

The woodcuts of the various animals and insects are designed and executed by Mr W. N. Brooke—and those of the lake and the brook by Mr Bonner, from drawings by Harry Wilson, Esq., who, by the way, has recently published some interesting *Views of Foreign Cities*.

SHEPHERD

What mean ye, sir, by the Lake and the Brook?

NORTH.

Why, the first volume of the *British Naturalist* consists of parts, entitled the Mountain, the Lake, the River, the Sea, the Moor, and the Brook.

SHEPHERD.

Be sure to remember no to forget to keep it in your mind, sir, to attend to drappin' a hint to Mrs Gentle, that ye hae promised to send out the twa volumms o' the *British Naturalist* to Altrive—and shou'd they only be in boards, you had as weel get them bun', plainly but strangly, for wee Jamie's mad about a' crawlin', creepin', soomin', and fleein' things, and I think o' getting him made an Honorary Member o' the Wernerian Society.

NORTH.

I will send you out, at the same time, my dear James, "*Menageries*," written, I am told, by my most amiable and ingenious philosophic friend, Charles Knight, Editor (?) of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

The "Tower Menagerie," containing the natural history of the animals contained in that establishment, with anecdotes of their character and history——

SHEPHERD.

That will be a feast to my darling.

NORTH.

——illustrated by portraits, taken from life, by that admirable artist, William Harvey, and engraved on wood by Branston and Wright, who stand in the first rank of their profession.

SHEPHERD.

He'll wear his dear een out—God bless him—on the lions, teeggars, and leopards—for though a lamb in gentleness o' disposition, the fiercer the animal, the deeper draughts o' delight drinks his imagination frae the rings o' their een, and the spats on their hide, sae wildlike wi' the speerit o' the sandy deserts, yet mair beautifu' than ony tame creaturs that walk peaceably aroun' the dwellin's o' men.

NORTH.

The literary department has been superintended by E. T. Bennet, Esq., F.L.S., an active member of the Zoological Society—and much valuable assistance afforded by N. A. Vigors, the Secretary——

SHEPHERD.

Erudite, I doot not, on a' manner o' monsters——

NORTH.

Zoologists, James, of the first order. To the same gentlemen we owe a similar work, equally beautiful—"The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society, Vol. I, Quadrupeds"——

SHEPHERD.

Pit it intil the parshel. But diinna tak the trouble o' payin' the carriage—for I'll no grudge it, nor a couple o' caulkers to the carrier, wha's a steady man, and never sleeps in his cart, nor, when she's heavily laden, even up-hill, louns on to ease himsell on the tram—a dangerous practice, that has made many an honest woman a widow, and many weans orphans.

NORTH.

Your head, my dear James, is now touching Howitt's "Book of the Seasons." Prig and pocket it. 'Tis a jewel.

[*The Shepherd seizes it from the shelf, and acts as per order.*]

SHEPHERD.

Is Nottingham far intil England, sir? For I wou'd really like to pay the Hooitt's a visit this simmer. Thae Quakers are, what ane micht scarcely opine frae first principles, a maist poetical Christian seck. There was Scott o' Amwell, wha wrott some simplish things in a preservin' speerit o' earnestness;—there is Wilkinson, yonner, wha wonns on a beautifu' banked river, no far aff Peerith, (is't the Eamont, think ye?) the owther o' no a few pomes delichtfu' in their domesticity—auld bachelor though he be—nae warld-sick hermit, but an enlichtened labourer o' love, baith in the kitchen and flower garden o' natur';—lang by letter has me and Bernard Barton been acquent, and verily he is ane o' the mildest and modestest o' the Muses' sons, nor wanting a thochtfu' genie, that aften gies birth to verses that treasure themselves in folk's hearts;—the best scholar amang a' the Quakers is Friend Wiffen, a capital translator, Sir Walter tells me, o' poets wi' foreign tongues, sic as Tawso, and wi' an original vein too, sir, which has produced, as I opine, some verra pure ore;—and feenally, the Hooitts, the three Hooitts,—na, there may be mair o' them for aught I ken, but I se answer for William and Mary, husband and wife, and oh! but they're weel met; and eke for Richard, (can he be their brither?) and wha's this was tellin' me about anither brither o' Wullie's, a Dr Godfrey Hooitt, ane o' the best botanists in a' England, and a desperate beetle-hunter?

NORTH.

Entomologist, James. A man of science.

SHEPHERD.

The twa married Hooitts I love just excessively, sir. What they write canna fail o' being poetry, even the maist middlin' o't, for its aye wi' them

the ebullition o' their ain feeling, and their ain fancy, and whenever that's the case, a bonny word or twa will drap itsel intil ilka stanzy, and a sweet stanzy or twa intil ilka pome, and sae they touch, and sae they sune win a body's heart; and frae readin' their byeuckies ane wushes to ken theirsells, and indeed do ken theirsells, for their personal characters are revealed in their volumms, and methinks I see Wully and Mary——

NORTH.

Strolling quietly at eve or morn by the silver Trent——

SHEPHERD.

No sae silver, sir, surely as the Tweed?

NORTH.

One of the sincerest streams in all England, James.

SHEPHERD.

Sincere as an English sowle that caresna wha looks intil't, and flaws bauldly alang whether reflectin' cluds or sunshine.

NORTH.

Richard, too, has a true poetical feeling, and no small poetical power. His unpretending volume of verses well deserves a place in the library along with those of his enlightened relatives—for he loves nature truly as they do, and nature has returned his affection.

SHEPHERD.

But what's this Byeuck o' the Seasons?

NORTH.

In it the Howitts have wished to present us with all their poetic and picturesque features—a Calendar of Nature, comprehensive and complete in itself—which, on being taken up by the lover of nature at the opening of each month, shuld lay before him in prospect all the objects and appearances which the month would present, in the garden, in the field, and the waters—yet confining itself solely to those objects. Such, in their own words, is said to be their aim.

SHEPHERD.

And nae insignificant aim either, sir. Hae they hit it?

NORTH.

They have. The scenery they describe is the scenery they have seen.

SHEPHERD.

That circling Nottingham.

NORTH.

Just so, James. Their pictures are all English.

SHEPHERD.

They shew their sense in stickin' to their native land—for unless the heart has brooded, and the een brooded too, on a' the aspecks o' the ooter warld till the edge o' ilka familiar leaf recalls the name o' the flower, shrub, or tree frae which it has been blawn by the wund, or drapped in the cawm, the poet's haun' 'll waver, and his picture be but a haze. In a' our warks, baith great an' sma', let us be national; an' thus the true speerit o' ae kintra 'll be breathed intil anither, an' the hail warld encompassed an' pervaded wi' poetry and love.

NORTH.

As a proof, James, of their devotedness to merry England——

SHEPHERD.

No a whit less merry that it contains a gude mony Quakers.

NORTH.

——our Friends have described the year, without once alluding—as far as I have observed—to the existence of Thomson!

SHEPHERD.

Na—that is queer an' comical aneuch;—nor can I just a'thegether approve o' that forgetfulness, ignorance, or omission.

NORTH.

It shews their sincerity. They quote, indeed, scarcely any poetry but Wordsworth's—for in it, above all other, their quiet, and contemplative, and meditative spirits seem to repose in delight.

SHEPHERD.

I canna understaun' why it should be sae, but wi' the exception o' yoursell,

sir, I never ken't man or woman wha loved and admired Wordsworth up to the pitch, or near till't, o' idolatrous worship, wha seemed to care a doit for ony ither poet, leevin' or dead. He's a sectawrian, you see, sir, in the religion o' natur'——

NORTH.

Her High Priest.

SHEPHERD.

Weel—weel—sir; e'en be't sae. But is that ony reason why a' ither priests shou'd be despised or disregarded, when tryin' in a religious speerit to expound or illustrate the same byeuck—the byeuck o' natur' which God has given us, wi' the haly leaves lyin' open, sae that he wha rins may read, though it's only them that walks slowly, or sits down aneath the shadow o' a rock or a tree, that can understaun' sufficient to privilege them to breathe forth their knowledge an' their feelings in poetry, which is aye as a prayer or a thanksgiving?

NORTH.

The Book of the Seasons is a delightful book—and I recommend it to all lovers of nature.

[Enter the Household on their stocking-soles, and remove the relics of the Feast of Shells.]

SHEPHERD.

Noo we may wauken Tickler. He whuspered intil my lug, as I was makin' him cozy wi' the cloaks, no to let him sleep ayont eleven.

[The Shepherd "blows mimic hootings to the silent owl," who, opening his large eyes, cries "toowhit toowhoo!" and sits up on his perch.]

TICKLER.

Let us have oysters.

SHEPHERD.

Eisters! The eisters 'll no be ready, sir, for an hour yet. For my ain part, I'm no hungry the nicht—and dinna think I'll eat ony eisters. Mr North, will you?

NORTH.

No.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna fash wi' eisters the nicht, Mr Tickler—for this has been a stormy day, and they're no caller. Was ye dreamin', sir? For you seemed unco restless.

TICKLER.

I was, James.

SHEPHERD.

What o'?

TICKLER.

A Battle of Cats.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the slates!"

Miss Tabitha having made an assignation with Tom Tortoiseshell, the feline phenomenon, they two sit curmurring, forgetful of mice and milk, of all but love! How meekly mews the Demure, relapsing into that sweet under-song—the Purr! And how curls Tom's whiskers like those of a Pashaw! The point of his tail—and the point only is alive—insidiously turning itself, with serpentlike seduction, towards that of Tabitha, pensive as a Nun. His eyes are rubies, hers emeralds—as they should be—his lightning, hers lustre—for in her sight he is the lord, and in his, she is the lady of Creation.

NORTH.

"O happy love! when love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bless beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If earth a draught of heavenly pleasure share,
One cordial in this melancholy vale.
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In others arms breathe out the tender tale!"

SHEPHERD.

The last line wunna answer—

“Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale!”

TICKLER.

Woman or cat—she who hesitates, is lost. But Diana, shining in heaven, the goddess of the Silver Bow, sees the peril of poor Pussy—and interposes her celestial aid to save the vestal. An enormous grimalkin, almost a wild cat, comes rattling along the roof, down from the chimney-top, and Tom Tortoiseshell, leaping from love to war, tackles to the Red Rover in single combat. Sniff—snuff—splutter—squeak—squall—caterwaul, and throttle!

NORTH.

Where are the following lines?

“From the soft music of the spinning purr,
When no stiff hair disturbs the glossy fur,
The whining wail, so piteous and so faint,
When through the house Puss moves with long complaint,
To that unearthly throttling caterwaul,
When feline legions storm the midnight wall,
And chant, with short snuff and alternate hiss,
The dismal song of hymeneal bliss”——

SHEPHERD.

Wheesht, North—wheesht.

TICKLER.

Over the eaves sweeps the hairy hurricane. Two cats in one—like a prodigious monster with eight legs and a brace of heads and tails—and through among the lines on which clothes are hanging in the back-green, and which break the fall, the dual number plays squelch on the miry herbage.

SHEPHERD.

A pictur o’ a back-green in fowre words. I see it and them.

TICKLER.

The four-story fall has given them fresh fury and more fiery life. What tails! Each as thick as my arm, and rustling with electricity like the northern streamers. The Red Rover is generally uppermost—but not always—for Tom has him by the jugular like a very bulldog—and his small, sharp, tiger-teeth, entangled in the fur, pierce deeper and deeper into the flesh—while Tommy keeps tearing away at his rival, as if he would eat his way into his windpipe. Heavier than Tom Tortoiseshell is the Red Rover by a good many pounds; but what is weight to elasticity—what is body to soul? In the long tussle, the hero ever vanquishes the ruffian—as the Cock of the North the Gander.

NORTH (*bowing*).

Proceed.

TICKLER.

Cats’ heads are seen peering over the tops of walls, and then their lengthening bodies, running crouchingly along the copestones, with pricked-up ears and glaring eyes, all attracted towards one common centre—the back-green of the inextinguishable battle. Some dropping, and some leaping down, from all altitudes, lo! a general *melée*! For Tabitha, having through a skylight forced her way down stairs, and out of the kitchen-window into the back-area, is sitting pensively on the steps,

“And like another Helen fires another Troy.”

Detachments come wheeling into the field of battle from all imaginable and unimaginable quarters—and you now see before you all the cats in Edinburgh, Stockbridge, and the suburbs, about as many, I should suppose, as the proposed constituents of our next city member.

SHEPHERD.

The Town-Council are naething to them in nummers. The back-green’s absolutely composed o’ cats.

TICKLER.

Up fly a thousand windows from ground-flat to attic, and what an exhibition of nightcaps! Here elderly gentlemen, apparently in their shirts, with head night-gear from Kilmarnock, worthy of Tappitoury’s self—behind

them their wives—grandmothers at the least—poking their white faces, like those of sheeted corpses, over the shoulders of the fathers of their numerous progeny—there chariest maids, prodigal enough to unveil their beauties to the moon, yet, in their alarm, folding the frills of their chemises across their bosoms—and lo! yonder the Captain of the Six Feet Club, with his gigantic shadow frightening that pretty damsel back to her couch, and till morning haunting her troubled dreams! “Fire! Fire!” “Murder! Murder!” is the cry—and there is wrath and wonderment at the absence of the police-officers and engines. A most multitudinous murder is in process of perpetration there—but as yet fire is there none; when lo! and hark! the flash and peal of musketry—and then the music of the singing slugs slaughtering the Catti, while bouncing up into the air, with Tommy Tortoise clinging to his carcass, the Red Rover yowls wolfishly to the moon, and then descending like lead into the stone-area, gives up his nine-ghosts, never to chew cheese more, and dead as a herring. In mid-air the Phenomenon had let go his hold, and seeing it in vain to oppose the yeomanry, pursues Tabitha, the innocent cause of all this woe, into the coal-cellar, and there, like Paris and Helen,

“When first entranced, in Cranae’s Isle they lay,
Lip press’d to lip, and breathed their souls away,”

entitled but not tempted to look at a king, the peerless pair begin to pur and play in that subterranean paradise, forgetful of the pile of cat-corpses that in that catastrophe was heaped half-way up the currant-bushes on the walls, so indiscriminate had been the Strages. All undreamed of by them the beauty of the rounded moon, now hanging over the city, once more steeped in stillness and in sleep!

SHEPHERD.

Capital! Talkin’ o’ cats reminds ane o’ mice—and mice reminds ane o’ toasted cheese. Suppose, Mr Tickler, we hae a Tin-Trencher?

TICKLER.

A Welsh rabbit? Ring the bell.

[Enter Sir David Gam and Tappitoury with Welsh rabbits.]

SHEPHERD.

Noo, sirs, indulge me, if you please, wi’ some feelosofical conversation.

TICKLER.

Moral or physical?

SHEPHERD.

Let me consider. Fizzical.

NORTH.

Nay—nay—James—remember there are three of us—and that it is share and share alike—remember, too, that Tickler had no oys—

SHEPHERD.

Wheesht!

TICKLER.

Physical philosophy, gentlemen, is the most rigorous investigation of truth that the human mind has ever pursued. More than history—more than the legal examination of evidence—more than moral and metaphysical philosophy—more than religion. In it the matter of enquiry is more under command, the spirit of enquiry more just and sincere. It would seem that the discipline of truth which the human mind has undergone in its last hundred, one hundred and fifty, two hundred years—since Lord Bacon—of physical study, is the greatest, truest, most effectually fruitful that it has ever proved. Do we not feel the effects in the study of moral science, of history, philosophy? Do we not now look upon them with the purged eyes of Baconian pupils, with habits of thought, lights of examination, canons of judgment, a criticism of truth learnt in the school of physical philosophy? Do we not require other evidence, judge with another sobriety, look for another solidity in knowledge than we did? There were bolder, greater, more capable thinkers, not a stricter rule of thought. The great intellectual feature of the last age has been its success in physical science; not merely among the leaders, but among the multitude, so that every one could

contribute, and has done. Let us say this is not the end, but a step. Now it is time that the higher thinkers take another step. They do in Germany. The next step is that they cease to view man's physical as his greatest conquests, and recognise, as they used to do, a mightier field,

NORTH.

Yes. Let them become again moralists, not physicians.

SHEPHERD.

Ay—let them become again moralists, no physicians.—A savouryer Welsh rabbit I never preed.

TICKLER.

The character of the physical philosophy of the last century is, that it is without hypotheses (comparatively)—a kingdom of facts. Let moral philosophy be so. But first let us recognise the field, its extent, might, fruitfulness;—that it is not less than the physical—that it has been lost sight of—that it must be seen after again;—and this understood, things will resume their natural proportionate place. And now a change commences, which see. Physical philosophy having exerted its own rectifying, strengthening influence on the higher order of minds, will begin to leave them, to give way to more needed science, and to decline to an under rank of minds—and shall, according to a wonted and known law of society, pass gradually down to the lowest, producing in each rank as it descends, by its temporary activity, a salutary permanent influence—till it reaches the bottom, and at last gives way even from the lowest rank. But it will not, in truth, give way from and leave any rank; but from predominant will become subordinate, and take its due proportioned place in each.

NORTH.

I suppose, then, that we may bestir ourselves to advance the moral studies of the higher, and need not so much guide the intellectual of the lower.

TICKLER.

But meanwhile, Mr North, the moral studies of the lower classes ought to be wholly involved in religion—as the moral studies of the higher may be safely enough distinct from it, without forgetting it.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

NORTH.

What is physical study? Consider the difference in the knowledge of the world since the Greek thought the sun a chariot, and the earth a flat circle or oblong, with Hyperboreans, Cyclops, Acephali, &c., a south uninhabited from heat, &c., as in Herodotus, with Celian's natural history, &c., and its present state—geographical voyages, &c.

SHEPHERD.

Et cetera.

TICKLER.

That was a dream of the world—this is knowledge. That was the age of imagination—this of understanding or reason, or an approach to it. What is the good of physical knowledge? Many. One is, that it helps to make man feel strong in his powers: justly. Reading the universe rightly, he is exalted by understanding in it the wisdom that made it. It is one case of "magnanimous to correspond with heaven." Farther, he feels, by his power both to understand and to control nature, how much his destiny is given into his own hands. He is excited similarly to search government, education, happiness—to investigate the internal world, and endeavour to control and mould it. Only, he must not think himself higher, or more self dependent, than he is. But to know fully the true extent of his powers, is the way not to think falsely, or have an interest in doing so. His intellectual dominion is now so great, that it may satisfy his ambition; and he may be content to know where it stops, where he becomes finite and dependent. If he is ennobled by his just contemplation of the structure and design of the universe, shall not the whole race participate in his ennobling? Shall not the common man be raised by it—by knowing the results, without the process of deduction, without the science? Thus, I can well suppose that mechanics' lectures on Geography, Natural History, Astronomy, and some other branches, scienti-

fically true in all their matter, but popular in their exposition—that is, made intelligible to a very moderately constructed understanding, and affecting to the imagination and feelings, might be very interesting and very useful indeed; therefore, let Dr Birchkeck, spite of his politics, which are bad, flourish, and all Institutions.

SHEPHERD.

That's leeberal and illeeberal in ae breath. Never heard I mortal man sae voluble during a Welsh rabbit.

NORTH.

Listen to me, gentlemen.

SHEPHERD.

Listen to you, sir—what else hae we been doin'—and I fear to little purpose—a' this lang interminable night?

NORTH.

The spirit which draws men individually towards knowledge, is not the same which invests it with reverence to the eyes of the world. The sages of rude times have been held in mysterious veneration; and their wisdom has been thought to proceed from beings of a higher nature, or even to command them. Imagination, ever-seeking Deity, apprehends its presence not only in the powers that move in the natural world, but in human power, when much surpassing all that appears within the range of familiar knowledge. Thus it makes prophets, enchanters, and the favoured that have intercourse with spirits.

SHEPHERD.

Michael Scott, in the olden day. But times are changed, sir; and even Christopher North himsell, is by few reckoned a magician.

NORTH.

But this reverence for knowledge is imaginative and generous, and of the same birth with the love of knowledge, which is itself an inquisition after Deity. But in those times of ours, when Imagination is almost expelled from the processes and counsels of human life, what then makes worship around knowledge? Truly, she that worshippeth Power. She that liveth in the eyes of men, and is ruled under their influences as her stars.

SHEPHERD.

What's her name?

NORTH.

She sees that knowledge is great and strong in the world—that it commands power and fame; that it gets wealth; that it sways even in the great motions of the world; that it is set in honour, in places of old authority—therefore it is for her reverence—therefore she will set her children to learn it—therefore she will give it her favour and her help, and will to some degree bow herself before it.

TICKLER.

Yes, North, that principle will govern even opinion of knowledge, among every society, wherever great causes act to produce a general contention of spirit for it beyond the pure love of it for its own sake. Or, to make clear sense at once, what are the principles that excite labour after knowledge, besides the pure delight in it?

NORTH.

There are two great original powers, Tickler, that drive onwards the human spirit in quest of knowledge; the necessity of life, and the delight of the soul. From the rudest to the most civilized state of society, the acquisition of knowledge that arises to men, from their contention with nature, to make her yield them life, is very great—immense. Suppose in our own country, James, one mind to possess all the knowledge by which, in ten thousand thousand hands, bread is earned.

SHEPHERD.

What a Solomon he would be—a livin' Library o' Usefu' and Entertainin' Knowledge.

NORTH.

Setting aside, for a moment, the multiform application of simple principles by which the instruments of human art are produced—heavens! only

think on the knowledge of Nature, James, which in every minute division is distributed throughout those various arts!

SHEPHERD.

The thocht's overwhelmin'.

NORTH.

Suppose that all the facts as to the nature and properties of the different substances which are employed as materials or agents in various arts in Birmingham and Sheffield, were known to one mind, as they are known to those who without higher knowledge practice them for their bread! Suppose an intelligent mind to possess the knowledge only which it might acquire in a course of workshops, from the conversation of those who worked in them—would it not, without study, without books—be most extensive—most—

SHEPHERD.

The knowledge o' many a' gathered thegither in ae master-mind—yet aiblins withouten sceence.

NORTH.

But if you will look at those forms of life in which *each man*, James, is required to possess the whole of that knowledge of nature, which is necessary for obtaining from her the greater part of the means of his subsistence—

SHEPHERD.

Am' nae I sic a man mysell, sir?

NORTH.

You are, my dear James. Think, Tickler, how any man, who is much acquainted with labouring people, where they are generally neither depressed by poverty nor degraded by vicious habits prevailing among them, must have been surprised at times to find the extent of knowledge, which native intelligence, exerting itself upon those objects and facts which the plain necessities of life only made important, had amassed—without books—husbandmen—shepherds—mechanics—artificers!

SHEPHERD.

Pour oot upon him, Tickler—deluge him, Timothy.

TICKLER.

If you would see the most extensive acquisition of knowledge enforced by the necessities of life, you must know what is the life of a savage, in those tribes where there is full power of mind—for in some the mind is extraordinarily degraded. For example, many of the tribes of the North American Indians, before they were visited with the curse of an intercourse with Europeans, possessed a high character of mind, both for heroic and intellectual qualities. Now, conceive one of these Indians cast amidst the boundlessness of nature—with a mind strong and ardent—not beginning life as we do—surrounded with a thousand helps to guard it from all sufferings and necessities, to spare it all use of its faculties—but cast upon the bosom of nature—to win from her the means of the preservation of his existence. From the moment he begins to understand and know—he sees what the course of his life is to be. He is to be a hunter and an inhabitant of the woods. Now, imagine all the multitude of natural facts, on the knowledge of which, for safety and sustenance, his mind is made to rest. He is a hunter—that is to say, that from the day he can use his hands at his will, he will begin his warfare against the animal race. What does that mean? That of every bird and animal of which his power can compass the destruction, he must begin to know the signs, the haunts, and the ways. He is already engaged as an observer in natural history. You may be sure he has very soon as exact a knowledge of the figure, colours, cries, &c., of many of them, and of the place and construction of the habitations of those which find, or make themselves habitations—of their young, or eggs—their number, their seasons, and precautions of breeding, &c., as any naturalist from Linnæus to Cuvier. Now, every thing he has to do to ensnare, entice, waylay them, is drawn entirely from observation of the various particulars of their modes of life. This knowledge, as he grows, he goes on extending to numbers of the birds and animals that people his dominion,—

and when the savage has, by keen and extensive observation, (you have read Hearne, North?) acquired all the knowledge that affects his own well-being—of the appearance, the nature, the seasons, the modes of life of as many of these creatures as will come under the necessity or the wantonness of his art as a hunter, I ask, is it not plain that he must possess, very intimately and exactly, much of that knowledge which, when possessed by a naturalist, is raised to the rank of science?

SHEPHERD.

Ask Audubon.

TICKLER.

Combine with this the knowledge of the natural world that surrounds him, as implied by his dependence for sustenance on its vegetable productions—and all the various knowledge of the earth itself, and of the skies, which become important to him who is to make his way by recollection or conjecture through untracked wildernesses, forests, swamps, and precipices. How, in an unknown wilderness so made up, even after he has chosen his course, by the stars, shall he know to trace a path through the dangers and immensity of nature, which human feet may tread? By observing, studying all his life long the nature of mountains, torrents, marshes, vegetation. Then add to this—his observation of the air and the skies, from his dependence on their changes, and I think, my lads, if you have imagination to represent to yourselves one-twentieth part of the knowledge which a savage will thus be driven to possess by his mere physical necessities, you will be astonished to find how much liker a learned man he is than you be.

SHEPHERD.

Maist yeloquent!

TICKLER.

Will this seem fanciful? I will give you a single instance. There is scarcely one point in natural history more celebrated and interesting than the beaver's building his house. Do you wish to be correctly informed upon this subject? Read all our naturalists from Buffon downwards, and you will be incorrectly instructed on the mind of these mysterious animals. Then go and read the account given by a man who had nothing to do with beavers, except that he was an agent in the fur trade, and who tells you what the Indian hunters told and shewed him, and you will find much the most interesting, and the only exact account we possess of these builders.

SHEPHERD.

Wha?

NORTH.

It is in Hearne's Travels in the northern parts of America. Here then I establish that a great part of that knowledge of external living nature which we hoard up among our treasures of science, is, through necessity, possessed, and I will say—much more accurately—by men in those rude forms of life, in which they are perpetually contending with nature for the supply of all their wants.

[Silver Time-Piece chimes Twelve, and enter the Six Supper-Supporters, with Roasted Turkey, Lamb, Fillet of Veal, Salmon, Turbot, Cod, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.]

SHEPHERD.

I canna charge my memory wi' ever havin' been sae lang afore without breakin' my fast. It's bad for the health sittin' hour after hour on an empty stammach, mair especially when the mind as weel's the body's exhowsted wi' the wear and tear o' rational and irrational conversation. Tickler, tackle you to the turkey—North, lay yoursell out on the lamb—and as for me, I shall hae some flirtation wi' the fillet.

NORTH.

Make ready!

TICKLER.

Present!

SHEPHERD.

Fire!

[A sort of snuzzling silence in the Snuggery for an hour or thereabouts.
Time-Piece smites One, and the Apparition of Picardy and his Tail
comes and goes like the rainbow.

NORTH.

THE KING!

(with all the honours.)

TICKLER.

Of whom recording history will say—"not that he found London of
brick and left it of marble—but that he found his people in bondage, and
left them free!"

NORTH.

Base Helot who first voided, and baser Helot still who ate up that
loathsome lie, and splattered it out again undigested in his own poisonous
slaver!

TICKLER.

Pitiful and paltry press!

NORTH.

Most wretched in its street-walking prostitution!

TICKLER.

"O tyrant swollen with insolence and pride!"

NORTH.

"Thou dog in forehead—but in heart a deer!"

SHEPHERD.

Is there to be a revolution, sirs?

NORTH.

If there be, 'twill be a bloody one.

TICKLER.

Come—come—gents—let us talk over that matter at next Noctes.

SHEPHERD.

The verra first thing the Radicals will do—will be to extinguish the
Noctes Ambrosianæ.

NORTH.

The very last they shall be allowed to do—James—*Ecce Signum!*

[Shoulders the Crutch

TICKLER.

Since you insist upon it, why then I will sing a new song—in the charac-
ter of a Radical!

THE JACOBIN BILL.

TUNE—*Nottingham Ale.*

I.

Now the reign of the tyrant for ever is past,
And the day-star of freedom is beaming on high—
When truth is now heard in the Senate at last,
And the shout of the million in grateful reply—
Let us sing and rejoice,
With heart and with voice,
And each man his bumper triumphantly fill—
For in this Age of Reason,
We know of no treason,
But refusing to drink to the Jacobin Bill!

II.

For many a hopeless and heart-breaking day,
The conflict unequal we strove to maintain—
But still, as the slaves of "legitimate" sway,
We demanded redress—but demanded in vain—

Debased and degraded—
 Our birthrights invaded—
 We fruitlessly sought the great truth to instil,
 That our ruthless oppressor,
 The present possessor,
 Must taste all the sweets of a Jacobin Bill !

III.

But the debt of the people, so long in arrear,
 By the Jacobin Bill will be speedily paid,—
 And the step of the peasant will press on the peer,
 And prove of what metal his "order" is made—
 With Hunt at the steerage,
 We'll pitch the whole Peerage,
 Like the Prophet of old, the vex'd waters to still,—
 And many a martyr
 Of star and of garter,
 Must now read his fate in the Jacobin Bill !

IV.

And as for those righteous rulers in lawn,
 Who pillage the poor with palaver of peace—
 Those Shepherds, whose reverend minds are withdrawn
 From the care of the flock, by the thoughts of the fleece,—
 How odd the grimaces
 Of many smug faces,
 On finding they're nothing but tenants at will,
 When first we shall dish up
 Some rosy Archbishop,
 Who voted, perhaps, for the Jacobin Bill !

V.

The lawyer no longer need bother his brain
 With the quibbles and quirks of his straw-splitting trade,
 For the Law of our Bill is abundantly plain,
 And needs not a hired *misinterpreter's* aid :
 And as for the Judges,
 There's nobody grudges
 To give them a touch of their friend the tread-mill,—
 If 'twere but to shew them
 We feel what we owe them,
 For days when none dream't of a Jacobin Bill !

VI.

Thus peer, priest, and lawyer, each civilly sent
 His bread in an honester calling to win,
 And hearing no more of tithes, taxes, or rent,
 The work of reform may be said to begin !
 The great revolution
 Of just distribution,
 Its blessings unmeasured will thenceforth distil,
 And cutting and carving,
 For thousands now starving,
 At once will be found in the Jacobin Bill !

VII.

The mechanic who toils for his shilling a-day,
 May then get as drunk as the prince or the peer,—
 And citizen Russell, and citizen Grey,
 Will see the true use of their thousands a-year ;
 In Whig and in Tory-house,
 Happy and glorious,

Day after day the parch'd people may swill—
 And how pleasant to revel
 On "the fat Bedford level,"
 For love of our friend of the Jacobin Bill!

VIII.

Oh! England, the land of the tyrant and slave!
 How happily changed will thy destinies be,
 When the harlequin banner shall gallantly wave
 O'er the patriot deeds of the brave and the free!
 With streets barricaded,
 And pikemen paraded,
 What generous ardour each bosom will thrill,
 When in civil defiance
 Of martial science,
 We stand in defence of the Jacobin Bill!

IX.

And when ev'ry man's hand is at ev'ry man's throat—
 Oh! then what a pleasant Parisian scene!
 With our own *ça ira*, and our own *sans culottes*,
 And perhaps, Heaven bless us! our own *guillotine*.
 We've been too slow in learning—
 Too dull in discerning,
 These radical cures for each deep-seated ill—
 But truly our neighbour
 Has not lost her labour,
 When at length she has taught us our Jacobin Bill!

NORTH.

Thank ye, Tickler. You write and sing a song as well, if not better, than any man in Scotland.

SHEPHERD.

It cuts to the quick.

NORTH.

There is one public man in England, Tickler, over whose apostacy from one sacred cause—more in sorrow than in anger—I and thousands—yea millions—groaned. Yet from his eloquent lips lately fell words of warning wisdom; nor shall my praise of his patriotism be mingled at this moment with any unavailing lamentation or reproach—Sir Robert Peel. The conclusion of his admirable speech on Lord John Russell's motion for Reform in Parliament, has committed itself to my memory—

TICKLER.

Hear! hear! hear!

NORTH.

"We are arrived at 1831, and reform is again proposed, whilst the events of the last year in Paris and Brussels are bewildering the judgment of many, and provoking a restless, unquiet disposition, unfit for the calm consideration of such a question. I, too, refer to the condition of France, and I hold up the late revolution in France, not as an example, but as a warning to this country. Granted that the resistance to authority was just; but look at the effects,—on the national prosperity, on industry, on individual happiness,—even of just resistance. Let us never be tempted to resign the well-tempered freedom which we enjoy, in the ridiculous pursuit of the wild liberty which France has established. What avails that liberty which has neither justice nor wisdom for its companions—which neither brings peace nor prosperity in its train? It was the duty of the King's Government to abstain from agitating this question at such a period as the present—to abstain from the excitement throughout this land of that conflict—(God grant it may be only a moral conflict!)—which must arise between the possessors of existing privileges, and those to whom they are to be transferred. It was the duty of the Government to calm, not to stimulate, the fever of popular excitement. They have adopted a different course—

they have sent through the land the firebrand of agitation, and no one can now recall it. Let us hope that there are limits to their powers of mischief. They have, like the giant enemy of the Philistines, lighted three hundred brands, and scattered through the country discord and dismay; but God forbid that they should, like him, have the power to concentrate in death all the energies that belong to life, and to signalize their own destruction by bowing to the earth the pillars of that sacred edifice, which contains within its walls, according even to their own admission 'the noblest society of freemen in the world.'"

TICKLER.

Much indeed might be forgiven in the past conduct of a statesman, who has courage so to speak at such a crisis.

NORTH.

May Reform come from such a statesman as spoke in that pregnant passage, and the country will at once be satisfied and strengthened.

TICKLER.

Amen.

SHEPHERD.

Ax your pardon, sir, for puttin' rather an abrupt question; but does neither o' you twa smell ony thing out o' the common?

TICKLER.

I have no nose.

SHEPHERD.

Nae nose? In that case, neither has an elephant.

TICKLER.

I mean no sense of smell.

SHEPHERD.

Then I pty you, sir, in spring, up i' the mornin' early, in the Forest, when the sun is sae tenderly woin' the dawn, and a shower o' bees is perpetually drappin' doon frae the bawmy bosom o' the south-west wind, on the bawmy bosom o' the Earth, that is indeed flowin', as the Scriptur' says, wi' milk and honey, and a' hotchin' wi' dew-reekin' sun-seekin' flowers, as if through a' her open pores were breathin' the irrepressible delight o' our great mother's heart.

NORTH.

How spiritual the scent of violets!

SHEPHERD (*snuffing and smoking.*)

Can it be Guse?

NORTH.

Poo, poo, James. 'Tis but "the strong imagination of a feast."

SHEPHERD.

A feast? Fuilzie!

TICKLER.

"So scented the Grim Feature, and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from afar."

SHEPHERD.

"That quotation's no pat, sir; I'm no smelling a dead horse in a far awa' quarry, but the memory o' a roasted Guse in this verra room. THE GLASGOW GANDER'S NO YET EXTINK."

NORTH.

James, you are too metaphysical. The memory of a smell is a most abstract idea.

TICKLER.

I remember it in the Concrete.

SHEPHERD.

It aften haunts me, sirs, at meals, till I lay doon the spoon wi' a scunner, and bock at the rummlete-thumps. The family canna sympathese wi' me—for it's the same wi' the scent as wi' the sight—twae folk never yet, at ae time, either smelt or saw a ghost—and its even sae wi' the stink o' the Gander.

NORTH.

Peace to his manes !

TICKLER.

Methinks I see him moulting. "In my mind's eye, Horatio."

SHEPHERD.

Mooltin' ! Puir fallow ! in the pens ! The Gander's in a piteous condition then, sirs ; a' ragged and raw, dowp red-bare, as if nettle-stung, and the sproutin' quullies blushin' wi' bluid. Oh ! but at that season he's sensitive—sensitive ; and he drags along his meeserable existence in ae dolefu' hiss—a fent and feeble hiss—less like an ordinar Gander's than a bat's—

TICKLER.

I know it—a mixture of a bat's, a cat's, and an adder's, which, in the darkness and silence of nature, would be not unalarming, did not your knowledge of ornithology come instantly to your aid, and scientifically refer it to the enormous moulter.

NORTH.

As Goldsmith pathetically says,

"To stop too fearful, and too faint to go !"

SHEPHERD.

If you but pint your finger at him, then, "he gangs distracted mad"—

TICKLER.

And gives vent at all points to such a gabble, that you look up to the lift, James, expecting a cloud of wild-geese from Norway—

SHEPHERD.

But the sky is calm—

NORTH.

And so would be the common, but for this picturesque Impersonation of pain, impertinence, and poltroonery—

TICKLER.

Who "plays such fantastic tricks beneath high heaven
As make the angels weep."

SHEPHERD.

What an eemage ! An angel weepin' at a guse ! That's no orthodox. It wou'd be ayont the power o' the angel Gabriel himsell, or Michael, or Raphael either, ony mair than us Three, to gaze doon on the Gander without fa'in intil guffaws.

NORTH.

In Lincolnshire—in the Fens—these unfortunate animals are plucked perennially in cavies—

SHEPHERD.

What ? A' the year through !

NORTH.

Ay, James, all the year through—from June to January—and from January to June.

SHEPHERD.

Without bein' alloo'd ae single holiday, sir ? I cou'dna carry on sic a system o' persecution as that again' ony Guse or Gander that ever gabbled—for it borders on inhumanity ; and sometimes, methinks, about the close o' the month, as I was hauldin' the noiseless tenor o' my way towards his cavey, to gie him his accustom'd plookin', my heart wou'd relent, seein' the pimples and pustules pabblin' a' ower him, just as parritch pabbles in the pat—the countless holes, sir, out o' which the quills had been rugged,—and then, in place o' administerin' the usual discipline to his dowp, or what, wi' his tale, he thinks wings, ten to ane I wou'd gie him a handfu' o' corn, mixed wi' cauld potawtoes, say something kind and consolin' to the *sans culottes* citizen o' the cavey, and aiblins openin' the door, let him oot to tak a waddle on thae absurd splay-feet o' his, beneath whose soles you canna, however, help pityin' the poor grass, and heavin' a sigh for the inevitable bruisin' o' much beetle.

NORTH.

I am not—either by nature or education—superstitious; yet I cannot help attaching some credit to the strange rumour——

SHEPHERD.

What strange rumour? Let me hear't, sir; for there's naething I like sae weel's a strange rumour.

NORTH.

Why, that the great Glasgow Gander has been seen since the last Noctes.

SHEPHERD.

Whaur?

NORTH.

At divers times and in sundry places.

SHEPHERD.

But no in the flesh, sir—no in the flesh.

TICKLER.

THE GHOST OF THE GANDER!!!

NORTH.

“Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in his days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away.”

TICKLER.

“But that it is forbid
To tell the secrets of his prison-house,
He could a tale unfold.”

NORTH.

That “eternal blazon,” Tickler, must be reserved for another Noctes. A description of his Purgatory by the Ghost of the Glasgow Gander will eclipse Dante's.

SHEPHERD.

Wha saw't?

NORTH.

People in general.

SHEPHERD.

Aye, that's the way wi' a' supernatural apparitions. I defy you to trace ony ane among the best accredited o' them a' up to its first gloom or glimmer afore individual een—but it's neither the less true nor the less fear-some on that account—and that you'll alloo even to your ain lowpin heart, the first time you foregather wi' a ghaist—in a wood, or on a muir, or glowerin' out upon you frae the embrasure o' an auld castle, or risin' up as silent as the mist, in the verra heart o' the thunner o' some lanesome waterfa'.

NORTH.

Some, 'tis said, have seen it, as if escaped from the spit—trussed, yet endowed with locomotive power——

TICKLER.

Hissing like a steam-engine.

NORTH.

Others, gashed with a thousand wounds, and dripping with gore and gravy——

TICKLER.

“In somnos ecce! ante oculos mæstissimus ANSER,
Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus!
Raptatus Tapitouro ut quondam, aterque cruento
Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus loro tumentes.”

NORTH.

“Hei mihi! qualis erat! Quantum mutatus ab illo
ANSERE!”

TICKLER.

“O Lux Dardaniæ! Spes O Fidissima Teucrûm!
Quæ tantæ tenuere moræ? Quibus ANSER ab oris
Expectate venis?”

NORTH.

“ Ut te, post multa tuorum

Funera——

Defessi adspicimus !”

TICKLER.

“ Quæ caussa indigna serenos

Fœdavit voltus ? aut cur hæc volnera cerno ?”

NORTH.

“ Ille nihil ; nec me querentem vana, moratur,
Sed, graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens”——

TICKLER.

“ Heu ! fuge, NATE DEA !”

SHEPHERD.

What ! Does the Ghost of the Gander gabble Greek ?

TICKLER.

The story runs, James, that

“ Even in his ashes lives his wonted fire,”

and that he has been seen by the watchman, as he “ walks his lonely round,” impotently pursuing, up and down the Guse-dubs, some dingy Dulcinea desired of yore, who, with loud shrieks, shuns his embraces, and finally, in desperation, plunges for shelter in among a drove of ducks, merry in the moonlight on the Peat-Bog, into whose sullen depths is afraid to plunge the hot and hissing Tarquin, who bitterly knows that fat cannot float without feathers——

NORTH.

He sticks to Terra Firma——“ larding the lean earth as he moves along.”

SHEPHERD.

What seems he noo in the een o’ the Bubbley ?

NORTH.

The Bubbley sees through him—and wages warfare on the Gander’s Ghost. But you may imagine the Bubbley’s astonishment on finding the Gander evaporate beneath his tread as he leaps upon him, after having chased him three times round Nelson’s Pillar.

TICKLER.

Methinks I see the Ghost of the Gander,

“ At the close of the day, when the city is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,”

waddling along that noble square, on the summit of Blythswood-hill, and moralizing to himself on the destinies of his species——

SHEPHERD.

Wishin’, a’ in vain, that they wad but tak’ a lesson frae his fate ! A’ in vain, sirs ; for even let a spectre come frae the sewer to forewarn them o’ their doom, yet wunna they keep their tongue within their bills, but wull keep gapin’, and hissin’, and gablin’ on till the end o’ the chapter, which, aiblins, consists o’ sic a catastrophe at Ambrose’s, sir, as will be remembered to the latest posterity, and, translated intil a thousand languages, be perused by all people that on earth do dwell, lang after the Anglo-Scotch, and the Scoto-English, have been baith dead tongues. Example’s lost on a’ Fules——feathered and unfeathered——and that’s aye been an argument wi’ me——accep in cases o’ verra rare culprits——again’ capital punishments.

NORTH.

’Tis said the Gawpus of the Ghost——

SHEPHERD.

You mean the Ghost o’ the Gawpus——

NORTH.

——has been seen in Edinburgh. The Black Cook of this establishment, James, is afraid to sleep by herself——

SHEPHERD.

Canna she get Tappitoury, or the Pech——

TICKLER.

Hush—hush—James.

NORTH.

You know all feathers are among her perquisites—and she told King Pepin, that, t'other night, on lifting up the lid of the chest where that golden leece reposed, among the plumage of inferior fowls, lo! the Ghost of the Gander, spurred on by instinctive passion, abhorrent of his nudity, insanely struggling to replume himself—

SHEPHERD.

Haw—haw—haw!—and hopping about in the chest, amaist as roomy as a Minister's Garnel, like a chiel risin' half-drunk in the mornin', and whaavin' gotten ane o' his legs intil the breeks, fin's it a'thegether ayont his capacity to get in the ither, but keeps stoiterin' and stacherin', and tumblin', outowre the floor frae wa' to wa', for a lang while, doure on an impossible achievement, and feenally fa'in' backarts on a sack, wi' nae mair howp o' maisterin' his velveteens in this warld, than in the next o' insurin' his salvation.

TICKLER.

O thou Visionary!

NORTH.

Poor soul! in her situation, such an adventure—

SHEPHERD.

Her situation? You're no serious, sir?

NORTH.

Too true, James. In her fright she let fall the lid—nor has she since had courage, his majesty informs me, to uplift it.

TICKLER.

The Ghost of the Gander will be smothered. He had better have kept in the sewer.

NORTH.

In future ages, James, generations of men, seeing the Ghost of the Glasgow Gander, will vainly believe that in the nineteenth century all Ganders were of his size—

SHEPHERD.

Aye—that there were giants in our days.

TICKLER.

He will cause great disturbance in Ornithology.

SHEPHERD.

Amang the tribe Anseres. Compared wi' him, the geese o' the three thousandth 'll dwinnle doon to dyeucks.

NORTH.

In some future Demonology, the philosopher will endeavour to reduce him to ordinary dimensions, nay, even to prove him—all in vain—to be a mere phantom of the imagination.

SHEPHERD.

Yet, sirs, mither and nourices wull hush the babbies on their breasts wi' the cry o' "the Ganner!" "the Ganner!" "gin you wunna lie quate, ye vile yaummerin' imp, I'll gie ye to the Ghost o' the great Glasgow Ganner!" Na—tunes 'ill be made to eemage forth his gabble, by the Webers o' unborn time—and Theatres be thick wi' folk, as trees wi' craws, to hear, on the hundredth nicht o' its performance, a maist unearthly piece o' music frae a multitudinous orchestra, ca'd the "Ganner's Chorus!"

TICKLER.

I am sorry he was slaughtered. He would have been an incomparable chimney-sweep.

SHEPHERD.

To have admitted him, whatna flue!

TICKLER.

Come, North, cut the subject short with a song. Give us the Ghost of the Gander—a Tale of Terror—after the fashion of Mat Lewis. Poor Mat! he was a man of genius—now how forgotten!

I'm a little hoarse—

NORTH.

A little horse?

SHEPHERD.

That's always the affectation of you great singers.

TICKLER.

NORTH.

Pray, Tickler, which, to your ear, is the more musical of the two, the gabble of a Gander, or the braying of a Jackass?

SHEPHERD.

Dinna answer him, Mr Tickler, for he's only wushin' to get aff the sang.

TICKLER.

'Twould be bad, boorish manners, James, not to give an answer to a civil question. I prefer the Gander by sunrise from the sea—the jackass, when that luminary is setting behind the mountains.

SHEPHERD.

What luminary?

TICKLER.

Neither the Gander nor the Jackass, James, but the Sun. Elated by the glowing charms of the rosy morn, my soul delights in the gabble of geese on a common—but as I wander pensive at to-fall of the day, then, for love or money, your jackass, with ears, legs, lungs, and jaws, all “stepping westwards,” and enacting, in a solo, for his own enjoyment, the Vicar of Bray, worthy to be a Bishop.

SHEPHERD.

What say ye to a Mool?

NORTH.

The young American, in his most amusing volumes, “A Year in Spain,” has exhausted the subject.

SHEPHERD.

What's your wull, sir?

NORTH.

“I hate a mule,” quoth he, “most thoroughly, for there is something abortive in everything it does, even to its very bray. An ass, on the contrary, has something hearty and whole-souled about it. Jack begins his bray with a modest whistle, rising gradually to the top of his powers, like the progressive eloquence of a well-adjusted oration, and then, as gradually declining to a natural conclusion; but the mule commences with a voice like thunder, and then, as if sorry for what he has done, he stops like a bully when throttled in the midst of a threat, or a clown who has begun a fine speech, and has not courage to finish it.”

SHEPHERD.

Haw! haw! haw! That's capital, man.

NORTH.

As Alexander of Macedon said of old, that had he not been Alexander, he would have wished to be Diogenes, so, we may presume, had the hero of Glasgow not been a Gander, he would have chosen to be a——

TICKLER.

Mule or Jackass?

SHEPHERD.

Aye—that is the question. Each——

NORTH.

Alternately——

SHEPHERD.

Day about.

NORTH.

On Tuesday, beginning his bray with a modest whistle, and throughout his performance just such an original as the lively American has drawn the animated picture of—on Friday, like a bully throttled in the midst of a threat——

TICKLER.

And cudgelled along the Trongate——

Till his back was like the Edinburgh Review.

NORTH.

The Blue and Yellow.

TICKLER.

Or Blackwood's Magazine.

NORTH.

A lively green.

TICKLER.

Needing nae certificat'.

SHEPHERD,

But no more nonsense. Now for your song.

TICKLER.

NORTH.

(*Clearing his pipes with a caulker.*)

THE GHOST OF THE GANDER.

Oh! what is that figure, and what can it mean,
That comes forth in the stillness of night—
That near the Guse-Dubs like a phantom is seen—
That haunts the Salt-Market, the Gorbals, the Green,
And avoids the approach of the light?

'Tis the Ghost of the Gander—the unavenged Ghost—
The spirit disturb'd and distress'd
Of him who erewhile of his tribe was the boast,
Whom 'twas shocking to slay, and inhuman to roast,
The unfortunate Goose of the West!

We all must remember—we never can cease
To think of his proudest display,
When first in the grand competition of Geese,
He appear'd like an over-fed Hero of Grease,
And triumphantly carried the day.

And oh! had he made but a different use
Of his triumph of shape and of size,
He still might have lived—a respectable Goose—
And the nettles might still have been proud to produce
The Gander that carried the prize!

But, flush'd with his conquest, elated with fame,
And swoln with preposterous pride,
With gabble unheard-of in wild-goose or tame,
The Gander in person and conduct became
The Pest of the Queen of the Clyde.

We do not insist on his manner and mien—
For these we might find an excuse—
But his gabble was gross, and his conduct obscene,
And he openly dwelt among creatures unclean—
A shameless and scandalous Goose!

And, hating the blessings he never could share,
How loudly his anger arose
'Gainst the great, and the good, and the brave, and the fair,
Whom, in the true spirit of spiteful despair,
He accounted his natural foes!

But the life of the Gander we need not relate,
 Nor describe how he flourish'd and fell—
 We all know his folly—and as for his fate,
 Remembrance must long be oppress'd with the weight
 Of that "strange insupportable smell!"

And now that his carcass at length is at rest,
 And rankles in rotten repose—
 When the regent of day has gone down in the West,
 His spirit thus wanders, unpitied, unblest,
 And noxious still to the nose!

The Ghost of a Goose is a curious sight—
 A strange enough phantom at best:
 But far may you travel, before you shall light
 On such a preposterous spirit of night
 As the Ghost of the Goose of the West!

His figure, his gesture, his aspect, his air,
 His waddle—they still are the same—
 But his ill-fated carcass is naked and bare,
 Displaying the marks of a recent affair,
 That his friends are unwilling to name.

And a spirit like this, in a garb of Goose-skin,
 Where plumage refuses to grow,
 Is doubly absurd, when there hangs at his chin,
 The shadowy shape of a Trophy of Tin,
 The Medal he gain'd at the show.

Thus nightly he waddles around and around
 Each loved and familiar scene—
 The Goose-Dubs, of course, are his favourite ground—
 But sometimes the spectre may even be found
 Near the door of the very Tontine!

And there, when the usual party are met,
 "Just thinking" of oysters and ale,
 The plan of the ev'ning is quite upset,—
 For the Ghost of a Goose is a very bad whet,—
 And the Knights of the Shell turn tail!

By the church of Saint Mungo he often has sat,
 On a tombstone, awaiting the day,
 When the rest of the ghosts, and the owl, and the bat,
 Alarm'd at a phantom so fetid and fat,
 Have fled with a shriek of dismay!

And oh! but to hear him when making his moan
 In that region remote and recluse—
 It is not a gabble—it is not a groan—
 Description despairs in describing the tone
 Of the ill-fated Ghost of the Goose!

And although 'twas a rule among spirits of old
 To speak not, except in reply,—
 With the Ghost of the Gander this rule doesn't hold,
 For he always is ready his "tale to unfold,"
 With a sad and a sulphurous sigh!

With accent unearthly, and piteous look,
 He curses the day he was dress'd—
 He calls for revenge on the scullion, the cook—
 But chief upon him who the task undertook
 Of dissecting the Goose of the West!

But long may he wander alarming the night,
 And vengeance invoking in vain—
 For no one in Glasgow e'er pitied his plight,
 And many there are who would even delight
 If he could be dissected again!

There are Masses for many a spirit's repose,
 And spells that can lay them at rest;
 But who would e'er dream of assuaging the woes
 Of one so offensive to eyes, ears, and nose,
 As the Ghost of the Goose of the West!

TICKLER.

Bravissimo! Bravissimo!

SHEPHERD.

Anchor! Anchor!

NORTH.

I have done so, James. I have brought my verse to an anchor.

TICKLER.

Encore! Encore—encore—Kit—encore—

SHEPHERD.

That's what I mean, sir. Hangcur! Hangcur! Hangcur!

NORTH.

No—gentlemen. Pardon me. But feeling myself in voice, I have no objection to compound with a parody on Tom Bowling. After that, let us set in to serious thinking. You must suppose the Gander buried in a dung-hill.

TICKLER.

No violent supposition, certainly, Sir.

NORTH (*sings.*)

AIR—*Tom Bowling.*

1

Here a foul hulk lies Glasgow's Gander,
 The vilest of his race,—
 Alike unfit for spit or brander,
This is his proper place!
 His aspect was the most ungainly,
 And those who knew him well,
 Say that you might discover plainly
 His presence by the smell!

2.

This bird of mud was still reviling
 Each of the Birds of Air,
 His columns still of filth compiling,—
 The splutter of despair!
 And toiling thus in his vocation,
 His Chronicle will tell
 How you might prove to demonstration
 His labours from the Smell!

3.

And when by this rash hand dissected
 On that unhappy Night,
 He proved, as might have been expected,
 Indeed "a Sorry Sight!"
 The fainting-fits—the fumigation—
 On these my Song would dwell,
 But it concludes in Suffocation
 From memory of that Smell!

Faugh! faugh! faugh!

TICKLER.

Feuch! feuch! feuch!

SHEPHERD.

Steuch! steuch! steuch!

NORTH.

SHEPHERD.

'Tis gane. Do you ken, sirs, that I'm waxin' unco hungry, and think I cou'd eat some half-dizzen or sae o' hard-biled eggs.

NORTH.

I will join you, James, with the utmost alacrity.

TICKLER.

And so will I—*mordicus*.

SHEPHERD.

We had as weel order twa dizen, and that'll leave a few to come and gang on.

[*Bell is rung—the PECH appears, disappears, and re-appears with the aforesaid. GURNEY makes a bolt from the ear of Dionysius, and sic transeunt Noctes.*]

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REFORMERS AND ANTI-REFORMERS—A WORD TO THE WISE FROM OLD
CHRISTOPHER.

WE do not belong to the desponding, much less to the despairing School of Politics; and therefore are cheerful though grave on the Dissolution of Parliament. It is dead as mutton in the shambles; we are alive as red-deer on Shehallion. It has had its day; and we still have ours, above the power of Lords and Commons, nor obedient to the breath of Kings. Its life was spent "now in glimmer, and now in gloom;" sometimes in darkness that might be felt; and, though occasionally visited with sunshine, assuredly never was it "dark with excessive bright." It was, with all due respect be it spoken, not perhaps an unprincipled, but certainly a prating and a palavering Parliament. The whole body was at last painfully inflated; and we have seldom or never seen or heard such symptoms of a wind-cholic as those with which it distressed our sympathies immediately previous to its late Dissolution.

We forget how many Ministries were served under by the defunct. But they were not a few; and none of them all found her a very refractory Parliament. The old lady was anxious to prove pleasant to all her Lords and Lovers, in succession; and though she never so far forgot her ex as to confer her favours—especially the last ones—on those who had taken her conscience into their keeping, without the due and decent vantage of "fond reluctant amorous elay,"—yet she was sure finally to yield, and, in spite of considerable veneration wasted by her in periodi-

cal appeals to heaven and earth, to sink languishingly into the arms of her successive and successful seducers. At last the old Parliament plucked up sufficient courage and coldness effectually to resist the Betrayer, who had the effrontery, in the face of Day and Martin, to insult her frailty with a hypocritical proposal of Reform. But the effort was too much for her; a patriot King took compassion on her refractory weakness; and at his beck she not unwillingly gave up the ghost. And now that the funeral howl is hushed, we beg leave to borrow an expression from the last article in the last number of that most pious of all the Periodicals, the *Edinburgh Review*, that now we can see no Parliament at all, unless like "Lord Liverpool, it should vouchsafe to come to us from those blessed regions where no House of Commons ever sits, where Committees of Enquiry cease to trouble, and the Press is at rest."

In short, the Public, at all times pensive, need not, we opine, be plunged into the depths of a green and yellow melancholy on this Dissolution. We see no "deep damnation in her taking off;" and who knows, though she had not the reputation of being a bird of that spicy nest, that a phoenix may not arise from her ashes?

People are too prone to "prophetic strains so full of woe," on each chance and change in the political world. Many a thousand times within our memory has this kingdom stood on the brink of destruction.

Indeed, in the opinion of many who pretend to be much wiser than we are, the kingdom has been standing there, without intermission, since the hour they had been able, by means of the acquired perceptions of eight, to distinguish a hawk from a handsaw. Yes—indeed—there has the unfortunate kingdom been shivering on the edge of an abyss, over which though a pigmy might have pushed her with the tip of his little finger, impotent to effect that wicked purpose have been all Heaven's and all Earth's most thunderous storms. The reason is, that the kingdom does not stand on the brink of that abyss, even like a deep-foundation'd pillar, though that be strong; but like a deeper-rooted oak that clasps the cliff with its everlasting ligatures, and serenely hangs its ancient umbrage over the chasm that boils magnificently below with all its cataracts.

In political discussion we love occasionally to be, if not poetical, at least picturesque. Fancy is one of Feeling's best allies; and Reason is never so strong as when backed by Imagination. Therefore, we are partial to that image, though it be as old as the island—the Ship of the State. It is an image that presents itself in many lights and shadows. See the Ship of the State, how she strains, and how her seams appear to open as she pitches! Land-lubbers, looking at her from the shore, swear that she is about to go down. But an old Tar like Christopher gives her three cheers as she sweeps along with all her streamers. Ay, while her hull is hidden in the hollow, he sees the “meteor flag of England” aloft in heaven—and to his excited spirit these ups and downs are full of power and glory. See the Ship of the State in a storm—close-reefed and close-hauled—yet with more than an inch of canvass—for she has not taken in every rag—not she indeed—of her weatherbeaten and weatherbeating Russia duck,—but wings her way still exultingly against the wildest wind. The shore shrieks, “She will founder.” But lo! the Ocean Queen has eaten for herself a foam path out of the wind's eye close past the surges roaring along that range of cliffs, and having a free offing now, lo! how she whitens as she stands out to sea, herself her own sunshine in the storm she loves! See the Ship of

the State scudding under bare poles, and her poop pursued by mountains. Let but one overtake her, and down she goes to Davy's locker. But her Wheel is “instinct with spirit;” and sullenly she swings and sways along the snow-crested pitchiness of her rolling path, not perhaps quite so smoothly or steadily as the Rocket on the rail-road between Liverpool and Manchester, but as safely—and most majestically, as becomes her who holds in fee the roarings of the Atlantic. See the Ship of the State on a lee-shore close in among the breakers. She must go to sticks now, “like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore.” No, she must not; for who ever saw her, even when taken aback in the trough of the sea miss stays? Her jib fills—and now her foresail—*there she has it*—and away she moves on another tack, along with the seamew, as fair and as fearless, while the very air is black as the sea, and the sea, but for catheads, as black as Erebus. See the Ship of the State with all her masts gone by the board! Now she must settle down in death. No. She is brought up by her sheet anchor—and shall ride out the storm all night—while stretch and spring her cable—still Neptune lays his head in a lull on Thetis' bosom, and at morning the bay shall be bright with boats—many of them bum ones—gliding all round her steadfast shadow. Or see her—since the worst will come to the worst—driven ashore! The crews of the whole fleet have got her off again;—she floats—she floats—for what signifies the bruise in her bottom, and a few hundred tons bilge-water? Taken into dock, and laid down for repairs like a hillside in the sun, soon shall her forefoot again be in the foam—

“Her march upon the mountain wave,
Her home upon the deep.”

Having thus quoted Campbell, let us conclude with Wordsworth, and finish the poetical or picturesque part of this our political article, bidding, for a while, farewell to the Ship of the State in these beautiful lines—

“Like a ship on some calm day
In sunshine sailing far away,
Some beautiful ship that hath the plain

Or let us conclude in the words of a Poet whom we frequently remember, though the world has forgotten him;

"No fears hath she; her giant-form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening
storm,
Majestically calm will go,
'Mid the deep darkness white as snow."

To leave, then, our heroics, allow us to say that we have been watching the progress of the Reform bill with much equanimity; and are confident that the upshot will be salutary to the state. The bill is indeed a bad one—a more mishapen bill no man might dream of after pork-chops, in the shape of nightmare. It is just such another nightmare as Fuseli saw, when he painted that "Moon-eyed herald of dismay" sitting upon the breast of a matron—like Maga—flung wildly across her bed, and moaning under the weight of the monster. But the Pensive Public will soon awake from her distempered sleep—heave the abortion off her chest—and thenceforth resolve to desist from heavy suppers, and to devote herself to dinners heavier still—and to those "material breakfasts" which have shed a glory over the name of Scotland.

The world knows well—there is nothing it knows better—that we have all along, for these fifteen years, been consistent without being violent in our political creed. So consistent indeed have we been, that, in an age distinguished for its apostasy, we have by many been called bigots. "We own the soft impeachment." But the charitable, at a distance from our sphere of personal action, will forgive us much when they hear our confession. We have more than once done all we could to become apostates. But it would not do. Aware of our singular appearance among "the universal British nation," who seemed at one time to rise up as one turncoat, we would fain have appeared in the same dress as that worn by twenty millions of the finest people upon earth. And for one single sunshiny day—not the day of publication—we made the experiment. Yet we took nothing by our motion. For ilka loon we forgathered with held up his hands in one attitude, and with one inter-

rogatory, exclamation, and interjection—"What! old Kit a turncoat too!" People would not believe their eyes; or if they did, suspected us of mockery; and thousands turned upon their heel, and went off in the sulks, saying, "they did not understand such liberties." In squares and streets where our person was not known, we still overheard the nation harping on the same string—as each passer-by (laughing in his sleeve) whispered to his crony, "Would you believe it? North is one of Us?" What with the greeting of doubts, fears, hopes, condolences, congratulations, curses, threats, and one or two abortive efforts at personal violence, assailing us on all sides, and what with the fretful and feverish *out-side-in feel* of our clothes, a sensation which sorely tries the most sincere and resolute turncoat in the very prime of life, but is utterly unendurable to the fine-skinned old man, who facetiously plays a game at tergiversation for a single forenoon, and, as we say in Scotland, "i' the horn way," (a style, by the way, impossible to the Galloway Stot or his Stirk,) we were so sorely fatigued on our return to the Lodge, that we had to go, on the spur of the moment, to bed. We awoke next day with a sick-headach—the whole world glimmering before our eyes like mirage—and have, ever since, in spite of the occasional ridicule of scamps and cockneys, worn our coat in the old-fashioned way, and not with the buttons inward, than which nothing can be more inconvenient, for the poor turncoat is left sprawling at the mercy of every wind, and Dismal Duds is seen veering disconsolately to and fro, envying the stationary scarecrow on the potatoe-field, who, proud though poor, is seen wearing his habiliments in the same independent style that had so long distinguished his progenitor, (if he will allow us to call him so,) the Irish beggar—by whom they had been as originally stolen, as originally bestowed; for in any thing Pat does, you discern an air of genius. He borrows, begs, steals, so as to blind your eyes into a belief that he is the original owner of the article; whereas Sawney, whether a borrower, a beggar, or a thief, carries the curse of commonplace on his very countenance, and

is seen through, without spectacles, at second-hand.

We are not, then, called apostates—that charge will not pass current even in Cockaigne—but bigots. Bats accuse us of blindness; which is foolish in Flitter-mice. These creatures see insects in twilight, and, we presume, eat them, else why keep they “flitting by on leathern wing?” But they have no idea of eagles, like us, in sunshine. Not seeing us among the bawks of their native barn, or the branches of their native bole, they suppose we cannot, like them, stand the full blaze of meridian eve; and they keep cheeping and hissing through the gloaming amphibiously, neither flesh nor fowl, as if against us, who are both flesh and fowl, and also fish into the bargain. The reader, who is not versed in natural history, would be amazed were he to be told of the vast number of bats that have been discovered congregating in dark places, all clustering together in bunches—the fetid blear-eyes! We have at divers times, and in sundry manners, slain scores upon scores—yet still the wretched race survives; and of late years they seem to have grown to a larger size than of yore. Popular ignorance used to suppose them, not unreasonably, mouse-bred; but now they seem rather to have their origin in the rat—a cross between the rat and the tom-tit—unhallowed mixture! The product not of improvement in the species—though of Reform.

With the exception of a few such creatures, whom it is not easy to catch without cruelty, but whom, when they are accidentally caught by fluttering against us, we always humanely kill—we know of no other opponents. People who do not like us, and there are a few, keep out of our way now; and when we chance to meet, politely give us the wall. We bow, and pass by with mutual suavity; for we wish to quarrel with nobody—and though commonly called Kit, “yet our name is easy John.” Even now, when there are so many paltry persons who will not keep a good tongue in their mouth, but who, out of place and out of time, blutter most offensively about the “Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,” we have been loath to use the knout. Not that it is out of repair—quite the

contrary—it has positively, comparatively, superlatively,—literally, figuratively, and metaphorically, renewed its youth. In wood and leather, in timber and thong alike,

“It is not a child of Time,
But daughter of th’ Eternal Prime!”

Should any Pelops doubt it, let him but shew his shoulder, and we engage to cut out of it, at a single stroke, a piece like a child. Reformers indeed! from whom hold they their credentials? What are their instructions? and by what means avow or intend they to achieve their ends?

These questions, gentle reader or grim, you and we can easily answer—and suppose we do so now for the benefit of our patroness the Pensive Public.

On the great question of Reform in Parliament—for it either is or seems to be great—looming as it now does on the horizon—we who are *liberal* in politics—though ’tis the first and shall be the last time we ever applied, or will apply to ourselves that presumptuous epithet—allow that among conscientious men there must needs be many important differences of opinion. *Liberal!* ay, it is an epithet worse than presumptuous; for it is almost always self-applied by blockhead or blackguard; insolent as it is silly, and not more foolish than it is false. Why say not men and women as well—that they belong to sets distinguished for other virtues besides liberality? Why say they not that they are graceful, or beautiful, or honest, or chaste, or virtuous, or religious? They do. Some there are who lay exclusive claims even to Christianity. All but they are Heathens—Pagans—black lost sheep—Satan being their shepherd. But now we are alluding to the Liberals. “I am liberal in my politics,” says some sump, in the naked dormitory of whose unfurnished numskull no waif and stray idea ever took up, among vermin, a night’s sleepless abode, at twopence the foul straw. “I am liberal in my politics,” says some swindler, who, if suffered by a flunky to share his bed in the garret, will not neglect the opportunity, while his unsuspecting chum is singing o’er his master’s shoes, as the thirsty leather is imbibing the matchless blacking of the

member for Preston, of letting the chaff out on the floor, and being off with the ticking to a gypsy-craal. "I am liberal in my politics," says some twenty-times tergiversated turn-coat of an editor of some rascally radical newspaper—alike out at the elbows and the knees—and who has been so habituated to creeping and crawling, that he feels himself to be a beetle—so that meet him when and where you will, he seems always bent post-haste, through dry dust or wet, towards his hole—his cozy chink or cranny in the wall, concealed by the hanging drapery of cobweb. "I am liberal in my politics," says the bankrupt—but not beggar—fattening on a composition with his creditors, who are as lean as straws. "I am liberal in my politics," says the bloated son of a sinecurest, abusive of the bounty that raised his father from the filth. "I am liberal in my politics," says the "trembling coward who forsook his master" for easier work, and larger wages, and reviles the system of which, though the old stock be dead, he, a sort of scion, still encumbers the ground as an excrescence, in the shape of a stinking fungus. "I am liberal in my politics," says the profligate prodigal, who squanders the hereditary hoard of a line of obscure money-scriveners, on such swinish satisfactions as you hear guzzling and grunting in styes. "I am liberal in my politics," says the inhuman niggard, who would not give a doit to famished dotage wandering in the misery of houseless starvation, or sitting on the dirt-heap, from which it is too feeble to fumble itself up on its feet with a bending crutch by the wayside. "I am liberal in my politics," says the savage sire, who drives his only daughter in desperation to run away with his groom. "I am liberal in my politics," says the traitor who would behead the King whose feet he licks;—but for the present let these few stuffed specimens suffice to shew our scorn of the self-dubbed liberals; and let them suffice, too, to shame out of the use of a degraded epithet—thus made disgraceful and disgusting—all those men of worth whom personal vanity or party spite has rendered equally blind to the folly of appropriating it, in its first and high sense, to themselves, the injustice of exclu-

ding from it persons no whit their inferiors in any thing, and the profanation of bestowing the praise it implies on so many of the basest, meanest, and wickedest of mankind.

But we were observing, when we broke off into this castigation of the pseudo-liberals; that we can well imagine many and great differences in opinion, among conscientious men, on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. Not a few, and these not inconsiderable, differences in opinion exist among Ourselves; and as they have been, so will they be expressed in Maga, without subjecting her to any reproach. We are—all of us—attached to our institutions in church and state—and believe that, as the best of them are well-built with durable materials on a foundation of rock, they will stand secure in their time-honoured strength against all enemies. But we care not—except as antiquaries—about old rubbish; and in many cases would lend a helping hand, shovels, and wheelbarrows, for its removal to some more appropriate place than the outer court of a temple, not to say its inner shrine. But we would hesitate to send in workmen even from a mechanics' institution, to make havoc with axes and hammers of its carved work—or even after the decay wrought by the tooth of time among its ancient devices, to trust them with the work of renovation. It is easier to innovate than to renovate—to alter than to restore. We confess we love the ancient—in towers—in trees—in charters—and in acts. Old towers we would repair—old trees on no account transplant—old charters reverence—and old acts eternize—save and except only towers tottering to their fall, and these we would assist gently down to the dust—trees too damp in the hollow interior of their rottenness even for owls, and these we would hew down for fire—charters of which the letters are alive but the spirit dead, and these we would allow in their chests a peaceful oblivion—acts obsolete, because gone or changed the times which gave them power, and these we would with little reluctance erase when we saw that they would not wisely be renewed—and were "good people all of every sort" of our way of feeling, and thinking, and acting, what a World after

the Flood would this appear—how strong and beautiful by land and sea!

And here we are brought to put and answer the question—How is the nation—the people—affected towards Reform?

Many enlightened men, how many we may not say, are on principle against all, that is any, Parliamentary Reform. Take for specimens of their representatives, the Duke of Wellington,—the Author, whoever he may be, and he is manifestly no ordinary person, of a celebrated political essay, in a late number of the Quarterly Review—the Author of a series of articles in this Magazine, one of which will be thought by thousands to strengthen our present Number, and some other able writers. The Duke has not yet given the grounds of his opinion, but the other politicians have; and it is safer to stand without than within the wind of their weapons. Their arguments have not and will not be refuted, by such persons as are now predominant over the political press—predominant, not by the legitimate power of reasoning, but by the despotism of abuse. That their arguments have convinced thousands and hundreds of thousands, not only that there is no necessity for Reform, but that any change in our representative system would be dangerous and hurtful, we have no doubt whatever; nor yet that many more needed not to be so convinced, for that they have always been of the same mind with these powerful writers. Nor let any man, whatever be his own opinions, start at this assertion; for they have said no more than has been said by the wisest British statesmen of ages as wise, though perhaps not in their own conceit, as this age of the march of intellect. What the wise then uttered the good approved; and for the preservation of such blessings the patriot and the martyr died. Is it so long since Britons believed the British Constitution to be the best ever built up by the hearts and hands of the free, that they who declare that it is so still, seem to be repeating an ancient fable? Were they all fools whose eloquence kindled on that theme into such a blaze as “pales not its ineffectual fires,” but burns brightly even when brought in comparison with the Greek and Roman

glow? 'Tis no old story; the orators who so spake were of our own age. In Westminster Abbey, millions now alive saw their funerals. It is not pretended that the British constitution is not now all that then it was; but its proportions, deemed so fine and stately, now offend scientific eyes and patriotic souls; and the same people, it would appear, are now eager to pull down what—not their forefathers alone, for they were barbarians—but their very fathers, whose bones, if buried, are unmouldered, and who were as civilized as their children—lived, and not a few of them died too to preserve, and in life and death hoped and prayed that it might be eternal.

But great wits have short memories—and all this is forgotten even by many who formerly joined them in those prayers *for*—as unsenselessly we fear as they join now in these execrations *against*—the integrity of the British constitution.

Unquestionably there are many enlightened persons—apart from any active share in politics—who see what they calmly consider defects in the representation, and would be happy to see them removed or remedied; but who see, at the same time, signs and portents in the troubled and lowering aspect of the horizon all round Europe, warnings against attempting at present such improvements, lest agitation should lead to disturbance, and disturbance to revolution, and revolution to the utter overthrow of those institutions which, though in their eyes not perfect, are yet, with all their faults or defects, most sacred and not to be touched even with a hand of healing, except in a period of peace, the proper working-time for renovating wisdom.

There are many, again, who see these faults and defects in a stronger light, who are less disposed to regard the present time as unfavourable, or dangerous, for their correction; and who therefore are desirous of Reform—and that too of a decided character. But, Reformers as they are, they abhor the proposed measures of the Ministry as much as they fear them; and would rather—far rather let things remain as they are, than substitute a system that is even in their eyes not amelioration

but reversal—not correction, but subversion—not restoration, but overthrow.

Had not that Great Party which alone could have carried a moderate Reform, seemingly ceased to exist, we should have been now in the ranks of such Reformers—and so will we, should ever that great party be revived into the possession of any thing like its former power—and we would fain hope that that is yet possible.

Dissensions wide and deep among the good were caused by one fatal measure, which was carried, alas! by the sacrifice, with too many, of sacred principles, and by apostasy from liberty and truth, invaded in their guardian shrines. On many other measures too, of mighty importance, they who should have stood fast, foot to foot, fell away into the adverse ranks, or continued together feebly and distrustfully—and thence fear and impotence, almost as disastrous as desertion to the enemy. But why now recall to remembrance such sad and sorry things as these? That they may lead to shame, remorse, and repentance in their perpetrators—and so be half-forgotten and half-forgiven by the country; and a Political Reunion effected that will yet carry the day.

There is yet power and principle left—in spite of the weakness brought on both by these wretched proceedings—sufficient to overwhelm this revolutionizing Ministry under total and irretrievable defeat, from the ruin of which they shall not be saved even by a succession of dissolutions, till the hearts of evil counsellors sicken and their voices be mute.

We have said enough to expose the foolish, and worse than foolish, the audacious and dishonest assertions of most of the friends of a radical reform, that the whole nation are with the ministers in this their grand measure. A vast body of the nation is against them, and every day waxing into more resolute and active opposition. Small knowledge, indeed, of human nature is required, and of the character of the political parties in this country, to understand why at first there was a rush, as it were, in favour of the Bill. The more furious reformers—and they

are many, and have long been in a political union that needed not the aid of an avowed name—gave tongue, with a sudden burst, like hounds let loose on a trail-hunt; and though not perhaps very musical,—for the pack, though mustering many stanch and well-bred ones, involved a miscellaneous rabble of mongrels,—the echoes were loud and long, reverberated from the gable-ends of hills and houses; while huntsmen, whippers-in, and the hunt in general, some of whom sported scarlet cloth, some plush, and others corduroy, and who exhibited all the varieties of which mounting is susceptible, clapped their hands to their ears, not exactly after the fashion of Nimrod, and yelled, “hark forward, tantly,” till the Daughter of the Air was hoarse in her vain attempts to do justice to the confusion of tongues of man and beast, undistinguishable in the monstrous *mêlée*. This was said, at the time, to be the voice of the Nation. ’Twas but the yell of the radical Hunt—as foolish, though perhaps somewhat more formidable, than that of Epping. Had the chase been alive, he must have been alarmed; but the pack were pursuing but a trail of anniseed, or a red herring; and yet such hounds as were not thrown out by being entangled in brambly thickets, or capsized in stony streams, ran in upon the stopped stink with as much ferocity as if it had been an absolute Fox; and the gentlemen and flunkies, who composed the remnant of the Hunt, the Field forsooth, were all proud as Punch of being in at the death of—a bundle of smell, in the shape of rag or speldrin.

In short, the hullabulloo was prodigious in favour of Reform.

“While many cracked bells did so loud and so clear ring,
You’d have given ten pounds to be out of their hearing.”

Meanwhile, honest people, who had no ambition to become members of the Radical Hunt, as the chase swept by, eyed it from door or window with mixed emotions of wonder, fear, contempt, and disgust; while rural apothecaries fell strenuously to the preparation of plasters and clysters for broken head and

bruised bottom, and their apprentices kept pestle and mortar going at top speed in a thousand villages.

But let us "check our hand," and "change our measure." We say then, that we have proved ourselves, by all we have ever written, to be the Friends of the People. Their vital interests we have ever advocated—their character we have ever vindicated from all aspersions thrown on it by purse-pride, or birth-pride, or rank-pride, or talent-pride, or piety-pride—each in itself a Lucifer. We have lent our feeble hand, along with other lovers of our kind, to bring out their virtues from the shade into the light, and according to our strength made way for them, that they might of themselves take their due place—the highest of all—on the scale of civilisation. A darling theme for our tongue and pen has ever been—the Education of the People. Their kirks and their kirkyards, their houses and their hearths—if but grateless hovels,—we love and venerate for the virtues burning, or buried there, for the high religion, the pure morals, and the decent manners of their domestic life. Few radical reformers could say a tenth part of that, without their lives and their libels giving them the lie. But we should be basely sacrificing our love of truth to our love of the people, were we to say that the majority of them could, by any possibility, be good, or even indifferent judges of this question. If left to themselves, they would not believe they were so, notwithstanding the somewhat too presumptuous spirit which has been of late years instilled into too many of them, by that very education which, like every other earthly good, is not without its drawbacks and its flaws.

The people have a voice, and it is heard, and influences our national councils. But it breathes—it does not yell over the land. The attentive ears of humane wisdom hear it perpetually, and in the heart of humane wisdom it is treasured up—and then it is, to use the words of one of the sagest of men, that its "still sad voice,"

"Not harsh nor grating, but of amplest power

To soften and subdue,"

is indeed holy—then it is that we

can with truth say, "*Vox populi vox Dei.*" But while the PEOPLE may thus be calmly breathing their sentiments and opinions, as they are at all times entitled and prompted by their condition to do, when that condition is, as it is in this land, on the whole, sound, natural, and healthy, making just allowance for all evil influences whencesoever borne in upon their lives,—the POPULACE may be yelling—not their sentiments, for sentiments on such a subject they can have none—not their opinions, for by demagogues they are crammed but with poisonous wind—but their passions fiercer for that they have no aim but the vague one of mischief, and because the hollowness of the head aggravates the rottenness of the heart, making them dangerous alike in life and in death. In troubled times they *murmur* "as they go, for want of thought;" and, in times of wilder distraction, from the same want, would they *murder*.

That the populace of our great towns and cities, and town-like villages, and above all the suburban, are for Reform, is as true as that they are for Revolution. But what honest and humane reformer would wish such allies? Heaven forbid that we should ever apply any insulting epithet to the People. But look there—behold the swinish multitude. Look at their tails contorted in desperate obstinacy, that will neither be led nor driven—and telling as plainly as tails can tell, that it is an equal chance whether the bestial herd will make a charge upon women and children, or higglety-pigglety go headlong, in demoniac suicide, into the sea. Look, we beseech you, at their eyes—their small red eyes so fiery with greed and lust! Their snouts scenting all the airts for garbage, and their tusks stone-whetted and sharp as the mower's scythe—their hoofs—say rather their cloots—"oh, call them pale, not fair"—raking the mire fore and aft! And their hides horrid from nape to rump with angry bristles, at once the terror and delight of cobblers;—and if you still have your doubts whether or no these be indeed such reformers as you would choose either to send you to, or represent you in Parliament, why you have only to solicit their voices—their most sweet voices—and your wavering mind will be settled by

one unanimous grunt from the old boars and sows, and by a multifarious and multitudinous bubble-and-squeak from all the infant schools of piggies, on recovering from which, if you are a Christian, you will exclaim in soliloquy, "The voice of the swine is the voice of the devil."

That all those we have been now speaking about, by whatever name you choose to call them, pigs or populace, should be for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill, is really more than we should have expected, either *a priori*, or *a posteriore*; though there would be some difficulty, we suspect, in taking their votes at a general election, especially on the scheme of Universal Suffrage. Were there likewise Annual Parliaments, the land would be a-grunt the whole year; and there would be no ascertaining "the scope and tendency of Bacon." The ballot would be impracticable—and we should pity from the bottom of our hearts the scrutinizing members of his Majesty's Privy Council.

Mr Baring Wall, in his "Few Words to the Electors of Guildford on Reform," remarks well on a popular error which is in so many mouths—"I am against Reform, but the country is for it; can I put my opinion in competition with theirs?" Now, this bill of Reform, he says to them, is, or is believed by the people (he is not now speaking of the pig-populace) to be, a bill to take the power from the hands of the minority, and place it in the hands of the majority; and he puts it to the common sense and understanding of his constituents, whether such a bill, with such a supposed object, can fail to be popular in the country? There is, he holds, a gross fallacy in this supposition; for in point of fact it is a bill for the disfranchisement of a large proportion of the people in favour of a small minority—which, according to his estimate, would not exceed 150,000 persons in England and Wales. Let the real nature of the bill be what it may—and we are not now discussing it—whatever will be its effects, near or remote—it is beyond all doubt—as Mr Baring Wall says in other words—that immense multitudes imagine that it confers a boon on each of themselves

individually, and lifts him up to an elector.

Nay, many are the idiots in the middle and lower ranks who, on writing their names, already see at the close of their signatures, those magical letters M.P., inspiring them with the pride of Nebuchadnezzar. They are learning already to forget their distinct shop-handwriting, and to scrawl franks like senators. But they ought to remember that poor Bucky's nails grew into claws, in punishment of his pride, and that ultimately he fed, not on asparagus, but on downright and upright grass—such of it as grew in ditches, probably Fiorin. Glasgow, we understand, is to be represented by a crazy coxcomb, who, for some reason or other which we cannot conjecture, has been cognomen'd by the citizens, so full and so fond of *gegery*, (see Kingan,) the Glasgow Gander.

Lord John Russell, with great dignity of mouth and manner, told the House of Commons, that the object of his motion was *demand*ed by the majority of the people of England. When reprehended for this mean and monstrous admission by Sir Harry Inglis—of whom Oxford has reason to be proud—we believe he mumbled in his words; but once spoken, they shew the spirit of the orator. Had that spirit been worthy of his ancestors and of himself—we say of himself, for we esteem the character of Lord John Russell—such senseless syllablings could never have driven from his lips, which, though ineloquent, have often given utterance to sentiments worthy an English nobleman—the same being a gentleman and a scholar. Yes—true it is and of verity, that the mob does *demand* payment in full of their own bill. They will allow no discount—nor a late day. They point their fetid forefingers to the "tottle of the whole"—and, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," growl "PAYABLE ON DEMAND." And what—in case of refusal? Ask the press. Pike and bayonet—ball cartridge and grape. But these, indeed, are commodities—articles in which debtors—if debtors they be—deal as well as creditors. The demand in this case will create a supply; and ten quiet citizens are

more than a match at that game any day of the year for a hundred ruffians.

True it is, as Sir Harry Inglis, in his statesmanlike speech, forcibly declares, that though it is the first time for fifty years that the advisers of his Majesty have thought fit to pledge themselves, and to endeavour to pledge their sovereign, (alas, too successfully !) before his people, to the doctrine, "that the House of Commons is unworthy of the confidence of the people," unworthy to stand between their fellow-subjects and the throne,—yet the doctrine itself is not new, but as old as the race of demagogues. "Demand their rights," indeed ! A House, not of Commons, but of Cowards, would that be, that despised not the wretched threats of a rebellious populace ! A pretty deliberative assembly that should absolutely mute—sit mute, we mean, through fear ! All the world knows that the cry for Reform has been as loud as now—and louder too—many a time and oft between the 1731 and 1831 ; but that ministers, though but of average nous and nerve, despised the "brutum fulmen." Not to go farther back than the close of the American war, look, says Sir Harry, "at the declaration of a Lord-Lieutenant, that the houses of counter-addressors (counter to those of the leaders of the people) should be marked ; the exhortation to householders to provide themselves with arms ; the advice that "each man should keep a fire-lock in the corner of his bedroom, and should learn to fire and charge with bayonet firmly and regularly" against those who in his day resisted Reform. An advice given by no less a man than Dr Parr's most celebrated pupil, and a great Oriental scholar, though great in nothing else but languages, mediocrity having marked him for her own, Sir William Jones. What said Horne Tooke when this very Bill of Reform was in the House in 1782 ? Why "the Bill—the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," or death and destruction from that giant, the Mob, the blackguard Briareus, with the unwashed unnumbered hands. But Mob kept all his paws in his fob ; and it was well for him then, as it will be for him now, that he did not enter the ring,—against whom ?

Why, against the PEOPLE, who then as now, had he chosen to strip, would have knocked that great hulking fellow, Ignobile Vulgus, out of time in a couple of rounds, nor prided himself on settling the hash of the White-Feather. Again, in 1793, what was the cry ? Hear Condorcet, a high authority with all Reformers. "This people [the English] who at once fear and desire such a revolution as ours, will necessarily be drawn along by those courageous and enlightened persons [the leading Reformers] who always determine the first steps ; the opening of the Session of Parliament which approaches will infallibly become the occasion of the reforms which are the most urgent ; such as those which regard the national representation ; *from thence to the entire establishment of a republic*, the transition will be the less tedious, because the foundations of liberty have long existed in England." "That cry for Reform," says Sir Harry Inglis, "was then raised by sympathy with revolutionary France ; it was said triumphantly in France to lead here to a republic ; it was urged on here, as at present, by men of at least as much talent as the present ; it was subdued, under a good Providence, by the firmness and virtue of the government." And it will be subdued now, in spite of the firmness and virtue of the government, were they even increased tenfold.

Public opinion is a mighty agent, now, in the world's affairs ; but we have said enough already to shew that its voice is neither a grunt nor a growl. Public opinion, we presume, is the aggregate opinion either of the majority, or of the whole of the nation. Now, supposing you hear two voices—not "one of the sea, one of the mountains,"—but two voices sent from two loud-throated Giants, one dwelling in the mist of hills, and the other in the smoke of houses—and each uttering a cry, which, being interpreted, mean two things as opposite as the poles. Which, pray, is the voice of public opinion ? Is it that of the modern brick houses ? Or is it that of the ancient heather hills ? We are not the wizard to answer that question ; but we say, with all the caution of old age, that the discordant duet

"must give us pause;" and that the ministers who, obedient to the babble of the Bricks, counselled their King to dissolve the Parliament who hearkened to the voice of the Hills, proved thereby their passion for place and power, but left not problematical their purity and their patriotism.

But suppose public opinion to sing a solo. What then? Why, often, when pressed to sing, she is mute as a mouse in a cat-ridden, or a woman in a priest-ridden house, who opens not her lips but for cheese or kisses: While often, when it is insisted on that she shall not sing, she sets up such a squall, that the lark drops from the sky, presuming that it is the Peregrine. Yet in neither case, perhaps, is this expression of public opinion, whether chanted *andante*—*affettuoso*—or *con amore*, little more than an old song.

Public opinion is like a perpetual fire—sometimes it smoulders—sometimes it bursts into a blaze. The Spectator, when it chooses to be asleep, swears it is dead; the Rambler, when it thinks proper to be awake, believes it will burn the woods. Both are mistaken. The worthy old fire follows the law of its own element; and what that law is, political philosophers are to find out, and by it to square their conduct. The difficulty lies in people sticking to the proper point between recklessness and alarm; so that there shall be no absurd bawling for water, when there is no intention on the fire's part to devour so much as even a little dry straw; and no demand for wind, when, with the aid of such light airs as may be going, the rampant Fire-king feels himself sufficiently strong to burn down the Modern Athens.

Look at the Literature of this Age. What, pray, has been the behaviour of public opinion about its various fashions? Lord help you, the Pensive Public has changed her opinion of poetry, for example, oftener than Maga her wrapper, or than the Moon her horns. And if of Poetry, why not of Prose, and more especially that kind of it, the most prosaic of all—politics? The truth is, that the Pensive Public is a sad flirt—nay, a jilt, a jade—or even something worse—which shall be nameless; and they who are too solicitous of her golden opinion, of standing high in her good graces, will find,

as they clasp her to their enamoured bosoms, not that she is a soft showery cloud like the Juno Ixion embraced, but a hard miry clod, out of which by mortal man nought was ever begotten, but a pain in all his bones, distinguished by all the symptoms alike of acute and chronic rheumatism, and terminating in gout, beyond the power of *l'eau medicinal*—so beware of counterfeits.

In illustration of this, turn to Mr Croker's admirable speech, in which he tore that of the Lord Advocate to rags. Public opinion expresses itself in petitions—at present in petitions for Parliamentary Reform. Reform is now her ruling passion, which, like Lord Cobham, she will feel "strong in death." Now, a ruling passion is not like an ordinary affair of the heart, familiar matter of to-day, or yesterday, or to-morrow—a flash in the pan—swift as lightning in the collied night. It is permanent. Alas! then, for the ruling passion for Reform in the heart of the Pensive Public, as expressed in petitions! In the year 1821, nineteen petitions only were presented in favour of Reform; in 1822, twelve; in 1823, twenty-nine; in 1824 none at all. In 1825, 6, 7, 8, and 9, the Pensive Public was cold as a vestal virgin, nor once petitioned the House to gratify her passion for Reform—for her ruling passion was dead—and she had no more heat in her veins than an oyster. But mercy on her and us!—On St Valentine's day, 1831, her amorous propensities, like those of the other choristers of the grove, revived with unconscionable ardour, and she presented unblushingly—for what it is hard to say—650 petitions!

"For what it is hard to say," but Mr Croker lets us into the secret of her loves. She petitions for her just right of having all placemen dismissed from the House of Commons—a request which, considering from whom it comes, and to whom it is addressed, is a sweet and soothing specimen of modesty and moderation. She petitions for the right of having annual, or at least triennial, Parliaments—but most earnestly and frequently for the first. She petitions for the right of having all the large towns and populous districts of the country represented in the House of Commons, and that those close and

decayed boroughs containing but few inhabitants, which now return members to Parliament, should be disfranchised. She petitions for the right of every man to have a vote in the election of members of the House of Commons, who is in any way called upon to contribute to either national or local taxation, either direct or indirect; and she petitions fervently and frequently for vote by ballot. In short, the Pensive Public expresses her public opinion, by means of 650 petitions, for annual Parliaments, vote by ballot, and universal suffrage. Nor does she conceal her opinion of kings, and nobles, and priests, of taxation and tithes, which is far from flattering; nor is she at pains to dissemble her desire and hope—the slut—that at no distant day, crowns, mitres, and cassocks, may be thrown into the deep, deep sea—tythes, whether in pig-flesh or pig-iron, diffused among the laity—and taxes paid by those who are silly enough to submit to them, they being unnecessary under a good government—such as will direct the affairs of this country after a judicious Reform.

Now, we humbly think, that his Majesty's Ministers have no right to quote the public opinion, as it has been expressed in these 650 petitions to which they have exultingly referred, as an irresistible argument in favour of their Plan of Reform, unless it be such a plan as the Pensive Public has in these her 650 petitions, to use Lord John Russell's word, *demand*ed. Is then the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, such as will satisfy the fair petitioner? Not it indeed. She will abuse them all as a pack of old grumbling impotent dotards—or Greybeards—or Durham oxen. Soon will the infuriated Beldam put her hands to her hips, and call them all Tailors—Fractions—with a face an epitome of those of the Three Furies—and at the same time involving a strong resemblance to that of Medusa the Gorgon.

But the public opinion speaks “with most miraculous organ,” not through those 650 manuscript petitions, but in printed papers—thrown hastily off from as many Presses—some clanking away calmly—’tis a beautiful invention—by steam. There is the power of the Reformers. Can any one believe that the con-

tinual misrepresentation, the gross partiality of the daily press of London, has not a tremendous effect adverse to the cause of truth and right principles at the present crisis? Why is it not met—and written down? Why are its trash and falsehood not daily hung up to be scorned and detested as they would be, were they properly exposed? Is there any one so egregiously absurd as to suppose that could not be done? And would it not be done if the Tory party were animated by the spirit that ought to animate them now? Their own existence as a powerful party, their country's welfare is at stake. It rests upon the decision of this reform question, which will ultimately depend upon the press; and yet the press is neglected; the *STANDARD* itself, though in itself an host, and floating far and wide as a rallying point in the field, receives no succour from many who ought to fight under it—succour which indeed it needs not for its own sake—for it may even scorn it—but which all true Tories are bound to afford, as they value the cause in which it is fearlessly unfurled. Let it go on in its noble career; and prosperous, too, be that gallant paper, the *Morning Post*, most able and patriotic. The *John Bull* is admirable as of old.

As for ourselves, we are remote provincials—and our mouth opens but once a month. Yet it is heard, we believe, from Kirkwall to Cornwall—and the Radicals turn pale and tremble with mingled rage and fear at the trumpet-tones of old Christopher—the crow of the Cock of the North, as the Atlas, spite of our vital differences in political opinion, had the honesty to think and the boldness to call us who have trampled the Cockneys under our spurs and claws. The Press is neglected by the Tories. Nor is this all. The People too are neglected. That is the truth. Tory principles are perishing away from amongst them, because they look up and find no Leaders—no combinations of influential men whose object it is to encourage and disseminate those principles. They have no natural taste for the new doctrines which are so industriously promulgated amongst them; on the contrary, they have a hereditary

respect for aristocracy, and monarchy, and the church. But they who should defend these stand aloof from them; they only see them afar off, while the industry of the revolutionary party is ever on the watch, and its members are ever personally assiduous in promoting its sway over the people. If firm, united, governed by one spirit, the Tory Party in this country would still be irresistible. They have but to come forth and shew themselves banded together, and ready to do battle for the country, and their enemies would quail and crumble before them. But if they will not combine their strength, and bring it forth in open array against the enemy,—if they will not make sacrifices of personal ease and tranquillity, ay, and of personal feeling too, in the public cause, they may possibly, though not probably, be suffered to enjoy themselves in a private station, while they live, but their children will not be the inheritors of their political power, their aristocratical honours, nor their vast possessions.

We began cheerfully, almost, some might think, with levity, but we follow our own humours—the moods of our own mind—and we close our “say” for the present in a grave spirit. It was worthy of a reforming Whig Ministry, during all the debates on this measure, to shew themselves, along with all their menials, abjectly servile, and basely slavish, to the nod, beck, lip, finger of their lord and master—the King. Never may such loyalty as theirs, false and hollow in spirit, as it is crafty and insidious in words, effect a lodgement in one Tory breast. “Fear God and honour the King,” is our religious and political creed in one. But theirs is, omitting the first clause—“Fawn on the King.” Never before were so many hyperbolic and hypocritical eulogies heaped on the name and nature, the duty and the diadem of a king, and all for a party purpose, in assemblies of free men. Sir Francis Burdett did not scruple to slaver his Majesty all over with the nauseous and monstrous falsehood, that “William the Fourth was the noblest king that had sat on the throne of England since Alfred.” Lord Brougham himself, who once

brutally abused the “breed” of which his Royal Master is come, as a breed debased by the curse of hereditary idiocy, deified, while yet alive to enjoy his own apotheosis, the son of that sire on whose grey hairs and dim eyes he had vented his Jacobin rage, to the disgust and horror of all English hearts. Sir Thomas Denman, who had drawn a parallel between the character of his Majesty’s brother, who was himself “every inch a King,” and that of the pathic Nero, the madman and matricide, must needs too lay his forehead at the Royal feet, a lick-spittle of the footstool before the Throne, talking unintelligibly about Harry the Fifth and his Lord Chief Justice who had reproved his youthful follies when Prince of Wales—between which fine old story, and that of his own truculent transgressions as a hired libeller, vanity of vanities alone could have discovered any similitude either in lawyer or in King. While Shiel, who when another brother of his Majesty’s was lying on his death-bed, enduring with more than heroic fortitude, with Christian resignation, soul-sicking agonies that to the uncomplaining sufferer lengthened many a sleepless night, laughed at the Duke because he was dying of a dropsy,—why Shiel too must be forthcoming with his offering of fetid flummery, at which the Royal Stomach, however strong by nature and fortified by habit, must have scunnered, and at the first swallow hrown up in energetic nausea the revolting load.

We have not to decide here, whether or no all this king-slobbering was constitutional; but simply whether it was manly; whether it was more becoming British senators or Turkish slaves; whether it was such as was to have been naturally expected from men who worshipped Magna Charta as the guarantee of their liberties, or eunuchs who knew no writing but the Firman black with the doom of death.

Then, what Ministry, even Whig, did ever before strive to intimidate a House of Commons into any measure, by declaring, in good set terms, that if they resisted and defeated it, the populace, or the people, would cut their throats? Yet so argued the unprincipled poltroons. For unprin-

cipled they are, and proved themselves to be at the hour of dissolution. Yet poltroons they are not—for they are Englishmen. But to whom had they the audacity to address—not once, but a hundred times—that *argumentum ad timorem*? To Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, who never yet feared the face of clay, except perhaps some of them that of a bumbailiff before they had got a seat in the House. That truly noble character, Sir Richard Vyvyan, flung from him with disdain such insults, in a style becoming one who can, either in mental or bodily conflict, meet his adversary with a Cornish hug; and Sadler, the most eloquent of the eloquent, and many others besides, withered the wretched supposition with a freeman's scorn. The press echoed the coward cry; and has over and over again warned us anti-Reformers, that the Reformers, rather than that the bill should be lost, will *fight for it*. Are they—the gentlemen of the press—cravens? No. Neither are we; and while we pity the fools who could for a moment dream of frightening us, who claim no more courage than belongs to themselves, we despise the knaves who, in the rage and malice of foreseen defeat, could strive to urge on a desperate rabble to death.

Of the ferocity of the metropolitan press towards all opponents of the Revolutionary Bill, we have now neither time nor room to speak; nor of the wretched ravings of some of their provincial plagiarists, not forgetting two or three of our own insolent ignoramuses here, who in good time shall undergo their chastisement. Shame to Scotland, that a few unworthy creatures, whose lips had all life-long drank the pure waters of the Tweed and the Teviot, should have been so denationalized and unnaturalized by the lessons of the Cockney crew, as to *hiss* the noblest man among us all, standing somewhat stoopingly in a meeting of his countrymen, under the weight of his world-honoured age. That sin is beyond expiation, but not of punishment; and the miscreants, whose names are known to us, must not hope that their obscure lot may shield them from that infamy which shall be imperishably emblazoned,

in these pages, over their ignoble and dastard dust.

We have lived long enough to have witnessed many periods of great and awful political interest to other countries and to our own. We have seen almost all the governments of continental Europe made the sport of fortune, and a tyrant's will, and the stability of our own momentarily put in peril by popular discontent. We have seen kingdoms and principalities, and thrones and dynasties, tossed and scattered like chaff in the wind; but we have seen no time when for the fate of our own country there was so much cause for deep and anxious solicitude, as there is at the present moment. We are in a state of dangerous uncertainty respecting all things, such as we never saw before; change is expected everywhere; rumours are afloat everywhere, and we are reminded every day of that condition of the Roman people which Tacitus describes to have existed when the death of Augustus Cæsar began to be expected. "*Pauci bona libertatis incassum disserere, plures bellum pavescere, alii cupere; pars multo maxima imminentes dominos variis rumoribus differebant.*" Such is our condition at present—every one talks—no one takes the lead—no one stamps the image of his mind upon the nation, and gives life and energy, and a determinate end to its endeavours. In other periods of danger, when the people imagined vain things, and were led away by the frantic violence of speech-makers, or of the press, we still had the constitutional legislature to look to as a power possessing sufficient courage and force to reassure the timid, and to lead the well-disposed and firm in the line of honourable exertion. We had, moreover, not only the strength of the aggregate legislature to rest upon, but particular members of it so rose above the mass of ordinary men in intellect or in character, that they were as leading stars, giving light and confidence to the nation, shewing to others the way that was right, and themselves never swerving from the direct line of their lofty course. But now this foundation of security rocks beneath our feet—these lights of our course have become extinct, or

are dim, and we know not on which side to look for safety. The executive government has sought for aid in the power of the multitude, and this united force has flung itself head-long against the constitution of the House of Commons, and it has now become a question whether that Assembly, the parent and guardian of all our great institutions, shall not be immediately and totally changed in form, character, spirit, and even numerical amount. Men will naturally ask what object the Executive could have for an experiment which seems on the face of it to be rather the last resort in a desperate emergency than the course of a firmly established and powerful state; or what hope they could have of being able to accomplish what they had the temerity to attempt? As to their object, it appears to us, after the most careful examination we have been able to give the subject, to have been to produce such an alteration in the system, and method, and combination of interests, by which this country has been hitherto governed, that the Tory Party who so long possessed

exclusive power, might be prevented for a series of years from returning to it, by the annihilation of the whole machinery with which they worked. They knew that by erecting a paramount democratical authority, the power of the Tory Party would be for ever destroyed; but they had the egregious and most mistaken vanity to suppose that they would be able to manage such an authority, and to render it subservient to their own purposes.

"Rebusque fidentes, avitæ

Tecta velint reparare Troj."

Herein lay the capital error which makes the danger so great. So long as the contest lay between Whig and Tory, it was nothing but healthy exercise for the constitution, and there was no fear of fatal blows being struck; but the present government, wishing to knock the stage from beneath the feet of the Tories, have embarked in a scheme which would produce alike accident to themselves, and then the democratic mob would rush in, and tear monarchy and aristocracy to pieces in the struggle.

Sanctum, April 25th, 1831.

PARLIAMENTARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AT the close of the debate on Reform, of which a sketch was given in the last number, the bill was read a first time, *without a division*. Why it was that, after such a debate, in which the preponderance of argument, of eloquence, and of national feeling, was so strongly against the project of the Government, the bill should have been allowed, without resistance, to find its way within the House—why it was that a bill, embodying propositions so monstrous, as to excite laughter in the first instance, then alarm, and at last disgust, should have been permitted quietly to take up a position within the vestibule of the Legislature, we leave to be answered by those managers of party affairs, who deem that there may be a more *expedient* course in politics than that of bold and straight-forward honesty. There are, we know, persons of such prodigious sagacity about little things—mere formalists, with minds better fitted for arranging points of etiquette with antiquated dowagers, than for the management of any concerns of more weight, who would tell us, that the more regular and methodical course was to have the bill upon the table of the House before it was resisted, because until then, there could, according to strict form, be no certain knowledge of its contents—but such men as these ought not to guide a body in whose hands are the destinies of the nation. If they did not know what the bill was, why had there been seven nights of speeches about it? If they did know, why hesitate to spurn it from the House with the indignation natural to men who

felt that it was a desperate project of those in office to retain power and place at the hazard of convulsing the country and destroying its institutions? But, as if we were fated to destruction, like Troy of old, the bill was suffered to obtain a footing even by those who knew, or said they knew, the mighty danger which it involved.

“*Instantius tamen immemores cæcique furore,
Et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce.*”

The opposition to the bill, so far as the making of speeches went, was most able, but there lacked the lofty spirit of other days, to lead the way in action worthy of the vindicators of the old constitution of England. The enemy was parleyed with, when he should have been stricken down; and even young men may remember with a sigh the leaders they have seen, who would not have suffered the common sense of the nation to be insulted for seven nights, with talk about a proposition so outrageous in all its parts. Whoever took the lead of the friends of order, security, and the established constitution, should have had the spirit to call upon the House at once to negative the motion for bringing in the bill, when its dangerous extravagance became known, through the statement of that puny changeling, Lord John Russell—he, the scion of a noble house, who had the wretched meanness to falsify and stultify himself, by arguing directly in the teeth of what he had written and published, with his name.* But a bold decisive course of opposition did not

* A few extracts from the Chapter on Parliamentary Reform in Lord John Russell's book on the English Constitution, will best shew the faith which should be placed in the views which he now takes, or pretends to take, upon the same subject. In a detached form they necessarily lose much of their force, but the chapter, taken as a whole, is the most direct contradiction to the Lord John of 1831, that can possibly be given.

“You complain of the formation of the House of Commons, such as it has existed from the Revolution to the present time. You prove that the frame of our Government, during that time, has been a corrupt combination for private purposes. Now our fathers and our grandfathers have told us, that during that time they were very free, and very happy. Their testimony is confirmed by the wisest lawyers, the greatest philosophers, the most enthusiastic poets of the times. Your theory goes to overturn the testimony of Blackstone, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Thomson, Cowper, and a hundred others, who have declared England to be, in their time, in the enjoyment of complete freedom. Now, government is a matter of experience and not of speculation, we will therefore not believe a word of your theory. Such an objection as this, appears to me to be sound.”—P. 243-4.

suit that kind of genius which cannot discriminate between the moments that may save a kingdom, and those that may be devoted to the study of a speech, so the bill passed on to a second reading; the debate upon which it is proposed to give some account of, first noticing, however, the preceding debate on the new timber duties, and that respecting the Times Newspaper, both of which are of too much importance to be omitted in a record of Parliamentary proceedings, however limited.

An alteration of the timber duties, so as to increase the tax upon the consumption of that article, was one of the propositions in Lord Althorpe's most absurd and ill-starred budget, for which, as well as for several of the other items of this never-to-be-forgotten financial plan, his lordship was evidently indebted to the deep sagacity, and modest disinterestedness of Mr Powlett Thompson. Coming from such a source, the policy of the measure may be easily guessed at—it was to sacrifice the important shipping trade between this country and North America, and to ruin our Canadian colonies, in order to carry into effect a theory of the Economists, and to serve the interests of those engaged in the Baltic trade, a class towards whom Mr Thompson seems to have a sympathy so lively, that most of his attempts in politics have a curious connexion with their advantages. While all the other important features of the budget were abandoned, in consequence of the storm of dissatisfaction and contempt which was raised by their announce-

ment, the Chancellor of the Exchequer thought proper to manifest some valour on the subject of the timber duties, and intimated the determination of Government to adhere to their plan. When, however, the night came for taking the sense of the House upon this question, the Minister suddenly changed his plan of attack upon the established interests of the country, and, relinquishing that part of the scheme which went to increase taxation, contented himself with a plan for effecting gradually the destruction of the trade with Canada, and transferring our demand for timber to those places, on the shores of the Baltic, which maintain the inviting system of a strict exclusion of our manufactures. By this sudden alteration, of which no previous notice was given, it was hoped to catch the votes of those whose opposition was merely to an increase of taxation, and thus to effect the favourite object of encouraging a trade with foreigners, at the expense of destroying that with our own subjects. Mr Attwood rose at once to resist the plan, upon the broad principle of the necessity of affording justice and protection to those embarked in the Canadian trade. "Our merchants," he said, "on the faith of the protection offered to them, exerted all that enterprise which has ever belonged to them; they invested their fortunes in the recesses of the Canadian Forests; erected mills and machinery; cut canals, and built wharfs and warehouses, all of which will be useless, if this protection be withdrawn. But we are deceived if we think such a measure will not bring

"All parts of the country, and *all classes of the people*, ought to have a share in elections."—P. 247.

"The aristocracy of talent arrive at the House of Commons by means of the close boroughs, where they are nominated by Peers or Commoners, who have the property of these boroughs in their hands. In this manner the greater part of our distinguished statesmen have entered Parliament, and some of them would never have found admittance by any other way. The use of such members to the House itself and to the country is incalculable."—P. 253.

"In my mind, the greatest objection of all to the adoption of any broad general plan of Reform, is the danger it would bring with it to every other institution."—P. 261.

"By such means" (the disfranchising of boroughs proved to be corrupt) "the balance of the House of Commons might be thrown once more on the side of the people, *without so violent a measure as declaring the privilege of the small boroughs to be forfeited.*"

"Upon the whole, the authority of our greatest statesmen seems to lean to a partial and not a general reform."

"We ought to have as good, and as strong, and as *cogent* reasons for disfranchising Old Sarum, as we had for expelling James II."—P. 266.

evil upon ourselves. *It is bad economy which has not justice for its basis.* His Majesty's Ministers, by the measures they had proposed, were exciting the violence of the violent; and urging men to further demands, and I tell his Majesty's Ministers, that the discontent in the country has been owing to a long series of legislative proceedings, which, by treading down the property of the productive classes, and sacrificing it to an abstract philosophy, are leading to results, the extent of which are not to be seen." The reply of Mr Thompson was no more than an amplification of the plausible falsehood, that cheapness to the consumer was the one paramount object to which all others ought to be sacrificed. It would take more space than can be bestowed upon it here, to demonstrate the error of this theory, and to examine what right we have to consider the "cheapness" of a commodity to be measured by its money price; but an appeal to experience will be a more brief, and to men of sense a more satisfactory, answer to Mr Thompson's position, than any theoretical argument. Are the trade and manufactures of this kingdom, and the general condition of the people, as prosperous now as when the greater part of the articles of consumption were from 50 to 100 per cent higher in price? Certainly they are not; for then employment was abundant in every department of industry, and wages were high. If, then, with the fall of prices to the consumer, we have fallen in prosperity, and our common people in comfort and happiness, of what avail is the argument for change, which consists only of an attempt to demonstrate that prices may be made to fall still lower by the sacrifice of the shipping interest, and the Canadian timber trade? Really the presumption of theorists, in the face of facts and the plainest experience, is more disgusting than words are able to express.

Mr Herries described the sudden change of the ministerial plan as a mere political trick, and proposed an enquiry by a Committee before such a proposition was agreed to. This proposal being declined by the Treasury Bench, the feeling of the House immediately became strong against them, and Mr Attwood moved

the most decisive and contemptuous of all courses for their defeat, namely, to turn the chairman of the Committee (the debate was going on in a Committee of the whole House) out of the chair, and thus quash the whole proceeding *ab initio*. Strangers were ordered out, but a sharp debate continued with closed doors. Sir Robert Peel was roused into a vigorous attack on Ministers, and, upon the division, 236 members voted against them, and only 190 for them.

There are several observations of important application to another question, which may be derived from the result of this debate. First, Ministers were accused of blundering, of injustice, and of political trickery, and a large majority confirmed the accusations; yet such men claim to be intrusted with the altering of the constitution. Secondly, Upon a practical matter where experience could assist the judgment, these Ministers were convicted by a large majority of attempting a pernicious alteration in the guise of a theoretical improvement; yet they, whose wisdom is despised, and integrity questioned, upon the subject of a commercial regulation, are believed, and their skill confided in, to make the most astounding changes in the legislative government, founded upon abstract theory merely, and the practical results of which no man can fully calculate. Thirdly, It was seen that a complete union of all the divisions of the Tory party defeated the Ministry by a majority of 46; and, lastly, a spirited and direct resistance, without any delay or compromise, was found to be the most effectual that could be offered. This ought to have been, and should yet be a lesson. It is absurd to carry all the cautious habits which belong to Government, and Ministerial responsibility, into the business of an opposition—union, spirit, decision are the points to which it should look:—to yield, or to waver, is to lose all

φευγονταν δ' ουτ' αε κλειος ορνυται ουτι
τις αλλη.

It had been well if a right hon. gentleman we could name, had remembered and acted upon this piece of Homeric wisdom, on the night of the debate respecting the language

of the Times Newspaper; but he chose to remember Hudibras instead, and, in a fit of lofty prudence, determined to take the advantage held out to him "who fights and runs away."

But it is time to say something of that debate, and the language of the newspaper which led to it. Most people look at the Times occasionally, because it is well supplied with news and with advertisements. Those who look at its leading articles need not be told of its ordinary beastliness of style, and the way in which it bellows out lies, like a great big cockney brute, who talks big as he swaggers along in the open sunshine, half drunk with beer, after a gross dinner at one o'clock in the day; but certainly the Times has surpassed itself in falsehood and brutality since the provisions of the Reform bill have been laid before the public. Sir Robert Inglis, who, no doubt in vindication of his taste, stated to the House that he was no habitual reader of the paper, having been made acquainted with the series of gross libels on the House of Commons which it contained, provided himself with some of the recent numbers, and moved a resolution that their contents were false and scandalous libels, directly tending to deter members of the House from the discharge of their duty. Upon the first part of the proposition, containing the affirmation of the fact, no person in his calm senses could have a second opinion after hearing the extracts which were read in the House. It appeared that the polite and popular journal described the members of the House who opposed the Reform bill as "public enemies—usurpers of the people's franchises—cutpurses—robbers—plunderers—hired lackeys of public delinquents," and indulged in other terms of equal elegance and gentleness. It also imputed to them "the systematic conversion of the fruits of other men's industry to selfish or criminal uses;" and at the reading of this passage Mr O'Connell cheered. If a sense of the truth of what was said were the motive, one can perfectly understand why he should have cheered, and congratulate him on his candour; but taking the whole matter, as it applied to the House generally, it is melan-

choly to think that, after all this language had been formally complained of by one of its members, it should have been allowed to pass unpunished. We blush with shame to confess it, but the fact cannot be disguised, that the bullying of the Times and the press generally, seems not only to have the tendency described in the resolution of Sir Robert Inglis, but upon this question to have effected the object towards which such tendency inclined.

Mr Calcraft set up the little rag of character he had left, as a sail to enable him to make one more tack in his political course, and said that "he would say boldly that the press of this country must continue free, and therefore he was against the motion." He say "boldly!" He put himself foremost in a matter where the honour and dignity of the House of Commons was concerned! and such miserable trash too, as if the liberty of the press were to be upheld by aiding the publishers of brutal threats against the liberty of Parliament. Mr Baring said, "he would maintain, that, if the lower House of Parliament, as now constituted, or in the altered shape proposed by Lord John Russell, suffered itself to be insulted and trampled upon by the press, the liberty of discussion within the walls of the House must necessarily be infringed upon and shackled;" but then, as if afraid of the straight-forward plainness of this declaration, as if "scared at the sound himself had made," he added, that though the paragraphs which had been read went *very far*, and were *perhaps extremely injudicious*—so much so, that if they referred to another subject, it might be the bounden duty of the House to notice them—yet upon this subject he had no disposition to do any thing calculated to impede discussion out of doors. It is very hard to have common patience with this lame and impotent conclusion. When a gentleman is, in his public capacity as a Member of Parliament, called "robber," "cutpurse," "hired lackey," one who "intrudes into the House of Commons, and infests its proceedings," it is a somewhat singular moderation which leads him to describe the paragraphs where such libellous insults are found as

"going very far," and being, "perhaps," (we particularly admire this "perhaps,") "extremely injudicious." Moreover, we are utterly at a loss to see how the punishment of gross abuse, which has not so much argument in it as commonly belongs to the scolding of fishwives at Billingsgate, should be in the least calculated to "impede discussion," either in or out of doors; but Mr Baring is a cautious man, and plumes himself upon seeing nice distinctions. Sir Francis Burdett made a speech upon this occasion, which abundantly proved that his quiescence of late years has been no more than a politic moderation; and now that there is something probably to be gained by returning to his old vomit, we find the fierce, coarse radicalism of the notorious baronet, no whit less than in times past, when there was more force and spirit in the leaders of the conservative body than there is now, and consequently the Westminster hero was sent to indulge his patriotic meditations in jail. At present he no doubt expects, and perhaps with reason, that he will be sent to the House of Peers, instead of to the King's Bench prison or the Tower.

The motion of Sir Robert Inglis having been negatived, the House proceeded to the debate on the second reading of the Reform bill, and Sir Richard Vyvyan rose to offer it his opposition. We would that there were more men like this in the House; for, with the assistance of a few such men, no good English cause could fail. He possesses sound sense, combined with high gentlemanly feeling—the spirit of a young man, without the rashness which sometimes accompanies it—firmness of purpose, without obstinacy of manner—and a forcible and fluent method of speaking, without the elaborateness, or professional air, which those whose oratory is the result of art without genius are so apt to exhibit. His speech was listened to with deep attention, only interrupted by cheers, which were particularly long and loud upon the announcement of his amendment, that the bill should be read that day six months. He stated, that he was aware he should not please his constituents by the course he was taking, and that upon no

ground could the rejection of the measure be any personal benefit to him; but he thought the measure one so full of danger to the institutions of the kingdom, that, before God and his country, he felt bound in conscience to oppose it. He objected to the time as most inauspicious for a measure productive of such vital change, when the excitement and irritation were so great in our own agricultural districts—when foreign affairs were full of difficulty, uncertainty, and embarrassment, and Ireland in a state very far from one of composure. He did not deny that changes had been necessarily made in the constitution, nor would he contend that the constitution, as it stood, should go down from century to century, without any modification, or that Parliament had not the power to make any *expedient* changes, but he opposed the present bill, from his conviction of its revolutionary tendency, because so large an extension of the democratical power had never been suddenly made in any state, without causing revolution. He then adverted to the real causes of the discontent in the country, which vented itself in the outcry for Reform; and, dwelling on the unredressed evils of the monetary system, and the neglect of the common people which the House shewed, by denying the existence of distress when it was so severely felt, he contended that the practical evils which the people suffered, would not be mitigated by the proposed bill, and therefore its result would be disappointment and farther discontent. He next shewed what the probable practical results would be of this measure; and in this part of his argument he did not go beyond what the candid radicals themselves admit in conversation, though they do not yet venture to print so much. The first effort of such men as would obtain the preponderance in a Parliament elected on Lord John Russell's plan, would be to confiscate the property of the church. Then rents would be attacked, on the philosophical principles of Mr Mill, and other political economists; and next would follow the property of the fundholder. Such, and a thousand times worse, were the results which followed from the first change, under the name

of reform, in the French legislature, in 1788; and the King, who gave his consent to these measures, was called "the patriot King," and *Te Deum* sung throughout all France, to celebrate his concessions to the people. "Is all this," asked Sir Richard Vyvyan, "*nothing in the way of example?*" Is it no lesson to those individuals who are now urging forward this measure? There could not be a monarch more popular than was at that time the French King, and yet that same monarch, within three short months after this date of his popularity, was forcibly brought back into Paris in his carriage, while the heads of two of his *gens-d'armes*, who had lost their lives in defence of their sovereign's liberty and person, were borne along, one on each side, by his savage captors, in triumph. Is there no warning in all this to those who advocate the present revolutionary measure?" These allusions to the circumstances of the French Revolution, and the parallel which they brought to the minds of every one who listened to the speaker, drew forth the loudest cheers from every part of the House, as did also several succeeding parts of the speech, which our limits will not permit us farther to dwell upon. That which excited most attention, was his declaration, that he thought the great interests, and the places which had grown up in wealth and population since 1688, should have representatives in Parliament, though he was not for the disfranchisement of boroughs, and also the announcement of his intention, in case the second reading of the bill should be rejected, to move resolutions which would give an assurance to the country that the House was determined to strengthen the representation.

Upon the whole, no speech delivered during the debate on the Reform bill, gave so much, or deserved to give so much satisfaction; for, though other speeches brought forward arguments as good, and as well arranged and powerfully expressed against the bill, yet they wanted something of the high-minded fairness and candour of manner which belonged to Sir Richard Vyvyan's speech; and none but he evinced a business-like determination to take

up a measure of rational reform in good earnest, if the dangerous and revolutionary measure proposed by the Ministry were thrown out. Mr Cartwright seconded his motion, and the notorious Mr Shiel rose to reply to him. It will not be supposed that we could wish to throw any slight upon borough members, merely as such; but really there was a something transcending common self-confidence, in a person of Mr Shiel's character, station, ability, and standing in the House, rising to put himself forward as the champion who was to answer such an English county member as Sir Richard Vyvyan. He (Shiel), who turned from the writing of bad bombastic plays, to the business of political agitation, which he carried on amongst the lowest of the low, appealing to their worst passions by the meanest, bitterest, most malignant vituperation, which a fancy fertile in virulence could suggest; he, the jester upon the agonies of the dying Duke of York; he, against whom a prosecution for sedition has commenced by the government; he, who, after the Emancipation bill was passed, talked sedition still, till bribed to silence by a silk gown; he, whom no portion of his own countrymen, that he boasted so much of having set free from bondage, would intrust with their confidence as a representative in Parliament; he, who appealed to the suffrages of the freeholders of the Catholic county of Louth, and was rejected; he, who might have sought to enter Parliament till doomsday, without success, unless some patron of a close borough sent him there by the power of his nomination; he, who, but three days before, had taken his seat for a place, where, if all the inhabitants in a body had met him and an ourang-outang walking together in the street, no man would have known which was Shiel,—*he* rose to answer and to ridicule Sir Richard Vyvyan, the member for Cornwall, and to descant on the abomination of boroughs—consistent, modest gentleman, that he is!

Mr Shiel is a person of remarkably mean diminutive appearance; his face flat and sallow, and his features insignificant. His voice in public speaking is a harsh scream, and his

vehement gesture, like that of an infuriated monkey; yet is the man not destitute of a certain description of genius, and there is some appearance of it in his small, dark, far-darting eyes. He very nearly broke down in the House of Commons—for a few minutes it was doubtful whether his first speech would not be his last; but, at the critical moment, he hit upon one or two smart things, which took the ear of the House, and then he was permitted to scream away with that kind of brilliancy which the Shiel tribe can produce. He talked, for example, of the “fertility of Cornwall in legislators,” and, in allusion to the report of some boroughs being made the subject of marriage settlements, spoke of the future possibility of a lady having “old Sarum for her dower, and Gattin for her pin-money.” One may have seen worse things than these in a modern farce, and we wish to give the member for Milborne Port all due credit for them. Sir Robert Peel had the honour of being complimented by this speaker for having “nobly done his duty” on the Catholic question, while the thing which he had done was brought forward as an example against himself in the Reform argument. This was an appropriate Hibernian addition to a compliment, and must have rather neutralized its sweetness.

Mr Pendarves, the colleague of Sir R. Vyvyan, made a short speech in favour of the bill. Lord Valletort spoke against it. Mr C. Grant, the quality of whose speeches is as uncertain as that of some men's singing, spoke of course in favour of the bill, but not at all in happy mood. There was something very drowsy and commonplace in his remarks; but no foolishness;—he wondered at Sir R. Vyvyan for countenancing any degree of Reform; though all the political world but Charles Grant himself must have known that the honourable baronet was for an amendment of the representation of the *people* (properly so called) in the Commons House of Parliament; he complimented Sir Robert Peel on his reforming spirit; censured the Duke of Wellington; touched on foreign affairs; talked of “*delay*” as a thing which would “*sow seeds*

that soon would spring up in an abundant crop,” and then he sat down.

Mr William Bankes addressed the House against the bill, in a speech which was much applauded. It was remarkable for force, vivacity, and point, and convinced while it amused. The bill, he said, was admitted to be an experiment, but in one thing it was deficient of the characteristics of experiment, namely, the precaution of retaining power to remain in the same state in which we now were, or to return to it, if the experiment failed; but the experiment which they were then called upon to make admitted of no return. This is a very important view of the question. In other matters, if the Parliament should make an error, the same Parliament is there to rectify it; but in this, if an error be made, it is one which will only be discovered when the existence of the power which made it has terminated, and when there will be no means of redress.

Mr Slaney spoke in favour of the bill, and made much allusion to Mr Baring's speech, delivered many nights before. He asserted the absurd proposition, that those who voted against the second reading of the bill, must be opposed to all reform. Lord Norreys answered in the fitting way, by stating that the bill then before the House was gross deceit and delusion, but he would support the plan for substantial effectual reform, which Sir R. Vyvyan was pledged to bring forward. Mr V. Stuart made a strange and very foolish speech about the necessity he was under of voting against the second reading of the bill, though he would much rather vote for it. It is plain he knows nothing about the constitutional duty of a member of Parliament; he is elected to judge and act for his constituents, and he violates his duty, if, in obedience to their will, he votes against his own judgment. The Solicitor-General (Sir W. Horne) spoke like a Chancery lawyer in a heavy cause, and was very dull. Sir Edward Sugden replied, and was much less lawyer-like and more spirited than usual. He argued that mere Parliamentary Reform was not the object of those who clamoured for it, and entered into

the details of the bill, to shew its evil tendency. He concluded his speech with a chastisement of Mr O'Connell, and a promise to bring the affair of that gentleman with the Irish government shortly before the House. This speech, though not one of the most attractive, either in delivery or in print, was considered to be one of the most practically effective which was made against the bill; Admiral Sotheron took the first opportunity the next evening of announcing his conversion to the side of the opponents of the bill, in consequence of it, which nettled Lord John Russell extremely. He said, the course pursued by the admiral was consistent neither with fairness nor justice; for which the noble lord was rebuked by a brother admiral, Sir J. Yorke, who insisted, that a more manly and straight-forward course than that of his gallant friend, it was impossible to pursue. After some skirmishing about the delay of the Irish Reform bill, the debate on the second reading of the English bill was resumed by Lord Mahon, in a speech of much earnestness and eloquence; he argued from example, that anomaly in theory was no proof of practical error or inconvenience; and, in reply to the argument deduced from the alleged cry of the people for Reform, he boldly declared that, if the voice of the country was loud, it was his Majesty's Ministers that had influenced it. If those Ministers had taken half the pains to allay and to quiet the public mind that they had taken to excite it, there would have been no cry for this measure. Sir John Shelley strongly opposed the bill, and stated, that if, in voting against it, he should give his last vote in that House, he should have the consolation of knowing that he had done his duty. Mr Cavenish, the member for Cambridge university, who so distinguished himself as a science-scholar, and from whom so much was expected in the senate, failed completely in his speech. He and all the members of the Devonshire family are in favour of the bill. Mr Gore spoke against the bill, and Captain Polhill said a few words in its favour. Mr W. Ward, the only one of the city of London members against the bill, spoke at some length. Alderman Thomson, who was of two

or three different minds upon the subject within two or three weeks, has, for the present, settled down into a decided reformer. Mr Wyse talked of Blackstone—Locke—Revolution, and the History of England; he was in favour of the bill, but was not heard with such patience as usual. Sir R. Bateson was, although a reformer, against the measure; then followed two young lords, of whom the first, Lord Mountcharles, (not without a "con-si-de-ra-tion,") was in favour of the measure; and the next, Lord Castlereagh, against it. Mr Shaw followed also against the bill; and there was then a very clever speech from the Attorney-General, (Denman,) in reply to Sir E. Sugden's of the previous night. He was followed by Sir James Scarlett, to whom, whatever cloud may have, of late, fallen upon his public character, it is impossible to deny, in this instance, the highest credit for a manly straight-forward course, which he pursued even at the expense of his seat in Parliament. His speech, like most of those which he delivers, whether in or out of Parliament, was cleverly and closely reasoned, touching, with great tact and exactness, upon the most vulnerable points of the measure, both in a legal and practical view, and insisting, that if expediency were taken for a guide, so large a disfranchisement would not be attempted. As to energy of feeling, or force and eloquence of expression on this or any other subject, it seems not to belong to the nature of Sir James Scarlett. Sir T. Acland made a speech full of compliment to the Ministers, and of apology for his intention to vote against them; this is a half-and-half method of proceeding, which we think rather insipid, but his vote went the right way.

Lord John Russell then replied, and received the cheers of his party when he spoke exultingly of the French Revolution of last July, which he represented as the consequence of the opposition of Charles and his ministers to popular opinion, and endeavoured to cast an imputation on the anti-reformers, of holding views similar to theirs. By such sophistry are men deceived. Had Charles and his ministers only opposed popular opinion by such fair and constitu-

tional means as the anti-reformists resort to, they had saved France and their own stations and fortunes. The principle of constant yielding to popular opinion is the weakest and most worthless that a government could dream of adopting; popular opinion must often be opposed, if the popular good be consulted; but it is no marvel that a weathercock, like Lord John Russell, should seek, in some such principle as this, an excuse for his own twistings and turnings.

At the conclusion of the noble lord's reply, there were more members in the House than had been ever known to be crowded together within its walls before—exhausted with waiting, and with impatience for the issue, they divided; when there were found in favour of the second reading of the bill 302—against it 301—leaving Ministers upon this mighty question with a majority of one man, or rather one Calcraft, which is perhaps a more cautiously correct method of expression. Of such a majority as this, upon so vitally important a question, it is difficult to speak with gravity. It is ridiculous to suppose that a preponderance of ONE, in an assembly of six hundred and three, should have the effect of overturning the legislative constitution which has existed for centuries. Such a majority on the other side, might be a reasonable justification for remaining as we are; but where mighty changes are proposed, which, if effected, must alter the character and circumstances of the whole nation, it is monstrous to suppose, that a single voice preponderating in the balance, should sway the community to a course of experimenting upon the form of government under which they and their ancestors have lived. Again, had the majority been against government, it would, at least, have been certain that it was a majority of votes freely and fairly given; but in a house where there are so many paid servants of the crown, it is clear that a considerable number of votes are given as a part of the service of office, and therefore, it has hitherto been considered by every government, that any majority of a very small number, should be looked upon in the light of a defeat. Our present Ministry, however, are not sensitive;

and whether in a minority of forty-six, or with a majority of one, hold fast to their places, undisturbed by the nice scruples of less enlightened periods.

The division in the Commons took place between three and four in the morning of the 23d of March, and in the evening an animated discussion took place in the House of Lords upon the subject of Reform, growing out of the presentation of petitions against it. Lord Grey, proud in his majority of one, was very peremptory and decisive in his tone. In reply to Lord Roden's observation, that "he was hostile to any revolutionary measure," the Premier, in his severe and haughty manner, answered, "I say on the contrary, that the bill offers the best means of putting a stop to all revolutionary tendency, and therefore, I am determined to support it." On the succeeding evening (the 24th), both Houses were occupied by the engrossing subject. In the Lords, the discussion arose upon the presentation of a petition from Down, which led to a speech from Lord Londonderry, and an answer from the Premier, in which he put forth the full force of his great ability as a Parliamentary speaker. It is impossible not to be strongly impressed by the clear, vigorous, and commanding tone of the noble earl's oratory; but it must be confessed, that in this speech, notwithstanding the complaint which he made, of others having used assertion in place of argument, he fell into the same fault himself, and was content with stating strongly what he would do, without condescending to prove that he would be right in so doing. The following passage, as a good example of his lordship's style, and for another reason, which a future time will develop, is worthy of particular note: "I have no objection to say that I consider myself completely committed by, and identified with, the measure, and by this measure I shall stand or fall. That in so complicated a scheme, formed upon such a large and extensive subject, something may not require to be altered is certainly more than I can undertake to assert; but this I will say, that as far as depends upon me, I will suffer no alteration to be made

that will detract from its efficiency. As an efficient measure, I will stand or fall by it; and without throwing out any threat of dissolution, I have no objection to say, that in order to support and carry into effect this measure, as an efficient measure, there are no means sanctioned by the principles and practice of the constitution, and by a devoted sense of public duty, from the employment of which I will shrink. The noble marquis has said, that he supposes I have too great a regard for my order, to desire to promote any revolutionary measure. I have supported, and will support that order, because I think that it is necessary to the preservation of the constitution that it should exist. I am by station, and still more by disposition and habit, a member of the aristocracy. But I support it as an order, only because it is a necessary order in the state—because it is a necessary link between the crown and the people—and because its existence contributes to the good of the community. Whenever the aristocracy ceases to be this, then I am no longer a member of the aristocracy; but while it continues to be this, and while its rights and privileges are conducive to the preservation of the rights and privileges of all, I repeat that I am ready to stand or fall with it."

This is no doubt a fine specimen of the bold proud language of a British Peer; but it may be well questioned, whether the same proud feeling which inspires such language, does not blind him to the danger of the course he is pursuing. With his lofty conception of his order, and the high idea of his own ability, which he not unjustly entertains, he feels no apprehension of the power which he is throwing into the hands of the democracy; but calmer experience looks with a more apprehensive eye upon his proceedings. The Duke of Wellington was wont to be called peremptory and despotic in his style;—let us take a passage from his speech also on this occasion, and compare it with the tone of the proud Earl Grey: "I beg your lordships to believe that I feel no interest in the question, excepting that which I have in common with every individual in the country.

I possess no influence or interest of the description which will be destroyed by the measures now proposed. I am an individual who has served his Majesty for now, I am sorry to say, nearly half a century. I have been in his Majesty's service for forty-five years:—for thirty eventful years of that period I have served his Majesty in situations of trust and confidence, in the command of his armies, in embassies, and in his councils; and the experience which I have acquired in the situations in which I have served his Majesty, enables me, and imposes upon me the duty to say, that I cannot look at this measure without the most serious apprehensions, that from the period of its adoption, we shall date the downfall of the constitution."

Here, indeed, is a testimony—a powerful and affecting testimony, to make the nation pause ere it plunges into the course to which Lord Grey pledges himself with such haughty confidence. If words of solemn warning from one, who, above all others, has a right to speak of his experience, be of any avail, this declaration of the Duke of Wellington ought to have, and we are persuaded it has had, a most powerful effect to confirm the minds of the respectable people of these kingdoms against the revolutionary reform of the King's Ministers.

In the House of Commons, the Reform bill for Ireland was brought in, which, after some discussion by the Irish members, led to a renewal of the debate on the general question. Very able speeches were made by Sir Charles Wetherell, Sir Henry Hardinge, the Lord Advocate, and Sir Robert Peel, of which we regret the limits of this article will not permit a sketch to be given. Sir Robert Peel's speech on this occasion, was considered to be almost, if not altogether, the best he ever made in the House.

In the House of Commons, on the evenings of the 25th and 28th, the presentation of petitions led to renewed discussions of the Reform measure, but no important speeches were delivered. On the latter evening, the question was brought on in the House of Lords by Lord Wharncliffe, in moving for population re-

turns, and discussed at length. The debate was irregular and ill timed, but brought forth a great deal of ability of the first order. Giving Lord Wharncliffe all due credit for a speech in which he produced a whole host of powerful arguments against the Ministerial measure, we must say, that he suffered his desire to take the lead in this matter, to betray him into about as injudicious a course as he could possibly have adopted, if he was sincerely desirous that the bill should not succeed. There are some men who set such value upon a good speech, particularly if it be made by themselves, that they imagine their duty to their country is discharged by making a speech, whether in season or out of season, and whether in unison with others who hold similar views upon the question or not. Now there is no more pernicious mistake than this, and we do not in the least thank Lord Wharncliffe for having made a display, however marked by ability, in which it was but too plain that he had himself as much in view as the cause in which he spoke. It is not from detached talkers throwing in a speech at their own time, that we are to expect a successful opposition to the dangerous measure of the Ministry—it is from a united, well-arranged, well-timed effort of the whole body of the Opposition, and therefore a friend like Lord Wharncliffe is more a hindrance than a help. Moreover, we by no means admire the kind of candour which his lordship manifests, when he tells us the reason of being no longer the anti-reformer that he used to be. “I have always,” he said, “been ready to fight the battle of anti-reform, while there was a party out of doors to back my exertions; and let not those who shrunk from the contest while there was a prospect of success, now come forward and complain that I and others, who fought the battle while there was any use in fighting it, have now ceased to engage in so hopeless a contest.” If his lordship was an anti-reformer on principle, we cannot see how the want of a party out of doors should make him cease to be so; and if his exertions were not upon principle, what security is there that he may not be by the time next session arrives, a partisan of Lord John Rus-

sell's bill? So far, however, as a speech goes, Lord Wharncliffe deserves all the credit that can be awarded him—to give even an outline of it is impossible, for it was very long, but it is throughout pregnant with matter, and worthy of more than one perusal.

At the close of his speech, an attempt was made to stop the discussion as irregular, while the bill was pending in the other House; but the effort was unsuccessful, and the debate went on. Lord Durham replied to Lord Wharncliffe in a long speech, marked by the harshness and presumption which have ever distinguished his harangues. The atmosphere of the House of Peers has not been sufficient to imbue his spirit with the amenity which is more looked for in that region than in the Lower House, where, as Mr Lambton, he was in the habit of offending by his superciliousness.

We are disposed to speak of the Duke of Richmond more in sorrow than in anger, yet it was something too much to hear him endeavouring to make little of Sir Charles Wetherell, and to defend his own consistency. In common prudence, the less he says about consistency the better.

Lord Plunkett did all that first-rate ability as a logician and an orator could do, in support of the Ministerial measure, thereby balancing the account which had the Chancellorship of Ireland on the debtor side. His lordship seldom exerts himself without a substantial motive, but no one can more effectually repay by his services any matter of favour which may have been bestowed upon him, or which may be in prospect. What can be better than this? “Surely the noble lord, who I know was warmly attached to Mr Canning, was as much opposed to Reform at one time as that gentleman was. But we are not to be terrified by the shadows which are reflected from the tombs of great men. We are called upon to consider the nature of the question before us now, without reference to what might have been the opinions of those who are not in existence to speak for themselves.”

Lord Chancellor Brougham followed, in a speech full of misrepresentation and transcendent ability.

For the first time he met as a colleague, in the House of Lords, his great rival in the Lower House in former days, Lord Plunkett; and while he bestowed upon him the most flattering compliments, he seemed desirous to shew that he was still a match for him in the noble art of eloquence. The whole of his speech, but particularly the passionate description of injustice, its progress, and its effects, was worthy of the best days of the eloquence of the British senate.

After the chancellor arose the Duke of Wellington, and made the best speech he ever made in his life—so clear—so forcible—so immediately applicable to practical matters, that we wonder how any one could possibly have listened, and not have been convinced by it. The view which he seemed principally to wish to impress upon the House was, that if a Parliament were constructed on the new plan, it would be too strong for the Government—that the Government, in short, would be in the House of Commons, and be taken away from its constitutional seat. Lord Grey made a very long speech in reply, but we cannot afford room now to follow him, and will conclude with the admirably simple and energetic conclusion of the Duke of Wellington's address. "I am sorry to differ on this subject from so many of my friends, but having a strong opinion on it, and feeling no desire for any thing but the interests of the country, and to make myself useful to the country in any way I can, there is no reason why I should conceal my views, or why I should not speak openly what I think. I wish to God I could convince the noble earl [Grey] of his error. I believe the noble earl is acting with good intentions, but that he has fallen into a great error on this subject; for it is my full conviction, from all I know of the condition of this and other countries, and all the examination I have been able to give the proposed plan, that if carried into effect in its present shape, it will place the interests of this country in the greatest possible peril."

The reassembling of Parliament after the Easter recess brought Lord John Russell again before the House, with a notice of a very material al-

teration of the intention of Ministers with regard to the measure of legislative revolution with which they are pleased to visit the people of the British empire.

As the intimation was given with all the hesitation and obscurity which may belong either to a politic reserve or to actual instability of purpose, it is difficult to form a decisive opinion either of the new motives or the new intentions of the Ministry; but this much at least is evident, that their vaunted determination is altogether false and hollow, and that they have been forced to feel the rashness of the headlong measure which they ventured to propose. Lord John Russell said, that "Ministers had not altered their minds on the subject of the number of representatives, but that, if it should appear to the sense of the House that the whole number of 658 members should be retained, the Government would not feel that they were altering a *vital or essential part of the measure* by agreeing to that proposition." It is not worth while to split hairs upon the question of what are strictly the principles, and what the details of the bill. It is now understood that the numerical amount of the House will not be interfered with; but whether or no, the lovers of the principles of our mixed constitution should, less or more, approve the measure on that account, depends entirely on the way in which the members to be added to the number lately contemplated by the Ministers, would be distributed.

If it be attempted to give them to the democracy, the measure will be worse than it was before—if to the property and intelligence of the country, it will be less bad. But we have no inclination to trust any measure of reform to the tinkering of the present Ministry—they have shewn a disposition to accomplish revolution if they could, and it is not because they are found to be less able than they calculated upon, that we will take from their hands a patched and mended Reform bill, in place of our present constitution. Such Reform as may be fitting for the time, we must have from abler, more prudent, and more trustworthy hands; and we share in the country's expectation, that ere long such hands will undertake the

task. It would be idle, however, to seek to disguise the fact, that for the present the large body of the friends of conservative principles feel disappointed of that unanimous and active spirit on the part of their political friends, which the urgency of the occasion seems to demand. The time has gone by when it would be safe to leave the dangerous projects of rash or interested innovations to perish through the working of their own inherent evil. A persevering spirit is abroad in the cause of revolution—a union of bad means for bad purposes, is in all directions agitating the country and disseminating principles adverse to peace, order, security, and happiness. How can men, whose united exertion would certainly save the country from the perils which threaten it, justify themselves to their own consciences for holding back, or for suffering lighter matters to occupy them at such a time? If the call of friends will not arouse them, how long do they think their enemies will suffer them to enjoy this indolent composure? The wholesale spoliator is advancing—where do they think he will stop, or how do they suppose he is to be checked? He terrifies the weak by threats, he seduces the wavering by misrepresentation, while the spirit of

those who could and would effectually resist him, is suffered to perish away, unencouraged, unaided, by those whose interest and whose natural duty it is to bestir themselves, to unite together and to lead the way boldly, manfully, and unanimously, in the cause of the time-honoured constitution of Great Britain. We expect that this apathy—this inactivity, will not continue, and that some sure and certain hope will soon appear, for the body of the people, yet untainted by revolutionary principles, to rest upon. So far as the Reform bill has gone in the House of Commons, it is plain that the union of its opponents is only *against that* measure, not in favour of any other. But it is not in Parliament alone, that we look for more unanimity, more spirit, more condensation of political force. They should be found operating everywhere that the public voice can be heard, or the public press can penetrate. Let but the good principles of the people be appealed to with as much energy, zeal, and industry, as has been used to pander to their prejudices and to inflame their passions, and the salutary effect would soon be found in the Sayings and Doings of Parliament.

London, April 13.

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. V.

"AMIDST the turbulence and disorders of faction," says Adam Smith, "a certain spirit of system is apt to mix itself with that public spirit which is founded upon the love of humanity. The leaders of the discontented party *seldom fail to hold out some plausible plan of reformation*, which they pretend will not only remove the inconveniencies, and relieve the distresses immediately complained of, but will prevent, in all time coming, any return of the like inconveniencies and distresses. They often propose, on this account, *to remodel the constitution*, and to alter, *in some of its most essential parts*, that system of government under which the subjects of a great empire have enjoyed perhaps peace, security, and even glory, during the course of several centuries together. The great body of the people are *commonly intoxicated with the imaginary beauty of this ideal system, of which they have no experience*; but which has been represented to them in all the most dazzling colours in which the eloquence of their leaders could paint it. These leaders themselves, though they originally may have meant nothing but their own aggrandizement, become, many of them, in time, the dupes of their own sophistry, and are as eager for this great reformation as the weakest and foolishhest of their followers. Even though the leaders should have preserved their own heads, as indeed they commonly do, free from this fanaticism, yet they dare not always disappoint the expectation of their followers, but are often obliged, though contrary to their principle and their conscience, to act as if they were under the common delusion. The violence of the party, by refusing all palliation, all temperaments, all reasonable accommodations, by requiring too much, frequently obtains nothing; and those inconveniencies and distresses which, with a little moderation, might in a

great measure have been removed and relieved, are left altogether without a remedy."*

One would have imagined that this illustrious philosopher was here portraying the history of the present Reform Bill, instead of calmly reflecting on the effects of public folly in former times; so exactly do its consequences coincide in all ages and parts of the world.

When we last discussed this question, we conceived that the danger was as yet remote; and it was rather the ultimate consequences of the movement of which it formed the commencement, than its immediate effects, which was the object of apprehension. But the case is very different since the Reform Bill has made its appearance. The evils which we then contemplated as remote, are now staring us in the face; a new constitution is proposed for the British empire; and at the very time that other nations are suffering under the evils of rapid changes of government, we are preparing to follow their bad example.

The disfranchisement of boroughs sending 168 members to Parliament; in other words, the almost total destruction of the influence of the aristocracy in the House of Commons; the reduction of 63 members from England; the transference of the right of returning 70 new members to boroughs hitherto not represented, and almost all in the manufacturing interest; the extension of the right of voting everywhere to the L.10 householders; constitute the principal features of a constitution bearing less resemblance to the British, than to the visionary fabric of the National Assembly.

No such alteration has been projected since the Norman Conquest—a change greater than was contemplated by Vane, Pym, or the republicans of the Long Parliament; an innovation from which Lord Somers and the authors of the Revolution in

* Moral Sentiments, ii. 96, 98.

1688 would have shrunk with apprehension, is seriously brought forward at a time when no practical domestic grievance calls for its adoption, and every thing in external affairs forbids its being made the subject of agitation. We do not say that Government intend to bring about a revolution; we only assert a fact, which is undeniable as to the magnitude of the innovations which they have proposed.

In all these great changes, the close boroughs were retained as a constituent and essential part of the constitution. When the Petition of Right was framed, which practically amounted to a revolution; when the Long Parliament made open war against Charles I: when the race of the Stewarts was finally expelled by an unanimous effort of all classes, no similar invasion of private right, no such reconstruction of the Government, was attempted. These great innovators left the representation of the country untouched, well knowing, that to disturb its proportions was to destroy the equilibrium in a way which could never be restored. Erroneous measures of finance may be departed from; oppressive laws may be altered; injurious commercial systems abandoned; but a great concession once made to the popular part of the representation, and there is no retracing our steps. The ground once lost will never be regained; the power relinquished will be seized by reckless and tenacious hands; we are launched upon an unknown sea, from which there is no return.

When the French, in consequence of the successful revolt in July, established, in Lafayette's words, "a throne surrounded by republican institutions;" when the principles of French republicanism, long smothered, again burst forth, and framed a constitution suited to the utmost verge of modern democracy; the greatest length which the framers of the new constitution deemed it safe to go, was to concede the elective franchise to 220,000 persons in all France. They had had, under the constituent and legislative assemblies, full experience of the evils of an extension of the right of voting to a more numerous and inferior class, and well knew, that under the name

of freedom, it in truth establishes the worst kind of tyranny.

By the proposed new constitution, the elective franchise is to be extended in this country to 1,000,000 voters; one half of whom are to receive this privilege now for the first time. The population of France is 30,000,000,—that of the British empire 22,000,000,—France, therefore, receives one voter in every *one hundred and forty souls*; Great Britain one in every *twenty-two*. In other words, the new constitution of Great Britain is to be about *seven times* as popular as the new constitution of France.

Republican France deems it only safe to lower the elective franchise to a person paying two hundred and fifty francs, or about L.10, of direct taxes. Monarchical England lowers the qualification to a L.10 householder, most of whom do not pay 5s. in the year of direct taxes. Ten pounds a-year of direct taxes in France is equivalent, from the difference in the value of money in the two countries, to about L.15 in this country; and a man who here pays L.15 a-year in direct taxes, is certainly, at an average, worth L.300 a-year. The general income of L.10 householders probably will not exceed L.60. The French system, therefore, lowers the right of voting to a *minimum* of L.300 a-year; the English to a *minimum* of L.60. In other words, in this view the new constitution of England is to be five times more democratic than that of France.

Considered with reference, to the population, therefore, and the national wealth combined, the new constitution of Britain is to be *six times* more democratic than that of France.

Is France, under the influence of the present *régime*, a monarchy or a republic? Confessedly the King has but the shadow of authority; the whole power of the state is vested in the National Guard, the army, and the mob of Paris: a new revolution is daily looked for by all classes in the capital. This is the state of things there, even *before* the new and more democratic constitution of July has come into full operation. I such be the effects of popular sovereignty in that country, what may be anticipated here with a body of electors *seven times as numerous*

with reference to the population, and with only *a fifth* of the income, with reference to the public wealth!

There are in England and Wales fifty-two counties, returning one hundred and four members, and by the new constitution there are to be in the United Parliament about four hundred and thirty English members. The new county members are to be fifty-four, therefore there will be one hundred and fifty-eight county members, and two hundred and seventy-two for boroughs. In other words, the borough members will be to the county not quite as two to one.

In Scotland there are to be twenty-eight county members, and twenty-two for boroughs.

In Ireland there are to be one hundred and three members, of whom sixty-two are for counties and forty-one for boroughs.

Thus in the Imperial Parliament there will be, upon the whole, three hundred and thirty-five members for boroughs, and only two hundred and forty-five for counties;—that is, the borough members will be to the county as three to two nearly.

Under the present constitution this numerous class of borough seats represent the whole intelligence and wealth of the empire which is not engrossed by the county representation. All the ablest statesmen who have sat in Parliament for the last half century have obtained their places through these boroughs. "The use of such members," says Lord John Russell, "is incalculable."*

The important and weighty interests of the East and West Indies, of Canada, of the shipping interest, of foreign commerce, are thus enabled to obtain a due representation in the Legislature; and an immense empire of 120,000,000 of inhabitants, embracing all the quarters of the globe, held together under a legislature placed in a little island in the German Ocean.

Who are to be the principal electors under the new system? The L.10 householders over the whole island; in other words, the most democratic, and at the same time the most venal class in existence.

Persons of this class, whose income varies from L.50 to L.60 a year, are, of all others, those who, in periods of tranquillity, are most accessible to corruption. Mr Hunt, who professes himself the representative of that class, has made this declaration in the House of Commons, which coincides with universal experience; and added, that so strongly is he impressed with this truth, that rather than have the new constitution without the ballot, he would go on with the House of Commons constituted as it at present is. He supports the Reform Bill, being well assured that if it passes, the vote by ballot, and all that the radicals wish, will speedily follow.

Small boroughs, containing four or five thousand inhabitants, are, of all others, the most easily bribed, because they are too large to be entirely under the dominion of the proprietor, and too small to be beyond the reach of external wealth. They are the places where men of fortune strive to outbid each other by the promise of a large gratuity to each elector. It is unnecessary to refer to examples of so well-known a fact. Every man's experience must furnish him with instances of its application. Lord John Russell's bill may be entitled "*A Bill for the extinction of the close, and the increase of the venal boroughs.*"

In other words, it is a bill to close the avenues which admitted the greatest statesmen of whom England can boast, "which afforded an entrance," in Mr Shiel's words, "to the dignified energy of Chatham, the splendid oratory of Pitt, the impassioned eloquence of Fox, the learned humanity of Romilly, the philosophic wisdom of Mackintosh, the gifted energy of Burke, the grasping intellect of Brougham;" which still furnishes a safe and secure channel of representation to all the great interests of the empire, without going through the disgraceful and demoralizing process of actual bribery, in order to augment boroughs, which, closed against all these interests, unless when supported by gold, are

* Lord John Russell on the Constitution, p. 209.

open only to the seduction of democratic ambition, or the stream of polluted corruption.

This would be the state of matters during ordinary and pacific times; but what would be its operation in periods of excitement? during those periods of periodic recurrence, when the lower orders, pressed by scarcity, or thrown out of employment, are naturally disposed to turbulence, and when the democratic press, ever following in the rear of distress, like vultures on the skirts of a destroying army, stimulate, for their own base purposes, the passions which suffering has produced? Nothing can be clearer than that, in such periods, the great majority of the borough members would be returned in the radical interest, and thus the great barrier erected by the constitution against the inroads of democracy, would be converted into the rampart of the revolutionary party. In vain would the county members struggle against the successive inroads of democratic ambition during such periods of excitement; stimulated by the revolutionary press, urged by suffering and insane constituents, the tribunes of the people, sent forward by the boroughs, would successively abolish the corn laws, the church, the funds, and every interest which promised the prospect of spoliation in this great and complicated empire. In making this prophecy, we are not indulging in unauthorized speculation; we are only supposing that the causes, when brought into operation in this country, would produce the same effects as they have already produced during the French Revolution.

The Lord Advocate of Scotland has asked on what principle the conservative party can express apprehensions of the extension of the right of voting to L.10 householders, when they bewail in such piteous terms the disfranchisement of the potwallopers in the popular burghs? He must have had a low opinion of the intelligence of his audience, when he could broach such an argument. Is there no difference between ten radical members and two hundred? between Middlesex, Southwark, Preston, and a few similar places, returning radical representatives, and a hundred boroughs making

such a return? The opponents of reform make no objection to a proportion of radical members in the House of Commons; on the contrary, their principle is, that they should be there, because the radicals, like every other interest in the state, should be fairly represented in Parliament. What they object to is, that the constitution should be so altered as to give them a majority. Mr Hume, Mr O'Connell, and Mr Hunt, form a valuable part of the House: but what would be the effect of an hundred Hunts, an hundred O'Connells, and an hundred Humes?

This consideration points to the fundamental and irremediable defect of the proposed constitution, that it votes an overwhelming majority in the *populace of these islands*, to the exclusion of all the other great and weighty interests of the British empire. By vesting the right of returning members to Parliament in forty shilling, and ultimately L.10 freeholders in the county, and L.10 householders in towns, the command of the legislature would be placed in hands utterly inaccessible, save by actual bribery, to the approach of the commercial, colonial, or shipping interests. If such a change did not soon produce a revolution, it would infallibly lead to the dismemberment of the empire. The East Indian and Canadian dependencies would not long submit to the rule of the populace in the *dominant island*, indifferent to their interests, ignorant of their circumstances, careless of their welfare. What do the L.10 householders of the English boroughs either know or care about the colonial dependencies of the empire? A radical in their neighbourhood who would promise them relief from taxes, poor-rates, tythes, and corn laws, would carry the day against all the remote or colonial interests of the world.

This evil is inherent in all places of *uniform representation*, and must to the end of time render it unfit for the legislature of a great and varied empire. Being based mainly upon one class of society, it contains no provision for the interests of the other classes: and still less for the welfare of the remote but important parts of the empire. The great majority of electors being the possess-

ors of houses rented from L.10 to L.20 a-year, that is, possessed of an income from L.60 to L.120 per annum, the representatives will be persons inclined to support their local and immediate interests. The remote possessions of the empire can have no influence on such men, save by the corrupted channel of actual bribery. The most valuable feature of the British constitution, that of affording an inlet through the close boroughs to all the great and varied interests of the empire, will be destroyed. The Reform Bill in this view may be entitled, "a bill for *disfranchising the colonial, commercial, and shipping interests*, and for investing the exclusive right of returning members to Parliament in the populace of Great Britain and Ireland."

The radical papers have pointed with exultation to the division on the second reading of the reform bill, which shewed 209 members for boroughs, voting against the bill, and 108 for it. It is not surprising that the division stood as it did. These members were the representatives not only of the *boroughs*, but of the *interests*, which were threatened with disfranchisement. Not the *borough-mongers*, but the *borough-purchasers*, found themselves on the verge of destruction. And who are the borough-purchasers? The great merchants and bankers of London: the manufacturers of Lancashire, the shipping owners of Hull, Bristol, and all the principal harbours: the West India proprietors, the Canadian merchants, the East Indian judges, commanders, and civil servants. The fact of their having combined to resist the bill, is the strongest proof of its ruinous nature; of its obvious tendency to close the avenues by which all these great interests have found their place in the legislature, and to vest an overwhelming preponderance in Parliament in the representatives of the lower orders in Great Britain.

This is precisely the rock on which all the republics of the world have hitherto split: the fatal vesting of preponderating power in the populace of a limited district, to the exclusion of all the other parts of the empire. Athens, Carthage, Sparta, Venice, Florence, Genoa, Milan, have

all been ruined by the same cause: the exclusive enjoyment of legislative power by the lower orders, in a particular city or district, without any representation of the other interests of the empire; the necessary consequence of which was, that on the first reverse, they all revolted against the parent state, and it speedily found itself reduced to its own resources.

With a magnanimity, on the other hand, as extraordinary as it was unexampled, the Romans, from the first foundation of the republic, admitted the conquered or allied states to a participation of the privileges of Roman citizens. They received in return the empire of the world. But for the virtual representation of the British dependencies, through the medium of the close boroughs, the British empire would long ago have been destroyed. That representation which Roman wisdom gave to the conquered provinces and colonial dependencies, fortune, or rather the providence of God, has given to the far more extensive and scattered dependencies of this vast empire over all the world, by means of the gateway which is now to be closed for ever. America was lost by refusing it a direct voice in the legislature: the other colonies have only been preserved by the unobtrusive but spacious channel which admitted their representatives to the British Parliament. Nominally professing to *extend*, this bill is really destined to *contract*, the representation, to base the legislature, not upon the *empire*, but the *island*: and in lieu of the collected voice of British prosperity from every part of the world, render it the organ of democratic ambition in the populace of the heart of the empire.

It is not surprising that the close boroughs have been the avenue by which the talent, as well as the wealth of the empire, have been represented in all former ages. Great men never have, and never will submit to the degradation of mendicating votes from a venal rabble. Mr Canning never would have done so in the earlier part of his career, or before his contest at Liverpool had become the arena for contending faction through the empire. "In turbis et discordiis," says Sallust, "*pessimo*

cuique plurima vis.—"Through all the discord of faction," says Thucydides, "I have uniformly observed, that the worst, the most dissolute, and dangerous men, were the idols of the populace; and invariably prevailed over men of rational or virtuous dispositions."—"Enfin, je vois," said Danton, when about to be led to the scaffold, "*que dans les Révolutions l'autorité toujours reste aux plus scélérats.*"* The same bitter truth was extorted from the witnesses of Grecian, Roman, and French democracy, in three distant ages of the world.

The other hemisphere forms no exception to the principle. Talent seldom seeks the American Congress. Men of honourable and upright dispositions disdain the servile adulation to popular sovereignty required of their representatives; and so low is the situation of a Member of the Legislature fallen in public estimation, that it has become a separate profession, forming an outlet to superfluous barristers and attorneys, who are paid a regular salary of seven dollars a-day, to defray their expenses during the sitting of Congress.

Could we suppose that men of great and powerful minds would submit to the degradation of becoming Members of Parliament for populous places, under such a system, the time of the representative would be so completely absorbed by attending to the demands and correspondence of his constituents, as to render him incapable either of the study requisite to form a great statesman, or of the attention necessary to master all the multifarious objects which are presented to the consideration of the British Legislature. Twenty years previous study—unbroken leisure at the moment—a mind unharassed by minute considerations, are indispensable to form an accomplished orator and statesman. The close bores have hitherto both admitted such men, and afforded them the leisure requisite to train their minds, and discharge their duties. The representatives of populous places know whether their constituents af-

ford them such leisure as is requisite for these purposes.

It is accordingly extremely well worthy of observation, how rapidly the character of the French legislature degenerated in proportion to the extension of the number of the electors; and what a deplorable ascendancy democratic violence, and intemperate character, soon acquired over virtue, wisdom, or humanity. In the Constituent Assembly, chosen under the monarchical *régime*, was found a great mass of talent, more benevolence of intention, and splendour of eloquence, than perhaps ever was collected in one assembly since the beginning of the world. In the Legislative Assembly, chosen by the suffrage of every man in France, who was not a minor or a pauper, and worth the produce of three days labour, the diminution of talent and increase of violence was most apparent. Lastly came the Convention, chosen after the 10th August, under republican institutions; and there Virtue, Genius, Eloquence, and Humanity rapidly fell beneath the incessant attacks of democratic ambition. Danton triumphed over Vergniaud and Roland—Robespierre over Danton—and the Reign of Blood terminated the career of visionary improvement.

It is another deplorable effect of a considerable accession of popular representatives to the House of Commons, that it would infallibly lower the standard of sense, and elevate the standard of popular flattery in that important branch of the legislature. When several demagogues are incessantly trumpeting forth the majesty, purity, and worth of the people—when the Press, adapting itself to the taste of the great body of its readers, is following the same base course of popular adulation,—no member who depends on popular constituents will dare to hold the language of truth on any question which excites the public mind. If he does, he will infallibly lose his seat on the next election. None will be returned but those who promise submission to the public voice, and basely sacrifice their principles and

* Riouffe, p. 67.

independence at the altar of popular adulation.

We cannot express the dangers of such a state of the representation, than in the words of an article, from the pen, we believe, of Lord Brougham, which appeared twenty years ago, in the *Edinburgh Review*. "There was in France at the time of the meeting of the States General, *no legitimate, wholesome, or real aristocracy*. The persons, such as deputies to the Assembly, were those chiefly who by intrigue and boldness, and by professions of uncommon zeal, for what were then the great objects of popular pursuit, had been enabled to carry the votes of the electors. A notion of talent, and an opinion that they would be loud and vehement in supporting those requests upon which the people had already come to a decision, were their passports into that Assembly. They were sent there to express the particular spirit of the people—they were *not their hereditary patrons*, but the hired advocates for a particular pleading,—they had no general trust or authority over them, but were chosen as their special messengers, out of a multitude whose influence and pretensions were equally powerful. In this way, instead of the *great basis of rank and property*, which cannot be transferred by the clamours of the factious, or the caprices of the inconstant, and which serve to ballast and steady the vessel of the state, in all its wanderings and disasters, the Assembly possessed only the basis of talent or reputation. The whole Legislature may be considered therefore as composed of *adventurers*, who had already obtained a situation incalculably above their original pretensions, and were now tempted to push their fortunes by every means that held out the promise of immediate success. They had nothing, comparatively speaking, to lose, but their places in that Assembly, or the influence which they possessed within its walls; and the authority of the Assembly itself depended altogether on the popularity of its measures, and not upon the intrinsic authority of its members, so it was only to be maintained by a succession of imposing resolutions, and by satisfying or out-

doing the extravagant wishes and expectations of the most extravagant and sanguine populace that ever existed. For a man to get a lead in such an Assembly, it was by no means necessary that he should previously have possessed any influence or authority in the community, that he should be connected with powerful families, or supported by opulent and extensive associations; it was only necessary that he could obtain the acclamations of the mob of Versailles, and make himself familiar to the eyes and ears of the galleries of the Assembly. The prize was too tempting not to invite a multitude of competitors, and the Assembly, for many months, was governed by those who outvied their associates in the impracticable extravagance of their patriotism, and sacrificed most profusely the real interests of the people at the shrine of a precarious popularity.

"Mere popularity at first was the instrument by which this unsteady Legislature was governed; but when it became apparent that whoever could obtain the direction or command of it, must possess the whole authority of the state, parties soon found out that violence and terror were infinitely more effectual and expeditious than persuasion and eloquence. Encouraged by this situation of affairs, the most daring, unprincipled, and profligate, proceeded to seize upon the defenceless legislators, and, driving all their opponents before them by violence and intimidation, entered without opposition upon the supreme functions of government. The disposal of the legislature thus became a prize to be fought for in the clubs and conspiracies of a corrupted metropolis, and the institution of a national representation had no other effect than that of laying the government open to lawless force and flagitious audacity.

"It is in this manner, it appears to us, that *from the want of a natural and efficient aristocracy*, to exercise the functions of *hereditary legislators*, the National Assembly of France was betrayed into extravagance, and fell a prey to faction; that the institution itself became a source of public misery and disorder, and converted a civilized monarchy first into a

sanguinary democracy, and then into a military despotism." *

Such were the cool and dispassionate sentiments of Lord Brougham and Lord Advocate Jeffrey upon the causes which destroyed the French Constituent Assembly.

The errors of the French reformers are thus pointed out by the same powerful pen :—"The parade which they made of *their popularity*, the support which they submitted to receive from the menaces and acclamations of the mob—the joy they testified at the desertion of the royal armies, were so many preparations for actual hostility, by which all prospects of establishing an equitable government were finally cut off.

They relied openly upon the strength of their adherents among the populace. If they did not actually encourage them to threats and acts of violence, they availed themselves of those which were committed to intimidate and depress their opponents. This was the *inauspicious commencement of the sins and the sufferings of the Revolution.* The multitude, once allowed to overawe the old government with threats, soon subjected the new government to the same degradation. Reason and philosophy were discarded, and mere terror and brute force harassed the misguided nation, till, by a natural consummation, they fell under a successful military usurper." †

As a contrast to the French Assembly, Lord Brougham powerfully and triumphantly quotes the *old British constitution* :—"No representative legislature can be secure, unless it contain within itself a large portion of those who form the *natural aristocracy of the country*, and are able, as individuals, to influence the conduct and opinions of the greater part of its inhabitants. In England, the House of Commons is made up of the individuals who, by birth, fortune, or talents, possess singly the greatest influence over the rest of the people. The most certain and permanent influence is that of rank and fortune, and these are the qualifications, accordingly, which return the greatest number of members. Men submit to be governed by those to whose

will, as individuals, the greatest part of them have been accustomed to submit; and an act of Parliament is revered and obeyed, not so much because the people are impressed with a constitutional veneration for the thing called Parliament, but because it has been passed by those who are recognised as their natural superiors, and by whose influence, as individuals, the same measures might have been enforced over the greater part of the kingdom. The Long Parliament, *after it was purged by the Independents*, enjoyed all the form of power that had belonged to their predecessors; but as they no longer contained those individuals who were able to sway and influence the body of the people, they speedily lost all their authority over the multitude. Where the conditions on which we have insisted are wanting, the sudden institution of a representative legislature, *will only be the prelude to the most frightful disorders.*" ‡

We hold these observations of Lord Brougham's to be perfectly unanswerable; and we bring them forward not from any puerile and contemptible desire of pointing out inconsistency in so able a man, but as the strongest proof of the rapid progress of democratic opinions, during periods of excitement, and the necessity which the most powerful minds are under of bending to the force of that current which they have originally been chiefly instrumental in putting in motion. Borne forward upon the wave of popular ambition, the authors of the present bill are carried so far beyond their dispassionate opinion on a similar crisis in another state, that they have literally adopted the very measure which they condemned so vehemently in the French reformers, and set themselves to destroy that very aristocratic influence on which they had so well shewn the proud superiority of the British legislature was founded.

Do they maintain, on the other hand, that the influence of the aristocracy *will not* be destroyed under the new constitution—that property will still maintain its just sway over the majority of the electors?—the an-

* Edinburgh Review, April 1805, p. 147.

† Ibid, p. 142.

‡ Ibid. p. 145.

swer is to be found in the words of the noble mover of the present bill. "It is quite certain," says Lord John Russell, "that if members are to be returned entirely, or even chiefly, by the yeomanry of the country, no man will be able to stand up before them who is not known to them by harangue, and pledged to support whatever they choose to impose. *The aristocracy thus will entirely lose their influence*, or be reduced to the necessity, to preserve their popularity, of *becoming demagogues*. Either of which alternatives is infinitely to be dreaded."*

Now, who are to be the electors under the new constitution? Every householder paying rent to the amount of L.10 a-year—every tenant paying rent to the amount of L.50 a-year—every copyholder having property worth L.10 a-year—every 40s., and ultimately, every L.10 freeholder. Can any man, acquainted with the state of the middling ranks, doubt what description of persons will thus have the majority? The copyholders may be harmless enough; but the introduction of the L.10 *householder*, is a complete change in the constitution, which is thenceforward placed on the most democratic basis. The tenants of such houses, it is always to be remembered, are seldom, if ever, possessed of any property. They are shopkeepers, journeymen operatives, or labourers of the better sort, a step above the day-labourer, but that is all. Liverpool, it is said, will produce 25,000 voters—Manchester, 20,000—Edinburgh and Glasgow will certainly have at least 10,000 each. The influence of the landed proprietors in the counties, will be generally merged in the votes of the shopkeepers and tenants in the villages and small towns in England, and in the feuars and shopkeepers in Scotland. This is precisely the class which, in every age and quarter of the world, have been found to be most democratical; and certainly their temper at present, and the tone of the revolutionary press, which they daily peruse, gives no reason to suppose that they will form any exception to the rule.

Let not the landed interest imagine that they will be protected by the fifty-four additional members who are to be given for the counties. Nominally returned by the country, the great proportion of these members will be really brought in by the L.10 householders in the small towns—the numbers of that class will render them omnipotent. Of the whole population of Great Britain, *two-thirds* are employed in trade and manufactures, and only *one-third* in agriculture. This vital fact must be constantly kept in view, in all calculations upon the probable effect of the new system. Of the L.10 householders, or freeholders, therefore, two-thirds will be found in the manufacturing or trading classes. The landed interest, even in the counties, will find it utterly vain to struggle against such a numerical superiority. Lord Brougham has said in the House of Lords, that the squires of Yorkshire were against him, but he canvassed the freeholders in the small towns, and soon convinced them that he had the superiority. If this was the case even under the old constitution, what will it be when all the L.10 householders are let in?

But, in fact, the division on the Reform Question itself affords decisive evidence of what may be looked for in the first Reformed Parliament. The Radical papers have made the following summary of the composition of the votes on that vital innovation on the constitution:—

Voted for the Bill, and paired off.

County members,	-	108
Open places,	-	92
Boroughs,	-	110
University,	-	2
		312

Against the Bill.

County members,	-	70
Open places,	-	30
Boroughs,	-	208
University,	-	3
		311

* Lord J. Russell on the Constitution, p. 341.

County Members.

	For the Bill.	Against it.
England,	57	31
Ireland,	39	23
Scotland,	7	14

This table the Reformers consider as decisive in favour of the Bill. To us it appears decisive against it. It certainly affords materials for the most profound meditation.

It here appears that the English and Irish county members in favour of the bill were *nearly double* of those against it; and that the equality was restored by the Scotch county members and the borough members over the empire, who were nearly two to one *against it*. This last body is precisely the interest in the House which is to be *destroyed*. That is to say, when in the legislature, as already constituted, the aristocratic and democratic parties are almost exactly equal, it is proposed *totally to destroy the one*, in order to restore the balance of the constitution!!

Can any thing be clearer than that, with forces so nearly balanced, even a small addition to one party, and especially the one supported by the revolutionary press and the popular outcry, will give a decisive preponderance to the other. The disfranchisement of ten members in such circumstances, by making a difference of twenty votes, is sufficient to give the democratic party the ascendant.—What shall we say then of 168 taken from the one side and added to the other?

From this table may also be seen how vain are the hopes of those who imagine that the county representation is to form any barrier against the democratic inroads of the manufacturing interest. *Twice* as many Irish and English county members, and *thrice* as many for open places voted for the bill as against it. This evinces, in the most convincing manner, the democratic tendency of the electors, even without the L.10 freeholders. What will be the result of the elections with that portentous addition to the popular force?

But this table furnishes another and a still more alarming subject for consideration. It appears from it that a considerable majority of English and Scotch members are *against*

the bill, and that it was carried by the preponderance of the Irish.

	For it.	Against it.
England,	238	240
Scotland,	13	26
	251	266
Ireland,	58	37

Thus there were 266 members for Great Britain against the bill, and 251 for it; in other words, a majority of 15 members were against it. Ireland threw in her weight to cast the balance; if she does so successfully, she will more than repay by that single stroke the oppression of four hundred years.

Now, what will be the result of the next election under the new constitution in Ireland, with every L.10 householder voting for a member of Parliament? At least 60 out of the 103 members she is to return will be not only in the Radical, but the Anti-Union interest. They will, in fact, be nominated by O'Connell as completely as his son was recently named by him for the county of Clare.

Here is ample subject for serious meditation. Sixty Catholic Radicals returned by O'Connell! That will indeed make England feel the bitterness of Irish Immigration. With a powerful body of this description, supported by the incessant clamour of 7,000,000 Irishmen on the other side of the Channel, how is the Union to be maintained? How is the empire to be saved from dismemberment? What security will remain for the institutions or property of Great Britain when the Catholics combine with the English Radicals?

Catholic Emancipation has brought the empire to the perilous position in which it is now placed on the Reform Question. The Catholic members carried the majority in the House of Commons: the Duke of Norfolk was the first peer who declared in the Upper House in its favour. The first return they have made for admission into the pale of the constitution, has been to combine with its enemies for its destruction. Here is the first effect of a great concession to popular clamour—the constitution is stung to the heart by the vipers whom she has folded in her bosom.

The unanimous support which the Radicals have given to the bill in every part of the country, is the clearest proof of its democratic tendency. Hunt and Hume, O'Connell and O'Gorman Mahon, the *Times* and the *Examiner*, are equally loud in its praise. These radicals know well what will increase the influence of their own party: they have an eagle's eye for discovering any thing which has a tendency, however remote, to continue the hated power of the aristocracy. Can it be supposed that they would support the bill, unless it went to subvert the power of their enemies? Their boast, their glory is, that it will have this effect: "Let this bill be passed," says the *Examiner*, "and the settlement of the government upon a democratic basis is certain."

Where, says Lord Brougham, were the rotten boroughs in the days of Saxon liberty? How can it be called revolution, which only restores the constitution to the days of pristine liberty? Where, we ask in reply, was the democratic press in the days of Alfred? Where was the power of the people in the days of *Magna Charta*, when all that the nobles who obtained it thought proper to stipulate for the cultivation of the soil, was, that their plough-goods should not be distrained in seed-time? Where the weight of the commons, when their representatives in Parliament concluded their petition with, "for God's sake—and, as an act of mercy?" When the feudal nobility lived in rude magnificence in their castles, surrounded by their armed retainers—when the commons were few in number, ignorant, and dispirited—when the greatest city in the kingdom, out of London, did not contain 20,000 souls—when printing was unknown, and the daily press unborn, it might be perfectly safe to send writs to every borough as it rose to any thing like eminence; though the same would be highly perilous at this time, when the power of the people has so enormously increased—when a democratic press incessantly stimulates their ambition—and the change in the mode of warfare, consequent on the invention of fire-arms, has caused the

sword to fall from the hands of the country nobility. An increase of borough representation was *then* required to counterbalance the exorbitant power of the feudal nobility—an increase of the influence of the peers is *now* required to counterbalance the turbulent vigour of the commons.

No change can be safely introduced in favour of popular power, except what is done by slow and imperceptible additions. Lord Brougham has, indeed, ridiculed all plans of "bit-by-bit" reformers; but a greater man than Lord Brougham has pronounced them to be the only safe and beneficial innovations. "*Prudenter igitur faciunt homines,*" says Lord Bacon, "*si in innovationibus suis a tempore exemplum petant: tempus enim innovat vel maxime sed tacite pedetentim ac sine sensu. Expedit præterea experimentis novis in corporibus politicis medendis, non uti, nisi urgens incumbat necessitas, aut evidens se ostendat utilitas; et sedulo cavere ut reformationis studium mutationem inducat non autem studium mutationis reformationem prætexat.*" *

The democratic tendency of the daily press, and its prodigious influence even on powerful minds, must be calculated upon as a fixed power in future in the constitution. Its operation will be always felt, except during those periods of excitement from foreign war, when the ordinary bent of the popular mind is for a time diverted. It arises partly from the extension of the power of reading and thinking on political subjects to the mass of the community, and partly from the vast increase of our manufacturing population. Crowded together in great numbers—ignorant except of what they learn through the daily press—incessantly stimulated by abuse of their superiors, such men will always be inclined to democracy. From their vast numbers, any journals which they support must necessarily have ten times the circulation which those enjoy who support the aristocratic side of the question. If the middling and lower ranks are fifty times as numerous as the higher,

* Bacon, x, 66, *De Innovationibus.*

the democratic press will always be fifty times as extensive as the conservative. Hence the prodigious increase of the revolutionary journals of the present day, and the alarming fact, that, with two or three exceptions, the whole press is on the popular side. It is to no purpose to say they don't influence the thinking part of the people; true, they do not—but how many of the readers of newspapers are capable of thinking? Not one in fifty.

"A democracy," says Aristotle, "is an aristocracy of orators, sometimes interrupted by the despotism of a single orator." With truth the same may be said of the demagogues and radical journals of the present time. Complaint is made of boroughmongers under the existing system; but who would be the boroughmongers under the new constitution? The popular journals and leading orators on the popular side in Parliament. One of them would return more members than are now named by any half-dozen of the great borough holders in the House of Peers. Perhaps the number of members returned by these great *new boroughmongers* would stand thus:—

O'Connell, 60	Spectator,	37
Times, 72	Scotsman,	13
Examiner, 32	Ballot,	35
Sun, 19	Morning Herald,	22

Whoever has attended in the circle of his own acquaintance, or on a general survey of public bodies, to the influence of daily papers in ruling opinion, will not, we are persuaded, deem this statement overcharged.

Thus the boasted and long wished for Reform will amount only to a change of masters; we will unhorse the aristocracy of rank and station, and place that of *adventurers* in its stead; we will be governed by a dominion more fierce and unbending than that of family or possessions; we will overthrow the hereditary influence of the Peers and proprietors of England, and fall under the government of the conductors of reviews and the editors of newspapers. Lord Brougham's bill will destroy that wholesome state of the representation which he has so well described as characterising the English Legislature, and commence in

its stead that ruinous rule of adventurers and demagogues, which he has so clearly shown brought on the horrors of the French Revolution.

By passing the present bill, it is said you will secure the numerous body of the new voters on the side of order: full reliance may be placed on them in any future contests with the inferior and unrepresented classes, and the pyramid of society placed on a broad and stable basis. It is hard to say, whether this argument, which at first sight appears most plausible, is in reality worse founded in precedent or principle.

In France, after the Restoration in 1815, the qualification of an elector was fixed at the payment of 300 francs a-year of direct taxes, which, making allowance for the difference in the value of money, is about L.20 a-year. Certainly this was a very high qualification; implying, as it did, at least L.400 a-year of income to each elector. Yet high as it was, it furnished *no security* against the demand for an extension of the elective franchise, by the very exclusive and limited class who alone enjoyed it. The Chamber of Deputies at each successive dissolution became *more and more democratical*, until it became so hostile to the Throne, that the government could no longer be conducted, and a dissolution ensued, under circumstances which brought about the Revolution.

But we need not resort to foreign countries for proof of this truth. What is the boast of the reformers at the present day? That the electors of England would return a great majority of reforming members: that on a dissolution no man would be able to stand up on the hustings but those who would pledge themselves to support the present bill, which makes so great an addition to the electors of the empire. If this position be well founded, and that it is so, to a great extent, no one can doubt, what comes of the argument that the new electors will immediately close the door against all new entrants, and resolutely range themselves with government in all future contests with the people? Why are the new and more extended electors to be so totally different from the present and more restricted? Human nature will be the same in future years

as in the present: the same passions and desires will mislead mankind then as at this time; and the same causes which now make the existing electors clamour for a duplication of their class, will make the reformed electors demand universal suffrage and vote by ballot.

The reason is obvious, and will remain the same in all ages. The people, after obtaining the elective franchise, will soon discover that they have been deluded into the acquisition of a privilege of no practical value. The million of electors who under the new constitution are to return the Parliament of Great Britain, will soon find that their condition is no ways ameliorated by the new privilege they have acquired; that wages are as low, taxes as heavy, tithes as vexatious, poor-rates as burdensome, as under the old constitution. If their representatives in Parliament are sufficiently strong to secure the abolition of these burdens—the destruction of the church property, and the abolition of the national debt, possibly they may be contented with these great victories; but till they are gained, they will never cease clamouring for an extension of the elective franchise to a still lower class in society. The reason is, that it is thus alone that they can render the triumph of the people complete, and secure the *substantial fruits* of victory, in the destruction of taxes, church, and funded property. Till this is gained, as long as the influence of the higher ranks successfully resists the concession of these practical boons to the lower, the democratic electors will never cease to recruit their forces from the lower classes of society.

Finding that a privilege shared with a million other people is in effect worth nothing: that no real benefit is to be gained by siding with the upper classes, and that it is by a vigorous concentration of popular strength, and the extension of the elective franchise to a still more numerous class, that the influence of wealth is to be destroyed, the cry will be incessant for an enlargement of the constituents. Rank, property, and worth, will be buried under the waves of popular ambition.

The reformers often complain that their opponents do not fairly meet their arguments; that they get up, in

their elegant language, “Hole and Corner Petitions;” and that there is a deplorable want of ability on the other side. Now, here is an argument which we call on them, and *defy them*, to answer. They need not pretend that they don’t know of it: there are nearly 9000 copies of this Journal sold every month, and it is read wherever the English language is understood. We call on them to answer this argument, and to point out on what principles they contend, *first*, that the present electors are nearly unanimous in favour of the *extension* of the rights to a much more numerous body beneath themselves: and, *secondly*, that the new electors will be converted by the Magic Wand of Reform into a phalanx determined to resist any future and *similar extension of the suffrage*.

On what ground of justice can such an extension be resisted hereafter? If the L.5 householders raise an outcry that they are unrepresented, how, after this great concession to their L.10 brethren, is it to be resisted? If the L.1 householders second them, how are they to be staved off? If they are successful, how is universal suffrage to be avoided? If the contest must ultimately come on, why postpone it till the strength of the friends of the constitution is broken by repeated defeats? Each successive concession will only augment the strength of the democratic, and weaken the influence of the conservative party. Extravagant speeches on the hustings, unmeasured professions of zeal for the people in Parliament, will be the only titles to popular favour, and augment the strength of that tide which already is held out as irresistible.

To those who survey in times past the delusive and absurd nature of public opinion on subjects which excited the populace, the weakness of yielding to it at the present moment will appear truly deplorable. We subjoin a few examples of these delusions familiar to every reader of history; but the errors which have overspread the world since the march of intellect began, have thrown schoolboy information into the shade.

Public opinion in Jerusalem was unanimous to resist the invasion of Titus. Every town and village in Judea sent forth its little horde to support the capital in a contest ut-

terly hopeless, and eleven hundred thousand souls in consequence perished in its ruins.

Public opinion in Athens was clear for the banishment of Aristides. No good reasons could be assigned for this caprice towards so great and good a man. "We are tired," said they, "of hearing him called the Just."

Public opinion in Rome condemned the great Scipio Africanus, the vanquisher of Hannibal, the deliverer of his country. He died forsaken in a foreign land: on his tomb was engraved by his own desire, the mournful inscription—"My ungrateful country shall not possess my bones."

Public opinion in the Roman Republic was unanimous, save among the Patricians, for the *Agrarian* law of Gracchus. With the contests to which it gave rise, began the civil wars which ended in the despotism of Cæsar.

Public opinion in Italy strongly favoured the aggression of that great man. Pompey in vain strove to stem the torrent: Italy was yielded up to him without a struggle: the empire of the world, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, was the reward of his audacity.

No emperor was the object of more general adulation during his life, or more universal execration after his death, than Nero. "Et vulgus," says Tacitus, "eadem pravitæ insectabatur interfectum quæ foverat viventem."

Public opinion in modern Europe first rose universally and vehemently in favour of the crusades. "Dieu le veut: Dieu le veut," was the universal cry: "Vox populi, vox Dei," the universal maxim: Empires were convulsed: Europe torn up by its roots, and precipitated upon Asia; hundreds of thousands set forth, without guides, on the popular enterprise; millions of men were sacrificed in the holy cause.

Public opinion in Scotland, at the time of the Reformation, was unanimous and violent for the destruction of the cathedrals. Devastation, which subsequent ages have never ceased to deplore, was committed amidst the universal applause of the people.

Public opinion in 1642 was vehement in favour of the Long Parlia-

ment; a contest which brought the king to the scaffold, deluged the nation with blood, unsheathed the sword of Cromwell, and stifled liberty for fifteen years, was commenced with a far more general feeling in its favour than now supports Reform.

Public opinion in 1725 was unanimously and strongly excited in favour of the Mississippi scheme, and the South Sea Bubble.—Thousands were ruined in consequence, and the nation brought to the brink of insolvency.

The prodigious efficacy and inexhaustible powers of the sinking fund, was for the first half of the late war the unanimous object of public admiration. The only cause of apprehension to all the bankers, merchants, and practical men, was, that it would pay off the debt *too fast*, and capital be left without a safe investment.

The Constituent Assembly commenced its labours amidst the unanimous applause of all France. Those rash measures of reform, which Lord Brougham has so well shewn brought on the subsequent convulsion of the revolution, were the theme of universal admiration with ninety-nine out of every hundred in that great kingdom.

When it was put to the convention to decide whether Louis XVI. was guilty or innocent, *not one man* ventured to absolve him. Eight hundred of the ablest men in France were unanimous in condemning an innocent monarch. On a subject, says the republican historian, on which posterity will unanimously decide one way, the convention unanimously decided another.*

When the annexation of Savoy and Piedmont was proposed in the convention in October 1792, *only one voice* was raised against an unjustifiable aggression which entailed a dreadful war on Europe, and for the first time for 400 years, brought an invading army to the French capital.

The whole of France was unanimous in supporting Napoleon's expedition to Russia in 1812. "The youth," says Segur, "looked upon it as a mere military promenade: a party of pleasure, which would hardly last six months."

Every body recollects the general delusion in favour of joint-stock companies in 1825. From the Chancel-

lor of the Exchequer, downwards, there was but one opinion as to the boundless wealth and inexhaustible resources of the British empire. The public as little suspected the catastrophe of December 1825, as the reformers of the present day do the probable consequence of their measures.

Examples of this sort lead the thoughtful to distrust public opinion on all occasions, when it is violently excited. Education cannot give intellect. Newspapers will not extinguish passion. The great majority of the public are now as incapable of judging on political subjects as they were in the days of Aristides. Printing has extended to the whole people the passions of a mob; it has not given them a larger share of intellect.

Suppose that Lord Goderich, during the joint-stock mania of 1824, had come forward and said, "Public opinion is irresistible; it runs with a tremendous current just now in favour of joint-stock companies. Government must head the movement, and therefore the whole resources of the empire must be forthwith embarked in a grand national joint-stock speculation." What would we *now* have said of such an attempt to increase, instead of subduing, that dangerous effervescence in the public mind? Which would have rendered permanent the ruinous effects of individual extravagance, and made popular delusion the means of inflicting an indelible wound on the credit and resources of the country? That is precisely what the Reformers are attempting on a far greater scale, and with infinitely more dangerous implements to effect at this time.

If the representatives of the people are to yield to all the caprices of their constituents, if the outcry of journals, or the effusions of orators at meetings, are immediately to stamp their authority on the measures of the Legislature, where is the advantage of a Parliament, where the superiority of a representative over a republican form of Government? Hitherto it has been supposed, that the great advantage of a *representative* form of Government was, that it *prevented* this sudden and perilous communication of public impulse to national measures; that it gave the passions time to cool, and

rendered Government not the organ of popular excitement, but of sober thought. All these advantages, sanctioned by the experience of ages, are now forgotten. Parliament is represented as a body of *delegates*, not legislators; and reform, it is said, must be granted, not because it is right, but because the people will it.

That distress has existed to a very great extent in this country, for many years past, is certain; and it has existed in the most galling form; in immediate and painful contrast with extraordinary wealth and prosperity. By the operation of some great causes, as universal and irresistible as the tempests of Heaven, whole classes have been precipitated into ruin, while others have been elevated almost unconsciously into comparative affluence. The suffering produced by these great changes, has unquestionably been one great cause of the universality of the present cry for reform among the middling ranks. Now, we would ask the agitators, how they can reconcile it to their conscience, to take advantage of general distress, to rouse the people to demand a great change in Government, from which they well know they can derive no practical benefit; but from which, if conceded, the means of future convulsion are irrecoverably placed in their hands?

Ministers came into office with three pledges, Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. The first they will not be able in all probability to keep. The passions awakened in republican France, by their favourite revolution in that country, will soon render that impossible. The second, they *admit*, they cannot carry farther than their predecessors have done; on the contrary, their estimates have exceeded those of former years by above L.500,000 yearly. What practical benefit then will accrue from the concession of Reform to the lower orders? If the Reformed Parliament preserve the national faith, (and we cannot suppose it is *intended* to violate it,) how are the public burdens to be relieved? How is labour to be rendered more abundant, grain more cheap, taxes less oppressive, than at this time? Do the Reformers mean to say, they will be able to carry on Government without taxes, pay the interest of the debt

without customs, teach the poor without a church establishment, relieve distress without a poor's rate? If they can do so, let them boldly proclaim the abolition of taxes, tithes, and poor's rate; if not, cease to delude the people into demanding a measure which can confer none of the benefits which are generally expected from its adoption. To say it will prevent future war, is contrary to all experience. Nations invariably grow warlike and turbulent in proportion as they become democratic. Republican Rome conquered the ancient, republican France, the modern continent.

But though a Reformed Parliament will not, without violating the public credit—that is, extinguishing the capital of the country—be able to give any relief to the poor, it may confidently be expected to furnish an inexhaustible source of agitation to aggravate the severity of future distress. We have a signal example of this in Ireland, where distress has facilitated agitation, and agitation in its turn, by paralysing industry, and debarring the entrance of capital, has perpetuated distress. With this vicious and fatal circle staring them in the face; with the example of France and Belgium suffering to an unparalleled degree from the same cause, it is into this vortex of alternate distress and agitation that the Reformers would precipitate this country. They would create a Parliament bound to respond immediately to the clamour of the populace; compelled to give vent to every burst of public discontent; destined to become not the scene of beneficent legislation, or practical improvement, but of factious contention and querulous debate.

If there is any one duty more sacred than another in such periods of excitement, it is that on the part of legislators to moderate the public effervescence, and resolutely withstand those demands which they judge fatal to the balance of the constitution, or perilous to the institutions of the empire. *Concession, in such circumstances, is the weakest, as well as the basest policy.* It was not by yielding to the extravagant demands of the plebeians, that the Roman senate obtained the empire of the world, but by resolutely re-

sisting them, and enduring the last extremities, rather than surrender the constitution of their forefathers. Such conduct was in the end triumphant; the nobles ultimately prevailed in every contest, and the empire, though often endangered, was never overturned by popular violence.

Concession and conciliation were tried to their utmost extent by the Britons and other inhabitants of the Roman empire, when exposed to the inroads of the Danes. The weak and timid monarchs of the Heptarchy, proceeding on the principle now urged in support of Reform, sought to buy off their enemies, by giving them sometimes L.10,000, sometimes L.20,000, on condition that they would depart, *and not return.* They did depart, accordingly, and returned invariably in six months, in greater force than before, equipped with the spoils of their weak and pusillanimous enemies. Who put an end to that ruinous system of conciliation and concession? Alfred the Great, who from the first *refused* to yield any payment, and fought his enemies hand to hand, till he expelled them from his shores, and founded the English monarchy.

The case is exactly the same with the concessions now so loudly recommended to the popular demands for power. The more you concede, the more daring and vehement they will become. Every successive acquisition will be made the means of a still more extravagant demand, until the last remnants of the monarchy are swept away, and bloody republicanism proclaimed in its stead. There is no evading the danger. Concession must now be stopped, or the nation may make up its mind to republican institutions; and what will then become of the church property, the national debt, the estates of the nobility, or the lives of all the higher orders?

Concession was the principle on which Charles I. acted. He first yielded the Petition of Rights, which, as Mr Hume observes, "was so great a concession to the Commons, that it in truth amounted to a revolution." He gave up tonnage and poundage; he yielded Strafford to their violence; he agreed to triennial parliaments; he allowed the

sheriff to be invested with the power of summoning them, if not convoked by royal authority; his ministers were chosen exclusively from the popular party; he paid the arrears of his rebellious Scotch troops; he conceded to all the demands of the Scotch Parliament; the famous "Remonstrance" of the Commons was carried, after a vehement debate; and what was the consequence of all these concessions? Encouraged by so much success, the Commons openly declared to the Lords, "that they themselves were the sole representative body of the nation; that the Peers were nothing but individuals, who held their seats in a particular capacity; and, therefore, if their Lordships would not consent to the passing of acts, necessary for the preservation of the people, the Commons, together with such of the Lords as were sensible of the danger, must join together, and represent the matter to his Majesty."* Having stript the Crown of all its prerogatives, the Commons next insisted for the command of the Militia, which would have given them the exclusive use of the sword; the civil war ensued; the king was beheaded, the peers abolished, and Cromwell enthroned.

Louis XVI. was the next monarch who in turbulent times tried the system of concession. The nation demanded the States General—he convoked them: they demanded a popular representation—he anticipated them by, voluntarily and by a royal ordinance, doubling the deputies from the Tiers Etat: they demanded the abolition of feudal rights and personal services—he abolished them. He agreed to abandon all the prerogatives of his crown: he formed the National Guard, dismissed his Royal Guard and attendants, made war on his own brother-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, issued severe proclamations against the emigrants, granted a constitution more free than the Republicans themselves have adopted in 1831, and sanctioned the confiscation of all the property of the Church. His whole life was one uninterrupted series of concessions

and reforms, and, in return, he was led to the scaffold.

The nobles vied with the Sovereign in the surrender of their rights. At the first struggle, in July 1789, between the noblesse and commons as to sitting in one or separate Chambers, forty-six of their number, headed by the Duke of Orleans, joined the Tiers Etat; they voluntarily, on the night of August 4th, surrendered all their exclusive privileges; they consented to the abolition of tithes, titles of honour, entails, and dignities of every description. They concurred in a constitution of the most democratic character; and they received, in return for so many concessions, exile, confiscation, and death.

The clergy of France were the first and steadiest friends of the revolution. During the dependence of the contest as to a single or separate Chambers, 127 of their body left their own order, and united with the Commons; and, by so doing, first gave them a numerical superiority, and compelled the union of all the three estates in the National Assembly. Unbounded gratitude, universal joy, followed this first and decisive movement towards the popular side; and, in return, the Assembly confiscated their whole property, banished and proscribed their leading members, and sent them forth destitute into that very country, whose freedom their adherence had been the first means of establishing.

At the very time that these dreadful scenes were passing in the neighbouring kingdom, the cry for reform, spreading as at present by contagion, became vehement in this country. Revolution, bloodshed, and massacre, were loudly threatened if it were any longer delayed. "The nation," it was said, "will no longer submit to be trifled with; the representation must be reformed, the demand for extended popular constituents must be satisfied, *or a revolution will inevitably ensue.*"† But this clamour was *not* met by concession. Mr Pitt resisted the popular cry. He was supported by the firmness and intrepidity of the British aristocracy; the threatened revolution came to nothing, and the

* Hume, vi. 393.

† Thoughts on Reform, 1793, p. 27.

constitution, with its inestimable blessings, was preserved.

"The revolution in France in 1830," says Lord John Russell, "was occasioned by a refusal to bend to the popular voice." There never was a more mistaken assertion. It was occasioned by a *violation of the constitution*, and by no refusal to concede Reform. Because, say the Reformers, a violation of the constitution *brought on a revolution in France*, therefore a violation of the constitution will *prevent it* in this country: because the disfranchisement of 40,000 French electors *overturned the French*, therefore the disfranchisement of 40,000 English electors, will *establish the English throne*!

If the demand for Reform were occasioned by any experienced grievance, which Reform could remedy, it would, indeed, be dangerous to refuse it. Actual evils do not pass away like the fleeting passions of the multitude. But there is no actual evil in the country to which Reform could apply a remedy. The demand for it has all grown up within these six months: it has arisen from foreign contagion, and been fanned by party ambition.

When the disunion among his adherents had brought the constitution into the highest peril; when public opinion was violently shaking, and the press, as usual, was fanning the flame, there was one man who dared in Parliament to front the danger, who threw away unequalled popularity, and abandoned supreme power to discharge his duty, who greatly dared to tell an insane nation that they were rushing on destruction—that man was the Duke of Wellington. Again we repeat what we said on 1st January last:—there never was a determination of a minister so much the subject of obloquy at the time, as his declaration against Reform in November last. There is none to which posterity will point with more exultation:

"Justum, et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida, neque auster,
Dux inquieti turbidus Hadria,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis,

- Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

The ultimate success or rejection of this measure is altogether immaterial in the estimate of the moral grandeur of this conduct. We read with more admiration the firmness of Cato at Utica, than the triumph of Cæsar at Pharsalia.

"Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

But if the fatal divisions of the conservative party have brought the country to its present perilous condition, their subsequent union has nobly atoned for the error. In the long annals of British greatness, there is nothing more splendid than the conduct of the minority in the House of Commons on the Reform Bill. To say that they have nobly sustained the combat, that they have proved themselves infinitely superior to their adversaries in debate, is to bestow the lowest praise of which their conduct is worthy. The moral courage, the enduring firmness they have displayed, is its noblest quality. Placed between ministerial frowns and popular discontent, threatened with the loss of their seats in the Legislature by insane constituents, and met by the whole weight of government influence, they have never flinched from their duty. If Parliament is to give place to a Convention; if the long career of its glory is to terminate, it will not have perished in the decline either of its honour or its usefulness.—Its last acts have been the most beneficent and the most just of its existence. The names of its latest defenders, of Peel, Vyvyan, and Wetherell, will stand foremost in the lists of English patriotism; and when the delusion of the moment shall have passed away, when history shall judge the actions of men, and the voice of ages shall pronounce their doom, they will be classed by a mourning posterity with the first authors of British freedom; and the same honours decreed to those who have sought to prolong, with those who called into existence, the British constitution.

DR PARR AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

No. III.

How peculiarly painful it is to all parties—judges and juries, government, the public in general, the culprit, and his friends in particular—when a literary man falls under the lash of the law! How irritating to himself and others that he should be transported—how disgusting that he should be hanged! Such fates, however, befell some of Dr Parr's dearest connexions; he lived to see his most valued pupil expatriated, in company with felons, to "the Great Botanic Bay;" and he lived to accompany another friend (who also by one biographer is described as a pupil) to the foot of the gallows.

We mention not these things by way of reproach to Dr Parr's memory. The sufferings of his unhappy friends, *after* they came into trouble, called out none but the good qualities of his nature. Never, indeed, was Samuel Parr seen to greater advantage, than when animating the hopes, supporting the fortitude, or ministering to the comforts, of the poor dejected prisoner in his gloomy cell, at a time when self-reproaches had united with the frowns of the world to make the consolations of friendship somewhat more than usually trying to the giver, and a thousand times more valuable to the receiver. When all others forsook the wretched, and fled, Dr Parr did not; his ear was open to the supplications of all who sate in darkness and sorrow; and wherever the distress was real, remembering that he himself also was a poor frailty-laden human creature, he did not think it became him too severely to examine in what degrees guilt or indiscretion had concurred to that effect. Sam Parr! these things will make the earth lie light upon your last abode; flowers will flourish on its verdant roof; and gleams of such remembrances extort an occasional twinge of compunction even from us—at the very moment when we are borrowing old Sir Christopher's gentler knout [No. 3—his *scutica*, not his *flagellum*] gently to "*perstringe*" your errors.

Sam Parr! we love you; we said so once before. But *perstringing*, which was a favoured word of your own, was a no less favoured act. You also in your lifetime *perstringed* many people; some of whom *perstringed* you, Sam, smartly in return; some kissed the rod; and some disdained it in silence. Complaint therefore on your behalf would be unreasonable; that same *parresia*, which in your lifetime furnished a ground for so many thousand discharges of the same Grecian pun on your own name, (each duly delivered by its elated author as the original explosion,) obliges us to deal frankly with your too frequent errors, even when we are most impressed by the spectacle of your truly Christian benignity. Indeed, the greater your benignity, the better is our title to tax those errors which so often defeated it. For why, let us ask of Dr Parr's friends, should he choose to testify his friendship to men, in standing by them, and giving his countenance to their affliction, rather than in the wiser course—so suitable to his sacred calling—of interposing his gentler counsels between their frantic designs and the dire extremities which naturally conducted to that affliction? In Gerrald's case, he certainly *had* counselled and warned him of the precipice on which he stood, in due season. But to him, as to the chamois hunter of the Alps, danger was a temptation even for its own sake: he hungered and thirsted after political martyrdom. And it is possible, that in that case Dr Parr found no grounds of self-reproach. *Possible*, we say; even here we speak doubtingly, because if Dr Parr applied sedatives to his fiery nature in 1794, he had in 1790–2 applied stimulants; if, finally, when Mr Pitt and the French Reign of Terror shewed that no trifling could be allowed, he pulled vainly at the curb-rein (as his letters remain to shew)—originally, it is beyond all doubt that he used the spur. Violence and intemperance, it is true, in Mr Gerrald were constitutional; yet there can

be little doubt that, for the republican direction which they took, his indiscreet tutor was nearly altogether answerable.

Joseph Gerrald was a man of great talents: his defence upon his trial shews it: and we have the assurance of an able critic, who was himself present at its delivery, in March 1794, that no piece of forensic eloquence on record better deserved the profound attention with which it was received: "you might," as he assured us, "during the whole time, have heard a pin drop." Under happier auspices* than Dr Parr's, how distinguished a citizen might this man have become! As to Mr Oliver, it is Dr Parr's own statement of the case, (a statement which, at this day, we presume, few persons will be found to believe,) that he was condemned and executed for drinking Mr Fox's health, and reading Tom Paine's writings; in short, for being a Jacobin. The little trifling circumstance that he was also a murderer, with Dr Parr weighs nothing at all. Take then his own representation: who was it that countenanced the reading of Tom Paine, criticizing his infamous books as counterpoises to those of Burke, and as useful in bringing out a neutral product? Who was it that gave to Warwickshire, (Mr Oliver's part of the country,) nay, to all England, the one sole example of a "budge doctor," arrayed in the scarlet robes of the English universities, and a public instructor of the young English aristocracy, speaking cautiously and respectfully of this shallow dogmatist, who, according to his power, laid the axe to all civil government throughout the world? Who, but one man, clothed in the character of a Christian minister, could have been blinded by party violence to the extent of praising in a qualified manner, and naming

amongst creditable writers, the most insolent theomachist and ruffian infidel of ancient or modern times? If Dr Parr's friends acted upon Mr Paine's principles, propagated Mr Paine's principles, and suffered in public estimation, even to the extent of martyrdom, as champions of those principles—nobody can suppose that in selecting and professing a faith so full of peril, they could be other than greatly influenced by the knowledge that a learned doctor in the Church of England, guide and tutor to themselves, had publicly spoken of that Mr Paine as an authority not altogether without his claims to consideration.

But we have insensibly wandered into political considerations: at a point of our review, where the proper object before us was—Dr Parr as a man of letters. For this we have some excuse, considering that politics and literature so naturally blended in Dr Parr's practice of authorship, that perhaps not one of his most scholarlike performances, but is richly interveined with political allusions and sarcasms, nor one of those most professedly political, which did not often turn aside to gather flowers from the fields of the muses, or herbs "of medicinal power" from the gardens of philosophy. The truth is, the Doctor wrote as he lived; bending to momentary gusts of passion; recovering himself by glimpses to a higher standard of professional duty; remembering by fits that he was officially a teacher, spiritual and intellectual; forgetting himself too often into a partisan and a zealot.

However, as we shall consider Dr Parr's politics under a separate and peculiar head, we will, for the present, confine ourselves more rigorously to his literary character, difficult as we really find it to observe a

* And perhaps in candour it should be added, under happier fortunes and more prudence in his *liaisons* with the other sex. He was in some degree a dissolute man; but perhaps he might have been otherwise under more noble treatment from the woman of his heart. His unhappiness, on this point, latterly, was great; and there is reason to think that he secretly wished to lay down his life, and resorted to politics as the best means of doing so with reputation. He had a passionate love for an unworthy woman, whom he had strong reasons for thinking unfaithful to him. And at all events, like too many of her sex, she had the baseness to trifle with his apparent misery.

line of strict separation, which the good doctor himself is for ever tempting or provoking us to forget.

As a man of letters, then, what was it—what power, what accomplishment, what art, that Dr Parr could emblazon upon his shield of pretence, as characteristically his own? Latin; Latin *quoad* knowledge; Latin *quoad* practical skill. "Reading," said he, "reflection, the office of a teacher, and much practice in composition, have given me a command over the Latin sufficient for the ordinary purposes of a scholar." This was his own estimate of himself: and it was a modest one—too modest: and possibly he would not have made it had he been addressing any body but a Whig lord, taught from his earliest youth to take his valuation of Dr Parr from a party who regarded him as their champion and martyr. Yet again, it is not impossible that he was sincere: for the insincere will make a general profession of humility in the abstract, and yet revolt from the test of individual comparisons: they confess how much they fall short of their own ideal; but as to John, Thomas, or William, they would spurn a claim of superiority for *them*. Now, Dr Parr sometimes goes so far in his humility as to "name names:" Sir William Jones, Sir George Baker—these we are sure of, and we think Bishop Lowth, were amongst the masters of Latinity, to whom he somewhere concedes the palm for this accomplishment, on a question of comparison with himself. We must profess our own hearty dissent from such a graduation of the honours. Sir George Baker, from his subjects, is less generally known. He was an Etonian, and wrote at least with facility: but, to speak of the other two, who are within every body's reach, we contend that, maugre their reputation, they do not write good Latin. The kind of Latin they affect is in bad taste: too florid, too *rotund*, too little idiomatic; its structure is vicious, and evidences an English origin. Of Lowth we say this even more determinately than of

Sir W. Jones.* Some day or other we shall make a great article on this subject; and we shall then illustrate largely: for without illustration, such a discussion is as empty and aerial as a feast of the Barmecide.

Meantime, whatsoever the mechanic hounds may say who now give the tone to education, the art of writing Latin finely is a noble accomplishment; and one, we will take upon us to say, which none but a man of distinguished talent will succeed in. All the scholarship in the world will not avail to fight up against the tyranny of modern idioms and modern fashions of thought—the whole composition will continue to be redolent of lamps not fed with Attic oil, but with gas—base gas—unless in the hands of a man vigorous and agile enough to throw off the yoke of vernacular custom,

"Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

No custom cramps and masters a man's freedom so effectually as the household diction which he hears from all around him. And that man, who succeeds (like Dr Parr) in throwing his thoughts into ancient moulds, does a greater feat than he that turned the Euphrates into a new channel for the service of his army.

This difficulty is in itself a sufficient justification of modern Latin—coupled, as it is, with so useful an activity of thought. But, apart from that, will any man contend that the establishment of a great commonwealth can be complete without artists in Latinity?—Even rogues, swindlers, hangmen, are essential to the proper *mounting* of a great metropolis: a murderer or two perhaps, in the complete subdivision of employments, would not be amiss in casting the parts for a full performance of civil life. Not that we approve of murder for murder's sake: far from it! It is scandalous, and what every good man must decidedly condemn and pointedly discourage. But still, if murders are to be, and murders will be, and murders must be, then of course we might as well have them executed in an artist-like

* It is remarkable, however, that Sir William's Greek is far better than Parr's. Jones's has all the air of the genuine antique: Parr's is villainous.

manner, as in the horrid bungling style so offensive in rude countries to the eye of *delicate* taste, and the mind of sensibility. Assuredly, it cannot be denied, that all sorts of villains, knaves, prigs, and so forth, are essential parts in the equipage of social life. Else why do we regard police as so indispensable a function of organized society? for without corresponding objects in the way of scoundrels, sharks, crimps, pimps, ring-droppers, &c.,—police-officers would be idle superfluities, and liable to general disgust.

But, waving the question as stretched to this extent,—for artists who work in Latin we may plead more reasons than Mr Blackwood is likely to allow us scope for in one article,—we shall press but one argument, and that applied to our just national pride. Is it not truly shameful that a great nation should have occasion to go abroad for any odd bit of Latin that it may chance to want in the way of inscription for a triumphal monument, for a tomb, for a memorial pillar, for a public or official gift? Conceding (as, under the terrors of Mr Blackwood's pruning knife, we do concede for the moment) that Latin is of little other application—is it to be endured that we should be reduced to the necessity of importing our Latin secretary? * For instance, we will mention one memorable case. The Czar Alexander, as all the world knows, one fine day, in the summer of that immortal year 1814, went down to Oxford in company with our own Regent, the King of Prussia, the Hetman of the Cossacks, and a long roll of other princely personages, with titles fatiguing to the memory, and names from which orthography recoils aghast. Some were entertained at one college—some at another.

The emperor's billet fell upon Merton College; and in acknowledgment of the hospitality there shewn, some time afterwards he sent to the warden and fellows, through Count Lieven, his ambassador to the court of London, a magnificent vase of Siberian jasper. This vase wanted an inscription—a Latin inscription of course. This inscription was to be worked in Russia, and the workmen stood resting upon their tools until this should come out from England. Now, under these circumstances, John Bull! conceive the shame and the scandal—if Oxford, the golden seat of classical erudition, under the very eyes of the Czar and his ambassador, had been obliged to resort to some coxcomb on the continent for the small quantity of Latin required? What would Mrs Grundy have said? What would the Hetman have said? And Woronzoff, and Kutusoff, and Doctoroff, and Tchitchzakoff? Indeed we cannot think it altogether becoming to Oxford, that Cambridge should have furnished the artist—for Dr Parr it was who undertook and executed the inscription, which, after all, exhibited too Spartan a nakedness to have taxed any man very severely, except for the negative quality of forbearance; and the scandal, as between the two universities, is actually on record and in print, of a chancellor of the one (Lord Grenville) corresponding with a doctor of the other, for a purpose which exclusively concerned Oxford. Perhaps the excuse may be, that Oxford was not interested as a body in an affair which belonged personally to the warden and fellows of one society. And at all events, the *national* part of the scandal was averted.†

On this subject, which furnishes so many a heart-ache to a loyal-hearted Englishman, we would beg to

* We say Latin secretary, as indicating an office so far as regards its duties, which really *does* exist, though the emoluments do not. There is a great deal of public work to be executed in Latin, and it is done *gratis*, and by various hands. But, were this an age for increasing the public burdens, we should suggest the propriety of creating anew the formal appointment of Latin secretary, which ought for many reasons never to have been abolished. The Fox Ministry would have done rightly to have restored the office, and to have rewarded Dr Parr by the first appointment.

† But surely the brother of Sir Henry Hallford (as the warden of Merton, Dr Peter Vaughan, we believe was) needed not to have gone out of his own family connexions for such an assistance. For Sir Henry himself writes Latin with ease and effect,

throw a hasty glance, John Bull, who piques himself so much and so justly on the useful and the respectable, on British industry, British faith, British hardware, British morals, British muskets (which are by no means the best specimens of our morals, judging by the proportion that annually bursts in the hands of poor savages)—and, generally speaking, upon British arts, *provided only they are the useful and the mechanical arts*—this same John Bull has the most sheepish distrust of himself in every accomplishment that professes a purpose of ornament and mere beauty. Here he has a universal superstition in favour of names in *mo* and *ni*. Every foreigner indeed, but more especially every Italian—it is John's private faith—is by privilege of nature a man of taste, and, by necessity, a knave. Were it only of music that he thought this, and only of Italian foreigners, perhaps he might not be so far amiss. Oh! the barbarous leaning of British taste as regards music! oh, the trashy songs which pollute our theatres, and are allowed to steal into the operas of Mozart! Strange that the nation whose poetry and drama discover by degrees so infinitely the most passion, should in their music discover the least! Not merely, however, in arts, technically so called, but in every branch of ornamental knowledge, every thing that cannot be worked in a loom, weighed on a steel-yard, measured by an ellwand, valued by an auctioneer, John Bull secretly distrusts himself and his own powers. He may talk big when his patriotism is irritated; but his secret and sincere opinion, is that nature has made him a barbarian as regards the beautiful; if not for sensibility, at any rate for performance; and that in compensation of this no-verbal usage, fortune has given him a long purse to buy his beauty ready made. Hence it is, that, whilst openly disavowing it, John is for ever sneaking privately to foreigners, and tempting them with sumptuous bribes, to undertake a kind of works which many times would be better done by domestic talents. Latin, we may be sure, and Greek, fall too much within the description of the ornamental—to be relished of home manufacture. Whenever, therefore,

a great scholar was heard of on the continent, him John Bull proceeded to buy or to bargain for. Many were imported at the Reformation. Joseph Scaliger was courted in the succeeding age. A younger friend of his, Isaac Casaubon, a capital scholar, but a dull man, and rather knavish, was caught. Exultingly did John hook him, play with him, and land him. James I. determined that he would have his life written by him; and, in fact, all sorts of uses were meditated and laid out for their costly importation. But he died without doing any thing that he would not have done upon the continent; the whole profit of the transaction rested with the Protestant cause, which (but for English gold) Casaubon would surely have abandoned for the honours and emoluments of Rome. Cromwell again, perfect John Bull as he was in this feature, also preserved the national faith; he would have his martial glories recorded. Well: why not? Especially for one who had Milton at his right hand. But no; he thought little of *him*—he would buy a foreigner. In fact, he was in treaty for several; and we will venture to say that Salmasius himself was not more confounded upon finding himself suddenly seized, bound, and whirled at Milton's chariot wheels, in a field where he was wont to career up and down as supreme and unquestioned *arbiter*, and at most expecting a few muttered insults, that would not require notice,—than Cromwell was on hearing that his own champion, a Londoner born, and manufactured at Cambridge, had verily taken the conceit out of the valnglorious, but all-learned Frenchman. It was just such another essay as between Orlando and the Duke's wrestler—as well for the merits of the parties, as for the pleasant disappointment to the lookers-on. For even on the continent all men rejoiced in the humiliation of Salmasius. Charles II., again, and his favourite ministers, had heard of Des Cartes as a philosopher and Latinist, but apparently not of Lord Bacon, except as a lawyer. King William, though in the age of Bishop Pearson, and Stillingfleet, and Bentley, in the very rare glances which he condescended to bestow on literature,

squinted at Grævius, Gronovius, and other Dutch professors of humanity on a ponderous scale. And, omitting scores of other cases, we could bring in illustration, even in our own day, the worthy George III., thinking it would be well to gain the *imprimatur* of his own pocket university of Göttingen, before he made up his mind on the elementary books used in the great schools of England, dispatched a huge bale of grammars, lexicons, vocabularies, fables, selections, exercise-books, spelling-books, and Heaven knows what all, to that most concinnous and most rotund of professors—Mr Heyne. At Cæsar's command, the professor slightly inspected them; and having done so, he groaned at the quality of the superb English paper, so much harder, stiffer, and more unaccommodating to domestic purposes than that soft German article, prepared by men of feeling and consideration in that land of sentiment, and thereupon (we pretend not to say how far in consequence thereof) he drew up an angry and vindictive verdict on their collective merits. And thus it happened that his Majesty came to have but an indifferent opinion of English school literature. Now, in this instance, we see the John Bull mania pushed to extremity. For surely Dr Parr, on any subject whatever, barring Greek, was as competent a scholar as Master Heyne.* And on this particular subject, the jest is apparent, that Parr was, and Heyne was not, a schoolmaster. Parr had cultivated the art of teaching all his life; and it were hard indeed, if labours so tedious and heavy might not avail a man to the extent of accrediting his opinion on a capital question of his own profession. Speaking seriously, since the days of Busby—that great man† who flogged so many of our avi—abavi—atavi—and tritavi, among the school-

masters of Europe, none could, in those days, stand forward as competitors in point of scholarship with Parr. Scholars more eminent, doubtless, there had been, but not among those who wielded the ferule; for the learned Dr Burney, junior, of Greenwich, and the very learned Dr Butler of Shrewsbury, had not then commenced their reigns. How pointed, then, was the insult, in thus transferring the appeal from a golden critic at home to a silver one abroad: or rather, how strong the prejudice which could prompt such a course to one who probably meditated no insult at all. And let no man say, on *this* occasion, that Parr, being a Jacobin, could not be decently consulted on the scruples of a king; for Heyne was a Jacobin also, until Jacobinism brought danger to his windows. If the oracle at Hatton philippized, the oracle of Göttingen philippized no less, and perhaps with much less temptation, and certainly with less conspicuous neglect of his own interest. Well for him that his Jacobinism lurks in ponderous Latin notes, whilst Dr Parr's was proclaimed to the world in English!

It is fitting, then, that we people of England should always keep a man or two capable of speaking with our enemies in the gate, when they speak Latin; more especially when our national honour in this particular is to be supported against a prejudice so deep, and of standing so ancient. These, however, are local arguments for cultivating Latin, and kept alive by the sense of wounded honour. But there are other considerations more permanent and intrinsic to the question, which press equally upon all cultivated nations. The language of ancient Rome has certain indestructible claims upon our regard; it has a peculiar merit *sui generis* in the

* We cannot fancy Heyne as a Latin *exegetes*. The last time we opened a book of his, (perhaps it was his Virgil,) some sixteen years ago, he was labouring at this well-known phrase—" *regione viarum*." As usual, a rhapsody of resemblances, more or less remote, was accumulated; but if we may be believed, that sole meaning of the word *regio* which throws light upon the expression, that meaning which connects it with the word *rego* in the mathematical sense, [*i. e.* to drive a strait line,] was unnoticed. All the rest meant nothing. We closed the book in disgust.

† "Dr Busby! a great man, sir, a very great man! he flogged my grandfather."
—Sir Rog. de Coverley.

first place; and secondly, circumstances have brought it into a singular and unprecedented relation to the affairs and interests of the human race.

Speaking carelessly of Latin, as one of two ancient languages, both included in the cycle of a perfect education, and which jointly compose the entire conservatory of all ancient literature that now survives, we are apt to forget that either of these languages differs from the other by any peculiar or incommunicable privilege; and for all the general advantages which can characterise a language, we rightly ascribe the preference in degree to the Greek. But there are two circumstances, one in the historical position of the Latin language, and one in its own internal character, which unite to give it an advantage in our esteem, such as no language besides ever did, or, in the nature of things, ever will possess. They are these:—The Latin language has a *planetary* importance; it belongs not to this land or that land, but to all lands where the human intellect has obtained its rights and its developement. It is the one sole *Lingua Franca*, that is, in a catholic sense, such for the whole humanized earth, and the total family of man. We call it a dead language. But how? It is not dead, as Greek is dead, as Hebrew is dead, as Sanscrit is dead—which no man uses in its ancient form in his intercourse with other men. It is still the common dialect which binds together that great *imperium in imperio*—the republic of letters. And to express in a comprehensive way the relation which this superb language bears to man and his interests, it has the same extensive and indifferent relation to our planet, which the moon has amongst the heavenly bodies. Her light, and the means of intercourse which she propagates by her influence upon the tides, belong to all nations alike. How impressive a fact would it appear to us, if the

great Asiatic family of nations from Teherân, or suppose from Constantinople and Cairo (which are virtually Asiatic) to Pekin and the remotest islands on that quarter of Asia, had some one common language through which their philosophers and statesmen could communicate with each other over the whole vast floor of Asia! Yet this sublime masonic tie of brotherhood we ourselves possess, we members of Christendom, in the most absolute sense. Gradually, moreover, it is evident that we shall absorb the whole world into the progress of civilisation. Thus the Latin language is, and will be still more perfectly, a bond between the remotest places. Time also is connected as much as space; and periods in the history of man, too widely separated from each other (as we might also have imagined) to admit of any common tie, are, and will continue to be, brought into connexion by a vinculum so artificial (and, generally speaking, so fluctuating) as a language. This position of the Latin language with regard to the history of man, would alone suffice to give it an overpowering interest in our regard. As to its intrinsic merits, the peculiarity of its structure, and the singular powers which arise out of that structure, we must leave that topic undiscussed. We shall say only, that, for purposes of elaborate rhetoric, it is altogether unrivalled; the exquisitely artificial mould of its structure, gives it that advantage. And, with respect to its supposed penury of words, we shall mention the opinion of Cicero, who, in three separate passages of his works, maintains, that in that point it has the advantage of the Greek.

Many questions arise upon the qualities of Parr's Latin in particular, and upon the general rules of style which he prescribed to himself. The far-famed author of the "*Pursuits of Literature*," has stigmatised the preface to Bellendénus* (we beseech you, courteous reader, to pro-

* William Bellenden, a Scotch writer, flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is said to have been a Professor in the University of Paris. At Paris he published, in 1608, his *Cicero Princeps*, a singular work, in which he extracted from Cicero's writings detached remarks, and compressed them into one regular body, containing the rules of monarchical government, with the line of conduct to be adopted, and the virtues proper to be encouraged by the Prince himself; and the treatise, when finished, he dedi-

nounce the penultimate short, that is, lay the accent on the syllable *lend*) as “a cento of Latin quotations;” in which judgment there is a double iniquity; for, beyond all other human performances, the “Pursuits of Literature” is a cento, and in any fair sense, Parr’s preface is *not*. In fact, with all its undeniable ability, all its cloudy amplifications, tortuous energy of language, and organ notes of profounder eloquence pealing at

intervals through the “sound and fury” of his political vaticinations,—merits which sufficed to propel that bulky satire through nearly a score of editions,—yet, at this day, it cannot be denied, that the “Pursuits of Literature” was disfigured by much extravagance of invective, much license of tongue, much mean and impotent spite, (see his lying attempt to retort the jest of Colman* by raising a Greek dust,) but above all, (and

cated, from a principle of patriotism and gratitude, to the son of his master, Henry, then Prince of Wales. Four years afterwards (namely, in 1612) he proceeded to publish another work of a similar nature, which he called *Cicero Consul, Senator, Senatus Romanus*, and in which he treated the nature of the consular office, and the constitution of the Roman Senate. Finding the works received, as they deserved, with the unanimous approbation of the learned, he conceived the plan of a third work, *De Statu Prisci Orbis*, which was to contain a history of the progress of government and philosophy, from the times before the flood, to their various degrees of improvement, under the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. He had proceeded so far as to print a few copies of this work in 1615, when it seems to have been suggested, that his three treatises, *De Statu Principis, De Statu Republicæ, De Statu Orbis*, being on subjects so nearly resembling each other, there might be a propriety in uniting them into one work, by re-publishing the two former, and entitling the whole, *Bellendenus de Statu*. With this view, he recalled the few copies of his last work that were abroad, and after a delay of some months, he published the three treatises together, under their new title, in the year 1615.

In the British Museum, one copy of the book *De Statu prisci Orbis*, dated in 1615, still exists, which the author had probably sent into England as a present, and could not recall; and in all the others the date appears, on a nice inspection, to have been originally MDCXV., and to have had an I afterwards added, on the alteration of the author’s plan. The editor has shewn great ingenuity in clearing up this typographical difficulty. The great work being now completed, Bellenden looked forward with a pretty well-grounded expectation for that applause which his labour and his ingenuity deserved; but his views were disappointed by one of those events that no art of man can foresee or remedy. The vessel in which the whole impression was embarked was overtaken by a storm before she could reach the English coasts, and foundered with all her cargo.

A very few copies only, which the learned author either kept for his own use, or had sent as presents by private hands, seem to have been preserved from the destruction which awaited the others; and this work of Bellendenus has, therefore, from its scarcity, often escaped the notice of the most diligent collectors.

It is not to be found in the library of the Duke of Argyle, nor in that of the late Dr Hunter; neither Morhoffius nor Fabricius had ever seen it; the *Observationes Literariæ* at Frankfort in 1728, which treat learnedly and copiously on scarce books, makes no mention of it. In a word, the single treatises are so rare, that not above ten of them are to be found in all the libraries of England. And of the larger work, it does not appear that more than six copies are known to exist; one in the public library at Cambridge, second in that of Emanuel College in the same university, long admired as a well-chosen collection of excellent books; a third in All-Souls’ Library at Oxford, and two in the possession of the editors.†

* Colman had said, that the verse in the *Pursuits of Literature* was only “a peg to hang the notes upon.” Too obvious, perhaps, but also too true, for the irritable author who had the meanness, amongst some impotent attempts at affecting a grin of nonchalance, to tell his readers that the jest was stolen—and stolen from Pindar! Great was our curiosity on hearing this. A Pindaric jest! What could it be, and where? Was it an Olympic, or a Pythic jest? Why, Pindar, it seems, “said long before Mr Colman, *αὐτὸς πασσαλὸν φορμίσσα λαβὴν*.” And what then? He took down his harp from a peg; that is to say, a literal harp from a literal peg. What earthly connexion could that have with Mr Colman’s jest? Now this, though *in re levissima*, we regard as a downright villainy.

† There is another in the library of Shrewsbury School, left by Dr Taylor, editor of *Demosthenes*, to that foundation.

in a degree which took all colour of propriety from his sneers at Parr,) by a systematic pedantry, without parallel in literature. To Parr it was open, at least, to have retorted, that in no instance had he left it a matter of doubt what language it was that he professed to be writing, whether it were Greek enamelled upon an English ground, or a substratum of Greek tessellated by English. That boast was something: more by a good deal than the learned satirist could pretend to. Such a *mosaic* as his hyper-Menippean satire, was never seen by man; unless, indeed, it were in one imitation (the *Millennium*) where the author, apparently determined to work in more colours than his master, had strewed his pages with Arabic and Persic, and actually pressed upon the particular and indulgent notice of the Lord Mayor, and aldermen in common council assembled, various interesting considerations in Coptic.

By such an accuser, then, Parr could not justly be placed upon defence. But really at any bar he did not need a defence. Writing professedly as a rhetorician, he caught at the familiar commonplaces of Roman rhetoric, and golden ornaments of Ciceronian mintage, just as in English we point our perorations with the gorgeous tropes of Jeremiah Taylor, relieve the austerity of our didactic speculations with the great harmonies of Milton, or lock up our sentences with massy keystones of Shakspearian sentiment. Thus far the famous Preface was no further arrayed in borrowed plumage

than really became it as an avowed *bravura* of rhetorical art, deliberately unfolding its "dazzling fence" in passages of effect, and openly challenging admiration as a solemn agonistic effort of display and execution. What probably misled the unfriendly critic were the continued references in the margin to Cicero, or other masters of Latinity. But these were often no acknowledgments for obligations, but simply sanctions for particular uses of words, or for questionable forms of phraseology. In this Dr Parr was even generous; for though he *did* sometimes leave traps for the unwary—and this he acknowledged with a chuckling laugh—still in many more instances he saved them from the snares which were offered by these suspicious cases in Latinity.

Dismissing, however, in his own contemptuous words, this false and malicious exception to Dr Parr's preface, "*Quare suo, per me licet, sale nigro ii delectentur, suæque superbise morem gerant, qui me dictitant, veluti quendam ludimagistrum, ex alienis orationibus librum meum composuisse,*" it is very possible that there may be others with better foundation. Amongst these there is one, which we have heard most frequently pressed in conversation, and it is connected with a *quæstio veratissima* on the general principles of modern Latin diction; was not the style hybrid, that is a composite style, owned by no one age in particular, but made up by inharmonious contributions from many? We answer firmly—No. Words there are, undoubt-

For the "absolute silliness," amongst many hundred passages of pure trifling, or exquisite nonsense, let the reader look to his long note upon Mr Godwin, and his "*gun of generation*;" where, under an impression that he was lashing some peculiar conceit, or caprice of that gentleman, the satirist had unconsciously engaged himself with Hume, and his Doctrine of Causation.

We say so much upon this author, because, (though almost forgotten at present,) in our younger days, he had a splendour of success, not much surpassed even by the most popular writers of this present more literary generation; and because, spite of his bad taste, his pedantry, and his mystical affectations, he had a demon of originality about him, which makes him, after all, worthy of preservation.

A strange fact it is, in Dr Parr's literary history, that this same malicious satirist, from whom he received insults so flagrant and so public, at an after period became his all but dolized friend. In saying this, we assume it as a thing admitted universally, and now scarcely needing a proof, that Mr Mathias, and the satirist in question, were one and the same person. Letters from this Mr Mathias are spoken of by Dr Parr in another period of his life, with a fervour of devotion, such as a Roman Catholic limits to the very holiest class of reliques.

edly—single words, and solitary phrases, and still oftener senses and acceptations* of words, which can plead no Ciceronian authority. But the mould—the structure—the *tuces* of the sentence, *that* is always Roman, always such as Cicero would have understood and countenanced. Nay, many passages there are which Cicero could not have beat for his ears. Every sentence or period moves upon two principal determinations: its external connexion in the first place—how does it arise, upon what movement of the logic or the feeling from the preceding period? And, secondly, its own internal evolution. These *moments* (to speak dynamically) in the construction of sentences according to their treatment, (but, above all, in a language the most exquisitely artificial that human necessities have created,) become the very finest tests of their idiomatic propriety. In the management of these primary elements in the art of composition, Parr is a master. As to words, or separable parts, which a stroke of the pen can remove and supply, the effect, upon the whole, is little, and to modern ears, untrained by colloquial use to apprehend spontaneously the discordant association of archaisms and neologisms, scarcely any at all. Yet it is observable, that, to words only, and single phrases, the purists in Latin composition have most unwisely directed their attention.

Above all, the Ciceronian purists were famous in their day; a volume might be written on their history.

Fierce sectarianism, bred fierce latitudinarianism. Was a writer Ciceronian in his words and phrases? *That*, for some critics, was the one demand. On the other hand, many pliqued themselves on throwing off a restriction so severe; and for many subjects so disadvantageous. Some valued themselves on writing like Tacitus; some, with larger and more natural taste, like Livy. Some even were content with a model as modern as Lipsius or Strada.

In such disputes all turns upon the particular purpose which a writer has in using the Latin idiom. Why, on what considerations, honouring what old prescriptive usage, or looking to what benefit, has an author used Latin at all? For evidently, in foregoing his own mother tongue, he has wilfully forfeited much ease and some power. His motives, therefore, must be very determinate in a choice so little for his own immediate interest. If, which is the commonest case, he writes Latin merely as a *lingua franca*—as the general language of the literary commonwealth of Christendom, and, therefore, purely to create an extended circulation for his thoughts,—it is probable that his subject in these days will be derived from some branch of science, or, at all events, some theme treated didactically; for, as an orator, an essayist, or, generally, as a fine writer, he can find no particular temptations in a language, which, whilst it multiplies his difficulties, must naturally limit his audience. On a mere calculation of good sense, we may predict that

* Dr Parr, but on what particular sense of necessity, we pretend not to conjecture, has used the words *textus* for *text*, and *margin* for *margin*; and he apologizes for them in the following words:—

“Quod textum et marginem, et alia istiusmodi verba sine ulla prefatione, et quasi *traximus* usurpavi, id ne bilem moveat inter eos,” [for *inter eos* we should have substituted *istis*], “qui limatulum præ ceteris et politulum habere iudicium sibi videntur.” And he goes on to say, that spiteful critics of shallow discernment make these cavils, which possibly they would not make if aware of the answer made to them by Henry Stephens: “Rem vir ille doctus et ingeniosus huc deduxit,” “nimium, sane, fuerint delicate aures, quæ talia vocabula ferre non poterunt, quum præsertim alia desint.” Well, let the question then be rested on that footing, and so decided. Nobody in the world, as the reader will collect from another part of this paper, has less sympathy than ourselves with idle cavillers, or less indulgence towards the scruples which grow out of excessive puritanism in style. Yet in these instances we do not perceive that the scruples are of that character. For we cannot perceive that the questionable words are protected by the reservation of Stephens—*quum alia desint*. Surely *ora libri* express *margin*, and *orationis perpetuitas*, or *continuitas sermonis*, might serve to express the idea of *text*, (for the body of the composition, as distinguished from its notes.)

his subject will, in nine cases out of ten, be one which is paramount, by its matter, to all considerations of style and manner. Physics, for example, in some one of its numerous branches; mathematics, or some great standing problem of metaphysics. Now, in such a case, if there be one rule of good taste more pressing than another, it is this—to reject all ornaments of style whatever,—in fact all style; for unless on a question which admits some action of the feelings, in a business of the pure understanding, style—properly defined—is impossible. Consequently, classical Latin, whether of gold, of silver, or of brass, is, in such a case, equally to be rejected. The reason upon which this rule stands is apparent.

Why is it that in law Latin we say, *murdravit*, for he *murdered*;—*war-rantizo*,—*homugium*, and so forth?—Simply because the transcendent matter in all legal discussions, the great interests of life and property which law concerns, the over-ruling importance of the necessities to which law ministers, making intelligibility and distinction of cases to be the absorbing consideration, cannot but throw into the shade every quality of writing which does not co-operate to that end; and for those qualities, which have a tendency even to clash with it, cannot but reduce them to the rank of puerile levities. The idea of *felony*, under its severe and exclusive limitation, according to our jurisprudence, could not be adequately reached by any Ciceronian term whatsoever; and this once admitted, it is evident that the filigree frost-work of classical fastidiousness must be allowed to melt at once before the great domineering influences of life in its elementary interests. Religion again, how much

has that been found to suffer in the hands of classical precisians, to whom the whole vocabulary of Christianity,—all the technical terms of its divine economy, all its idioms*—such as *grace*, *sanctification*, *sacrament*, *regeneration*, &c., were so many stones of offence and scandal for the terms, even where they did not reject the conceptions. Now, one law of good sense is paramount for all composition whatsoever, viz. that the subject, the very ideas, for the development of which only any composition at all became necessary, must not suffer prejudice, or diminution, from any scruples affecting the mere accessories of style or manner. Where both cannot co-exist, perish the style—let the subject-matter (to use a scholastic term) prosper!

This law governs every theme of pure science, or which is capable of a didactic treatment. For instance, in Natural Philosophy, where the mere ideas under discussion, the bodies, the processes, the experiments, the instruments, are all alike almost in a region unknown and unsubjected to any jurisdiction of the classical languages,—how vain, how puerile the attempt to fight up against these natural, and for us insurmountable difficulties, by any system of clever equivocations, or ingenious compromises between the absolute barbarisms of the thing, and their nearest classical analogies. By such misdirected slight-of-hand, what is effected? We sacrifice one principle without propitiating the other. Science, defrauded of her exactness, frowns; and the genius of classical elegance does not smile. Precision is wilfully forfeited; and no real ornament is gained. Wheresoever a man writes not for a didactic purpose, but for effect, wheresoever the

* Upon this subject, in its relation not to Latin, but to classical English, we have an Essay in our own times from a writer of great talent, Mr Foster, the Baptist clergyman. It is strange to say, that the tendency of that essay is in direct hostility to his own peculiar views; doctrinally, he contends earnestly for the *peculiar* tenets and mysteries of the Christian economy. Yet, on the other hand, as a man of taste, he would banish all the consecrated terms which express them. Now, this is contradictory. With the peculiar and characteristic language would vanish the peculiar and characteristic doctrines. But, apart from this consequence, it is strange that Mr Foster should overlook the analogical justification of a separate terminology, derived from so many similar cases of far less importance. For example, who complains of the Platonic theology for its peculiar vocabulary? Or, what reproach has it ever been to Jamblichus, to Proclus, to Plotinus, to Synesius, &c., that they wrote almost a sealed dialect to the profane?

composition is not a mere means for conveying truths, but its own end and final object, there, and there only, it may be allowable to attempt a happy evasion of some modern barbarism by means of its nearest Roman equivalent. For example, in a sepulchral inscription, one of the finest modes of the serious epigram, where distinction for the understanding is nothing, and effect for the natural sensibilities is all in all, Dr Parr might be justified in saying that a man died by a *ballista*, as the nearest classical weapon of offence to that which was really concerned in the fatal accident. But the same writer, treating any question of Natural Philosophy, could never have allowed himself in so vague a term. To know that a man perished under a blow from some engine of war acted on by a mechanical force, without distinguishing whether gun or pistol, bomb, mortar, howitzer, or hand-grenade—might be all that was required to engage the reader's sympathy. Some little circumstantiality, some slight specification of details, is useful in giving direction and liveliness to a general tone of commiseration; whilst too minute an individualization of objects, not elevated enough to sustain any weight of attention, would both degrade the subject and disturb the natural current of the feelings by the disproportionate notice it would arrogate under the unwieldy periphrasis that might be necessary to express it. But, on the other hand, in pure physics, the primary necessity of rigorous distinction would demand an exact designation of the particular implement; size, weight, bore, mode of action, and quantity of resistance, might here all happen to be of foremost importance. Something, in fact, analogous to all this, for the case itself, and for the law which it suggests, may be found in the art of gardening, under its two great divisions of the useful and the ornamental. Taste was first applied to the latter. From the art of gardening, as cultivated for picturesque effects, laws and principles of harmonious grouping, of happy contrast, and of hidden co-operation in parts remote from each other, were soon derived. It was natural that some transfer should be attempted

of these rules to the humbler province of kitchengardens. Something was tried here, also, of the former devices for producing the picturesque; and the effects were uniformly bad. Upon which two classes of critics arose, one who supposed kitchengardens to be placed altogether out of the jurisdiction of taste, and another, who persisted in bringing them within it, but unfortunately by means of the very same rules as those which governed the larger and more irregular province of pleasure gardens. The truth lay between the two parties; the last were right in supposing that every mode of exhibiting objects to the eye had its own susceptibilities (however limited) of beauty, and its own rules of good taste. The first, on the other hand, were equally right in rejecting the rules of the picturesque, as applicable to arrangements in which utility and convenience presided. Beauty, "wild without rule or art, enormous bliss," (that is, bliss which transcends all *norma*, or artificial measurements,) which is Milton's emphatic summing up of the luxuries of Eden, obey a much wider law, and in that proportion more difficult to be abstracted than the elegance of trim arrangement. But even this has its own appropriate law of ornament. And the mistake is, to seek it by translation from some province, differing essentially, and by its central principle, from itself. Where it is possible (as in ornamental gardening on the English plan it is) to appear as an assistant, and in subordination to nature, making her the principal artist, and rather directing her efforts than positively interfering with them—there, it is certain, that the wild, the irregular, the illimitable, and the luxuriant, have their appropriate force of beauty; and the tendency of art is no more than simply to assist their developement, and to sustain their effect, by removing whatever is inharmonious. But in a system of which utility is the object, utility must also be the law and source of the beauty. That same convenience, which dictates arrangement and limitation as its own subsidiary instruments, ought to dictate these same principles as the presiding agents for the creation of appropriate ornaments. Instead of

seeking a wild picturesque, which delights in concealing, or in revealing only by fits, the subtle and half evanescent laws under which it grows, good taste suggests imperatively, as the object we should court, a beauty of the architectural kind, courting order and symmetry, avowing, not hiding its own artifices, and absolutely existing by correspondence of parts.

Latin composition falls into the same or analogous divisions; and these divisions obey the same or corresponding rules. The highest form of Latin composition, ornamented Latin, which belongs to a difficult department of the higher *belles lettres*, clothes itself, by natural right, in the whole pomp and luxury of the native Roman idiom. Didactic Latin, of any class, in which the subject makes it impossible to sustain that idiom for two consecutive sentences, abandons it professedly, and creates a new law for itself. Even the art of annotation, a very extensive branch of purely didactic Latin, and cultivated by immense numbers of very able men, has its own peculiar laws and proprieties, which must be sought in the works of those who have practised it with success.*

For an example, in support of what we have been saying, and illustrating the ludicrous effect, which arises from a fastidiously classical phraseology employed upon a subject of science, we might refer our readers to the collection of letters between Leibnitz and various correspondents in different parts of Europe, published at Hanover by Feder, among which are some extra superfine letters by a certain Italian Abbé.

It is really as good as a comedy, to see the rope-dancing tricks of agility by which this finical Italian *petit-maitre* contrives to talk of electricity,

retorts, crucibles, and gas, in terms that might have delighted the most delicate ears of Augustan Rome. Leibnitz pays him some compliments, as he could do no less, upon his superfine apparel; but evidently he is laughing in his sleeve at the hyperbolic pains and perspiration that each paragraph of his letters must have cost him. This Italian simply carried a pretty common mistake to a ridiculous excess. The notion is universal, that even in writing upon scientific subjects, it is right to strive after classical grace, in that extent to which it shall be found attainable. But this is false taste. Far juster, better, and more self-consistent, is the plain, unpretending Latin of the great heroes of philosophy—Lord Bacon, Des Cartes, and Leibnitz.† They court no classical ornaments, no rhetorical phrases; yet the Latin idiom, though not studiously courted, is never harshly violated. Philosophic ideas, philosophic dogmas, of modern birth, are not antedated by giving them pagan names. Terms of modern science, objects of modern discovery, are not disguised in a ridiculous masquerade of classical approximations, presenting a conjectural travesty, rather than a just and responsible translation by fair equivalents. The interests of the sense, and the demands of the primary purpose, are everywhere made the governing considerations; and whilst the barbarisms of some amongst the schoolmen are never imitated, and no idioms positively modern are adopted, the pure Roman idiom is only so far courted as it favours the ends of expedition and precision. In short, we shall not much err in making this general assertion, that a philosophic Latin style, suited to the wants of modern speculation and modern research, has gradually matured itself in the hands of the great

* Amongst whom, by the way, Bentley stands foremost; whilst Porson is the least felicitous in giving a scholarlike expression to his notes.

† We may add, as equal with the very foremost of them, Immanuel Kant, whose Latin is of the best philosophic character. He had studied as a fellow-pupil with the celebrated Latinist, Ruhnkenius, and had a true sense of elegance in this particular accomplishment. By the way, on this occasion we may observe, that Hobbes was a villainous writer of Latin; and the common story of Lord Bacon's value for him in that character is undoubtedly false. Not a line of the Latin *De Augmentis* could have been written by Hobbes.

philosophic reformers; an ancient language has bent to the pressure of new circumstances, and of modern revolutions in thinking; and it might be shewn, that it has, in fact, thrown off a new and secondary idiom, neither modern nor antique, and better fitted for dispatch, though less shewy, than that of ancient Rome; and this secondary idiom has been created in the same way, and by the same legitimate agency, as any language whatsoever, viz. by the instincts of feeling, and the necessities of the human mind. Voluntarily and consciously, man never did nor could create a language.*

The great men we speak of, as all men engaged in that function, were controlled by circumstances existing out of themselves, viz. the demands of human thinking, as they have gradually been unfolded, and the needs of experimental philosophy. In maturing their product, that neutral diction of philosophy which is neither modern nor ancient, they were themselves controlled by the circumstances we state: yet, again, as they started with a scholarlike knowledge of the ancient Roman idiom, they have reciprocally so far reacted upon these circumstances, and controlled their natural tendency, as not to suffer their own vernacular idioms to impress themselves upon their new diction, or at all to mould its shape and character.

Into these discursive notices we have allowed ourselves to wander, from the interest which attaches to every phasis of so imperishable a monument of Roman power as survives for all cultivated nations in the Roman language: and also from its near connexion with our immediate subject. Recalling ourselves, however, into that branch of our theme which more particularly concerns Dr Parr, who wrote little (if any thing) in the neutral or didactic form of the Latin

idiom, but came forward boldly as a performer on the great classical lyre of that majestic language, we have said, that in our judgment, he was a skilful performer; we will add, that, in spite of his own modest appreciation of his own claims, he was much more skilful than those who have been most accredited for this accomplishment in modern England; particularly, he was superior, as a master of Latinity, to Sir William Jones and Bishop Lowth, the two most celebrated English composers in Latin through the course of the eighteenth century.

Whilst thus limiting our comparison of Parr to English competitors for the same sort of fame, we are reminded that Reiske, the well-known editor of the Greek Orators, a hasty and careless, but a copious scholar, and himself possessing a masterly command over the Latin language, has pronounced a general censure (Preface to Demosthenes) of English Latinity. In this censure, after making the requisite limitations, we confess that reluctantly we concur. Not that the continent does not keep us in countenance by its own breed of bald composers; but our English deficiencies are the more remarkable when placed in opposition to the unquestionable fact, that in no country upon earth have the gentry, both professional and non-professional, and the majority even of the higher aristocracy, so large a tincture of classical knowledge. What is still more remarkable, some of our first-rate scholars have been our poorest masters of Latinity. In particular, Taylor, the eminent civilian, and the able editor of Demosthenes, whose style it was, to the best of our remembrance, in connexion with some ill-natured sneer at Wolff, that furnished the immediate provocation to Reiske's remark, was a poor composer in Latin; and Porson, a much

* Lord Bacon's style is so much moulded by his own peculiar plastic intellect, that it is difficult to separate the elements of the total compound, that part which represented individually himself, and that which belonged to his era, and position which he occupied as a revolutionary philosopher under a domineering influence of circumstances. But from the plainer and less splendid, though perhaps more sublime, mind of Des Cartes, we receive a diction which better reflects the general standard of his era. Of this diction we venture to pronounce, that though far removed from classical Latinity, it is equally far from the other extreme of barbarism, and has an *indoles*, or genius *sui generis*, and its own peculiar laws.

greater scholar than any of these men; as a Latinist was below the meanest of them. In fact, he wrote Latin of any kind,—such Latin even as was framed on his own poor ideal, with singular want of freedom and facility: so much we read in the very movement of his bald disjointed style. But (more than all *that*) his standard and conception of Latin style was originally bad, and directed to the least valuable of its characteristics. Such an adventurous flight, and a compass so wide as that of Parr, was far beyond Porson's strength of opinion. He has not ventured, in any instance that we are aware of, to trust himself through the length of three sentences to his own impulses; but, in his uniform character of annotator, timidly creeps along shore, attached to the tow-line of his text, and ready to drop his anchor on the least summons to stretch out to sea. In this, however, there is something equivocal: timidity of thinking may perhaps be as much concerned in his extreme reserve, as penury of diction. But one most unequivocal indication of incompetence as a Latin composer, is to be found in the structure of his sentences, which are redolent of English idiom. In reality, the one grave and mortal taint of English Latinity is—that it is a translation, a rendering back, from an English archetype. In that way, and upon any such principle, good Latin never can arise. It grows up by another process. Good Latin *begins*, as well as terminates, in itself. To write like an ancient Roman, a man must *think* in Latin. Every translation out of an English original must necessarily fail of becoming good Latin by any mode of transmutation that an ordinary activity can ever hope to accomplish: from its English shape, the thoughts, the connexions, the transitions, have *already received a determination* this way or that, fitting them for the yoke of an English construction. Even the most absolute fixtures (to use that term) in an English structure, must often be unsettled, and the whole framework of the period be taken to pieces and recast in a thoroughly Latin composition. The interrogative form must often be changed to the absolute affirmative, and *versa vice*; parenthetical intercalations must often be melted into the body of the sen-

tence; qualifications and restraints added or omitted; and the whole thought, its succession, and connexion altered, before it will be fitted to receive a direct Latin version.

This part of our subject, and, in connexion with it, Dr Parr's singular command of the Latin idiom, we might easily illustrate by a few references to the Bellenden Preface; and there is the more propriety in a studious use of this preface, because Parr himself declared to one of his friends, [Dr Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 263,] that "there are in the preface almost all the phraseological beauties I know in Latin."

But this task we must reserve for a separate paper, which we meditate on modern Latinity. For the present, we hasten to a class of the Doctor's Latin compositions, in which his merits are even more conspicuous—because more characteristically his own.

In the epitaphs of Dr Parr, as amongst the epitaphs of this country, where a false model has prevailed—the lapidary style and arrangement, and an unseasonable glitter of rhetoric—there is a rare, almost a unique body of excellence. Indeed, from these inscriptions, we believe it possible to abstract all the *negative* laws which should preside in this species of composition. The sole defect is in the *positive* qualities. Whatsoever an epitaph ought *not* to be, that too frequently it is; and by examining Dr Parr's in detail, we shall find, by the uniformity of his abstinence in those circumstances which most usually offer the matter of offence, that his abstinence was not accidental; and that *implicitly*, as the scholastic phrase is, that is, by involution and silent implication, all the canons of a just theory on this branch of art are there brought together and accumulated. This is no light merit; indeed, when we reflect upon it, and consider how many and how able men have failed, we begin to think that Sam was perhaps a greater man by the intention of nature, than our villainous prejudices have allowed us to suppose. But with this concession to the *negative* merits of the Doctor, let it not be thought illiberal in us to connect a repetition of our complaint as to the defects of the *to affirmative* in this collection. Eve-

ry art is there illustrated which can minister to the gratification of the judgment: the grand defect is in all that should affect the sensibility. It is not enough in an epitaph, that it does not shock or revolt my taste or sense of propriety—of decorum—and the *convenances* arising out of place, purpose, occasion, or personal circumstances. The absence of all this leaves me in the condition requisite for being suitably affected: and I now look for the *positive* which is to affect me. Every thing has been removed by the skilful hand of the composer, which could interfere with, or disturb, the sanctity or tenderness of my emotions: “And now then,” as Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt demands, the ground being cleared, “why don’t you proceed to ravish me?” Why don’t you launch your *spicula* and arrows, and stings of pathos? The Grecian *epigrammata*—that matchless bead-roll of tender expressions for all household feelings that could blossom amongst those for whom no steady dawn of celestial hopes had risen—that treasury of fine sentiment, where the natural pieties of the human heart have ascended as high as a religion so unimaginative, and so little suited to the necessities of the heart, could avail to carry them—do not rely for their effect merely upon the chastities of their composition. Those graces act simply in the way of resistance to all adverse forces; but their *absolute* powers lie in the frank language of natural grief, trusting to its own least elaborate expression, or in the delicacies of covert and circumstantial allusion. Of this latter kind, we have a frequent example in Dr Parr himself:—when he numbers the hours even of a young man’s life, he throws the attention indirectly on the affecting brevity of his career, and on the avaricious love in the survivors clinging tenaciously to the record of his too fugitive hours, even in their minutest fractions. Applied to elder persons, this becomes too much of a mechanical artifice. But, at all events, the pointed expression by any means, or artifice whatever, of the passions suited to the occasion, is far too rare in the Parrian inscriptions. One might suppose even that pious grief and tender *desiderium*, the final cause, and the effi-

cient cause, at one and the same moment, of epitaphs, was, in Dr Parr’s estimate, no more than a *lucro pona-mus*, something indifferent to its essence, and thrown in casually, and to boot, as a *bonus* beyond what we are entitled to.

Allowing, however, for this one capital defect, all the laws of good composition, and of Latin composition, in particular, are generally observed by Dr Parr; the spirit of them always:—and other important rules might be collected from his letters, or abstracted (as we said above) from the epitaphs themselves. In particular he objected, and we think most judiciously, to the employment of direct *quotations* in an epitaph. He did not give his reasons; perhaps he only felt them. On a proper occasion, we fancy that we could develop these reasons at some length. At present it is sufficient to say, that quotations always express a mind not fully possessed by its subject, and abate the tone of earnestness which ought to preside either in very passionate or in very severe composition. A great poet of our own days, in writing an ode, felt that a phrase which he had borrowed ought not to be marked as a quotation; for that this reference to a book had the effect of breaking the current of the passion. In the choice of his Latinity also, Dr Parr prescribed to himself, for this department of composition, very peculiar and very refined maxims. The guide whom he chiefly followed, was one not easily obtained for love or money—*Morcellus de Stylo Inscriptionum*. Yet sometimes he seems to have forgotten his own principles. An epitaph was sent for his approbation, written by no less a person than Louis XVIII. All the world is aware that this prince was a man of cultivated taste, and a good classical scholar. He was, however, for such a task, something too much of a Catholic bigot; and he disfigured his epitaph by introducing the most unclassical Latinity of the Vulgate. Nevertheless, Dr Parr thought proper to approve of this. Now we admit, and the spirit of our remarks already made on the Latinity suitable for scientific subjects will have shewn that we admit, cases in which classical Latin ought professedly to bend

to modifications. We admit also that the Vulgate translation, from the sanctity of its authority in the Romish church, comes within the privileged class of cases which we have created for a secondary order of Latinity, deserving to be held classical in its own proper jurisdiction. Sepulchral inscriptions for Christian countries being usually in churches, or their consecrated purlieus, may be thought by some to fall peculiarly within that line. But we say—No. It would be so, were the custom of monumental inscription wholly, or in its first origin, a religious one; whereas epitaphs are primarily a matter of feeling and sentiment, not at all prescribed by religion, but simply checked and modified by the consecrated place in which they are usually erected, and by the religious considerations associated with the contemplation of death. This is our opinion, and ought to be Dr Parr's; for, in writing to Sir Joshua Reynolds on the subject of an epitaph for Dr Johnson, amongst other judicious reflexions on the general subject of Latin inscriptions, he says, "If Latin is to be the language, the whole spirit and the whole phraseology ought to be *such as a Latin writer would use*." Now the Vulgate translation of the Scriptures would have been nearly unintelligible in the ages of classic Rome, and nowhere more so than in that particular passage which fell under Dr Parr's examination.

Still after criticism has done its worst, and even with some instances of "vulnerable" Latinity before us, which we shall produce in our next and closing article, justice demands at our hands, in a general estimate of the doctor's pretensions, a very frank admission, that, as a master of Latinity, and pretty generally as a Latin scholar, Samuel Parr was the first man of his century. *O! si sic omnia!*

The laws of the Epitaph, a peculiar and most interesting branch of monumental inscription, and the modification of these laws as applied to Christian cemeteries, present a most attractive subject to the philosopher, and the man of taste in conjunction. Some time or other, *permissu Superiorum*, (i. e. *Christophero annuente*,) we purpose to investigate them in

both characters. Meantime, we shall relegate the enquirer to an essay on this subject by Mr Wordsworth, the sole even tentative approximation which we know towards a philosophic valuation of epitaphs, upon fixed principles. His essay is beautifully written, and finely conceived. The central principle of an epitaph he states thus: (we do not pretend to quote, speaking from a recollection of sixteen years back:) It expresses, or ought to express, the most absolute synthesis of the generic with the individual,—that is to say, starting from what a man has in common with all his species, the most general affections of frail humanity—its sufferings and its pleasures, its trials and triumphs, its fears and awful hopes—starting from this as the indispensable ground of a *universal* sympathy, it goes forward to what a man has most peculiar and personal to himself;—his talents and their special application—his fortunes, and all the other incommunicable circumstances of his life, as the ground for challenging a separate and peculiar attention. The first element of an epitaph claims the benefit of participation in a Catholic interest: the second claims it in that peculiar degree which justifies a separate and peculiar record. This most general idea of an epitaph, or sepulchral inscription, which is valid for all forms of religion, falls in especially with the characteristic humility of the Christian character. However distinguished amongst his earthly peers, yet in the presence of that Being whose infinity confounds all earthly distinctions, every man is bound to remember, in the first place, those great bonds of a common mortality—a common frailty—and a common hope, which connect him with the populous "nations of the grave." His greatest humiliation, but also his most absolute glory, lies in that mysterious incarnation of an infinite spirit in a fleshly robe, which makes him heir to the calamities of the one, but also co-heir to the imperishable dower of the other. As the basis, therefore, of all the interest which he can claim from the passing reader, as an introductory propitiation also to the Christian *genius loci*, and as the basis on which all his honours as an individual must

rest, he begins by avowing his humanity—his absolute identity with what is highest and lowest, wisest and simplest, proudest and meanest, in all around him.

This principle must preside in every epitaph alike. There is another equally important, which should govern the conclusion; and, like that which we have just been urging, as, on the one hand, it is prompted by universal good taste, and therefore claimed its rights even under a Pagan mythology, so, on the other, it lends itself, with a peculiar emphasis, to the characteristic tone of a Christian epitaph. It is this:—we may observe that all poets of the highest class, whether otherwise delighting or not in the storm and tumultuous agitation of passion, whether otherwise tragic or epic, in the constitution of their minds, yet by a natural instinct, have all agreed in tending to peace and absolute repose, as the state in which only a sane constitution of feelings can finally acquiesce. And hence, even in those cases where the very circumstances forbade the absolute tranquillity of happiness and triumphant enjoyment, they have combined to substitute a secondary one of resignation. This may be one reason that Homer has closed, with the funeral rites of Hector, a part of the *Iliad*, which otherwise has been thought an excrescence. Perhaps he was unwilling to leave us with the painful spectacle of the noble and patriotic martyr dragged with ruffian violence about the walls which he had defended,—the coming desolation of Troy in prospect—the frenzy of grief in its first tempestuous career amongst the Trojan women and spectators, and the agitations of sympathy in the reader, as yet mourning and untranquillized. A final book, therefore, removes all these stormy objects, and leaves the stage in possession of calmer scenes, and of emotions more elevating, tranquillizing, and soothing:

Ὡς δὲ ἀμφὶ τὸν ἥδον Ἑκτορος ἐπὶ τοὺς ποταμούς.

“So tended they the grave [ministered to the obsequies] of Hector the tamer of horses.”

Or, to give it the effect of Pope's rhythmus,

“Such honours Ilion to her hero paid;
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's
shade.”

In one sense, indeed, and for the peculiar auditory whom Homer might contemplate—an audience likely to merge the universal sense of humanity in the local sense of Grecian patriotism—the very calamities of Troy and her great champion, were the triumphs of Greece; and, so far, it might be contended that the true point of repose is the final and absolute victory of Achilles; and, in that sense, that the last book is an excrescence, or only ceremonial train to the voluminous draperies of the *Iliad*, in compliance with the religious usages of ancient Greece. But it is probable that our own view of the case is more correct; for there is other and independent evidence that Homer himself was catholic enough in his sensibilities to sympathize powerfully with Hector and Priam, and means his hearers to do so. Placing himself, therefore, at least for the occasion, in the neutral position of a modern reader, whose sympathies are equally engaged for Greece and for Troy, he felt the death of Hector as an afflicting event; and the attending circumstances more as agitating than as triumphant; and added the last book as necessary to regain the key of a durable equanimity. In *Paradise Lost* again, this principle is still more distinctly recognised, and is practically applied to the case by an artifice even more elaborate. There the misery—the anguish, at one point of the action—the despair—are absolute; nor does it appear at first sight how, or by what possibility, the reader was to repossess himself of the peace and fortitude which even the sullen midnight of tragedy requires, much more the large sunlight of the *Epopée*. *Paradise* was lost; that idea ruled and domineered in the title; how was it to be forgotten, how palliated even, in the conclusion? Thus:—if *Paradise* was Lost, *Paradise* was also Regained; and though that event could not actually enter into the poem, without breaking its unity in the most flagrant manner, yet, proleptically, and in the way of vision, it might. Such a vision is placed by the arch angelic comforter before Adam

—purged with euphony and rue, his eye beholds it—and, in part, the angel tells it. And the consolations which in this way reach Adam, reach the reader no less; and the reader is able to unite with our general father in his thankful acknowledgment:—

Greatly instructed shall I hence depart;

Greatly in peace of mind."

Accordingly, spite of the triumphs of Satan—spite of Sin and all-conquering Death, who had left the gates of Hell for their long abode on earth—spite of the pollution, wretchedness, and remorse that had now gained possession of man—spite of the far-stretching taint of the contagion, which (in the impressive instances of the eagle and the lion)* too evidently shewed itself by "mute signs," as having already seasoned for corruption earth and its inheritance—yet, by means of this one sublime artifice, which brings together the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of time, the last day of man's innocence and the first of his restoration, it is contrived that a twofold peace—the peace of resignation and the peace of hope—should harmonize the key in which the departing strains of this celestial poem roll off; and its last cadences leave behind an echo, which, with the solemnity of the grave, has also the halcyon peace of the grave, and its austere repose. A third instance we have—even more direct and unequivocal, of the same principle, from this same poet, both involved in his practice, and also consciously contemplated:—in the Sampson Agonistes, though a tragedy of most tumultuous catastrophe, it is so contrived, by the interposition of the chorus, who, fixing their hopes in the heavens, are unshaken by sublunary griefs, not only that all should terminate

"In peace of spirit and sublime repose,"

but also that this conclusion should be expressly drawn out in words as the great moral *exposition* of the drama; in which, as in other features, it recalls, in its most exquisite form,

the Grecian model which it proposed, together with that fine transfiguration of moral purpose that belonged to a higher, purer, and far holier religion.

Peace, then, severe tranquillity, the brooding calm, or *αἰνία*, of the Greeks, is the final key into which all the storms of passion modulate themselves in the hands of great poets.

"In war itself—war is no ultimate end."†

All tumult is for the sake of rest—action, with a view to durable possession—tempest, but the harbinger of calm—suffering, the condition of permanent enjoyment. Peace, in a double sense, may be supposed inscribed on the portals of all cemeteries: the peace, in the first place, of the visible scene, as the final haven after the storms of life,—and in this sense the sentiment belongs equally to the Pagan, the Mahometan, and the Christian; secondly, the peace of resignation to the will of God, in the meek surrender at his call of those on whom our profoundest affections had settled. This sentiment is *κατ' εὐχην*, if not exclusively, a sentiment of Christianity. And this it is in which all Christian epitaphs should terminate. Hence (as, we think, Mr. Wordsworth has remarked) it is peculiarly offensive to a just taste, were no higher principle offended, that despair—or obstinate refusal of consolation—should influence the expression of an epitaph. The example which we believe that he alleges of this capital fault, is from the famous monument erected by Sir Brooke Boothby to his only daughter. The closing words of the inscription are to this effect—"The wretched parents ventured their all upon this frail bark, and the wreck was total." Here there are three gross faults: 1st, It is a rebellious expression of despair, and that within the very walls of a Christian church: 2d, As a movement of violent passion, it is transient: despair cannot long sustain itself: hence it is pointedly out of harmony with the *durability* of a marble record. How

* See the fine incidents (*Paradise Lost*, b. ix.) of the earliest hostility amongst animals, which first announce to Adam the immeasurable extent of the wreck.

† Coleridge's *Wallenstein*,

puerile to sculpture laboriously with the chisel, and thus invest with a monumental eternity, a sentiment which must already have become obsolete before the sculptor has finished his task! 3dly, This vicious sentiment is expressed figuratively; that is, fancifully. Now, all action of the fancy is out of place in a sepulchral record. No sentiment is *there* appropriate except the weightiest, massiest, and most elementary; no expression of it, except the simplest and severest.

"Calm passions *there* abide, majestic pains."

These great laws of feeling, in this difficult and delicate department of composition, are obeyed with more rigour in the epitaphs of Dr Parr, than perhaps anywhere else. He was himself too deeply sensible of human frailty, and he

looked up to a moral governor of the world with a reverence too habitual, to have allowed himself in rash or intemperate thoughts, when brought upon any ground so nearly allied to his sacred functions. And, with regard to the *expression* of his thoughts, except to the extent of a single word—as for instance, *velificari*, in which the metaphorical application has almost obliterated the original meaning—we remember nothing figurative, nothing too gay, nothing luxuriant;—all is chaste—all classical—all suited to the solemnity of the case. Had Dr Parr, therefore, written under the additional restraints of verse, and had he oftener achieved a distinguished success in the pathetic, as an artist in Monumental Inscriptions, we must have been compelled to place him in the very highest class.*

* The criticisms which Dr Parr received upon his epitaphs he bore impatiently. He had lofty notions, with which few people had much sympathy, on the dignity of his art: *magnificabo apostolatum meum*, was his motto. And in reality, having cultivated it a good deal, and meditated on it still more, he had naturally come to perceive truths and relations of truth (for every thing intellectual yields upon investigation a world of new views) to which men in general were blind from mere defect of attention. This fretted him; and in some instances it must be acknowledged that the criticisms were both frivolous and vexatious. Could it be credited that Charles Fox, who wrote very passable Greek verses, and other scholars as good, were actually unacquainted with the true Roman sense of the word *Probabilis*? Dr Parr had described Johnson as *probabilis poeta*, meaning, of course, a *respectable poet*—one that wrote creditably, one upon whom approbation might justly settle. This is the true and sole use of the word in classical Latinity. *Ratio probabilis* is an argument, &c., such as the understanding can submit to, in contradistinction to one that commands instant and universal assent. So, again, the elegant Gravina, in a passage now lying open before us, says *Probabilis orator*, for a *pretty good speaker*. But Dr Parr's critics clearly understood the word as synonymous with *verisimilis*, or as answering to the English word *probable*, in the sense of having an overbalance of chances in its favour. *Horresco referens*! such a use of the word *probabilis* would be the merest dog-Latin.

THE MINISTRY'S PLAN OF REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

London, April 8th, 1831.

SIR,—Before what I am about to write can meet the eye of the public, the plan of reform will be materially altered, or Parliament will be dissolved. This seems certain, and yet I find in it no cause for silence. In the one case no satisfactory alteration can be expected, because none has even been proposed; and in the other, the public mind has great need of information on the question. In either, I therefore can scarcely write in vain.

From divers reasons, I am a reformer. I am one of those who think that, for a considerable time, the House of Commons has been destitute of public confidence, and has managed public affairs in a most pernicious manner.

While the condemned boroughs formed only a party question, and had no injurious effect on public feeling, judgment respecting them could be evaded; but now the case is different. The Executive has solemnly arraigned them, and in common with my fellow-subjects, I am compelled to pronounce a verdict before God and my country. I cannot say that an irresponsible individual, even if he be a Peer, ought, through the accidental command of property, to be suffered to sell seats in Parliament; or, taking the matter in the best light, that such an individual ought to be suffered to bestow seats gratuitously on his relatives, or other people, at his pleasure. And I cannot say that a handful of individuals, even though they belong to the people, ought to be permitted to sell seats without caring for character, principle, or any thing, save price, in the buyers. Those who think such things lawful and innocent, may justly defend the boroughs, but I am not one of them. The question with me is, whether I will defend that which I believe, however erroneously, to be illegal and immoral; and I cannot hesitate. I might find more difficulty in deciding, if the good which flows from such means could not be reached in any other way; but my conviction is, that it is attainable through different ones of unexceptionable character.

The power of the Crown and the Aristocracy has been long rapidly declining in the House of Commons under the existing system. How? Many of the seats which supported, have been turned against, them. By what means? The lower part of the electors have become infinitely more numerous and democratic in their feelings; and in proportion as they have done this, they have ejected Tory for Whig, and Whig for Radical. At several elections, previously to the last, the Crown and Aristocratic party depended chiefly on its hostility to the Catholic claims, and when it could no longer do so, it was swept out of almost every open place. With the present system these things are certain—1. That the low, democratic party of electors will regularly increase, far more rapidly than the other. 2. That the separate press it now possesses will constantly keep its feelings in the worst state. 3. That it must, aided, as it is sure to be, by a large part of the close boroughs, command a majority in the House of Commons. In my judgment, this system is giving the Radicals all they seek, and taking from the anti-reformers all they wish to retain; it is establishing in most counties and open boroughs, what is equal in effect to universal suffrage and the ballot.

Until lately, reform was only advocated by constitutional means, and a strong party of the middle classes was opposed to it. At present, clubs are forming in all directions, for the purpose of returning violent reformers to Parliament free of expense. I believe that while the question is unsettled, they cannot be put down; and if they be not, it is morally certain that they will multiply until they convert most open places into radical close boroughs. If reform be delayed, the Whigs, at the next election, may monopolize the vast majority of open seats in both county and borough; and it will strengthen their monopoly at every succeeding one. On it every election will turn, and through it the majority of the House of Commons will be largely composed of men of the most dangerous

general principles and character. Thus the condemned boroughs will practically form the parent of a great number of destructive democratic ones.

Reform is no longer a party question between Whig and Tory, but one between the Aristocracy and Democracy; instead of dividing parties, and connecting classes and interests, as it did until lately, it does the reverse. It is made by the reformers, and their press, a cause of bitter hostility to the upper classes, and a means of combining all other classes against them; through it the body of the people are led to embrace the most dangerous general doctrines. It destroys Whiggism and Toryism, Whig and Tory, in the correct constitutional sense of the terms; it arrays the poor against the rich, and the subject against the ruler; it renders the mass of the population turbulent and disaffected; and it makes a public enemy of the House of Commons. If refused, it must henceforward keep the two Houses of Parliament in opposition, not only on it, but in general feeling. The majority of the House of Commons has, in my judgment, permanently passed from the opponents to the advocates of reform.

I find in this, reason to think reform is highly expedient.

When I am asked how the monarchical government can be carried on with reform, I must reply by asking—was the Wellington Ministry able to carry it on without? Can it now be carried on by a Tory Ministry, or any other than one of reformers? When I am assured that reform will create democratic rulers and revolution, I am constrained to enquire what the refusal of it will create. The Duke of Wellington confesses that his Ministry was principally expelled from office by this question; and matters are now far worse than they were when it fell. A dissolution of Parliament at this moment would create a House of Commons decidedly hostile in general creed to the anti-reformers—violently democratic and revolutionary in every thing; and such a House would secure office to a democratic and revolutionary Ministry. If the King wish to dis-crown himself and destroy the Throne he occupies, he has only to consent to this dissolution; a single Parlia-

ment such as it would form, could scarcely fail of ensuring the exchange of the monarchy for a republic. I am told that he will consent, if reform cannot be carried without; and therefore, however deeply I may lament his error, I still must regulate my opinion by it. I believe that the government cannot be carried on without reform—that a Tory Ministry could not stand without at once granting it—and that to delay the concession of it would be highly injurious; of course I think it a matter of public necessity.

I speak thus, not to refute or blame the opinions of others, but to justify myself.

Reform therefore with me is a matter of morals, reason, expediency, and necessity; but then I must have that which they call for. I can sanction no reform which, in removing evils, will destroy things not complained of, but confessed by all to be of the highest value. In the first place, what is manifestly defective, impure, and erroneous, must be taken away; in the second, the fair and reasonable demands of the reformers must be so far satisfied that reform may no longer be a party and election question; and, in the third, all which is blameless and beneficial in the existing system must be carefully preserved.

Although so much in these days is said and written on a representative form of government, there is scarcely any thing so little understood. What are the duties and powers of the popular division of the Legislature?

It ought demonstrably to act with the utmost impartiality between interest and interest, class and class, for general benefit; and to give equal protection to every part of the community.

It ought, as a matter of paramount importance, to give that ample security to property which, in the confession of all, forms the corner-stone of public and private wealth and prosperity.

It ought to manage the general affairs of the nation in the most wise, just, and upright manner possible.

As to powers, it virtually or otherwise appoints judges, and directs the Ministry; it makes and annuls laws, and has every thing at its mer-

cy; in this country, it calls itself omnipotent.

The mode of electing this body is but a means—it is only an engine for attaining a given end. The distribution of the elective franchise ought clearly to be made without reference to private right and gain, and solely to form the body in the best possible manner with regard to its duties and powers.

This division of the Legislature ought not to be chosen by the Executive, because there could be no freedom; it ought not to be chosen by the Peers, because there could be little freedom and no impartial management of public affairs; but it does not follow that it ought to be chosen by the lower or middle classes. Yet such is the general conclusion. The argument really is—The Executive and Peers ought to have no share in electing the House of Commons; *ergo*, it ought to be elected by the less exalted part of the population. Nothing could be conceived more false in logic and principle. A House elected by either the Executive or the Peers would be more able, independent, and impartial; and would give more protection to property and right, than one elected by the classes I have named; of course the latter are not more worthy of possessing the power of election than the former.

This House ought to represent, in due proportion, every class and interest; therefore the doctrine is preposterous, that it belongs to, and ought to be chosen by, particular classes. The highest have as much right to their share of it as the lowest; and each interest has as much right to its share as any class.

But it by no means follows that the House should consist solely of men chosen by the same mode of election. It has to do much more than represent the feelings and promote the separate interests of the various divisions of the community. It has to act as both representative and judge,—not only to urge the claims of each division, but to decide on them with the utmost impartiality. Instead of being an assemblage of warring interests, a democratic engine for destroying the aristocracy, or a collection of combatants for fighting the battles of the aristocracy

and democracy against each other, it is in the main an independent tribunal to shew equal favour to all—to dispense the same measure of pure and severe justice to every part of the population. It is intended to represent the community in the aggregate, in disregard of the distinctions of interest and class. The great object of representation is to make it this.

It is as essential for every interest, as it is for every class, to be duly represented; if the interest be not so represented, the individuals connected with it cannot. If one mode of election leave in effect many interests without representatives, the adoption of it alone must be in the highest degree unjust; and must have baleful operation on the public weal. Collective as well as individual benefit makes the fair and effective representation of every interest a matter of the first consequence.

The House of Commons ought to be an equitable guardian of property. This is essential for the benefit of all—of the labourer as well as the capitalist, the poor as well as the rich. If one mode of election will, on the one hand, expose property, or large masses of it, to furious attack, and, on the other, deprive it of full protection, the use of this mode alone must be confiscation, robbery, and a public plague.

It is of the first consequence that the House should contain the talent requisite for enabling it to discharge its duties and exercise its powers properly. Of course it must be highly injurious to use one mode of election only, if it exclude such talent, or any material portion of it.

It is a matter of even national preservation that the House should judge with severe impartiality between one interest or class and another, connect and harmonize the various divisions of the community, and above all things, prevent war between the aristocracy and democracy. If one mode of election will make its decisions partial and unjust, create strife amidst the divisions, and light up exterminating war between the aristocracy and democracy, the use of this mode alone must inevitably produce the fall of the empire.

The right of representation exists, that all parts of the community may have due regard paid to their senti-

ments and interests, but not to give ascendancy and control to any of them. Sentiments and interests are to be represented, that they may be fairly heard, but not that they may be implicitly obeyed; it is essential that the House should be duly acquainted with them, and listen to them with the utmost attention; but it is equally so that it should firmly oppose them when in error. It has to pay this regard to them, and it has also to manage the collective affairs of the empire in the best possible manner; therefore, it is not more necessary that the community should enjoy this limited right of representation, than it is that the House should possess the right of independent, impartial judgment.

Of course, the fashionable doctrine, that the House of Commons ought to be chosen solely or principally by the lower or middle classes through popular election alone, is ridiculous. The higher classes have as much right to elect it as any other, and none of them have any right beyond that of limited representation. Independence and impartiality are the grand essentials in the House, because without them, other qualifications would be mischievous or useless. It would be destitute of them, if elected by the Executive or Peers; and it would be equally so, if elected by the populace or middle classes; consequently, the two latter have no more right to elect it than the two former. To make it independent and impartial, it must be elected by the people, but not by the higher, lower, or middle part of them on private right; after allowing for the proper share of representation, it must be elected by such detached, selected parts of the people, as may be the best calculated for rendering it so. The doctrine I have named, really or avowedly strips the state—the people in their corporate character—of all right; it wholly sacrifices public right to private. It deprives the Legislature and Executive of their functions, and makes them the tools of irresponsible masses of the population. By it the right of representation is perverted into one of control and tyranny; and the trust bestowed on public grounds, is dishonestly changed into vicious private property.

I speak in the abstract according to reason, but what I say is fully sanctioned by the Constitution. The laws and institutions of this country form, on the whole, the most popular system of government ever created; in every thing they take power to the farthest point from the Executive, and secure it to the people. But—and in this consists largely their proud superiority—they make no unjust distinctions amidst the people. They include all ranks in the term, and they shew to all severe impartiality; they bestow popular trusts on the principle, not of exaltation or debasement, riches or poverty, but of qualification; they give some to Peers—they confine others to men of much property, and in all they are as jealous of the populace as of the nobility. They appoint certain individuals selected from this rank or that, on the score of fitness to discharge certain public duties; but private right is out of the question.

At the best, the House of Commons was originally formed to be the auxiliary of the Executive. For a long period it was used as the instrument of the latter, and was destitute of the independent powers it now possesses. For a long period, the Executive had the means of controlling it, in the power to add to its members. In its growth, so little regard was paid to individual and popular right, that, in many places, the vote was only given to such electors as were likely to elect men nominated by the Executive. It rose to maturity on the principle, that the power to elect should be granted with reference to the good of the state—that the popular influence in it should be carefully balanced—that the upper classes should be at least as fully represented as any other—and that a large portion of it should be wholly independent of popular influence, and even under that of the Crown.

The constitution manifests the utmost anxiety, not only in the construction of the House, but also in its privileges, and the laws to prevent the right of representation from being perverted into one of dictation. The electors, after choosing their representative, have no power over him; it is only by breach of privilege that they can know how he votes; and

they are only suffered to address the House by petition. They have the power to elect, not that they may dictate to and govern the House, but that it may be composed of the most fitting men; and the power to restrain its conduct is expressly confided to other hands; every thing possible is done to make it as independent of them as of the Executive. Almost the only portion of tyranny contained in the constitution, has for its object to make the House of Commons perfectly independent and impartial—perfectly free from the dictation of electors and popular feeling, as well as from all other.

The existence of the House of Lords does much to produce the delusion, that the other House belongs exclusively to the middle and lower classes. They are not separate legislatures, having the same duties and powers; they are the two parts of a whole, and, to a large extent, their duties and powers are essentially different. The Peer is disqualified by his office for interfering with the formation of the Lower House, but his brothers and sons are not: the disqualification is a special one, resting on the individual, but not on the class. The House of Commons is to fairly represent and act for all classes—the whole population, save specified individuals; and the House of Lords exists for common good, partly to assist and regulate it, and partly to perform totally different duties. The Aristocracy must have its share in electing the former, to be placed on an equality with the rest of the community.

From all this it appears undeniable,

1. That as the House of Commons demonstrably exists to represent the community in its collective indivisible character, as well as its component parts—to act in the best possible manner for the empire in the aggregate, as well as for separate interests and classes; it is not more necessary for the parts to be fairly represented, than it is for the whole to be so—it is not more essential for the claims of the separate interests and classes to be brought properly before the House, than it is for them to be decided on with severe impartiality, on the principle of common good alone.

2. That, therefore, the system of election should be quite as anxious

to make the House in the aggregate independent and impartial, as to cause the various parts of the community to be equitably represented in it.

3. That the claims to form, and dictate to, the House, put forth by these classes or those, are groundless, unjust, and destructive. The right to distribute the power to elect belongs to the state, and the right of the individual and class amounts only to this, that the distribution shall be made without favour and prejudice, in the manner best calculated to promote the general weal. The alleged right to dictate is so far destitute of foundation, that the House is chosen by the people, chiefly that it may be free from dictation; the grand essentials in the House with regard to both intention and law are, perfect independence and impartiality between man and man, class and class, electors and the population in the body, popular feeling and the interests of the empire. The system of election, therefore, after bestowing equitable representation, ought in both right and duty to dispose of the franchise in any manner that will make the House what it ought to be collectively.

Taking what I have said as my test, I find the old system of election exceedingly erroneous and defective, and the proposed new one infinitely more so. The former is generally good in principle, but faulty in provision; the latter is very faulty in both, its principle is as bad in some points, as good in others.

In the first place, the old system provides the means for enabling every interest and class to be duly represented, but it does not place them under proper regulation; therefore, they are neglected or abused. But the new one annihilates such means; while it pretends to establish equal representation; it prohibits many interests and classes from being represented.

The power of election is to be chiefly confined to two or three descriptions of people, who are the same in every place, and who have little connexion with the various interests which need representation the most. If the electors vote independently, manufacturers, merchants, shipowners, bankers, people

of independent fortune—all who have on private and public grounds the best claims to representatives, will be in the minority, and have none. The members of some interests may prevail by numbers and influence, but those of various others will find it impossible to return men who are not opposed to them. The doctrine, that the members of a place represent all its electors, is of small value, because they perhaps differ from almost half these electors in creed. Granting that the bankers or shipowners of any place could prevail on its members, elected by the shopkeepers, to plead their cause; such advocates would be worthless to them, compared with others of their own electing.

The cry is, that all men ought to be fairly and equally represented, and a plan of reform is brought forward for the express purpose of causing them to be so; yet under this plan, bankers, colonial merchants, shipowners, &c. &c., will have no representatives in regard to their trades and fortunes, the matters on which representation is the most essential to them. While this is the case with them, shopkeepers, a few kinds of manufacturers and landowners, will fill the House of Commons with the advocates of their particular trades and interests, and to a large extent with the opponents of those of the divisions of the community which will be denied representatives. In respect of business and property, one part of the community is to have representatives and interested champions, but the other is to have only neutrals and interested enemies.

The criminal injustice of this can be denied by no man, for who can say that the banker and shipowner have not as much right to have their trade and property represented, as the landowner and cotton manufacturer? The injustice of it is the greater, because those who are to monopolize the representation in towns, are men who have scarcely any need of representatives in regard to their separate interests. Laws which affect exclusively the trade and property of shopkeepers, and the occupiers of small private houses, are rarely enacted; but laws affecting exclusively those of the divisions of

the community which are to have no representatives, are frequently made and altered.

Ministers say their plan will give representatives to the different interests; but what is their evidence? They assert, that by giving representatives to a seaport, they give them to its shipowners. Now a seaport must of necessity be a place of much foreign and domestic trade; its merchants, shopkeepers, &c., must far outnumber its shipowners; and they conceive that the separate interests of the latter are opposed to their own. The shipowners of course must get any thing rather than representatives. Bankers, colonial merchants, &c., form a trifling minority everywhere, and it will be impossible for them to return members. There can here be neither direct nor virtual representation.

On public grounds alone, it is of the first consequence that the House of Commons should contain a due proportion of the members of every interest—should contain bankers, shipowners, and merchants, as well as landowners and cotton or woollen manufacturers. This is essential on the score of information; without it the House cannot legislate justly and wisely.

Thus then many important interests and classes are to be denied representatives, while the House is to be in a considerable degree composed of their enemies, and vast masses of attached property are to be left without protection—why? Because, forsooth! the House is to be wholly chosen by the people through one mode of election. Are not then bankers, merchants, &c., as much a part of the people as shopkeepers? And ought not the means to be made subservient to the end? Right and justice are to be sacrificed to numbers and accident; the end is to be made unattainable for the sake of the means; and equality of representation is to be destroyed, that a certain system of election may be established.

I am blaming the plan, not for giving representation to shopkeepers and others, but for denying it to the rest of the people. I insist that all ought to be made equal, and that it is the height of injustice to give some parts of the people the power to

elect representatives identified with them in opinion, feeling, and interest, and refuse it to other parts—to enable one portion of the community to send into Parliament men hostile to the trade and property of the other, and to prohibit the latter from sending into it defenders.

Under the existing system, if an interest be too weak in numbers to obtain seats in any other manner, it can buy those of a small borough: or its more wealthy members can, on their own account, gain seats in a similar way, without the risk, cost, and pledges of a contest. I grant that the means are impure and defective, but I can only surrender them on condition that the same end shall be gained by others of better character.

It is of great public consequence that the moneyed interest should be duly represented—suppose, therefore, that the banks were permitted to elect from bankers as their members. The case is the same touching the shipping interest; therefore suppose the shipowners of a few of the principal ports were suffered to elect two members from amidst themselves. How would this operate?

With regard to means, it would be even more unexceptionable than the mode of election prescribed by the new plan; the members would be elected exclusively by the people in the most pure and independent manner. In respect of the end, bankers and shipowners would be represented precisely as landowners and shopkeepers are to be.

This might be extended to every interest which is of sufficient public value to deserve representatives, and too weak to gain them by the common mode of election. It is essential for placing the people on an equality; that part of them which would gain representatives through it, would possess no real advantage over the other, and must be destitute of them without it. Thus the benefits of the existing system might be preserved, enlarged, and regulated.

What can be said against it? Will any one assert that the means ought not to be varied and extended for the purpose of giving equal representation; or that if great masses of the people cannot gain representa-

tives by one mode of election, they must be restricted from the use of any other? No. But I am recommending something new—well, a change is forced on me, and I am only struggling to make it a proper one: I merely advise new means to secure an old end.

In respect therefore of just and equal representation, the plan of Ministers is extremely erroneous and defective; it will give the contrary from this, it will leave property to a vast extent without protection. It confines the power of election in a great measure to those whose property is in no danger, and who seek to destroy that of others. The new electors are in the overwhelming majority anxious to invade the property of the fundholders, the church, the East and West India colonists, &c.; yet this property is to have no special defenders. Ministers entertain projects hostile to the property of the colonial, shipping, and various manufacturing interests; yet these are to have no representatives. Enormous masses of continually assailed property will thus be left defenceless. I can pay no regard to the doctrine that the influence of property will compensate for the want of numbers, because every one knows that this influence must be constantly divided against itself. The property of landowners and manufacturers weighs against that of fundholders and West India colonists—the property of merchants weighs against that of shipowners—the property of one mercantile or manufacturing interest weighs against that of another; what then becomes of the doctrine? The plan of Ministers is, in a large degree, one to strip attacked property of protection.

Let me now speak of talent, the admission of which is essential for preventing the House of Commons from being a public nuisance. I advocate no indiscriminate admission of it for its own sake, therefore what does the public well call for?

The House ought to be the great teacher and guide of public feeling, and it can only be made so by talent and eloquence. From its possession or lack of these, it must be trusted and followed, or despised and opposed, by the people—it must make popular opinion a subordinate and

auxiliary in the production of prosperity, or a leader in destroying the empire. Talent without eloquence will not do; in times like these, eloquence of the most powerful description is indispensable.

The talent and eloquence must be combined with a due portion of information and experience. The leaders of the House ought to follow politics as a regular and laborious profession; if an apprenticeship and constant practice be essential for making a man a good mechanic, they must be far more so for making him a good statesman. They should, therefore, be always in it, to be practised in debate, familiarized with public business, and enabled to gain the requisite influence over both it and the public mind. If a man sit in one Parliament and be excluded from the next, his exclusion will drive him from public life, or incapacitate him for excelling in it: in addition, it must cause almost half the most valuable part of his political life to be lost.

This relates to those who follow politics as a profession for the sake of obtaining office; but the presence in the House of other able men, possessed of a totally different kind of knowledge and experience, is also necessary. These are men intimately and practically acquainted with the agricultural and trading interests of the empire—experienced landowners, manufacturers, merchants, bankers, &c. They know little of general politics, but their knowledge of their respective trades is of the first value in every respect. The House needs them as much as the leaders.

The House is, and ought always to be, divided into two great parties, which eternally war against each other on opposite creeds for the sake of office. Upon this division depends every thing dear to the community. It is the vital principle of the great constitutional balance, and the bulwark of popular rights and liberties. It gives power and worth to the House of Commons; and is essential for preventing it from becoming a destructive tyrant, or a servile instrument of tyranny.

It is not more necessary that talent should be admitted into the House, than it is that the part which seeks office should be equally divided be-

tween the two great parties. In order that the conduct and measures of the Executive may be duly scrutinized—its errors may be effectually exposed and resisted—and proper successors to the Ministry may be found, in case it be incapable and act on bad principles—it is essential for the heads of Opposition to be fully equal to Ministers in talent. This is a vital matter. Every one may see that if Sir R. Peel and a few other leaders of Opposition were out of existence, their followers could do nothing; Ministers would have a monopoly of the House and power, no matter how they might act.

It is essential that the professional talent, or that which seeks office, should enter the House perfectly free from bond and bias with respect to any class or interest. If Ministers owe their seats to the landed interest or the manufacturing one, to the aristocracy or the democracy, they must gain them by improper pledge and prejudice, retain them by unjust conduct, and be interested, factious partisans, but not independent, impartial rulers. If the heads of Opposition gain seats in the same way, similar evils must flow from it. The war between the two bodies, instead of being a wholesome party one for general good, must be a destructive one, to enable different interests, and the aristocracy and democracy, to ruin each other. This is also a vital matter.

The existing system provides for the admission of professional talent. It admits it free of cost and risk equally on both sides, gives it a certainty of being constantly in the House, and makes it reasonably independent of class and interest. It, however, makes no proper provision for admitting the other kind of talent, and in this it is very defective.

What is the new plan to do? In this age, which boasts so eternally of its intellect and knowledge, a plan is produced for reforming the House of Commons. It is panegyricized as perfection; and yet, instead of creating means for giving the House the necessary share of talent and information, it destroys them; it intentionally sweeps them away where they already exist, without even wishing to replace them with others. It is to reform the House, by expel-

ling from it eloquence, wisdom, experience, understanding, and knowledge. The amazing fact proves either that its parents are ignorant and imbecile beyond conception, or that they deserve to be impeached for attempting to sacrifice the empire to faction.

What made the House of Commons that glorious assembly of freemen it has been, on the confession of Ministers? Its talent and eloquence, its experience, intelligence, and wisdom—its glorious assemblage of splendid ability—the means it possessed of drawing into it the master spirits of the time, and enabling them both to cultivate their powers to the utmost, and employ them in the most beneficial manner. And, above all, that glorious band of gifted, independent freemen it contained as the Opposition.

Why are the things which made it such an assembly to be taken from it? Have modern inventions and discoveries ascertained that talent ought to be excluded? No, reply Ministers, it should still be admitted. Do democratic interests call for the exclusion? Its evils will fall chiefly on the democracy; it will confine seats to aristocrats and men of large fortune, and wellnigh destroy the popular side of the House in regard to power and use. It is really a most unjust and odious aristocratic monopoly.

But, say Ministers, talent will still gain admittance. How?—I put the question touching means, description, and quantity. On a matter of such vital importance to the empire, nothing less than conclusive demonstration will satisfy me or any patriotic man.—Where, then, is it? There is none; all is worthless assertion, flatly opposed to reason and fact.

Ministers tell me there are to be no more close boroughs, and I am bound to believe them; according to them, seats are only to be obtained through popular election. A young man, on commencing political life, has no name to gain him a seat; of course he will only be able to gain one by sacrificing a large amount of private fortune, under the risk of being rejected; if he succeed, he will know that his constituents will scarcely elect him a second time.

and that he can only enter the House again by similar cost and risk. He must pay, on the average, a thousand per annum for his seat, and be certain that, for about half his life, he will be without one. This must be the case, unless he be in office. Granting that he might have the requisite fortune, he would still be sure that he could not be constantly in Parliament to cultivate politics as a profession with hope of success.

Would the Pitts, Burkes, and Cannings have entered the House under such a system? Impossible. It either imposes on rising talent a positive prohibition, or takes from it all inducement; under it none but men of large independent fortune—such men as rarely make accomplished ministers and legislators—can devote themselves to the service of their country in the higher departments of political life; and they must be denied the means for properly qualifying themselves.

The plan thus destroys the only nursery of legislative and ministerial ability—the great source from which both Parliament and the Cabinet draw their talent and efficiency. As it is to prohibit men from gaining eminence, I need say little of the assertion put forth by its parents, that eminent men will always find seats. Every one knows that if a man be on the unpopular side, his talent and fame alone will cause him to be rejected by the electors of populous places. At the best, the eminent men of one party only will be able to enter Parliament, and they must do it by pandering to popular passion and delusion; those of the other party will be excluded by their eminence. It is the common practice of every Ministry to prevent as far as possible the election of its more formidable opponents; every talented member of the Opposition will constantly have to sustain a furious contest, in which his adversary will be supported by the mighty means of Government; taking into account defeat as well as victory, his seat, when he may possess one, will probably cost him three or four thousand per annum.

Reason and probability may be put out of sight, for popular election has been most abundantly tried, and it

has almost invariably excluded men of talent and eminence, if they have not been demagogues or Ministers. Need I point to the Burkes and Sheridans, or to the wretched means by which Fox won its favour? Need I say that it has twice excluded Lord J. Russell himself, that it has always treated Lord Brougham in the same uncourteous manner, and that, at the last election, it even excluded every Minister who appealed to it? Can any one be ignorant that the greatest statesmen, up to the present moment, have generally been destitute of the pecuniary means for maintaining a contest, though success might be certain; and that therefore they have been, if out of office, at the mercy of the Ministry with regard to popular election? It is inconceivable how a Minister can be hardy enough to assert, in the teeth of conclusive experiment, that, under the new plan, eminent men will always be sure of seats; and it is still more so, how any one can be simple enough to believe him.

If the more eminent leader on the unpopular and opposition side could get a seat, the case would be different with his less gifted associates, and he could do nothing without them. At present, Mr Herries, Mr Goulburn, Mr Croker, &c., are as necessary in Parliament as Sir R. Peel: each has his particular department of public business in which he is skilled; therefore, each Minister has an able inspector; the whole are wanted in council and debate as an Opposition, and they would be so should Sir Robert be called on to form a Ministry. If Parliament were now dissolved, nearly all, by the new plan, would be excluded from the next. Should Sir Robert be returned, he would be powerless from the absence of supporters. It is of the first consequence on public grounds, that the leaders of the Opposition should be all in Parliament.

Thus the plan will enable any Ministry, no matter whether Whig or Tory, to exclude the body of its talented opponents, by subjecting them to ruinous contests, and employing its gigantic means of seduction and intimidation against them; this must be especially the case if it belong to the popular party in creed. Saving the individual, there must be

in the House no constitutional opposition talent. For very many years previously to 1825, the plan would have regularly excluded nearly all the Whig talent; and it would now treat that of the Tories in the same manner. Its natural operation must be to exclude always that of one party or the other; and the natural operation of this must be to divest both of talent.

Ministers must, of necessity, be in Parliament; therefore, the plan creates new, and most reprehensible qualifications for office. A Minister must have the nerve to brave the unpopularity of a contested election, the meanness and vice to practise the arts of one, and—assuming that the public money will not be corruptly wasted in returning him—either a considerable fortune, or the dishonesty to contract debts he cannot pay. To the inferior ones, it must be equivalent to about a total loss of salary; and it is grossly unjust, because it compels a public servant to dissipate his private property in the discharge of his public duty. They must be in the body elected by some particular interest or class—by the landed interest, or the trading one, the aristocracy, or the democracy; and this must make them, in pernicious pledges and measures, the partisans of one part of the community against the other.

Here, then, is a plan of reform which will prohibit rising talent from entering the House, save as the menial of the Ministry, incapacitate it for acquiring the requisite cultivation, and repel it from the public service—which will cause eminent men, if they be not in office, to be excluded from the House by their powers and fame—which will enable the Ministry to expel from the House every gifted opponent—which will strip the popular, or opposition side of the House, of effective ability—and which will divest both the House and the Cabinet of talent.

And is it spared by public indignation? If the glories which blaze round the House of Commons of England be noticed no longer, can pounds, shillings, and pence call forth no ignoble effort for their own preservation, by pleading what they have gained from its talent and eloquence in victories over foes, acqui-

sitions of territory, and increase of trade and riches? Do not the lightnings of talent flash on the unhallowed attempt to subject to spoliation, bondage, oppression, and destruction? Are not the young Burkes and Sheridans, who are struggling with poverty and obscurity, appealing to public justice against this sordid and guilty measure for closing to them the path of patriotism, dignity, and immortality? Alas! alas! at least let it no longer boast the insane support of its intended victims!

How this will operate on public interests, may be in some degree gathered from what I have stated. If it be necessary for both sides of every great question to be carefully examined by the House and the country, it is equally necessary for the House to contain a sufficient number of gifted men, and for them to be fairly divided between both sides of it. Yet this plan must confine the talent to one side, and thereby prevent scrutiny, debate, and correct judgment. The Ministry, partial, interested, and incapable, will have no eloquent men; and, therefore, no party of moment to contend with. If I were asked what would be the means for enabling a Ministry under the constitution to keep constant possession of office, and make itself practically despotic, my reply would be—give it the power to exclude talented opponents from the House of Commons; by this you will give it the House, the voice of the House, and a sufficiency of the Press; you will put the King under its feet, and prohibit the formation of another Ministry.

With regard to the other description of talent, although the present system makes no adequate provision for introducing a proper portion of it into the House, it still makes much more than the new one will do. An able banker, merchant, or manufacturer, may now be certain of obtaining a seat for a certain sum of money; he must pay the price, but he is sure of receiving for it the desired equivalent. Under the new system, he must depend on the choice of electors who notoriously select for any thing rather than ability; and he must generally expend a large sum of money, with the chances against his success. This

system will exclude all such men, save in the exception.

All sides declare that talent ought to be admitted; why, therefore, is nothing done to gratify this unanimous national feeling? Because the sages of the Cabinet can only allow one mode of election. In forming anew such an assembly as the House of Commons, it is to be divested of the leading essentials for enabling it to discharge its duties, and preventing it from being a public scourge, merely that its members may be all elected in the same manner, by the same descriptions of people. Rail no more against the ages of darkness and barbarism! Is it impossible to give the House the proper quantities and varieties of talent, without trenching on the rights of the people? I say no; and that to refuse it them, is to trench in the most unpardonable manner on these rights. I cannot tolerate the miserable error that the people's rights call for the sacrifice of their interests—that to enjoy their rights, they must possess a House of Commons which will ruin them.

If one mode of election will not give the House the requisite portion of talent, another mode that will do so is the sacred right of the people, and it is a practicable matter. With regard to the Ministry, there could be no difficulty. It is of the first consequence that Ministers should be perfectly independent and impartial between the different divisions of the community, and that they should not be permitted to employ the mighty means they possess in corrupting and intimidating electors. If the same man be both a minister and a representative, he must betray his trust in the one character or the other. On every principle of public good, they ought to have seats in virtue of office. If the Cabinet were allowed to dispose of any number of seats, for example twenty, this could not be abused; interest would compel it to give the seats to the most worthy occupiers. There would be no boroughmongers to treat with, or popular electors to bribe; the election would be pure, and it would only give seats to men compelled by the public service to possess them.

The difficulty would lie with the

Opposition, and I think it might be surmounted. It is, as I shall soon shew, as essential for the Opposition leaders as for the Ministers to be independent and impartial between the divisions of the community; and, of course, it is equally essential that they should enter the House by other means than popular election. They are generally too well known to admit of mistake. Suppose a power were vested in any proper quarter, for example, with the independent and non-political part of the judges, to name at every election a fixed number of them, they being, as an indispensable condition, the heads of the great Whig or the great Tory party; and then, that this number should dispose of twenty seats. This would give the Opposition no more really than it now possesses; there would be no boroughmongers or bribery; and I think abuse in every way might be prevented. The seats would be disposed of under responsibility to Parliament.

I believe the feeling is general, that Ministers ought to have seats in virtue of office; in truth, it is a matter of clear right to them, if they ought to be in the House. Let it be remembered, that the Opposition is on public grounds quite as necessary as the Ministry—that the seats of the former will be on the popular side, while those of the latter will be on that of power—that the Opposition seats will not only neutralize the Cabinet ones, but be in all cases a clear gain to the people—that the Opposition leaders can only, in the body, gain regular admission into the House by some such means—and that they toil most laboriously in the public service without stipend: let all this be remembered, and every man who is willing to give free admission to Ministers, will be still more so to give it to the heads of Opposition.

This would be equivalent to bestowing ten close boroughs on each side of the House of Commons—to enabling each side to elect twenty members as its leaders. It would interfere with the vote of no man, and leave every county and borough perfectly independent. Virtually, the occupiers of the free seats would be elected by the community at large. The Whig leaders are practically

chosen by the Whig part of the population, and the Tory ones by the Tory part; both would therefore be really chosen by the community to fill and dispose of the seats for its benefit. The seats could not on either side be gained and retained by any thing save unrestrained, unbiassed popular choice; therefore they would not infringe in the least on popular election. Of course, they would be wholly free from the objections which attach to the close borough ones. Half the population spontaneously, enthusiastically, and on talent and desert alone, selects certain men as its political leaders; it declares, that they ought not only to be in Parliament, but to possess the Cabinet; and am I to be told that there is in this no national suffrage—no popular election? Am I to believe that these men ought to be excluded Parliament, if they cannot severally enter it by means of the prejudiced, interested, corrupt votes of some county or borough? I must not be so deluded. If these men were suffered to enter the House of Commons in the way I have described, they would really be more independently, impartially, and popularly elected,—they would really possess a more diversified, pure, numerous, popular, and unexceptionable constituency—than its other members.

If the weaker interests were suffered to have representatives in the manner I have mentioned, this would secure to the House a proper portion of the other kind of talent. Bankers, merchants, &c. &c., would be sure of gaining seats gratuitously on the score of ability and intelligence. This ought to be suffered for qualifying the House to do its duty, if even equal representation be disregarded.

Let me now look at the plan with reference to its provisions for making the general decisions of the House of Commons independent and impartial.

The great end of free government is to enable the majority of rank, talent, intelligence, and property, as well as numbers, to rule the minority in matters of opinion and expediency; but to place both on a level in matters of right and privilege: it is to make the rights and privileges

of the minority wholly sacred and secure against the majority—to protect the former from the latter. The House of Commons exists as a means of gaining such government; and of course, in forming it, the great end of representation is to make it perfectly impartial, just, and equitable towards all, and between the majority and minority—to render it the effectual protector of the latter against the former.

It follows, that, if the majority be suffered to prevent the minority from being duly represented in the House, and to govern the decisions of the latter, there can be no equality of right and privilege—there can be no freedom; a tyranny must exist of the most guilty and destructive character.

The representative of an interest or class must, in the nature of things, be a partial, prejudiced, interested man; he offers himself to his constituents, because he holds their opinions; he perhaps belongs to them; and he is sent to Parliament to advocate their separate interests against those of the rest of the community. In matters which affect all equally, for example, foreign policy, the criminal laws, &c., there is nothing to incite one part of the people to seek the injury of the other; but matters of unequal operation, such as taxes, laws which affect trade, property, labour, &c., impel the various divisions of the community to continually seek the spoliation and ruin of each other. Such a representative must be in most things a mere partisan, not more anxious to promote the interests of one division, than to ruin those of another.

Compose the House wholly of such men, and it must of necessity be in the majority grossly partial and solicitous on mercenary, private grounds, to injure, rob, and distress a vast part of the people. Give the majority to those who are hostile to taxes, and it will plunder the public creditor—give it to those who wish to abolish the Corn Law, and it will ruin the landed interest—give it to those who are hostile to the church, and it will overthrow her.

While, therefore, it is essential for the House to contain the representatives of every interest and class, and to be composed of them to the

extent requisite for causing it to pay the most prompt attention to complaint and grievance, and examine carefully the calls of popular feeling; it is equally essential, that, in its deliberative, ruling part, it should be composed of totally different men—men who represent only the community in the aggregate. It is not more necessary that a large part of the House should represent the separate interests and classes, than it is that a large part should not do so.

The old system stands on this, but its provisions are very defective. Its independent seats have in a large degree fallen into the hands of improper electors; they can be obtained by unfit men, and nothing is attached to them to impel their occupiers to labour zealously for the general good alone.

But what is the new plan? It labours to compose the House solely of partial, interested representatives of separate interests and classes; to such an intolerable extreme does it carry this, that, in order to make Ministers such representatives, it disqualifies them for discharging their official duties. The evil would be the less, if it gave equal representation; because the many kinds of the warring partisans would in some degree neutralize their powers of mischief. But in its most unjust disposal of representation, it confines it mainly to interests and classes which are sure to use it in the most destructive manner to the general weal. It divides the electors into two great parties—the one consisting in the vast majority of small and middling town housekeepers, who are everywhere the same in interest and feeling; and the other of the agriculturists; and it expressly makes them the democratic and aristocratic parties. It involves them in a war of extermination, first on interest as the trading and agricultural bodies; and then on feeling, privilege, and power, as the democracy and aristocracy.

The representatives must of necessity be what the electors are. The House of Commons therefore must be divided into the trading and democratic party, on the one hand, and the agricultural and aristocratic one, on the other.

A popular form of government, in

every other country where it has been fully tried, has led to public ruin and slavery. Why? Because it produced war between poor and rich, the democracy and aristocracy. The same cause must in any nation produce the same effect. The fratricidal strife must be between physical power, aided by minister, legislator, and the suspension or perversion of legal law, against moral; and victory must be with the party of destruction. The British Constitution has long, in glorious contrast, been the parent of every benefit, because it has protected us from the baleful war. We have had, not democrats and aristocrats, but Whigs and Tories—names as ridiculous and unmeaning as heart could desire, but invaluable for being so. Instead of arraying class against class, they have united high and low; and have only compounded parties from equal portions of each to struggle for general advantage.

If there be one thing which in a free country ought to be prevented above every other, it is this war of class—if there be one thing which ought to be guarded against above every other in the formation of such a body as the House of Commons, it is the entrance into it of this war. Light up the latter in the Legislature, and it must feed the conflagration in every quarter until all is consumed.

That which ought to be so especially guarded against, is to be especially produced: the House of Commons is to be remodelled, that it may be filled with the infuriated combatants of democracy and aristocracy, and made an engine for converting the whole population into such combatants. Whigs and Tories are to be turned out of it and destroyed; all who might moderate, disarm, or keep apart the hostile bodies, are to be scrupulously excluded. Ministers must be democrats or aristocrats, the Opposition leaders must be the same, and the struggles of public men for office must be in the most powerful party struggles to confiscate, plunder, and enslave—to overturn institutions and ruin the empire.

This is to be the case when war between the democracy and aristocracy has already placed every kind of property in jeopardy, dragged the empire to the threshold of revolution, and produced every conceivable

proof that the King, Ministry, and Legislature, ought to leave nothing undone for its suppression. Human blindness and infirmity never before exhibited such an error.

Is it impossible to reform the House of Commons without composing it wholly of interested conflicting partisans, and making the most powerful division of it consist of men anxious to destroy the property of the funded, landed, colonial, and various other interests, and to pull down the aristocracy, with every thing else that supports the monarchy? If it be, reform must only suffer this House to detail grievances and utter speeches; it must take away its power of judgment and lawmaking. But it is not impossible.

The public weal imperiously demands that Ministers shall be wholly free from influence and bias, and of course shall not represent any interest or class. It demands the same touching the Opposition leaders. The latter, as well as Ministers, have to labour for all parts of the people with the utmost impartiality, and they must occupy office in case of change. Every public man who seeks office, ought to be strictly preserved from the control or influence of separate interests and classes. Place the heads of the two great parties in the House, by some such means as I have named, to represent the whole community, but not any parts, and how will it operate? Reply shall be furnished by the history of the past.

Hitherto the voice, control, and direction of the House, have been possessed by men of talent and honour, who have not been sent into it by popular election, and who have had deep personal interest in combining the aristocracy and democracy. They have really been put into it to contend with each other for the Cabinet,—and their hope of success, emolument, dignity, and fame, has laid in labouring to gain equal favour with the aristocracy and democracy—keep them in harmony—and confine the party divisions of the House to contention for general good, without reference to class and interest. From this, if elections have been decided by war between aristocrat and democrat, the representatives have not been able to carry it into the House; on entering the latter, they

have found it engaged in a totally different war, and if they have attempted to introduce that of class, they have had its talent, eloquence, and party power turned against them. The Opposition has had the same interest as the Ministry in opposing them. Thus representatives, in spite of creed and ground of election, have been compelled to leave aristocratic and democratic distinctions at the door of the House, and to be in it merely Whigs and Tories, placing all classes on an equality.

This has always had the best effect in keeping the destructive strife of class from elections and the community at large. The eloquence and example of the House have been constantly directed against such strife, and its division into Whig and Tory has compelled candidates and electors to divide themselves in the same manner.

Let it be observed, that these invaluable benefits have been drawn in a pre-eminent degree from the talent, number, and independence, of the Opposition leaders. By them, principally at elections, and in the House, the low democratic party has been restrained from possessing ability and power. The new plan must prohibit Whigs and Tories, save in the exception, from leading the Opposition, and substitute for them furious democrats, dependent for seats, and every thing, on their advocacy of the worst doctrines.

Make then, I say, the heads of the two great constitutional parties the representatives only of the whole people in the body—the impartial tribunal to listen to the representatives of, and decide between, the contending parts. To aid them, give the weaker interests representatives, as I have recommended. The latter will be in a large degree neutral between the aristocracy and democracy, and they will operate to temper, restrain, and connect both. To make this independent part of the House more powerful, and form the proper balance in itself, give four members each to the Universities, and a certain number to people of independent fortune only. To confine the votes in a town to such people, is a thing to be avoided; but if it were done in two or three towns, and a district jointly, without taking away what the new

plan is to give, it would be free from objection. Suppose that in two or three towns, and a surrounding district, such inhabitants as are not in any business or profession, and possess a yearly income of not less than one hundred pounds, arising from the rent of land and houses, or the interest of money, were permitted to elect two representatives; the towns and district being to possess in addition what the plan of Ministers is to bestow. This would make representation more perfect, it would, in truth, give it to a most valuable part of the people which otherwise will have none, and it would make no invidious distinction; the smaller housekeepers and freeholders would still have their representatives.

What I on the whole advise is this—give twenty members to each side of the House of Commons, in all forty, who shall be independent of both the aristocracy and democracy separately considered, and incited by personal interest to labour impartially for their union and mutual benefit. To make them so, let them represent not this class or that, but the whole population; therefore let them be selected, not by this class or that, but really by the community in the aggregate. Make them the great teachers and guides of the House; and to do this, let them be men of the first talent, eloquence, information, and experience. Then place in the House a considerable number of men able and experienced in commercial matters, and add to them a number more to be chosen only by unconnected individuals of independent property; let the whole be as far as possible independent and disinterested between Whig and Tory, Democrat and Aristocrat, and the representatives of great masses of property, intelligence, and virtue alone. Having composed the House in this manner to the extent requisite for making it an independent, impartial, and wise judge, let the remainder of it consist of the representatives—the counsel—the interested partisans—of the great clashing interests and divisions.

I maintain, that if the House be not formed in some such manner, it will be utterly incapable of discharging its duties—it will be the reverse of what it was ever intended to be—it

will be a source of robbery, confiscation, bondage, and public ruin.

Is there any thing in it adverse to the just demands of the reformers? No. They crave the destruction of the aristocratic close boroughs, and I surrender them: they call for the abolition of the rotten democratic boroughs, and I consent; they ask for equal representation, and I join them; they insist that every member shall be chosen by the people, and by an unexceptionable constituency, I also insist on the same. But when they assert that there shall be unequal representation—that great bodies of the people, and vast masses of property, shall have no representatives—that the people in the aggregate shall be unrepresented—and that the House shall consist solely of the interested partisans of the great warring divisions of the people, and be wholly disabled for acting wisely, impartially, and uprightly—I protest against it as the extreme of injustice. I make my protest in the name of the people, for the sake of their rights, as well as interests.

But, Ministers plead, the wish of the people must be complied with. If this be true, without reference to the character of the wish, why have a House of Commons, or any other Legislature than public meetings? When it is in error, the duty of Ministers is to alter the wish, but not institutions; the people must be instructed by the Executive, but not obeyed.

Another vicious feature in the plan is, it gives the franchise to the town occupier, and refuses it to the country one. In a town, the man who pays a rent of ten pounds, and does not possess twenty, is to be an elector; but in the country, the farmer who pays a rent of five hundred or one thousand pounds, and employs a capital of ten thousand, is to have no vote, unless he have a lease for twenty-one years. Leases of this length are so rare, at least among English farmers, that only exceptions amidst the latter will have votes from occupancy. The operation will be this—in country towns and villages, small tradesmen and labourers will have votes, but people of independent property, statesmen, and the majority of substantial farmers, will have none. While the plan pretends to give the

franchise to the middle classes, it in the country withholds it from them. The officiating clergy must, to a large extent, have no vote.

The plan gives the freehold vote to leasehold property. Now the owner of such property has only an interest in it of limited duration, and if it consist of buildings, the ground on which they stand gives such vote to another individual. Thus a single house may give the franchise to three individuals, viz. the owner of it, the owner of the ground, and the occupier; it may give the county franchise to two. The possessor of money on mortgage, or in the funds, has a perpetual interest in it, therefore he has a far greater right to the vote than the possessor of leasehold buildings. The gross injustice committed here, has nothing to palliate it. Without it, the leaseholders as a class will be, in occupancy and power over tenants, perhaps more efficiently represented than any other. The effects will be of the worst kind; it will operate to cause agricultural members to be elected by the enemies of agriculture.

Want of local knowledge will not permit me to speak of Scotland, and the same want will only suffer me to mention Ireland, with reference to Protestant and Catholic. On this point the plan bears the most atrocious character.

Every one knows that the Protestants form a small minority, and of course that they must have no members, save by accident, if numbers only are to govern the elections. Yet, the members are to be chosen by numbers; therefore, if the Protestants do not happen to possess the majority in some place or other, they must have no representatives. All is left to chance. The Catholics are rapidly obtaining the county members, and by this plan they will at once get many of the town ones: if they only multiply in the same ratio as the Protestants, they must continually gain greatly on the latter in every place. Thus the plan gives the Catholics most of the members in the first moment, and ensures them early possession of the remainder.

I once more say, that there can be no just and equal representation, if every class and interest be not directly represented, without reference

to majority and minority of population. Yet the classes, interests, property, and rights of the Protestants are to be deprived almost wholly of representatives, on the pretext—oh ! shame on the incapacity and criminality !—that it is necessary for giving proper representation to every part of the people.

What are the Catholic electors ? Men in the mass hostile to the rights, property, religion, and even existence of the Protestants. What are they in general moral qualification ? Men in the body slaves to priests and demagogues, turbulent, disaffected, and clamorous for the dismemberment of the empire.

When this is notorious, and when the influence of landlords and property is already destroyed, not a single effort is made to give representatives to the upper classes, Protestants, property, agriculture, and trade. In Ireland, no interest must have representatives save that of Catholicism—no part of the people must have them, except Catholic priests and demagogues.

What is pleaded in defence of this monstrous folly and guilt ? The will of the people, forsooth ! What people ? They are all comprehended in the redoubtable O'Connell. Are not the Protestants part of the people ? Do not the landowners, manufacturers, and merchants, belong to the people ? No, replies the plan, quite the contrary. If Earl Grey can no longer discharge his duty and exercise the independence which has hitherto been the right of the Prime Minister of England, let him at least cease to act the slave ; let him surrender his office to the dictative demagogue.

The most imperious state necessity at this moment exists for confining power as far as possible to the Protestants, and attaching them in the utmost degree to England ; in the teeth of it, here is a measure for stripping them of power, and forcing them into the ranks of traitors.

It must be remembered, that for some time, Irish elections have turned on the war between the aristocracy and democracy—that the former is completely beaten—and that Irish members will be elected on furious democratic doctrines, and sent to inflame and aid the democratic party of Britain.

Looked at especially with reference to this, as well as on other grounds, the annihilation of so many English members by the plan is exceedingly reprehensible. While Ministers affect anxiety to divide power fairly, and give the preponderance to the right side, they first destroy a large number of Protestant representatives, and add greatly to those of the Catholics : in the first moment they take from the Protestants perhaps eighty members ; or what would probably be equal, in a division of the House, to one hundred. Then they almost wholly deprive the Irish aristocracy and landed interest of representatives, and throw the latter into the British scale of democracy. It is said, and in the nature of things it must be true, that in Scotland, many members will be transferred from the side of the aristocracy and landed interest to the other. By changes amidst the Irish and Scotch members, Ministers create amidst the English ones a preponderance against the aristocracy and landed interest, when they assert that they do the contrary.

The immediate abolition of all the small boroughs deserves strong reprobation ; it is at variance with constitutional practice, and calculated to produce serious evils. Had they been abolished gradually,—for example, had eight chosen by lot been struck off at each election, the change would have been little felt, and evil might have received timely remedy. The alteration could have been duly watched, checked and guided ; and it would, before reaching any material height, have given time for the bad feelings of the country to evaporate. Lord Brougham's treatment of those who have advised gradual change, proves nothing except that a Lord Chancellor may be an excessively vulgar, ill-natured person—a man really knowing little of the constitution ; and prone to use, in his own language, most "shallow" and "silly" reasoning.

The eternal assertions of the eulogists of the plan, that it is based solely on property, call for some remark : It is very true that every elector must possess a little, and it is equally so that this will not give the body of town electors the least interest in the protection of property

in general. This body will consist of men who imagine that they have a deep interest in the destruction of general property. With two or three exceptions, the various masses of property will be destitute of representatives, and have the House of Commons hostile to them. Could any thing be more preposterous than to make a man an elector who is known to be the enemy of agricultural, manufacturing, mercantile, colonial, funded, and ecclesiastical property; and then to cry—Oh, he will be sure to be its champion, because he possesses some twenty or thirty pounds in old furniture!

It has been alleged against the plan, that it is grossly partial in favour of Whig boroughs; the charge has been supported by sturdy arithmetic, and only met by vague assertion. If it be true, the Durhams, Howicks, or other parents of the plan, deserve to have applied to them every epithet of indignation and scorn that language can furnish: I say not that it is so, but at any rate, it has not yet been refuted.

After having spoken thus of the errors and defects of the plan, it is my duty to say that I warmly approve of a large portion of it. I deeply regret that so much of what is wise and valuable, is vitiated by what is, in the main, omission, rather than bad provision; I regret it the more, because I am confident, that if the plan contained every thing necessary, it would have been as popular with the reformers as it is. I concur in its principle in so far as it is to abolish rotten boroughs, and vicious nomination, and prevent aristocratic control in the House of Commons; but I can go no farther, and I contend that this was all the honest part of the reformers called for.

This is called an age of knowledge: "The people overflow with knowledge!" cries the Ministry. Good; but what is the kind? A change infinitely more comprehensive and perilous than any ever witnessed by the present generation, is proposed, and how is it received? In the first place, doubtlessly, the leading authorities of the realm are acting touching it with the most scrupulous regard to duty?

Ministers, in contempt of the solemn obligations which rest on this

Royal Master, are degrading him into a leader of party and faction—they are divesting him of his proper legislative character, and deposing him into an instrument of their own—they are using him to influence Parliament and elections, to strip the Legislature of its deliberative powers, and to constitute themselves in reality the Three Estates of the Realm—they are plunging him into aggressive conflict with the better part of his subjects, and compelling him to head the democracy in its destructive war against institutions, property, and the aristocracy.

And this is knowledge!

Ministers are suffering their Press to advocate this change by foul scurrilities, revolutionary doctrines, and criminal appeals to the passions and prejudices of the multitude. They are actually or virtually declaring that institutions and laws ought to be altered to suit the popular will, without reference to its character—that the property, rights, and privileges of the minority ought to be sacrificed to the knavery, caprice, and usurpation of the majority—and that the House of Commons ought to be the instrument of popular tyranny, for enabling it to be both the Legislature and Executive.

And this is knowledge!

But perhaps the all-knowing and scientific people are acting differently? Instead of examining this change impartially and dispassionately, separating the bad from the good, and calling for the necessary improvements; they are in raptures with it without examination, because it is one, and will rob and oppress themselves. It is an all-perfect change, because it will divest the House of Commons of independence, impartiality, talent, wisdom, and experience; and make it the slave of popular frenzy and delusion. It is an admirable change, because it will strip the Crown and Aristocracy of their just and necessary power. It is a magnificent change, because it will confiscate general property, ruin every interest in detail, beat down the Church and Protestantism, deny representation to a vast part of the people, and give ascendancy to a godless, profligate, anti-English, revolutionary faction.

And this is knowledge!

ledge :—good, but what is the harvest? The overflow has converted the pupil into the teacher; the people—the omniscient ingrates!—are actually inflicting lesson and birch on the “schoolmaster!” They are broadly intimating, that, on most matters, Lord Chancellor Brougham and Lord Advocate Jeffrey are about as ignorant and bigoted as Lord Eldon and Sir C. Wetherell. They feel as much contempt for Whig, as for Tory knowledge.

Again, I say, what is the harvest? Lord J. Russell—himself a weaver and retailer of knowledge—declares, that the people have cast off the influence of their natural leaders, and formed themselves into clubs of alarming character. Ministers assert, that if the Reform Bill be rejected by the due working of the constitution and laws, they will cause convulsion and revolution. A ministerial print gravely avowed, that the stack-burnings were produced by increase of knowledge amidst husbandry labourers. The influence of property and connexion of class, are to be destroyed—the laws are to be scorned and violated—the multitude is to dictate to the Crown and Legislature—property is to be deprived of protection, and confiscated—incendiaries are to abound—institutions are to be overthrown—and the empire is to be kept in constant danger of rebellion, anarchy, and fall.

On the assurances of the knowledge-manufacturers, and statesmen by profession and monopoly, these are the legitimate and necessary fruits of knowledge.

If such knowledge be not suppressed, no plan of Reform can save the empire. It is idle to speak of Reform if this fatal strife between aristocrat and democrat be not terminated. I charge it on the Whigs. Almost ever since Lord Brougham first intermeddled with public life, he and his confederates have incessantly laboured to change the wholesome war between Whig and Tory, into one between democrat and aristocrat, servant and master, poor and rich; and they have been triumphantly successful. This, aided as it has been by the incapacity and want of integrity of the Tories, has broke up old creeds and parties. Public men have been so divided, mixed,

ged his sentiments and associates; and the chaos amidst them, has produced the same chaos amidst the population at large. The war of class has put down that of party—the extinction of that creed has supplied ground for that of revolution; and both have freed the lower orders from control and moral restraint.

I conceive that we must have Whigs and Tories, or democrats and aristocrats, the beneficial strife of party, or destructive one of class. Farther, I am convinced that on the existence, division, equipoise, and conduct of the two great constitutional parties, every thing dear to the empire depends; and that without them the constitution, freedom, the balance of the three estates, and the distribution of power in respect of class, would be little more than worthless names. My judgment tells me that their incorporation, or the extinction of either, would create a tyranny of the most hateful kind, or a democratic faction which would soon overturn the monarchy. Feeling therefore, as I do, that they form the soul of the constitution, I feel that to protect it, I must protect them in their proper shape and power; of course I must have a plan of reform which will give them such protection.

The Ministry's plan evidently wishes to perpetuate the war of class, and substitute it for that of party in the Legislature. It must incorporate these parties, or keep one of them, so far as regards effective power, constantly excluded from the House of Commons, in favour of a ruinous democratic faction. I therefore am strongly opposed to it.

I speak for the private benefit of no party; I have nothing to do with Whigs or Tories, and what I have said concerns the one as much as the other. If I could degrade myself into a mere partisan, I trust I should be sufficiently a friend to the liberties of my country to seek no more for my party than a moderate majority. I warmly urge my fellow-subjects of all ranks to examine this plan carefully and dispassionately on its merits, like men of knowledge and understanding—like enlightened freemen; and not to let their party-feelings lead them into ruin and slavery. —I am, sir, &c. &c.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAP. IX.

The Statesman.

AMBITION!—Its sweets and bitters—its splendid miseries—its wringing cares—its wasting agonies—its triumphs and downfalls—who has not, in some degree, known and felt them? Moralists, Historians, and Novelists, have filled libraries in picturing their dreary and dazzling details; and yet Ambition's votaries, or rather victims, are as numerous, as enthusiastic, as ever!—Such is the mounting quality existing in almost every one's breast, that no "Pelion upon Ossa" heapings, and accumulations of facts and lessons, can keep it down. Though I fully feel the truth of this remark, vain and futile though the attempt may prove, I cannot resist the inclination to contribute my mite towards the vast memorials of Ambition's martyrs!

My specific purpose, in first making the notes from which the ensuing narrative is taken, and in now presenting it to the public—in thus pointing to the spectacle of a sun suddenly and disastrously eclipsed while blazing at its zenith—is this: To shew the steps by which a really great mind—an eager and impetuous spirit—was voluntarily sacrificed at the shrine of political ambition; foregoing, nay, despising, the substantial joys and comforts of elegant privacy, and persisting, even to destruction, in its frantic efforts to bear up against, and grapple with cares too mighty for the mind of man. It is a solemn lesson, imprinted on my memory in great and glaring characters; and if I do but succeed in bringing a few of them before the reader, they may at least serve to check extravagant expectations, by disclosing the misery which often lies cankering behind the most splendid popularity. If I should be found inaccurate in my use of political technicalities and allusions, the

reader will be pleased to overlook it, on the score of my profession.

I recollect, when I was at Cambridge, overhearing some men of my college talk about the "splendid talents of young Stafford,"* who had lately become a member of — hall; and they said so much about the "great *hit*" he had made in his recent debut at one of the debating societies—which then flourished in considerable numbers—that I resolved to take the earliest opportunity of going to hear and judge for myself. That was soon afforded me. Though not a member of the society, I gained admission through a friend. The room was crammed to the very door; and I was not long in discovering the "star of the evening" in the person of a young fellow-commoner, of careless and ever slovenly appearance. The first glimpse of his features disposed me to believe all I had heard in his favour. There was no sitting for effect; nothing artificial about his demeanour—no careful carelessness of attitude—no knitting of the brows or painful straining of the eyes, to look brilliant or acute! The mere absence of all these little conceits and fooleries, so often disfiguring "talented young speakers," went in my estimation, to the account of his superiority. His face was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and its lineaments very deeply and strongly marked. There was a wondrous power and fire in the eyes, which gleamed with restless energy whichever way he looked. They were neither large nor prominent—but all soul—all expression. It was startling to find their glance suddenly settled on one. His forehead, as much as I saw of it, was knotted and expansive. There was a prevailing air of anxiety about his

* It can hardly be necessary, I presume, to reiterate, that whatever names individuals

worn features—young as he was, about 21—as if his mind were every instant hard at work, which an inaccurate observer might have set down to the score of ill-nature, especially when coupled with the matter-of-fact unsmiling nods of recognition, with which he returned the polite inclinations of those who passed him. To me, sitting watching him, it seemed as though his mind were of too intense and energetic a character to have any sympathies with the small matters transpiring around him. I knew his demeanour was simple, unaffected, genuine, and it was refreshing to see it. It predisposed me to like him, if only for being free from the ridiculous airs assumed by some with whom I associated. He allowed five or six speakers to address the society, without making notes, or joining in the noisy exclamations and interruptions of those around him. At length he rose amid perfect silence—the silence of expectant criticism whetted by rivalry. He seemed at first a little flustered, and for about five minutes spoke hesitatingly and somewhat unconnectedly—with the air of a man who does not know exactly how to *get at* his subject, which yet he is conscious of having thoroughly mastered. At length, however, the current ran smooth, and gradually widened and swelled into such a stream—a torrent of real eloquence—as I never before or since heard poured from the lips of a young speaker—or possibly any speaker whatsoever, except himself in after life. He seemed long disinclined to enhance the effect of what he was uttering by oratorical gesture. His hands both grasped his cap, which ere long was compressed, twisted, and crushed out of all shape; but as he warmed, he laid it down, and used his arms, the levers of eloquence, with the grace and energy of a natural orator. The effect he produced was prodigious. We were all carried away with him, as if by whirlwind force. As for myself, I felt for the first time convinced that oratory such as that could persuade me to any thing. As might have been expected, his speech was fraught with the faults incident to youth and inexperience, and was pervaded with a glaring hue of ex-

travagance and exaggeration. Some of his “facts” were preposterously incorrect, and his inferences false; but there was such a prodigious power of language—such a blaze of fancy—such a stretch and grasp of thought—and such casuistical dexterity evinced throughout, as indicated the presence of first-rate capabilities. He concluded amid a storm of applause; and before his enthusiastic auditors, whispering together their surprise and admiration, could observe his motions, he had slipped away and left the room.

The excitement into which this young man’s “*first appearance*” had thrown me, kept me awake the greater part of the night; and I well recollect feeling a transient fit of disinclination for the dull and sombre profession of medicine, for which I was destined. That evening’s display warranted my indulging large and high expectations of the future eminence of young Stafford; but I hardly went so far as to think of once seeing him Secretary of State, and leader of the British House of Commons. Accident soon afterwards introduced me to him, at the supper-table of a mutual friend. I found him distinguished as well by that simplicity and frankness ever attending the consciousness of real greatness, as by the recklessness, irritability, impetuosity of one, aware that he is far superior to those around him, and in possession of that species of talent which is appreciable by all—of those rare powers which ensure a man the command over his fellows—keen and bitter sarcasm—and extraordinary readiness of repartee. Then, again, all his predilections were political. He utterly disregarded the popular pursuits at college. Whatever he said, read, or thought, had reference to his “ruling passion”—and that not by fits and starts, under the arbitrary impulses of rivalry or enthusiasm, but steadily and systematically. I knew from himself, that, before his twenty-third year, he had read over and made notes of the whole of the Parliamentary debates, and have seen a table which he constructed for reference, on a most admirable and useful plan. The minute accuracy of his acquaintance with the whole course of political affairs, obtained

by such laborious methods as this, may be easily conceived. His powers of memory were remarkable—as well for their capacity as tenacity; and the presence of mind and judgment with which he availed himself of his acquisitions, convinced his opponent that he had undertaken an arduous, if not hopeless task, in rising to reply to him. It was impossible not to see, even in a few minutes' interview with him, that AMBITION had "marked him for her own." Alas, what a stormy career is before this young man!—I have often thought, while listening to his impassioned harangues and conversations, and witnessing the twin fires of intellect and passion flashing from his eyes. One large ingredient in his composition was a most morbid sensibility; and then he devoted himself to every pursuit with a headlong, undistinguishing enthusiasm and energy, which inspired me with lively apprehensions, lest he should wear himself out and fall by the way, before he could actually enter on the great arena of public life. His forehead was already furrowed with premature wrinkles!—His application was incessant. He rose every morning at five, and retired pretty regularly by eleven.

Our acquaintance gradually ripened into friendship; and we visited each other with mutual frequency and cordiality. When he left college, he entreated me to accompany him to the continent, but financial reasons forbade it. He was possessed of a tolerably ample fortune; and, at the time of quitting England, was actually in treaty with Sir ——— for a borough. I left Cambridge a few months after Mr Stafford; and as we were mutually engaged with the arduous and absorbing duties of our respective professions, we saw and heard little or nothing of one another for several years. In the very depth of my distress—during the first four years of my establishment in London—I recollect once calling at the hotel which he generally made his town quarters, for the purpose of soliciting his assistance in the way of introductions; when, to my anguish and mortification, I heard, that on that very morning he had quitted the hotel for Calais, on his return to the continent!

At length Mr Stafford, who had long stood contemplating on the brink, dashed into the tempestuous waters of public life, and emerged—a member of Parliament for the borough of ———. I happened to see the gazette which announced the event, about two years after the occurrence of the accident which elevated me into fortune. I did not then require any one's interference on my behalf, being content with the independent exercise of my profession; and even if I had been unfortunate, too long an interval had elapsed, I thought, to warrant my renewing a mere college acquaintance with such a man as Mr Stafford. I was content, therefore, to keep barely within the extreme rays of this rising sun in the political hemisphere. I shall not easily forget the feelings of intense interest with which I saw, in one of the morning papers, the name of my *quondam* college friend, "MR STAFFORD," standing at the head of a speech of two columns' length—or the delight with which I paused over the frequent interruptions of "Hear, hear!"—"Hear, hear, hear!"—"Cheers!"—"Loud cheers!" which marked the speaker's progress in the favour of the House. "We regret," said the reporter, in a note at the end, "that the noise in the gallery prevented our giving at greater length the eloquent and effective maiden-speech of Mr Stafford, which was cheered perpetually throughout, and excited a strong sensation in the House." In my enthusiasm I purchased that copy of the newspaper, and have it now in my possession. It needed not the enquiries which everywhere met me, "Have you read Mr Stafford's maiden-speech?" to convince me of his splendid prospects, the reward of his early and honourable toils. His "maiden-speech" formed the sole engrossing topic of conversation to my wife and me as we sat at supper that evening; and she was asking me some such question as is generally uppermost in ladies' minds on the mention of a popular character, "What sort of looking man he was when I saw him at Cambridge?"—when a forcible appeal to the knocker and bell, followed by the servant's announcing, that "a gentleman wished to speak to me directly," brought me into my

patients' room. The candles, which were only just lit, did not enable me to see the person of my visitor very distinctly; but the instant he spoke to me, removing a handkerchief which he held to his mouth, I recognised—could it be possible?—the very Mr Stafford we had been speaking of! I shook him affectionately by the hand, and should have proceeded to compliment him warmly on his last evening's success in the House, but that his dreadful paleness of features, and discomposure of manner, disconcerted me.

"My dear Mr Stafford, what is the matter? Are you ill? Has any thing happened?" I enquired anxiously.

"Yes, Doctor—perhaps fatally ill," he replied, with great agitation. "I thought I would call on you on my way from the House, which I have but just left. It is not *my* fault that we have not maintained our college acquaintance—but of that more hereafter. I wish your advice—your honest opinion on my case. For God's sake don't deceive me! Last evening I spoke for the first time in the House, at some length, and with all the energy I could command. You may guess the consequent exhaustion I have suffered during the whole of this day; and this evening, though much indisposed with fever and a cough, I imprudently went down to the House, when Sir ——— so shamefully misrepresented certain portions of the speech I had delivered the preceding night, that I felt bound to rise and vindicate myself. I was betrayed into greater length and vehemence than I had anticipated; and on sitting down, was seized with such an irrepressible fit of coughing, as at last forced me to leave the House. Hoping it would abate, I walked for some time about the lobby—and at length thought it better to return home than re-enter the House. While hunting after my carriage, the violence of the cough subsided into a small, hacking, irritating one, accompanied with spitting. After driving about as far as Whitehall, the vivid glare of one of the street lamps happened to fall suddenly on my white pocket handkerchief, and, oh God!" continued Mr Stafford, almost gasping for breath, "this horrid sight met my eye!" He spread out a pocket-handkerchief all spotted

and dabbled with blood! It was with the utmost difficulty that he communicated to me what is gone before.—"Oh! it's all over with me—the chapter's ended, I'm afraid!" he murmured, almost inarticulately—and while I was feeling his pulse he fainted. I placed him instantly in a recumbent position—loosened his neckerchief and shirt-collar—dashed some cold water in his face, and he presently recovered. He shook his head, in silence, very mournfully—his features expressed utter hopelessness. I sat down close beside him, and, grasping his hand in mine, endeavoured to re-assure him. The answers he returned to the few questions I asked him, convinced me that the spitting of blood was unattended with danger, provided he could be kept quiet in body and mind. There was not the slightest symptom of radical mischief in the lungs. A glance at his stout build of body, especially at his ample sonorous chest, forbade the supposition. I explained to him, with even professional minuteness of detail, the true nature of the accident—its effects—and method of cure. He listened to me with deep attention, and at last seemed convinced. He clasped his hands, exclaiming, "Thank God! thank God!" and entreated me to do on the spot, what I had directed to be done by the apothecary—to bleed him. I complied, and from a large orifice took a considerable quantity of blood. I then accompanied him home—saw him consigned to bed—prescribed the usual lowering remedies—absolutely forbade him to open his lips, except in the slightest whisper possible—and left him calm, and restored to a tolerable measure of self-possession. One of the most exquisite sources of gratification, arising from the discharge of our professional duties, is the disabusing our patients of their harrowing and groundless apprehensions of danger. One such instance as is related above, is to me an ample recompense for months of miscellaneous, and often thankless toil, in the exercise of my profession. Is it not, in a manner, plucking a patient from the very brink of the grave, to which he had despairingly consigned himself, and placing him once more in the busy throng of life—the very heart of

society? I have seen men of the strongest intellect and nerve, whom the detection of a novel and startling symptom has terrified into giving themselves up for lost, in an instant dispossessed of their apprehensions, by explaining to them the real nature of what has alarmed them.* The alarm, however, occasioned by the rupture of a blood-vessel in or near the lungs, is seldom unwarranted, although it may be excessive; and though we can soon determine whether or not the accident is in the nature of a primary disease, or symptomatic of some incurable pulmonary affection, and dissipate or corroborate our patient's apprehensions accordingly, it is no more than prudent to warn one who has once experienced this injury, against any exertions or excesses which have a tendency to interfere with the action of the lungs, by keeping in sight the possibility of a fatal relapse.—To return, however, to Mr Stafford.

His recovery was tardier than I could have expected. His extraordinary excitability completely neutralized the effect of my lowering and calming system of treatment. I could not persuade him to *give his mind rest*; and the mere glimpse of a newspaper occasioned such a flutter and agitation of spirits, that I forbade them altogether for a fortnight. I was in the habit of writing my prescriptions in his presence, and pausing long over them for the purpose of unsuspectingly observing him; and though he would tell me that his "mind was still as a stagnant pool,"—his intense air—his corrugated brows and fixed eyes, evinced the most active exercise of thought. When in a sort of half dozing state, he would often mutter about

the subjects nearest his heart. "Ah! *must* go out—the — Bill, their touchstone—ay—though—, and his Belial-tongue." * * * "'Tis cruel—'tis tantalizing, Doctor," he said one morning, "to find one's self held by the foot in this way—like a chained eagle! The world forgets every one that slips for a moment from public view! Alas, alas! my plans—my projects—are all unravelling!"—"Thy sun, young man, may go down at noon!" I often thought, when reflecting on his restless, fierce, and ardent spirit. He wanted case-hardening—long *physical* training, to fit him for the harassing and exhausting campaign on which he had entered. Truly, truly, your politician should have a frame of adamant, and a mind "thereto conforming strictly." I found Mr Stafford one day in high chafe about a sarcastic allusion in the debate to a sentiment which he had expressed in Parliament—"Oh—one might wither that fellow with a word or two, the stilted noodle!" said he, pointing to the passage, while his eye glanced like lightning.

"You'll more likely wither your own prospects of ever making the trial, if you don't moderate your exertions," I replied. He smiled incredulously, and made me no answer; but continued twisting about his pencil-case with a rapidity and energy which shewed the high excitement under which he was labouring. His hard, jerking, irregular pulse, beating on the average a hundred a minute, excited my lively apprehensions, lest the increased action of the heart should bring on a second fit of blood-spitting. I saw clearly that it would be in vain for him to court the repose essential to his convalescence, so long as he con-

* One instance presses so strongly on my recollection, that I cannot help advertin-
to it:—I was one day summoned in haste to an eminent merchant in the city, who
thought he had grounds for apprehending occasion for one of the most appalling
operations known in surgery. When I arrived, on finding the case not exactly within
my province, I was going to leave him in the hands of a surgeon; but seeing that his
alarm had positively half maddened him, I resolved to give him what assistance
could. I soon found that his fears were chimerical, but he would not believe me.
When, however, I succeeded in convincing him that "all was yet right with him"—
by referring the sensations which had alarmed him to an unperceived derangement of
his dress, tongue cannot utter, nor I ever forget, the ecstasy with which he at last
"gave to the winds his fears." He insisted on my accepting one of the largest fees
that had ever been tendered me.

tinued in town; and with infinite difficulty, prevailed on him to betake himself to the country. We wrung a promise from him that he would set about "unbending"—"unharnessing," as he called it—that he would give "his constitution fair play." He acknowledged that to gain the objects he had proposed to himself, it was necessary for him to "husband his resources;" and briskly echoed my quotation—"neque semper arcum, tendit Apollo." In short, we dismissed him in the confident expectation of seeing him return, after a requisite interval, with recruited energies of body and mind. He had scarcely, however, been gone a fortnight, before a paragraph ran the round of the daily papers, announcing, as nearly ready for publication, a political pamphlet, "by Charles Stafford, Esq., M.P.;"—and in less than three weeks—sure enough—a packet was forwarded to my residence, from the publisher, containing my rebellious patient's pamphlet, accompanied with the following hasty note:—"Ασκληπιε—Even with you!—you did not, you will recollect, interdict *writing*; and I have contrived to *amuse* myself with the accompanying trifle.—Please look at page —, and see the kind things I have said of poor Lord —, the worthy who attacked me the other evening in the House, behind my back." This "trifle" was in the form of a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, full of masterly argumentation, and impetuous eloquence; but unfortunately, owing to the publisher's dilatoriness, it came "a day behind the fair," and attracted but little attention.

His temporary rustication, however, was attended with at least two beneficial results—recruited health, and—the heart of Lady Emma —, the beautiful daughter of a nobleman remotely connected with Mr Stafford's family. This attachment proved powerful enough to alienate him for a while from the turmoils of political life; for not only did the beauty, wealth, and accomplishments, of Lady Emma — render her a noble prize, worthy of great effort to obtain, but a powerful military rival had taken the field before Mr Stafford made his appearance, and seemed disposed to move heaven and

earth to carry her off. It is needless to say how such a consideration was calculated to rouse and absorb all the energies of the young senator, and keep him incessantly on the *qui vive*. It is said that the lady wavered for some time, uncertain to which of her brilliant suitors she should give the nod of preference. Chance decided the matter. It came to pass that a contested election arose in the county; and Mr Stafford made a very animated and successful speech from the hustings—not far from which, at a window, was standing Lady Emma—in favour of her ladyship's brother, one of the candidates. *To triumph!* That happy evening the enemy "surrendered at discretion:" and ere long it was known far and wide, that—in newspaper slang—"an affair was on the tapis," between Mr Stafford and the "beautiful and accomplished Lady Emma —," &c. &c. &c.

It is my firm persuasion, that the diversion in his pursuits effected by this "affair," by withdrawing Mr Stafford for a considerable interval from cares and anxieties which he was physically unable to cope with, lengthened his life for many years; giving England a splendid statesman, and this, my diary, the sad records which are now to be laid before the reader.

One characteristic of our profession, standing, as it were, in such sad and high relief as to scare many a sensitive mind from entering into its service, is, that it is concerned almost exclusively with the dark side of humanity. As carnage and carrion guide the gloomy flight of the vulture, so MISERY is the signal for a medical man's presence. *We* have to do, daily, with broken hearts, blighted hopes, pain, sorrow, death! and though the satisfaction arising from the due discharge of our duties, be that of the good Samaritan—a rich return—we cannot help counting the heavy cost, aching hearts, weary limbs, privations, ingratitude. Dark array! It may be considered placing the matter in a whimsical point of view, yet I have often thought that the two great professions of Law and Medicine, are but foul carrion birds—the one preying

on the moral, as the other on the physical, rottenness of mankind.

"Thou who art well, need not a physician," say the Scriptures: and on this ground, it is easy to explain the melancholy hue pervading these papers. They are mirrors reflecting the dark colours which are exposed to them. It is true, that some remote relations, arising out of the particular combinations of circumstances first requiring our professional interference, may afford, as it were, a passing gleam of distant sunshine, in the development of some trait of beautiful character, some wondrous "good, from seeming ill educed:" but these are incidental only, and evanescent—enhancing, not relieving the gloom and sorrow amid which we move. A glimpse of Heaven would but aggravate the horrors of Hell. These chilling reflections force themselves on my mind, when surveying the very many entries in my Diary concerning the eminent individual whose case I am now narrating—concerning one who seemed born to bask in the brightness of life—to reap the full harvest of its joys and comforts, and yet "walked in darkness!" Why should it have been so? Answer—*Ambition!*

The reader must hurry on with me through the next ten years of Mr Stafford's life, during which period he rose with almost unprecedented rapidity. He had hardly time, as it were, to get warm in his nest, before he was called to lodge in the one above him, and then the one above that, and so on upwards, till people began to view his progress, with their hands shading their dazzled eyes, while they exclaimed—"fast for the top of the tree!" He was formed for political popularity. He had a most winning, captivating, commanding style of delivery, which was always employed in the steady consistent advocacy of one line of principles. The splendour of his talents—his tact and skill in debate—the immense extent and accuracy of his political information—early attracted the notice of Ministers, and he was not suffered to wait long before they secured his services, by giving him a popular and influential

office. During all this time, he maintained a very friendly intimacy with me, and often put into requisition my professional services.

About eight o'clock one Saturday evening, I received the following note from Mr Stafford:—

"Dear —, excuse excessive haste. Let me entreat you (I will hereafter account for the suddenness of this application) to make instant arrangements for spending with me *the whole of to-morrow (Sunday)*, at —, and to set off from town in time for breakfasting with Lady Emma and myself. Your presence is required by most urgent and *special* business; but allow me to beg you will appear at breakfast with an unconcerned air—as a chance visitor. Yours always faithfully,

"C. STAFFORD."

The words "*whole*" and "*special*" were thrice underscored; and this, added to the very unusual illegibility of the writing, betrayed an urgency, and even agitation, which a little disconcerted me. The abruptness of the application occasioned me some trouble in making the requisite arrangements. As, however, it was not a busy time with me, I contrived to find a substitute for the morrow in my friend Dr D—.

It was a lovely Sabbath morning, in July 18—, that, in obedience to the above hurried summons, I set off on horseback from the murky metropolis; and after rather more than a two hours' ride, found myself entering the grounds of Mr Stafford, who had recently purchased a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames. It was about nine o'clock, and nature seemed but freshly awakened from the depth of her overnight's slumbers—her tresses all uncurled, as it were—and her perfumed robes glistening with the pearls of morning dew. A deep and rich repose brooded over the scene, subduing every feeling of my soul into sympathy. A groom took my horse; and finding that neither Mr Stafford nor Lady Emma were yet stirring, I resolved to walk about and enjoy the scenery. In front of the house stretched a fine lawn, studded here and there with laurel bushes, and other elegant shrubs, and sloping down to the

river's edge; and on each side of the villa, and behind, were trees disposed with the most beautiful and picturesque effect imaginable. Birds were carolling cheerfully and loudly on all sides of me, as though they were intoxicated with their own "woodland melody." I walked about as amid enchantment, breathing the balminess and fragrance of the atmosphere, as the wild horse snuffs the scent of the desert. How keenly are Nature's beauties appreciable when but rarely seen by her unfortunate admirer who is condemned to a town life! I stood on the lawn by the river's edge, watching the ripple of the retiring tide, pondering within myself whether it was possible for such scenes as these to have lost all charm for their restless owner. Did he relish or tolerate them? Could the pursuits of ambition have blunted, deadened his sensibilities to the beauty of nature, the delights of home? These thoughts were passing through my mind, when I was startled by the tapping of a loose glove over my shoulder; and on turning round beheld Mr Stafford, in his flowered morning-gown, and his face partially shaded from the glare of the morning sun. "Good-morning, Doctor—good-morning," said he; "a thousand thanks for your attention to my note of last night; but see! yonder stands Lady Emma, waiting breakfast for us," pointing to her ladyship, who was standing at the window of the breakfast-room. Mr Stafford put his arm into mine, and we walked up to the house. "My dear sir, what can be the meaning of your ——" said I, with an anxious look.

"Not a word—not a breath—if you please, till we are alone after breakfast."

"Well—you are bent on tantalizing!—What *can* be the matter? What is this mountain-mystery?"

"It may prove a molehill, perhaps," said he, carelessly; "but we'll see after breakfast."

"What an enchanting spot you have of it!" I exclaimed, pausing and looking around me.

"Oh, perfectly paradisaical, I dare say," he replied, with an air of indifference that was quite laughable.

"By the way," he added, hurriedly, "did you hear any rumour about

Lord ——'s resignation late last night?"—"Yes."—"And his successor, is he talked of?" he enquired, eagerly. "Mr C——."—"Mr C——! Is it possible? Ah, ha ——" he muttered, raising his hand to his cheek, and looking thoughtfully downwards.

"Come, come, Mr Stafford, 'tis now my turn, do drop these eternal politics for a few moments, I beg."—"Ay, ay, ' still harping on my daughter,' I'll *sink the shop* for a while, as our town friends say. But I really beg pardon, 'tis rude, very. But here we are. Lady Emma, Dr ——," said he, as we approached her ladyship through the open stained-glass doorway. She sat before the breakfast urn, looking, to my eyes, as blooming beautiful as at the time of her marriage, though ten summers had waved their silken pinions over her head, but so softly, as scarce to flutter or fade a feature in passing. Yes, thus she sat in her native loveliness and dignity, the airiness of girlhood passed away into the mellowed maturity of womanhood! She looked the *beau-ideal* of simple elegance in her long snowy morning dress, her clustering auburn hair surmounted with a slight gossamer network of blonde; not an ornament about her! I have her figure, even at this interval of time, most vividly before me, as she sat on that memorable morning, unconscious that the errand which made me her guest, involved—but I will not anticipate. She adored, nay idolized, her husband—little as she saw of him—and he was in turn as fondly attached to her as a man could be, whose whole soul was swallowed up in ambition. Yes, he was not the first to whom political pursuits have proved a very disease, shedding blight and mildew over the heart!

I thought I detected an appearance of restraint in the manner of each. Lady Emma often cast a furtive glance of anxiety at her husband—and with reason—for his features wore an air of repressed uneasiness. He was now and then absent, and, when addressed by either of us, would reply with a momentary sternness of manner—passing, however, instantly away—which shewed that his mind was occupied with unpleasant or troubled thoughts. He seemed at last aware that his de-

meanour attracted our observation, and took to acting. All traces of anxiety or uneasiness disappeared, and gave place to his usual perfect urbanity and cheerfulness. Lady Emma's manner towards me, too, was cooler than usual, which I attributed to the fact of my presence not having been sufficiently accounted for. My embarrassment may be easily conceived.

"What a delicious morning!" exclaimed Lady Emma, looking through the window at the fresh blue sky, and the cheery prospect beneath. We echoed her sentiments. "I think," said I, "that could I call such a little paradise as this *mine*, I would quit the smoke and uproar of London for ever!"—"I wish all thought with you, Dr —," replied her ladyship with a sigh, looking touchingly at her husband.

"What opportunities for tranquil thought!" I went on.

"Ay, and so forth!" said Mr Stafford, gaily. "Listen to another son of peace and solitude, my Lord Roscommon—

"Hail, sacred solitude! from this calm bay,

I view the world's tempestuous sea,
And with wise pride despise
All those senseless vanities:

With pity moved for others, cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them
tost

On rocks of folly, and of vice, I see them
lost:

Some the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men, or adverse fate,
Sunk deep into the gulfs of an afflicted
state:

But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,

Whilst Virtue courts them, but, alas! in
vain,

Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her
greatest charms,

And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish
ease,

They, in their shipwreck'd state, themselves
obdurate please."

"Here may I always on this downy grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy moments pass,
Till, with a gentle force, victorious Death
My solitude invade,

And, stopping for a while my breath,
With ease convey me to a *better* shade!"

"There's for you, my lady! Well sung, my Lord Roscommon! Beau-

tiful as true!" exclaimed Mr Stafford, gaily, as soon as he had concluded repeating the above ode, in his own distinct and beautiful elocution, with real pathos of manner; but his mouth and eye betrayed that his own mind sympathized not with the emotions of the poet, but rather despised the air of inglorious repose they breathed. The tears were in Lady Emma's eyes, as she listened to him! Presently one of his daughters, a fine little girl about six years of age, came sidling and simpering into the room, and made her way to her mother. She was a lively, rosy, arch-eyed little creature—and her father looked fondly at her for a moment, exclaiming, "Well, Eleanor!" and his thoughts had evidently soon passed far away. The conversation turned on Mr Stafford's reckless, absorbing pursuit of politics—which Lady Stafford and I deplored—and entreated him to give more of his time and affections to domestic concerns. * * * "You talk to me as if I were dying," said he, rather petulantly, "why should I not pursue my profession—my legitimate profession?—As for your still waters—your pastoral simplicities—your Arcadian bliss—pray what inducements have I to run counter to my own inclinations to cruise what you are pleased to call the stormy sea of politics?"—"What inducements?"—Charles, Charles—can't you find them *here*?" said his lady, pointing to herself and her daughter. Mr Stafford's eyes filled with tears, even to overflowing, and he grasped her hand with affectionate energy, took his smiling unconscious daughter on his knee, and kissed her with passionate fervour. "*Semel insanavimus omnes*," he muttered to me, a few moments after, as if ashamed of the display he had recently made. For my own part I saw that he occasionally lost the control over feelings which were, for some reason or other, disturbed and excited. What could possibly have occurred? Strange as it may seem, a thought of the real state of matters, as they will presently be disclosed, never for an instant crossed my mind. I longed—I almost sickened—for the promised opportunity of being alone with him. It was soon afforded me by the servants appear-

ing at the door, and announcing the carriage.

"Oh dear! positively prayers will be over!" exclaimed Lady Emma, rising, and looking hurriedly at her watch, "we've quite forgotten church hours! do you accompany us, Doctor?" said she, looking at me.

"No, Emma," replied Mr Stafford, quickly, "you and the family must go alone this morning—I shall stop and keep Dr —— company, and take a walk over the country for once." Lady Emma, with an unsatisfied glance at both of us, withdrew. Mr Stafford immediately proposed a walk; and we were soon on our way to a small Gothic alcove near the water side.

"Now, Doctor, to the point," said he abruptly, as soon as we were seated. "Can I reckon on a *real* friend in you?" scrutinizing my features closely.

"Most certainly you may," I replied, with astonishment. "What can I do for you?—Something or other is wrong, I fear! can I do any thing for you in any way?"

"Yes," said he, deliberately, and looking fixedly at me, as if to mark the effect of his words; "I shall require a proof of your friendship soon; I must have your services this evening—at seven o'clock."

"Gracious heaven, Mr Stafford!—why—why—is it possible that—do I guess aright?" I stammered almost breathless, and rising from my seat.

"Oh, Doctor—don't be foolish—excuse me—but don't—don't, I beg. Pray give me your answer! I'm sure you understand my question." Agitation deprived me for a while of utterance.

"I beg an answer, Dr ——," he resumed coldly, "as, if you refuse, I shall be very much inconvenienced. 'Tis but a little affair—a silly business, that circumstances have made inevitable—I'm sure you must have seen a hint at it in the last night's papers.—Don't misunderstand me," he proceeded, seeing me continue silent; "I don't wish you to take an active part in the business—but to be on the spot—and, in the event of any thing unfortunate happening to me—to hurry home here, and prepare Lady Emma and the family—that is all. Mr G——, naming a well-known army-surgeon—will attend professionally."

I was so confounded with the suddenness of the application, that I could do nothing more than mutter indistinctly my regret at what had happened.

"Well, Doctor ——," he continued in a haughty tone, "I find that, after all, I have been mistaken in my man. I own I did not expect that this—the first favour I have ever asked at your hands, and, possibly, the last—would have been refused. But I must insist on an answer one way or another; you must be aware I've no time to lose."

"Mr Stafford—pardon me—you mistake me! Allow me a word; you cannot have committed yourself rashly in this affair! Consider Lady Emma—your children——"

"I have—I have," he answered, grasping my hand, while his voice faltered, "and I need hardly inform you that it is that consideration only which occasions the little disturbance of manner you may have noticed. But you are man of the world enough to be aware that I must go through with the business. I am not the challenger."

I asked him for the particulars of the affair. It originated in a biting sarcasm which he had uttered, with reference to a young nobleman, in the House of Commons, on Friday evening, which had been construed into a personal affront, and for which an apology had been demanded;—mentioning the alternative, in terms almost approaching to insolence, evidently for the purpose of provoking him into a refusal to retract or apologize.

"It's my firm persuasion that there is a plot among a certain party to destroy me—to remove an obnoxious member from the House—and this is the scheme they have hit upon! I have succeeded, I find, in annoying the —— interest beyond measure; and so they must at all events get rid of me! Ay, this *cur* of a lordling it is," he continued, with bitter emphasis, "who is to make my sweet wife a widow, and my children orphans—for Lord —— is notoriously one of the best shots in the country! Poor—poor Emma!" he exclaimed with a sigh, thrusting his hand into his bosom, and looking down dejectedly. We neither of us spoke for some time. "Would to

Heaven we had never been married!" he resumed. "Poor Lady Emma leads a wretched life of it, I fear! But I honestly warned her that my life would be strewn with thorny cares, even to the grave's brink!"

"So you have really pitched upon *this* evening—Sunday evening, for this dreadful business?" I enquired.

"Exactly. We must be on the spot by seven precisely. I say *we*, Doctor," laying his hand on mine. I consented to accompany him. "Come now, that's kind! I'll remember you for it. * * * It is now nearly half past twelve," looking at his watch, "and by one, my Lord A—," mentioning a well-known nobleman, "is to be here; who is to stand by me on the occasion. I wish he were here;—for I've added a codicil to my will, and want you both to witness my signature. * * *

I look a little fagged—don't I?" he asked with a smile. I told him he certainly looked rather sallow and worn. "How does our friend walk his paces?" he enquired, baring his wrist for me to feel his pulse. The circulation was little, if at all disturbed, and I told him so. "It would not have been very wonderful if it *had*, I think; for I've been up half the night—till nearly five this morning, correcting the two last proof-sheets of my speech on the — bill, which — is publishing. I think it will read well; at least I hope it will, in common justice to myself, for it was most vilely curtailed and misrepresented by the reporters. By the way—would you believe it?—Sir —'s speech that night was nothing but a hundredth hash of mine which I delivered in the House more than eight years ago!" said he, with an eager and contemptuous air. I made him no reply; for my thoughts were too sadly occupied with the dreadful communication he had recently made me. I abhorred, and do abhor and despise duelling, both in theory and practice; and now, to have to be present at one, and one in which my friend—*such* a friend!—was to be a principal. This thought, and a glance at the possible, nay, probable desolation and broken-heartedness which might follow, was almost too much for me. But I

knew Mr Stafford's disposition too well to attempt expostulation—especially in the evidently morbid state of his feelings.

"Come, come, Doctor, let's walk a little! Your feelings flag!—You might be going to receive *satisfaction* yourself," with a bitter sneer, "instead of seeing it given and taken by others!—Come, cheer, cheer up." He put his arm in mine, and led me a few steps across the lawn, by the water-side. "Dear, dear me!" said he, with a chagrined air, pulling out his watch hastily—"I wish to heaven, my Lord A— would make his appearance! I protest her ladyship will have returned from church before we have settled our few matters, unless, by the way, she drive round by Admiral —'s, as she talked of last night. Oh, my God, think of my leaving her and the girls, with a gay air, as if we parted but for an hour, when it *may* be for ever! And yet what *can* one do?" While he was speaking, my eye caught sight of a servant making his way towards us rapidly through the shrubbery, bearing in his hand a letter, which he put into Mr Stafford's hands, saying, a courier had brought it that moment, and was waiting to take an answer back to town. "Ah—very good—let him wait till I come," said Mr Stafford. "Excuse me, Doctor—" bursting open the envelope with a little trepidation, and putting it into my hands, while he read the enclosed note. The envelope bore in one corner the name of the premier, and in the other the words, "private and confidential," and was sealed with the private crest and coronet of the earl.

"Great God—read it!" exclaimed Mr Stafford, thrusting the note before me, and elevating his eyes and hands despairingly. Much agitated myself, at witnessing the effect of the communication on my friend, I took it and read nearly as follows:—"My dear Stafford, I had late last night his Majesty's commands to offer you the seals of the — office, accompanied with the most gracious expressions of consideration for yourself personally, and his conviction that you will discharge the important duties henceforth devolving upon you, with honour to yourself, and advantage to his Majesty's councils. In all which, I need hardly assure

you, I most heartily concur. I beg to add, that I shall feel great pride and pleasure in having you for a colleague—and it has not been my fault that such was not the case earlier. May I entreat your answer by the bearer's return? as the state of public affairs will not admit of delay in filling up so important an office. I beg you will believe me, ever yours, most faithfully,

“Whitehall, Sunday noon, 12 o'clock.”

After hurriedly reading the above, I continued holding the letter in my hands, speechlessly gazing at Mr Stafford. Well might such a bitter balm excite the tumultuous conflict of passions which the varying features of Mr Stafford—now flushed, now pale—too truly evidenced. This dazzling proffer made him only a few hours before his standing the fatal fire of an accomplished duellist!—I watched him in silent agony. At length he clasped his hands with passionate energy, and exclaimed—“Oh, madness—madness—madness!—Just within reach of the prize I have run for all my life!” At that instant a wherry-full of bedizened Londoners passed close before us on their way towards Richmond; and I saw by their whispers that they had recognised Mr Stafford. He also saw them, and exclaimed to me in a tone I shall never forget, “Happy, happy fools!” and turned away towards the house. He removed his arm from mine, and stood pondering for a few moments with his eyes fixed on the grass.

“Doctor, what's to be done?”—he almost shouted, turning suddenly to me, grasping my arm, and staring vacantly into my face. I began to fear lest he should totally lose the command of himself.

“For God's sake, Mr Stafford, be calm!—Recollect yourself!—or madness—ruin—I know not what—is before you!” I said in an earnest, imploring tone, seeing his eye still glaring fixedly upon me. At length he succeeded in overmastering his feelings.—“Oh—folly, folly, this!—Inevitable!—Inevitable!” he exclaimed, in a calmer tone. “But the letter must be answered. What *can* I say, doctor?” putting his arm in mine, and walking up to the house

rapidly. We made our way to the library, and Mr Stafford sat down before his desk. He opened his portfolio slowly and thoughtfully. “Of course—Decline?”—said he, with a profound sigh, turning to me with his pen in his hand.

“No—assuredly, it would be precipitate. Wait for the issue of this sad business. You *may* escape.”—“No—no—no! My Lord — is singularly prompt and decisive in all he does, especially in disposing of his places. I must—I must—ay”—beginning to write—“I must respectfully decline—altogether. But on what grounds? Oh, God! even should I escape to-day, I am ruined for ever in Parliament!—What will become of me?” He laid down the pen, and moved his hand rapidly over his face.

“Why—perhaps it would be better.—Tell his Lordship frankly how you are circumstanced.”

“Tut!” he exclaimed impetuously, “ask him for *peace-officers*! a likely thing!” He pressed both his hands on his forehead, leaning on his elbows over the desk. A servant that moment appeared, and said—“Please, sir, the man says he had orders not to wait more than five minutes—”

“Begone!—Let him wait, sir!” thundered Mr Stafford—and resumed his pen.

“Can't you throw yourself on his Lordship's personal good feeling towards you, and say that such an offer requires consideration—that it must interfere with, and derange, on the instant, many of your political engagements—and that your answer shall be at Whitehall by—say *nine* o'clock this evening? So you will gain time, at least.”

“Good. 'Twill do—a fair plea for time;—but I'm afraid!” said he, mournfully; and taking his pen, he wrote off an answer to that effect. He read it to me—folded it up—sealed it—directed it in his usual bold and flowing hand—I rung for the servant—and, in a few moments, we saw the courier galloping past the window.

“Now, Doctor, isn't this enough to madden me? Oh, God! it's intolerable!” said he, rising and approaching me,—“my glorious pros-

pects to be darkened by this speck—this atom of puppyism—of worthlessness,”—naming Lord —, his destined opponent.—“Oh—if there were—if there *were*—” he resumed, speaking fiercely through his closed teeth, his eyes glaring downwards, and his hands clenched. He soon relaxed. “Well, well! it can’t be helped; ’tis inevitable—*πάντος πάροςται ταῦτα καὶ ἐκφεύξεται*—as Medea says! Ah—Lord A—— at last,” he said, as a gentleman, followed by his groom, rode past the window. In a few moments he entered the library. His stature was lofty, his features commanding, and his bearing fraught with composure and military hauteur. “Ah,—Stafford,—good-morning!” said he, approaching and shaking him warmly by the hand, “upon my soul I’m sorry for the business I’m come about.”—“I can sympathize with you, I think,” replied Mr Stafford, calmly; “My Lord, allow me—Dr —.” I bowed. “Fully in my confidence—an old friend,” he whispered Lord A—— in consequence of his Lordship’s inquisitive suspicious glance. * * “Well, you must teach the presumptuous puppy better manners this evening,” said his lordship, adjusting his black stock with an indifferent air!

“Ay—nothing like a LEADEN LESSON,” replied Mr Stafford with a cold smile.

—“For a leaden *head*, too, by —!” rejoined his Lordship quickly. “We shall run you pretty fair through, I think; for we’ve determined on putting you up at six paces —”

“Six paces!—why we shall blow one another to —!” echoed Mr Stafford, with consternation. “’*Twould* be rather hard to go there in such bad company, I own. Six paces!” continued Mr Stafford, “how *could* you be so absurd!—It will be deliberate murder!”

“Poh, poh!—never a bit of it, my dear fellow—never a bit of it!—I’ve put many up at that distance—and, believe me, the chances are ten to two that both miss.”

“Both miss at six paces?” enquired Mr Stafford, with an incredulous smile.

“Ay! both miss, I say; and no

wonder either! Such contiguity!—Egad, ’twould make a *statue* nervous!”

“But A——! have you *really* determined on putting us up at six paces?” again enquired Mr Stafford, earnestly.

“Most unquestionably,” replied his lordship, briskly; adding, rather coldly, “I flatter myself, Stafford, that when a man’s *honour* is at stake, six, or sixty paces, are matters equally indifferent.”

“Ay, ay, A——, I dare say,” replied Mr Stafford, with a melancholy air; “but ’tis hard to die by the hands of a puppy—and under such circumstances!—Did you not meet a man on horseback?”

“Ay, ay,” replied his lordship, eagerly, “I did—a courier of my Lord —’s, and thundering townward, at a prodigious rate—any doings there between you and the premier?”

“Read!” said Mr Stafford, putting Lord —’s letter into his hand. Before his lordship had more than half read it, he let it fall on the table, exclaiming, “Good God! was there ever such an unfortunate thing in the world before!—Ha’n’t it really driven you mad, Stafford?”

“No,” he replied, with a sigh; “the thing must be borne!” Lord A—— walked a few steps about the room, thoughtfully, with energetic gestures. “If—if I could but find a pretext—if I *could* but come across the puppy, in the interval—I’d give my life to have a shot preparatory with him!” he muttered. Mr Stafford smiled. “While I think of it,” said he, opening his desk, “here’s my will. I wish you and Dr — to see me sign.” We did—and affixed our names.

* * *

“By the way,” said his lordship, suddenly addressing Mr Stafford, who, with his chin resting on his hands, and his features wearing an air of intense thought, had been silent for some minutes; “how do you put off Lady Emma to-day? How do you account for your absence?”

“Why, I’ve told her we three were engaged to dinner at Sir —’s, naming a neighbouring baronet—I’m afraid it will kill Lady Emma if I

fall," he faltered, while the tears rushed to his eyes. He stepped towards the decanters, which had, a little while before, been brought in by the servant; and, after asking us to do the same, poured out a glass, and drank it hastily—and another—and another.

"Well—this is one of the saddest affairs, altogether, that I ever knew!" exclaimed his lordship. "Stafford—I feel for you from my heart's core—I do!" he continued, grasping him affectionately by the hand; "here's to your success to-night, and God's blessing to Lady Emma!" Mr Stafford started suddenly from him, and walked to the window, where he stood for a few minutes in silence. "Lady Emma is returning, I see," said he, approaching us. His features exhibited little or no traces of agitation. He poured out another glass of wine, and drank it off at a draught, and had hardly set down the glass, before the carriage steps were heard letting down at the door. Mr Stafford turned to them with an eye of agony, as his lady and one of her little girls descended.

"I think we'd perhaps better not join her ladyship before our setting off," said Lord A——, looking anxiously at poor Mr Stafford.

"Oh, but we *will*," said he, leading to the door. He had perfectly recovered his self-possession. I never knew a man that had such remarkable command of face and manner as Mr Stafford. I was amazed at the gay—almost *nonchalant*—air with which he walked up to Lady Emma—asked her about the sermon—whether she had called at Admiral ——'s—and several other such questions.

"Ah—and how is it with you, my little Hebe—ah?" said he, taking the laughing girl into his arms, laughing, tickling, and kissing her, with all a father's fondness. I saw

his heart was swelling within him; and the touching sight brought, with powerful force, to my recollection, a similar scene in the *Medea* of Euripides, where the mother is bewailing over the "last smile" of her children.* He succeeded in betraying no painful emotion in his lady's presence—and Lord A—— took good care to engage her in incessant conversation.

"What does your ladyship say to a walk through the grounds?" said he, proffering his arm—which she accepted, and we all walked out together. The day was beautiful, but oppressively sultry, and we turned our steps towards the plantations. Mr Stafford and I walked together, and slipped a little behind for the purpose of conversation. "I won't have much opportunity of speaking with you, Doctor," said he, "so I'll say what is uppermost now. Be sure, my dear Doctor, to hurry from the field—which is about four miles from my house—to Lady Emma—in the event of my being either killed or wounded—and do what you think best, to prepare my wife for the event. I cannot trust her to better—gentler hands than yours—my old—my tried friend!—You know where my will is—and I've given directions for my funeral."

"Oh dear, dear Stafford," I interrupted him, moved almost to tears, "don't speak so hopelessly!"

"Oh, Doctor—nonsense—there's no disguising matters from one's self. Is there a chance for me? No—I'm a murdered man—and can you doubt it? Lord —— can do only one thing well in the world, and that is, hit his man at any distance; and then *six paces* off each other! Lord A—— may say what he likes—but I call it murder. However, the absurd customs of society *must* be complied with!—I hope," he added, after a pause, "that when the nine-days'

* I shall be pardoned, I am sure, by the classical reader, for reminding him of the exquisite language of the original.

Φῦ! Φῦ! —τι προσδέρκεσθαι μ' ὄμμασιν, τέκνα;
—τί προσγελᾷτε τοῖς πανύστατον γέλωσι;
ἄι—ἄι! —καρδία γὰρ ὀϊχθαί
—ὄμμα Φαίδρον ὡς εἶδον τέκνων!
ὄνκ ἂν δυνάμην!

wonder of the affair shall have passed off—if I fall—when the press shall cease its lying about it—that my friends will do justice to my memory; God knows, I *really* love my country, and would have served it—it was my ambition to do so—but it's useless talking now!—I am excessively vexed that this affair should have occurred before the — question comes on, in preparation for which I have been toiling incessantly, night and day, for this month past. I know that great expectations——” At that instant, Lord A—— and Lady Emma met us, and we had no further opportunity of conversing. We returned to lunch after a few minutes' longer walk.

“God bless you, Emma!” said Mr Stafford, nodding, with an affectionate smile, as he took wine with his lady. He betrayed no emotion throughout the time we sat together—but conversed long—and often in a lively strain—on the popular topics of the day. He rung for his valet, and directed him to have his toilet ready—and to order the carriage for four o'clock. He then withdrew—and in about a quarter of an hour's time, returned, dressed in a blue surtout and white trowsers. He was a very handsome, well-made man, and seemed dressed with particular elegance, I thought.

“Upon my honour, Charles—you are in a pretty *dinner-trim*,” said Lady Emma, “and *all* of you, I protest!” she continued, looking round with surprise at our walking dress. Mr Stafford told her, with a laugh, that we were going to meet none but bachelors.

“What!—why, where will the Miss —s be?”

“Ordered out, my lady, for the day,” replied Lord A——, with a smile, promptly, lest his friend should hesitate; “’tis to be a model of a divan, I understand!”

“Don't be late, love!” said Lady Emma to her husband, as he was drawing on his gloves; “you know I've little enough of you at all times—don't—don't be late!”

“No—no later than I can help, certainly!” said he, moving to the door.

“Say eleven—will you?—come, for *once*!”

“Well—yes. I WILL return by

eleven,” he replied, pointedly, and I detected a little tremulousness in his tone.

“Papa! papa!” exclaimed his little daughter, running across the hall, as her father was on the carriage-steps; “Papa! papa! may I sit up to-night till you come home?” He made no reply, but beckoned us in, hurriedly—sat back in his seat—thundered, “Drive on, sir!” and burst into tears.

“Oh, my dear fellow—Stafford—Stafford! This will never *do*. What will our friends on the ground say?” enquired Lord A——.

“What they like!” replied Mr Stafford, sternly, still in tears. He soon recovered himself.

* * After driving some time, “Now, let me give you a bit of advice,” said Lord A——, in an earnest tone, “we shall say only one word, by way of signal—‘Fire!’ and be sure to fire while you are in the act of raising your pistol.”

“Oh, yes—yes—yes—I understand——”

“Well, but be *sure*; don't think of pointing first, and then firing—or, by —, you'll assuredly fire over his head, or fire far on one side. Only recollect to do as I say, and you will take him full in the ribs, or clip him in the neck, or at least wing him.”

“My dear fellow, do you take me for a *novice*? Do you forget my affair with —?” enquired Mr Stafford, impatiently.

“I promised to meet G— about here,” said Lord A——, putting his head out of the window. “Egad, if he is not punctual, I don't know what we shall do, for he's got my pistol-case. Where—where is he?” he continued, looking up the road. “There!” he exclaimed, catching sight of a horseman riding at a very slow pace.—After we had overtaken him, and Lord A—— had taken the pistol-case into the carriage, and Mr Stafford had himself examined the pistols carefully, we rode side by side till we came near the scene of action. During that time, we spoke but little, and that little consisted of the most bitter and sarcastic expressions of Mr Stafford's contempt for his opponent, and regret at the occurrence which had so tantalized him, alluding to Lord —'s offer of the — office. About ten minutes to seven, we

alighted, and gave the coachman orders to remain there till we returned. The evening was lovely—the glare of day “mellowed to that tender light” which characterises a summer evening in the country. As we walked across the fields towards the appointed spot, I felt sick and faint with irrepressible agitation, and Mr G——, the surgeon, with whom I walked, joked with me at my “squeamishness,” much in the style of tars with sea-sick passengers. “There’s nothing in it—nothing,” said he; “they’ll take care not to hurt one another. ’Tis a pity too that such a man as Mr Stafford should run the risk. What a noise it will make!” I let him talk on, for I could not answer, till we approached the fatal field, which we entered by a gap. Lord A—— got through first. “Punctual, however,” said he, looking round at Mr Stafford, who was following. “There they are—just getting over the stile. Inimitable coxcomb!”

“Ay, there they are, sure enough,” replied he, shading his eyes. “A——, for God’s sake, take care not to put me against this sunshine—it will dazzle——”

“Oh, never fear; it will go down before then—’tis but just above the horizon now.” A touching image, I thought! It might be so with Mr Stafford—his sun “might go down—at noon!”

“Stop, my lord,” said Mr Stafford, motioning Lord A—— back, and pressing his hand to his forehead. “A moment—allow me! Let me see—is there any thing I’ve forgotten?—Oh, I thought there was!” He hurriedly requested Lord A——, after the affair, in the event of its proving bloody, to call on the minister, and explain it all. Lord A—— promised to do so. “Ah—here, too,” unbuttoning his surtout, “*this* must not be here, I suppose;” and he removed a small gold snuffbox from his right to his left waistcoat pocket. “Let the blockhead have his full chance.”

“Stuff, stuff, Stafford! That’s Quixotic!” muttered Lord A——. He was much paler, and more thoughtful than I had seen him all along. All this occurred in much less time than I have taken to tell it. We all passed into the field; and as we approached, saw Lord —— and

his second, who were waiting our arrival. The appearance of the former was that of a handsome fashionable young man, with very light hair, and lightly dressed altogether; and he walked to and fro, switching about a little riding-cane. Mr Stafford released Lord A——, who joined the other second, and commenced the preliminary arrangements.

I never saw a greater contrast than there was between the demeanour of Mr Stafford and his opponent. There stood the former, his hat shading his eyes, his arms folded, eyeing the motions of his antagonist with a look of supreme—of utter contempt; for I saw his compressed and curled upper lip. Lord —— betrayed an anxiety—a visible effort to appear unconcerned. He “overdid it.” He was evidently as uneasy, in the contiguity of Mr Stafford, as the rabbit shivering under the baleful glare of the rattlesnake’s eye. One little circumstance was full of character at that agitating moment. Lord ——, anxious to manifest every appearance of coolness and indifference, seemed bent on demolishing a nettle, or some other prominent weed, and was making repeated strokes at it with the little whip he held. *This*, a few seconds before his life was to be jeopardied! Mr Stafford stood watching this puerile feat in the position I have formerly mentioned, and a withering smile stole over his features, while he muttered—if I heard correctly—“Poor boy! Poor boy!”

At length the work of loading being completed, and the distance—six paces—duly stepped out, the duellists walked up to their respective stations. Their proximity was perfectly frightful. The pistols were then placed in their hands, and we stepped to a little distance from them.

“Fire!” said Lord A——; and the word had hardly passed his lips, before Lord ——’s ball whizzed close past the ear of Mr Stafford. The latter, who had not even elevated his pistol at the word of command, after eyeing his antagonist for an instant with a scowl of contempt, fired in the air, and then jerked the pistol away towards Lord ——, with the distinctly audible words—“Kennel, sir! Kennel!” He then walked towards the spot where Mr G—— and I were

standing. Would to Heaven he had never uttered the words in question! Lord —— had heard them, and followed him, furiously exclaiming, "Do you call *this* satisfaction, sir?" and, through his second, insisted on a second interchange of shots; in vain did Lord A—— vehemently protest that it was contrary to all the laws of duelling, and that he would leave the ground—they were inflexible. Mr Stafford approached Lord A——, and whispered, "For God's sake, A——, don't hesitate. Load—load again! the fool WILL rush on his fate. Put us up again, and see if I fire a second time in the air!" His second slowly and reluctantly assented, and re-loaded. Again the hostile couple stood at the same distance from each other, pale with fury; and at the word of command, both fired, and both fell. At one bound I sprung towards Mr Stafford, almost blind with agitation. Lord A—— had him propped against his knee, and with his white pocket-handkerchief was endeavouring to stanch a wound in the right side. Mr Stafford's fire had done terrible execution, for his ball had completely shattered the lower jaw of his opponent, who was borne off the field instantly. Mr Stafford swooned, and was some minutes before he recovered, when he exclaimed feebly, "God forgive me, and be with my poor wife!"—We attempted to move him, when he swooned a second time, and we were afraid it was all over with him. Again, however, he recovered; and, opening his eyes, he saw me with my fingers at his pulse. "Oh, doctor, doctor, what did you promise? Remember Lady Staf——" he could not get out the word. I waited till the surgeon had ascertained generally the nature of the wound, which he presently pronounced not fatal, and assisted in binding it up, and conveying him to the carriage. I then mounted Mr G——'s horse, and hurried on to communicate the dreadful intelligence to Lady Emma. I galloped every step of the way, and found, on my arrival, that her ladyship had but a few moments before adjourned to the drawing-room, where she was sitting at coffee. Thither I followed the servant, who announced me. Lady Emma was sitting by the tea-table, and rose on

hearing my name. When she saw my agitated manner, the colour suddenly faded from her cheeks. She elevated her arms, as if deprecating my intelligence; and before I could reach her, had fallen fainting on the floor.

* * *

I cannot undertake to describe what took place on that dreadful night. All was confusion—agony—despair. Mr Stafford was in a state of insensibility when he arrived at home, and was immediately carried up to bed. The surgeon succeeded in extracting the ball, which had seriously injured the fifth and sixth ribs, but had not penetrated to the lungs. Though the wound was serious, and would require careful and vigilant treatment, there was no ground for apprehending a mortal issue. As for Lord ——, I may anticipate his fate. The wound he had received brought on a lock-jaw, of which he died in less than a week. And THIS is what is called SATISFACTION.

To return. All my attention was devoted to poor Lady Emma. She did not even ask to see her husband, or move to leave the drawingroom, after recovering from her swoon. She listened with apparent calmness to my account of the transaction, which, the reader may imagine, was as mild and mitigated in its details as possible. As I went on, she became more and more thoughtful, and continued, with her eyes fixed on the floor, motionless and silent. In vain did I attempt to rouse her, by soothing—threats—surprise. She would gaze full at me, and relapse into her former abstracted mood. At length the drawingroom door was opened by some one—who proved to be Lord A——, come to take his leave. Lady Emma sprung from the sofa, burst from my grasp, uttered a long, loud, and frightful peal of laughter, and then came fit after fit of the strongest hysterics I think I ever saw. * * * About midnight, Dr Baillie and Sir —— arrived, and found their patients each insensible, and each in different apartments. Alas! alas! what a dreadful contrast between that hour and the hour of my arrival in the morning! Oh, ambition! Oh, political happiness—mockery!

Towards morning Lady Emma be-

came calmer, and, under the influence of a pretty powerful dose of laudanum, fell into a sound sleep. I repaired to the bedside of Mr Stafford. He lay asleep, Mr G—— the surgeon sitting on one side of the bed, and a nurse on the other. Yes, there lay the STATESMAN! his noble features, though overspread with a pallid, a cadaverous hue, still bearing the ineffaceable impress of intellect. There was a loftiness about the ample expanded forehead, and a stern commanding expression about the partially-knit eyebrows, and pallid compressed lips, which, even in the absence of the flashing eye, bespoke

——“the great soul,

Like an imprison'd eagle, pent within,
That fain would fly!”

“On what a slender thread hangs every thing in life!” thought I, as I stood silently at the foot of the bed, gazing on Mr Stafford. To think of a man like Stafford, falling by the hand of an insignificant lad of a lordling—a titled bully! Oh, shocking and execrable custom of duelling!—blot on the escutcheon of a civilized people, which places greatness of every description at the mercy of the mean and worthless; which lyingly pretends to assert a man's honour, and atone for insult, by turning the tears of outraged feeling into—blood!

About eight o'clock in the morning [Monday], I set off for town, leaving my friend in the skilful hands of Mr G——, and promising to return, if possible, in the evening. About noon, what was my astonishment to hear street-criers yelling everywhere a “full, true, and particular account of the bloody duel fought last night between Mr Stafford and Lord ——!” Curiosity prompted me to purchase the trash. I need hardly say that it was preposterous nonsense. The ‘duellists,’ it seemed, ‘fired six shots a-piece;’—and what will the reader imagine were the “dying” words of Mr Stafford—according to these precious manufacturers of the marvellous?—“Mr Stafford then raised himself on his second's knee, and with a loud and solemn voice, said ‘I leave my everlasting hatred to Lord ——, my duty to my king and country—my love to my family—and my precious soul to God!!!’”

The papers of the day, however, gave a tolerably accurate account of the affair, and unanimously stigmatized the “presumption” of Lord —— in calling out such a man as Mr Stafford—and on such frivolous grounds. My name was, most fortunately, not even alluded to. I was glancing through the columns of the evening ministerial paper, while the servant was saddling the horses for my return to the country, when my eye lit on the following paragraph: “Latest news. Lord —— is appointed —— Secretary. We understand that Mr Stafford had the refusal of it.” Poor Stafford! Lord A—— had called on the minister, late on Sunday evening, and acquainted him with the whole affair. “Sorry—very,” said the premier. “Rising man that, but we could not wait. Lord —— is to be the man!” I arrived at Mr Stafford's about nine o'clock, and made my way immediately to his bedroom. Lady Emma, pale and exhausted, sat by his bedside, her eyes swollen with weeping. At my request, she presently withdrew, and I took her place at my patient's side. He was not sensible of my presence for some time, but lay with his eyes half open, and in a state of low muttering delirium. An unfortunate cough of mine close to his ear, awoke him, and after gazing steadily at me for nearly a minute, he recognised me and nodded. He seemed going to speak to me—but I laid my finger on my lips to warn him against making the effort.

“One word—one only, doctor,” he whispered hastily,—“Who is the —— Secretary?”—“Lord ——,” I replied. On hearing the name, he turned his head away from me with an air of intense chagrin, and lay silent for some time. He presently uttered something like the words—“too hot to hold him,”—“unseat him,”—and apparently fell asleep. I found from the attendant that all was going on well—and that Mr Stafford bade fair for a rapid recovery, if he would but keep his mind calm and easy. Fearful lest my presence, in the event of his waking again, might excite him into a talking mood, I slipped silently from the room, and betook myself to Lady Emma, who sat awaiting me in her boudoir. I found her in a flood of tears. I did all in my power

to soothe her, by reiterating my solemn assurances that Mr Stafford was beyond all danger, and wanted only quiet to recover rapidly.

"Oh, Doctor——! How could you deceive me so yesterday? You knew all about it! How could you look at my little children, and——" Sobs choked her utterance. "Well—I suppose you *could* not help it! I don't blame you—but my heart is nearly broken about it! Oh, this *honour*—this *honour*! I always thought Mr Stafford above the foolery of such things!" She paused—I replied not—for I had not a word to say against what she uttered. I thought and felt *with* her.

"I would to Heaven that Mr Stafford would forsake Parliament for ever! These hateful politics! He has no peace or rest by day or night!" continued Lady Emma, passionately. "His nights are constantly turned into day—and his day is ever full of hurry and trouble! Heaven knows I would consent to be banished from society—to work for my daily bread—I would submit to any thing, if I could but prevail on Mr Stafford to return to the bosom of his family!—Doctor, my heart's happiness is cankered and gone! Mr Stafford does not *tolerate* me—his heart is not mine—it is 'nt——." So again she burst into tears. "What can your ladyship mean?" I enquired with surprise.

"What I say, Doctor," she replied, sobbing, "he is wedded to ambition! ambition alone! Oh, I am often tempted to wish I had never seen or known him! For the future, I shall live trembling from day to day, fearful of the recurrence of such frightful scenes as yesterday! his reason will be failing him—his *reason*!" she repeated with a shudder, "and *then*!" Her emotions once more deprived her of utterance. I felt for her from my very soul! I was addressing some consolatory remark to her, when a gentle tapping was heard at the door. "Come in," said Lady Emma, and Mr Stafford's valet made his appearance, saying, with hurried gestures and grimaces—"Ah, Docteur! Mons. déraisonné—il est fou! Il veut absolument voir Milord——! Je ne puis lui faire passer cette idée là!"

"What *can* be the matter!" exclaimed Lady Emma, looking at me with alarm.

"Oh, only some little wandering, I dare say; but I'll soon return and report progress!" said I, prevailing on her to wait my return, and hurrying to the sick chamber. To my surprise and alarm, I found Mr Stafford sitting nearly bolt upright in bed, his eyes directed anxiously to the door.

"Doctor——," said he, as soon as I had taken my seat beside him, "I insist on seeing Lord——," naming the prime minister; "I positively insist upon it! Let his lordship be shewn up instantly." I implored him to lie down, at the peril of his life, and be calm—but he insisted on seeing Lord——. "He is gone, and left word that he would call at this time to-morrow," said I, hoping to quiet him.

"Indeed? Good of him! What can he want? The office is disposed of. There! there! he is stepped back again! Shew him up—shew him up! What, insult the King's Prime Minister? Shew him up, Louis," addressing his valet, adding drowsily, in a fainter tone, "and the members—the members—the—the—who paired off—who pair——" he sunk gradually down on the pillow, the perspiration burst forth, and he fell asleep. Finding he slept on tranquilly and soundly, I once more left him, and having explained it to Lady Emma, bade her good evening, and returned to town. The surgeon who was in constant attendance on him, called at my house during the afternoon of the following day, and gave me so good an account of him, that I did not think it necessary to go down till the day after, as I had seriously broken in upon my own practice. When I next saw him he was mending rapidly. He even persuaded me into allowing him to have the daily papers read to him—a circumstance I much regretted after I left him, and suddenly recollected how often the public prints made allusions to him—some of them not very kindly or complimentary. But there was no resisting his importunity. He had a wonderful wheedling way with him. Two days after, he got me to consent to his receiving the visits of his political friends; and

really the renewal of his accustomed stimulus conduced materially to hasten his recovery.

Scarce six weeks from the day of the duel, was this indefatigable and ardent spirit, Mr Stafford, on his legs in the House of Commons, electrifying it and the nation at large, by a speech of the most overwhelming power and splendour! He flung his scorching sarcasms mercilessly at the astounded Opposition, especially at those who had contrived to render themselves in any way prominent in their opposition to his policy *during his absence!* By an artful manœuvre of rhetoric—a skilful allusion to “recent unhappy circumstances,” he carried the House with him from the very commencement, enthusiastically to the end, and was at last obliged to pause almost every other minute, that the cheering might subside. The unfortunate nobleman who had stepped into the shoes which had been first placed at Mr Stafford’s feet—so to speak—came in for the cream of the whole! A ridiculous figure he cut! Jokes, even lampoons, fell upon him like a shower of missiles on a man in the pillory! He was a fat man, and sat perspiring under it! The instant Mr Stafford sat down, this unlucky personage arose to reply. His odd and angry gesticulations, as he vainly attempted to make himself heard amidst incessant shouts of laughter, served to clinch the nail which had been fixed by Mr Stafford; and the indignant senator presently left the House. Another—and another—and another of the singed ones, arose and “followed on the same side,” but to no purpose. It was in vain to buffet against the spring-tide of favour which had set in to Mr Stafford! That night will not be forgotten by either his friends or his foes. He gained his point! within a fortnight he had ousted his rival, and was gazetted — Secretary! The effort he made, however, on the occasion last alluded to, brought him again under my hands for several days. Indeed, indeed, I never had such an intractable patient! He could not be prevailed on to shew any mercy to his constitution—he would not give nature fair play. Night and day—morning, noon, evening—spring, summer, autumn, winter—found him toiling on the tempestuous ocean of politics, his mind

ever laden with the most harassing and exhausting cares. The eminent situation he filled brought him, of course, an immense accession of cares and anxieties. He was virtually the leader of the House of Commons; and, though his exquisite tact and talent secured to himself personally the applause and admiration of all parties, the government to which he belonged was beginning to disclose symptoms of disunion and disorganization at a time when public affairs were becoming every hour more and more involved—our domestic and foreign policy perplexed—the latter almost inextricably—every day assuming a new and different aspect, through the operation of the great events incessantly transpiring on the continent. The national confidence began rapidly to ebb away from the Ministers, and symptoms of a most startling character appeared in different parts of the country. The House of Commons—the pulse of popular feeling—began to beat irregularly—now intermitting—now with feverish strength and rapidity—clearly indicating that the circulation was disordered. Nearly the whole of the newspapers turned against the Ministry, and assailed them with the bitterest and foulest obloquy. Night after night poor Mr Stafford talked himself hoarse, feeling that he was the acknowledged mouth-piece of the Ministry, but in vain. Ministers were perpetually left in miserable minorities; they were beaten at every point. Their ranks presented the appearance of a straggling disbanded army; those of the Opposition hung together like a shipwrecked crew clinging to the last fragments of their wreck. Can the consequence be wondered at?

At length came the Budget, word of awful omen to many a quaking Ministry! In vain were the splendid powers of Mr Stafford put into requisition. In vain did his masterly mind fling light and order over his sombrous chaotic subject, and simplify and make clear to the whole country the, till then, dreary jargon and mysticism of financial technicalities. In vain, in vain did he display the sweetness of Cicero, the thunder of Demosthenes. The leader of the Opposition rose, and coolly turned all he had said into ridicule; one of his squad then started to his feet,

and made out poor Mr Stafford to be a sort of ministerial swindler; and the rest cunningly gave the cue to the country, and raised up in every quarter clamorous dissatisfaction. Poor Stafford began to look haggard and wasted; and the papers said he stalked into the House, night after night, like a spectre. The hour of the Ministry was come. They were beaten on the first item, in the committee of supply. Mr Stafford resigned in disgust and indignation; and that broke up the government.

I saw him the morning after he had formally tendered his resignation, and given up the papers, &c. of office. He was pitifully emaciated. The fire of his eye was quenched, his sonorous voice broken. I could scarce repress a tear as I gazed at his sallow haggard features, and his languid limbs drawn together on his library sofa.

"Doctor—my friend! This frightful session has killed me, I'm afraid!" said he. "I feel equally wasted in body and mind. I loathe life—every thing!"

"I don't think you've been fairly dealt with! You've been crippled—shackled——"

"Yes—cursed—cursed—cursed in my colleagues," he interrupted me with eager bitterness; "it is *their* execrable little-mindedness and bigotry that have concentrated on us the hatred of the nation. As for myself, I am sacrificed, and to no purpose. I feel I cannot long survive it; for I am withered, root and branch—withered!"

"Be persuaded, Mr Stafford," said I, gently, "to withdraw for a while, and recruit."

"Oh, ay, ay—any whither—any whither—as far off as possible from London—that's all. God pity the man that holds office in these times. The talents of half the angels in heaven wouldn't avail him! Doctor, I rave. Forgive me—I'm in a morbid, nay, almost rabid mood of mind. Foiled at every point—others robbing me of the credit of my labours—sneered at by fools—trampled on by the aristocracy—oh tut, tut, tut—fie on it all!" * *

"Have you seen the morning papers, Mr Stafford?"

"Not I, indeed. Sick of their cant—lies—tergiversation—scurrility. I've laid an embargo on them

all. I won't let one come to my house for a fortnight. 'Tis adding fuel to the fire that is consuming me."

"Ah, but they represent the nation as calling loudly for your re-instatement in office."

"Faugh—let it call! Let them lie on! I'm done with them—for the present."

The servant brought up the cards of several of his late colleagues. "Not at home, sirrah!—Harkee—ill—ill," thundered his master. I sat with him nearly an hour longer. Oh, what gall and bitterness tinctured every word he uttered! How his chafed and fretted spirit spurned at sympathy, and despised—even acquiescence! He complained heavily of perfidy and ingratitude on the part of many members of the House of Commons; and expressed his solemn determination—should he ever return to power—to visit them with his signal vengeance. His eyes flashed fire as he recounted the instance of one well-known individual, whom he had paid heavily beforehand for his vote, by a sinecure, and by whom he was after all unblushingly "jockeyed," on the score of the salary being a few pounds per annum less than had been calculated on! "Oh, believe me," he continued, "of all knavish trafficking, there is none like your political trafficking; of all swindlers, your political swindler is the vilest." Before I next saw him, the new ministry had been named, some of the leading members of which were among Mr Stafford's bitterest and most contemptuous enemies, and had spontaneously pledged themselves to act diametrically opposite to the policy he had adopted. This news was too much for him; and full of unutterable fury and chagrin, he hastily left town, and, with all his family, betook himself, for an indefinite period, to a distant part of England. I devoutly hoped that he had now had his surfeit of politics, and would henceforth seek repose in the domestic circle. Lady Emma participated anxiously in that wish: she doted on her husband more fondly than ever; and her faded beauty touchingly told with what deep devotion she had identified herself with her husband's interests.

As I am not writing a *life* of Mr Stafford, I must leap over a further

interval of twelve anxious and agitating years. He returned to Parliament, and for several sessions shone brilliantly as the leader of the Opposition. Being freed from the trammels of office, his spirits resumed their wonted elasticity, and his health became firmer than it had been for years—so that there was little necessity for my visiting him on any other footing than that of friendship. A close observer could not fail to detect the *system* of Mr Stafford's Parliamentary tactics. He subordinated every thing to accomplish the great purpose of his life. He took every possible opportunity, in eloquent and brilliant speeches, of familiarizing Parliament, and the country at large, with his own principles; dexterously contrasting with them the narrow and inconsistent policy of his opponents. He felt that he was daily increasing the number of his partisans both in and out of the House—and securing a prospect of his speedy return to permanent power. I one day mentioned this feature, and told him I admired the way in which he gradually *insinuated* himself into the confidence of the country.

"Aha, Doctor!"—he replied briskly—"to borrow one of your own terms—I'm *vaccinating* the nation!"

July—, 18.—The star of Stafford again Lord of the Ascendant! This day have the seals of the — office been intrusted to my gifted friend Stafford, amid the thunders of the Commons, and the universal gratulations of the country. He is virtually the Leader of the Cabinet, and has it "all his own way" with the House. Every appearance he makes there is the signal for a perfect tempest of applause—with, however, a few lightning-gleams of inveterate hostility. His course is full of dazzling dangers. There are breakers ahead—he must tack about incessantly amid shoals and quicksands. God help him, and give him calmness and self-possession—or he is lost!

I suppose there will be no getting near him, at least to such an insignificant person as myself—unless he should unhappily require my professional services. How my heart beats when I hear it said in society, that he seems to feel most acutely the at-

tacks incessantly made on him—and appears ill every day! Poor Stafford! I wonder how Lady Emma bears all this!

I hear everywhere that a tremendous opposition is organizing, countenanced in very high quarters, and that he will have hard work to maintain his ground. He is paramount at present, and laughs his enemies to scorn! His name, coupled with almost idolatrous expressions of homage, is in every one's mouth of the *variæ et mutabile semper* race. His pictures are in every shop window; dinners are given him every week; addresses forwarded from all parts of the country; the freedom of large cities and corporations voted him; in short, there is scarce any thing said or done in public, but what Mr Stafford's name is coupled with it. * * *

March —, 18.—Poor Stafford, baited incessantly in the House, night after night. Can he stand? every body is asking. He has commenced the session swimmingly—as the phrase is. Lady Emma, whom I accidentally met to-day at the house of a patient—herself full of feverish excitement—gives me a sad account of Mr Stafford. Restless nights—incessant sleep-talking—continual indisposition—loss of appetite! Oh, the pleasures of politics, the sweets of ambition!

Saturday.—A strange hint in one of the papers to-day about Mr Stafford's unaccountable freaks in the House, and treatment of various members. What *can* it mean? A fearful suspicion glanced across my mind—Heaven grant it may be groundless—on coupling with this dark newspaper hint an occurrence which took place some short time ago. It was this. Lady Amelia — was suddenly taken ill at a ball given by the Duke of —, and I was called in to attend her. She had swooned in the midst of the dance, and continued hysterical for some time after her removal home. I asked her what had occasioned it all—and she told me that she happened to be passing, in the dance, a part of the room where Mr Stafford stood, who had looked in for a few minutes to speak to the Marquis of —. "He was standing in a thoughtful attitude," she continued, "and some-

how or another I attracted his attention in passing, and he gave me one of the most fiendish scowls, accompanied with a frightful glare of the eye, I ever encountered. It passed from his face in an instant, and was succeeded by a smile, as he nodded repeatedly to persons who saluted him. The look he gave me haunted me, and, added to the exhaustion I felt from the heat of the room, occasioned my swooning." Though I felt faint at heart while listening to her, I laughed it off, and said it must have been fancy. "No, no, Doctor, it was not," she replied, "for the Marchioness of — saw it too, and no later than this very morning, when she called, asked me if I had affronted Mr Stafford."

Could it be so? Was this "look" really a transient ghastly out-flashing of insanity? Was his great mind beginning to stagger under the mighty burden it bore? The thought agitated me beyond measure. When I coupled the incident in question with the mysterious hint in the daily print, my fears were awfully corroborated. I resolved to call upon Mr Stafford that very evening. I was at his house about eight o'clock, but found he had left a little while before for Windsor. The next morning, however—Sunday—his servant brought me word that Mr Stafford would be glad to see me between eight and ten o'clock in the evening. Thither, therefore, I repaired, about half-past eight. On sending up my name, his private secretary came down stairs, and conducted me to the minister's library—a spacious and richly furnished room. Statues stood in the window-places, and busts of British statesmen in the four corners. The sides were lined with book-shelves, filled with elegantly bound volumes; and a large table in the middle of the room was covered with tape-tied packets, opened and unopened letters, &c. &c. &c. A large bronze lamp was suspended from the ceiling, and threw a peculiarly rich and mellow light over the whole—and especially the figure of Mr Stafford, who, in his long crimson silk dressing-gown, was walking rapidly to and fro, with his arms folded on his breast. The first glance shewed me that he was labouring under high excitement. His face was pale, and his brilliant eyes glanced restlessly

from beneath his intensely knit brows.

"My dear Doctor—an age since I saw you!—Here I am—overwhelmed, you see, as usual!" said he, cordially taking me by the hand, and leading me to a seat.—"My dear sir, you give yourself no rest—you are actually—you are *rapidly* destroying yourself!" said I, after he had, in his own brief, energetic, and pointed language, described a train of symptoms bordering on those of brain-fever. He had, unknown to any one, latterly taken to opium, which he swallowed by stealth, in large quantities, on retiring to bed; and I need hardly say how that of itself was sufficient to derange the functions both of body and mind. He had lost his appetite, and felt consciously sinking every day into a state of the utmost languor and exhaustion—so much so, that he was reluctant often to rise and dress, or go out. His temper, he said, began to fail him, and he grew fretful and irritable with every body, and on every occasion. "Doctor, Doctor, I don't know whether you'll understand me or not—but every thing GLARES at me!" said he. "Every object grows suddenly invested with personality—animation—I can't bear to look at them!—I am oppressed—I breathe a rarified atmosphere!"—"Your nervous system is disturbed, Mr Stafford."—"I live in a dim dream—with only occasional intervals of real consciousness. Every thing is false and exaggerated about me. I see, feel, think, through a magnifying medium—in a word, I'm in a strange, unaccountable state."

"Can you wonder at it—even if it were worse?" said I, expostulating vehemently with him on his incessant, unmitigating application to public business. "Believe me," I concluded, with energy, "you must lie by, or be laid by."—"Ah—good, that—tease! But what's to be done? Must I resign? Must public business stand still in the middle of the session? I've made my bed, and must lie on it."

I really was at a loss what to say. He could not bear "preaching" or "prosing," or any thing approaching to it. I suffered him to go on as he would—detailing more and more

symptoms like those above mentioned—clearly enough disclosing to my reluctant eyes, reason holding her reins loosely, unsteadily!

“I can’t account for it, Doctor—but I feel sudden fits of wildness sometimes—but for a moment—a second!—Oh, my Creator! I hope all is yet sound *here, here!*” said he, pressing his hand against his forehead. He rose and walked rapidly to and fro. “Excuse me, Doctor, I cannot sit still!” said he. * * *

“Have I not enough to upset me?—Only listen to a tithe of my troubles, now!—After paying almost servile court to a parcel of Parliamentary puppies, ever since the commencement of the session, to secure their votes on the — bill—having the boobies here to dine with me, and then dining with them, week after week—sitting down gaily with fellows whom I utterly, unutterably despise—every one of the pack suddenly turned tail on me—stole, stole, stole away—every one—and left me in a ridiculous minority of 43!”—I said it was a sample of the annoyances inseparable from office.—“Ay, ay, ay!” he replied, with impetuous bitterness, increasing the pace at which he was walking. “Why—*why* is it, that public men have no principle—no feeling—no gratitude—no sympathy?” he paused. I said, mildly, that I hoped the throng of the session was nearly got through, that his embarrassments would diminish, and he would have some leisure on his hands.

“Oh no, no, no!—my difficulties and perplexities increase and thicken on every side!—Great heavens! how are we to get on?—All the motions of government are impeded—we are hemmed in—blocked up—on every side—the state-vessel is surrounded with closing, crashing icebergs!—I think I must quit the helm!—Look here, for instance. After ransacking all the arts and resources of diplomacy, I had, with infinite difficulty, succeeded in devising a scheme for adjusting our — differences. Several of the continental powers have acquiesced—all was going on well—when this very morning comes a courier to Downing Street, bearing a civil hint from the Austrian cabinet, that, if I persevered with my project, such a procedure will be considered

equivalent to a declaration of war!—So *there* we are at a dead stand!—’Tis all that execrable Metternich! Subtle devil! *He’s* at the bottom of all the disturbances in Europe!—Again—here, at home, we are all on our backs!—I stand pledged to the — bill. I will, and must go through with it. My consistency, popularity, place—all are at stake! I’m *bound* to carry it—and only yesterday the —, and —, and — families—’gad!—half the Upper House—have given me to understand I must give up them, or the — bill!—And then we are all at daggers-drawn among ourselves—a cabinet-council like a cockpit, — and — eternally bickering!—And again—last night his Majesty behaved with marked coolness and hauteur; and while sipping his claret, told me, with stern *sang-froid*, that his consent to the — bill was “utterly out of the question.” Must throw overboard the —, a measure that I have more at heart than any other!—It is whispered that — is determined to draw me into a duel; and, as if all this were not enough, I am perpetually receiving threats of assassination; and, in fact, a bullet hissed close past my hat the other day while on horseback, on my way to —! I can’t make the thing public—’tis impossible; and perhaps the very next hour I move out, I may be shot through the heart!—Oh, God, *what* is to become of me? Would to heaven I had refused the seals of the — office!—Doctor, do you think—the nonsense of medicine apart—do you think you can do any thing for me? Any thing to quiet the system—to cool the brain? Would bleeding do? Bathing? What?—But mind—I’ve not much time for physic—I’m to open the — question to-morrow night; and then every hour to dictate fifteen or twenty letters! In a word!”—

“Colonel Lord —, sir,” said the servant, appearing at the door.

“Ah, execrable coxcomb!” he muttered to me. “I know what he is come about—he has badgered me incessantly for the last six weeks!—I won’t see him—not at home!” to the servant. He paused. “Stay, sirrah!—beg the colonel to walk up stairs.” Then to me, “The man can command his two brothers’

votes—I must have them to-morrow night.—Doctor, we must part,” hearing approaching footsteps. “I’ve been raving like a madman, I fear—not a word to any one breathing!—Ah, colonel, good evening—good evening!” said he, with a gaiety and briskness of tone and manner that utterly confounded me—walking and meeting his visitor half-way, and shaking him by the hands. Poor Stafford! I returned to my own quiet home, and devoutly thanked God, who had shut me out from such splendid misery, as I witnessed in the Right Honourable Charles Stafford!

Tuesday.—Poor Stafford spoke splendidly in the House, last night, for upwards of three hours; and at the bottom of the reported speech, a note was added, informing the reader, that “Mr Stafford was looking better than they had seen him for some months, and seemed to enjoy excellent spirits.” How little did he, who penned that note, suspect the true state of matters—that Mr Stafford owed his “better looks” and “excellent spirits” to an intoxicating draught of raw brandy, which alone enabled him to face the House! I read his speech with agonizing interest; it was full of flashing fancy, and powerful argumentative eloquence, and breathed throughout a buoyant elastic spirit, which nothing seemed capable of overpowering or depressing. But Mr Stafford might have saved his trouble and anxiety—for he was worsted—and his bill lost by an overwhelming majority! Oh! could his relentless opponents have seen but a glimpse of what I had seen, they would have spared their noble victim the sneers and railleries with which they pelted him throughout the evening.

Friday.—I this afternoon had an opportunity of conversing confidentially with Mr Stafford’s private secretary, who corroborated my worst fears, by communicating his own, and their reasons, amounting to infallible evidence, that Mr Stafford was beginning to give forth scintillations of *madness*. He would sometimes totally lose his recollection of what he had done during the day, and dictate three answers to

the same letter. He would, at the public office, sometimes enter into a strain of conversation with his astounded underlings, so absurd and imprudent, disclosing the profoundest secrets of state, as must have inevitably and instantly ruined him, had he not been surrounded by those who were personally attached to him. Mr ——— communicated various other little symptoms of the same kind. Mr Stafford was once on his way down to the House, in his dressing-gown, and could be persuaded with the utmost difficulty only to return and change it. He would sometimes go down to his country-house, and receive his lady and children with such an extravagant—such a frantic display of spirit and gaiety, as at first delighted, then surprised, and finally alarmed Lady Emma into a horrid suspicion of the real state of her husband’s mind.

I was surprised early one morning by his coachman’s calling at my house, and desiring to see me alone: and when he was shewn into my presence, with a flurried manner, many apologies for his “boldness,” and entreaties—somewhat Hibernian, to be sure, in the wording—that I “would take no notice whatever of what he said”—he told me that his master’s conduct had latterly been “very odd and queer-like.” That on getting into his carriage, on his return from the House, Mr Stafford would direct him to drive five or six miles into the country, at the top of his speed—then back again—then to some distant part of London, without once alighting, and with no apparent object; so that it was sometimes five or six, or even seven o’clock in the morning before they got home! “Last night, sir,” he added, “master did ‘som’mut uncommon ‘stroordinary—he told me to drive to Greenwich—and when I gets there, he bids me pull up at the ———, and get him a draught of ale—and then he drinks a sup, and tells me and John to finish it—and then turn the horses’ heads back again for town!”—I gave the man half a guinea, and solemnly enjoined him to keep what he had told me a profound secret.

What was to be done? What steps could we take? How deal with such a public man as Mr Stafford? I felt

myself in a fearful dilemma. Should I communicate candidly with Lady Emma? I thought it better, on the whole, to wait a little longer—and was delighted to find, that as public business slackened a little, and Mr Stafford carried several favourite measures very successfully, and with comparatively little effort, he intermitted his attention to business, and was persuaded into spending the recess at the house of one of his relatives, a score or two miles from town—whose enchanting house and grounds, and magnificent hospitalities, served to occupy Mr Stafford's mind with bustling and pleasurable thoughts. Such a fortnight's interval did wonders for him. Lady Emma, whom I had requested to write frequently to me about him, represented things more and more cheerfully in every succeeding letter—saying, that the “distressing *flightiness*,” which Mr Stafford had occasionally evinced in town, had totally disappeared; that every body at — House was astonished at the elasticity and joyousness of Mr Stafford's spirits, and the energy almost amounting to enthusiasm, with which he entered into the glittering gaieties and festivities that were going on around him. “He was the life and soul of the party.” He seemed determined to banish business from his thoughts, at least for a while; and when a chance allusion was made to it, would put it off gaily with—“sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.” All this filled me with consolation. I dismissed the apprehensions which had latterly harassed my mind concerning him, and heartily thanked God that Mr Stafford's splendid powers seemed likely to be yet long spared to the country—that the hovering fiend was beaten off from his victim—might it be for ever!

The House at length resumed; Mr Stafford returned to town, and all his weighty cares again gathered around him. Hardly a few days had elapsed, before he delivered one of the longest, calmest, most argumentative speeches which had ever fallen from him. Indeed it began to be commonly remarked, that all he said in the House wore a matter-of-fact business-like air, which nobody could have expected from him. All this was

encouraging. The measure which he brought forward in the speech last alluded to, was hotly contested, inch by inch, in the House, and at last, contrary even to his own expectations, carried, though by an inconsiderable majority. All his friends congratulated him on his triumph.

“Yes, I HAVE triumphed at last,” he said, emphatically, as he left the House. He went home, late at night, and alarmed—confounded his domestics by calling them all up, and—it is lamentable to have to record, such things of such a man—insisting on their *illuminating* the House—candles in every window—in front and behind! It was fortunate that Lady Emma and her family had not yet returned from — House, to witness this unequivocal indication of returning insanity. He himself personally assisted at the ridiculous task of lighting the candles, and putting them in the windows; and when it was completed, actually harangued the assembled servants on the signal triumph he and the country had obtained that night in the House of Commons, and concluded by ordering them to extinguish the lights, and adjourn to the kitchen to supper, when he would presently join them, and give them a dozen of wine! He was as good as his word; yes, Mr Stafford sat at the head of his confounded servants—few in number, on account of the family's absence, and engaged in the most uproarious hilarity! Fortunately, most fortunately, his conduct was unhesitatingly attributed to intoxication—in which condition he was really carried to bed at an advanced hour in the morning, by those whom nothing but their bashful fears had saved from being similarly overcome by the wine they had been drinking. All this was told me by the coachman, who had communicated with me formerly—and with tears, for he was an old and faithful servant. He assiduously kept up among his fellow-servants the notion that their master's drunkenness was the cause of his extraordinary behaviour.

I called on him the day after, and found him sitting in his library, dictating to his secretary, whom he

directed to withdraw as soon as I entered. He then drew his chair close to mine, and burst into tears.

"Doctor, would you believe it," said he, "I was horridly drunk last night—I can't imagine how—and am sure I did something or other very absurd among the servants. I dare not, of course, *ask* any of them—and am positively ashamed to look even my valet in the face!"

"Poh, poh—*Semel insanivimus omnes*," I stammered, attempting to smile—scarce knowing what to say.

"Don't—don't desert me, Doctor!"—he sobbed, clasping my hand, and looking sorrowfully in my face—"Don't *you* desert me, my tried friend. Every body is forsaking me!—the King hates me—the Commons despise me—the people would have my blood, if they dared!—And yet why?—What have I done?—God knows, I have done every thing for the best—indeed, indeed I have!"—I continued grasping his hand in silence.

"There's a terrible plot hatching against me!—Hush!" He rose, and bolted the door. "Did you see that fellow whom I ordered out on your entrance?"—naming his private secretary—"Well, that infamous fellow thinks he is to succeed me in my office, and has actually gained over the King and several of the aristocracy to his interest!"

"Nonsense—nonsense—stuff!—You have *wine* in your head, Mr Stafford," said I, angrily, trying to choke down my emotions.

"No, sir—sober enough now, Doctor —. I'll tell you what (albeit unused to the melting mood) has thus overcome me: Lady Emma favours the scoundrel! They correspond! My children, even, are gained over!—But Emma, my wife, my love, who could have thought it!"

* * * I succeeded in calming him, and he began to converse on different subjects, although the fiend was manifest again! "Doctor —, I'll intrust you with a secret—a state secret! You must know that I have long entertained the idea of uniting all the European states into one vast republic, and have at last arranged a scheme which will, I think, be unhesitatingly adopted. I have written

to Prince — on the subject, and expect his answer soon! Isn't it a grand thought!" I assented, of course "It will emblazon my name in the annals of eternity, beyond all Roman and all Grecian fame," he continued waving his hand oratorically; "but I've been—yes, yes—premature!—My secret is safe with *you*, Doctor —?"

"Oh, certainly!" I replied, with a melancholy air, uttering a deep sigh.

"But now to business. I'll tell you why I've sent for you." I had called unasked, as the reader will recollect. "I'll tell you," he continued, taking my hand affectionately "Doctor —, I have known you now for many years, ever since we were at Cambridge together," (my heart ached at the recollection,) "and we have been good friends ever since I have noticed that you have never asked a favour from me since I knew you. Every one else has teased me—but I have never had a request preferred me from you, my dear friend." He burst into tears, mine very nearly overflowing. There was no longer any doubt that Mr Stafford—the great, the gifted Mr Stafford, was sitting before me in a state of idiocy!—of MADNESS! I felt faint and sick as he proceeded.—"Well! I thank God I have it now in my power to reward you—to offer you something that will fully show the love I bear you, and my unlimited confidence in your talents and integrity. I have determined to recall our ambassador at the court of —, and shall supply his place"—he looked at me with a good-natured smile—"by my friend Dr —!" He leaned back in his chair, and eyed me with a triumphant, a gratified air, evidently preparing himself to be overwhelmed with my thanks. In one instant, however, "a change came o'er the aspect of his dream." His features grew suddenly disturbed, now flushed, now pale; his manner grew restless and embarrassed, and I felt convinced that a lucid interval had occurred, that a consciousness of his having been either saying or doing something very absurd, had that instant flashed across his mind. "Ah, I see, Doctor —!" he resumed, in an altered tone, speaking hesitatingly, while a vivid glance shot

from his eye into my very soul, as though he would see whether I had detected the process of thought which had passed through his mind, "you look surprised—ha, ha!—and well you may! But now I'll explain the riddle. You must know that Lord — is expecting to be our new ambassador, and in fact I *must* offer it him; but—but—I wish to pique him into declining it, when I'll take offence—by—by telling him—hinting carelessly, that one of my friends had the prior refusal of it!"

Did not the promptitude and plausibility of this pretext savour of madness? He hinted soon after that he had much business in hand, and I withdrew. I fell back in my carriage, and resigned myself to bitter and agonizing reflections on the scene I had just quitted. What was to be done? Mr Stafford, by some extra-

vagant act, might commit himself frightfully with public affairs.

Lady Emma, painful as the task was, must be written to. Measures *MUST* now be had recourse to. The case admitted of no farther doubt. Yes—this great man must be put into constraint, and that immediately. In the tumult of my thoughts, I scarce knew what to decide on; but at last I ordered the man to drive to the houses of Sir —, and Dr —, and consult with them on the proper course to be pursued.

* * * *

Oh, God!—Oh, horror!—Oh, my unhappy soul!—Despair! Hark—what do I hear?—Do I hear aright—

* * * *

Have I *SEEN* aright—or is it all a dream?—Shall I wake to-morrow, and find it false?

SOTHEYBY'S HOMER.

CRITIQUE II.

READER, beautiful or brave! lend us your ears, while again we seek to hold with you converse high about old Homer and the Heroic Age. These are mechanical times in which we live; those knew no machinery out of the gods. Now, Science, the son of Intellect, is sole sovereign; then, the Muses, daughters of Memory, queenlike reigned on earth. Three thousand years ago, Rhapsodists roamed o'er continent and isle—all last summer we saw not so much as a poetical pedlar. Reason our idol now—we bow down to it, and worship it; and Imagination, though she still have a dwelling-place in the world of Poetry, has been banished from life.

We, however, the Magicians, hold by another creed. We rejoice in being—we shall not say how far—behind the age in which, nevertheless, we flourish. The president of a mechanic's institution, in the suburbs of a hardware town, does not seem to us the *beau idéal* of humanity. The schoolmaster who is now flown abroad—when he ought to be at home—is less an object of our admiration than many an unlettered wain who lived before Cadmus. We

can see much to rejoice in, throughout the ongoings even of that life,

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran;"

but then it is that our hearts burn within us, when that barbarian,

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"

brings before our eyes a whole host of barbarians, some of them "dark with excessive bright"—Agamemnon and Achilles—for specimen or example—who, glaring on that Devoted City, had pitched their innumerable tents by the sounding sea. Yes—all the heroes of that age were but barbarians; and so must have been the divinities they worshipped, and from whose "shining loins" some of them had strongly sprung. The high-browed Maid vainly imagined the Goddess of Wisdom was but a barbarian; though the delight of heaven and earth—no better was Venus; nor Juno, when to the smiles of Jove she

"Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes!"

And what else was Jove himself, with his knowing knack of nodding, &c., but the barbarian king of a barbarian

heaven? Or Apollo, nathless his celestial beauty, the far-shooting god? Barbarians like themselves too, were all their messengers and all their ministers. Witness, in particular, those two—Hebe, the Morn-faced, and Iris, the Rainbow. Then their language! Look at it in their own *Λοιδοί*—and you pity alike the poor gods and men, when you think that the best among them went gabbling to their graves, or, more melancholy still, as they thought to all eternity—something they chose to call Greek! Yes, yes, yes, it is well known now to the very braziers of Birmingham that they were all barbarians: Vulcan could not have shewn his face at Sheffield—all the smiths would have smiled sardonically at the Shield he fashioned for the Son of Thetis, and called it a clumsy concern. What was Argive Helen at her Sidonian loom, in the palace of Alexander the Fair in stately-structured Troy, to a spinning-jenny in a manufactory at Salford? Still, why! oh why! with all the scorn expressed by this civilized age, of that age of barbarians, continue men inconsistently still to talk of the “tale of Troy divine?” And how happens it that on the shoulders of shifting Savoyards you see, among a host of heads hoisted along through the streets of all the cities, conspicuous in the very centre, the most awful of them all, the head of old Homer?

But no more prosing; let us come at once to our predestined Selections from Sotheby and other worthies, who have striven in spirit with the strength, stateliness, and solemnity, or in spirit delivered themselves up to the softness, sweetness, sadness,—for in all these different delights is it indeed divine,—of the Sixth Book of the Iliad. We have sat at the knees of Professor Young, looking up to his kindling or shaded countenance, while that “old man eloquent” gave life to every line, till Hector and Andromache seemed to our imagination standing side by side beneath a radiant rainbow glorious on a showery heaven—such, during his inspiration, was the creative power of the majesty and the beauty of their smiles and tears. That was long, long ago, in the Greek class of the College of Glasgow; and though that bright scholar’s Greek was Scotch Greek, and in all its vowels and diphthongs, and some

of its consonants too, especially the glorious guttural that sounds in *λοχ*—all unlike the English Greek that soon afterwards, beneath the shadow of Magdalen Tower, the fairest of all Oxford’s stately structures, was poured mellifluous on our delighted ears from the lips of President Routh, the Erudite and the Wise,—still hath the music of that “repeated strain” charm to our souls, remembering us of “life’s morning march when our spirits were young,” and when we could see, even as with our bodily eyes, things far away in space of time, and Troy hung visibly before us, even as the sun-setting clouds. Therefore till death shall we love the Sixth Book of the Iliad; and if we understand it not, then indeed has our whole life been vainer than the shadow of a dream.

During Four Books earth and heaven have been tumulted by battles. But now there is a pause in the Fight—a priest-imposed pause—for Helenus, you know, is the chief Augur of Troy, the metropolitan Bishop, Blomfield and Howley in one, and he has commanded Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the Queen and the Trojan matrons to the Temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove from the field the dreadful Diomed. Hector obeys—leaps from his car—vibrating his spears, slays the Greeks—and exhorting the Trojans, and their “far-called far-famed allies,” to stand firm till his return from Troy, as Homer and Sotheby tell us—

“Around him, passing from the battle field,

Cast the circumference of his bossy shield
Whose sable border, as he forward sprang
Clashed on his neck, and on his ankle rang.”

Behold, now, reader heroic or heroine, the two Battles lowering aloof, beneath the very walls, with but a short green space between—a stately stage, is it not, for the representation of some high drama? The whole house is thrown into the pit and both armies can see and hear to a man. Overhead are the aerial galleries, filled with the gods. And should Jove thunder, the flash and the crash of his electricity will be something superior to either John Dennis’ or Harry Brougham’s, though neither of them, in its way, is much

amiss; bear witness in a thousand bottles the sudden sourness of much small-beer. No need for Jupiter, when he brandishes his bolts, to cry, "that's my thunder!"

Who then shall dare, "insupportably their steps advance," to enact their swelling parts on such a stage? Well-graced actors must they be, whose prattle shall not be tedious; and lo! Diomed, second only to Achilles, to represent the Greeks; and for the Trojans, Glaucus, no sorry substitute for Hector—men of deeds both, as well as words; with them 'tis a word and a blow—the blow first, and sheer smite their swords, like lightning the oak-splitter. Diomed, fierce, fiery, and furious, is like Edmund Kean—Glaucus, dignified in his dreadfulness, reminds us of

the late John Kemble. Nor deem that these similitudes sink the grandeur of the scene or of its actors; for Kean, had he fought at Troy, small as he is, would have been a sweeping swordsman; and Kemble, with a pair of spears, would have been a fearful and an effulgent form. This is far from being their first appearance on any stage; and their parts have always been in deepest tragedy. Stars are they—and never have they acted to empty houses, save to those themselves have thinned, making "lanes through largest families," like hurricanes through corn or trees. Silence! The play is going to begin; for hark! a solitary trumpet—blown by Sotheby—given to his hand by Homer.

"Now Glaucus' spirit, and Tydides' rage,
Rush'd in the van infuriate to engage;
But ere they clash'd in arms, stroke threat'ning stroke,
Foremost the son of Tydeus silence broke:
'Who art thou, bravest chief? now first behold—
Thou by no son of mortal mould excell'd—
Thou, whose stern confidence thus rashly shown,
The vengeance of my spear confronts alone.
Ill-fated are the sires whose offspring dare
The measure of their force with mine compare.
But, if descending from Jove's bright abode,
Thou tread'st on earth, I strive not 'gainst a god.
Lycurgus, Dryan's son, of mortal birth,
Who warr'd against the gods, soon past from earth.
Madman! who chas'd through Nyssa's sacred grove,
Those who o'er Bacchus hung with nurturing love.
They, all at once, each thyrsus on the ground
Cast, as Lycurgus' ox-goad dealt the wound;
Nor less alarm'd, the god, with headlong leap,
Fled from his rage and plung'd beneath the deep,
Where, in her bosom, Thetis shelter gave,
And hid his terror in her inmost cave.
But the dire hate of heav'n, and vengeful Jove,
Doom'd him in sightless wretchedness to rove—
Not long: so swift the stroke of vengeance burst
On his proud brow, by men and gods accurst.
If, then, a god thou art, I shun thy might:
If mortal, now come forth to mortal fight.
Come—and if aught of earth sustain thy breath,
This arm now hurls thee to the gates of death.'"

Is not that noble? Nor need you much lament, here, that you cannot read the original, if so it be that, like Shakspeare, you "have no Greek;" for Sotheby is here of himself sufficient to raise your spirit to the height

of noblest daring, breathing deliberate valour, as you turn your wondering eyes towards that other hero who, Diomed thought, might be a god. So see and hear Glaucus.

HOMER.

Τὸν δ' αὖθ' Ἰππολόχοιο προσήδα Φαίδιμος υἱός.
Τυδείδην μεγάρθ' ὅτι γενεὴν ἔρρεινεις;
Οἷη περ Φύλλων γενεή, τοιῆδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Φύλλα τὰ μὲν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις ῥέει, ἄλλα δὲ δ' ὕλη

Τηλεθόωσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη·

Ὡς ἀνδρῶν γενεή, ἡ μὲν φύει, ἡ δ' ἀπολήγει.

Εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις καὶ ταῦτα δαίμωναί, ἔφε' εὖ εἶδης

Ἡμετέραν γενεήν, πολλοὶ δέ μιν ἄνδρες ἴσασιν.

POPE.

“What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,”

Replied the chief, “can Tydeus’ son require?”

Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,

Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;

Another race the following spring supplies;

They fall successive, and successive rise;

So generations in their course decay;

So flourish these, when those are past away.

But if thou still persist to reach my birth,

Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.”

COWPER.

“To whom the illustrious Lycian chief replied,—

‘Why asks the brave Tydides whence am I?

For, as the leaves, so springs the race of man.

Chill blasts shake down the leaves, and warmed anew

By vernal airs, the grove puts forth again;

Age after age, so man is born and dies.

Yet if intelligence of my descent

Engage thy wish, a theme to many known,” &c.

SOTHEBY.

“He spake, and Glaucus answered:—‘Why enquire

Whence, from what race I sprung, and who my sire?

Men, like the leaves, that flourish and decay,

Race after race come forth, and die away.

Autumnal gales here strew with leaves the plain,

There Spring’s soft breath new-robes the branch again.

Thus change the vital tides—wave follows wave;

Here life, there death, the cradle and the grave!

But since thy wish, brave chief! my lineage hear,

The far-famed race that distant realms revere.”

Of these three fine translations of one of the most beautiful, because Bible-like, passages in ancient poetry, Sotheby's is, we think, on the whole, the finest; yet is the original better than them all—because more Bible-like. Pope felt the passage when he said, “there is a noble gravity in the beginning of this speech of Glaucus, according to the true style of antiquity.” “Few and evil are our days.” This beautiful thought of our author, whereby the race of man are compared to the leaves of trees, is celebrated by Simonides, in a fine fragment extant in Stobæus. The

same thought may be found in Ecclesiastes, almost in the same words, ‘as of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall and some grow, so in the generations of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born.’” Pope then says, that the reader, who has seen so many passages imitated from Homer by succeeding poets, will no doubt be pleased to see one of an ancient poet which Homer has here imitated; this is a fragment of Musæus preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus, in his Stromata:

Ὡς δ' αὐτὸς καὶ φύλλα φρεὶ ζωιδωρὸς ἄρβρα

Ἀλλὰ μὲν ἐν μελίησιν ἀποφθίνει, ἀλλὰ δὲ φρεὶ,

Ὡς δὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπων γενεὴ καὶ φύλλον εἰσται.

Who, where, and when, was Musæus? All of him but his shining name, we fear, is in oblivion. He was not, as Pope thought, anterior to Homer. For while you read Homer, always remember, as Dr Blair and Mr Henry Nelson Coleridge have told us, that the Iliad is the oldest poetry save that of the Bible. But if it were not, no-

body need steal leaves—or images of leaves. For we all see, hear, feel, and know, that they are our brethren. Life is a tree—and when all its sap is dry, and the last leaf, alias the last man, has dropt sere from its last withered branch, then will the old trunk itself be flung into the final fire.

It is pleasant to hear Pope speak-

ing in such a true spirit of the Scriptural simplicity of the old poem. Nor has he here failed in embing with it his own sounding strain, although not to the degree one might have hoped and expected from the fine feeling of his illustrations. He makes another remark on this passage, which points out in it a peculiar beauty—a beauty appropriate to the person who utters it. Though the passage, he says, be justly admired for its beauty in this obvious application to the mortality and succession of human life, it seems, however, designed by the poet in this place as a proper emblem of the transitory state, not of man, but of families, which being, by their misfortunes or follies, fallen or decayed, do again, in a happier season, revive and flourish in the fame and virtues of their posterity. In this sense, it is a direct answer to what Diomed had asked, as well as a proper preface to what Glaucus relates of his own family, which, having been extinct in Corinth, had recovered new life in Lycia.

Cowper has attempted intense literalness—and has succeeded, perhaps, as far as success was possible. A slight tinge of beauty is all his version wants to be perfect.

Sotheby's verses have that tinge—not a slight one—of beauty; yet are they not perfect—because not intensely literal—like Cowper's. In Homer, the similitude of men to leaves is given in one line, and illustrated in three. The one line—as good as one as ever was written—is the text, the other three are the sermon; and 'tis a better sermon (independently of its shortness) than any (however long) that we have heard on the subject since Christmas, or indeed before it. But Sotheby confuses text and sermon—and that is a flaw in the integrity of his translation. Else, 'tis a sweet and solemn discourse of most excellent music. But how now? What is this? Homer's last line is, as it ought to be, a practical conclusion, almost in the words of the text, introduced by an impressive *ὦ*.

ὦς ἀνδρῶν γενεή, ἡ μὲν φθίει, ἡ δ' ἀπολλύγεται.

But Sotheby, who hitherto has been as simply and severely Scriptural almost as Homer or Solomon,

changes suddenly, and without warning, and without temptation—nay, in the face of all temptation—into a Christian philosopher, which the son of Seven was not, nor yet the son of David, and says—

“ Thus change the vital tides, wave follows wave,
Here life, there death, the cradle and the grave !”

These are fine lines—not weeds, but flowers—yet they “ have no business there” on men's tombs. Was the spirit of Sotheby not satisfied with the image shewn it by Homer? What alliance, in such inspired melancholy mood, between the budding, blowing, fading, and falling of leaves, and the change of vital tides, and the following of waves on waves? None. Besides, in itself, the “ change of vital tides” is not a good expression. It but faintly and obscurely tells of ebb and flow. While,

“ Here life, there death, the cradle and the grave !”

though fine in itself, is another new image still—or, rather, two new images. And we doubt if the latter, “ cradle and the grave,” be Homeric, or indeed Greek at all. A Christian grave is, even in shape, like a Christian cradle, only it has no rocking keel—it creaks not, and is still; but a heathen, or pagan cradle, we suspect, was most unlike a heathen or pagan grave; and indeed it may be asked, did a cradle ever swing to and fro, or motionless contain the infant Diomed or Glaucus? Or did they not lie in the same bed with the mother, or nurse, sprawling and squalling to the disturbance of deep-breasted dames who flourished long before the invention of those small infantine dormitories, which even the very imps of the heroic ages would have despised?

What does old Chapman make of this famous simile? See,

“ ‘ Why dost thou so explore,’
Said Glaucus, ‘ of what race I am? When
like the race of leaves
The race of man is; that deserves no
question; nor receives
My being any other breath. The wind in
autumn strowes
Th' earth with old leaves; then the spring
the woods with new endowes;
And so death scatters men on earth; so
life puts out again’

Man's leafy issue ;—but my race, if, like
the course of men,
Thou seek'st in more particular terms, is
this," &c.

This is good in its own way—rough and racy—but it is hardly the way of Homer. Chapman here makes Glaucus somewhat sharp and satirical on Diomed—which, after the high but not undeserved compliment which Tydides had just paid him, in suspecting that he might be a god, was, to say the least of it, neither graceful nor gracious nor grateful in the Lycian Prince. "That deserves no question"—is very blunt indeed—boorish—and out of place, time, and character. "Thou seek'st in more particular terms," is also too toothy—and Diomed might have turned the tables on Glaucus, by hinting that, after so many generalities about leaves, a few particulars might not be amiss ;—but otherwise, the leafy part of the passage is well given—the umbrage and the bareness—in autumn the earth wind-strewn with old leaves—the woods by spring endowd with new—and "so life puts out again man's leafy issue," is sudden, short, and strong—and while very Chapmanish not un-Homeric.

We should like to see Travers' translation of the Iliad. Some quotations from it, in Wakefield's Pope's Homer, seem to us very good—but Gilbert improves upon most of them, at will, and we suspect his taste in poetics, though we respect himself as an able, respectable, and disagreeable man. "Travers," quoth Gibby, "is beautiful at this place," and he is so ;

"But soon an infant race adorns the trees,
A race succeeding with the vernal breeze ;
Thus age with quick transition glides
away,
And the sons flourish as their sires decay."

We have just read and re-read, not only with undiminished, but with increased delight, on each perusal, the whole princely reply of Glaucus to Diomed—as speech worthy of Hamlet. It is nearly seventy lines long—narrative, biographical, and historical—and full of old traditions—of the wild and wonderful. Till you have read it, you can have no idea—or but a poor one—of the only genuine Chimæra, or of the bold Bellerophon,

"He in whose favour'd birth the gods
combined
All grace of person, and all gifts of mind."

the Joseph of the heroic ages, to whom Prætus,

—— "to whose high command
Jove gave the sceptre of the Argive land,"

was as Potiphar, and Antæa, who served fair Dione, when

—— "maddened by his charms,
Clasp'd the fair youth in her adulterous
arms,"

as Potiphar's wife—the hero, who, when sent to Lydia to be slaughtered by the King, proved his innocence by his valour in killing the Chimæra, the Solymi, the Amazons, and an ambush of chosen warriors, then married the King's daughter, and swayed "half the sceptre of his wide domain," begetting sons and daughters, till he

—— "for crimes unknown
Roam'd, scorn'd of Heaven, th' Aleian
wastes, alone,
And far from man, and friendship's kind
relief,
Consumed his heart in hopelessness of
grief."

In such a grandsire rejoiced Glaucus—and therefore no wonder that he was like a god. And godlike he appears in Sotheby—almost as in Homer—for the translator of Oberon has transfused into his version the spirit of the strain so wonder-rife, and shewn us in undimmed lustre the hero of that old Romance, and him too who exultingly relates the ancestral fame.

Passing over Diomed's short and spirited reply, full of the heart of heroic hospitality,—the virtue of an age when demigods passed to and fro over many lands, and there was no knowing who might be the great stranger seated at the hearth,—let us witness the famous Interchange of Armour.

Now, gentle and generous reader, we have a question to put to you—did Homer, think ye, mean to say that Jove enlarged the mind of Glaucus, or stupified it? Pope you see, says, "enlarged," Cowper, "blinded," and Sotheby, "confused his errant thought." What says that fine fierce generous old fellow, Chapman? This,

CHAPMAN.

"From horse then both descend,
Join hands, give faith, and take; and then did Jupiter elate
The mind of Glaucus, who, to shew his reverence to the state
Of virtue in his grandsire's heart, and gratitude beside,
The offer of so great a friend, exchanged in that good pride,
Curets of gold for those of brass that did on Diomed shine,
One of a hundred oxens' price, the other but of nine.

POPE.

"Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resigned,
(Jove warmed his bosom and enlarged his mind,)
For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price,)
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought."

COWPER.

"So they—and from their chariots to the ground
Descending, joined at once both hands and hearts.
Then Jove so blinded Glaucus, that for brass
He barter'd gold; gave armour such as cost
A hundred oxen for the cost of nine."

SOTHEBY.

"They spake; and from their cars down springing joined
Hand pledged to hand, as heart to heart combined;
Then as the barter'd gift the Lycian brought,
'Twas Jove himself confused his errant thought,
Made him in blind exchange his arms resign,
His gold for brass, a hundred beeves for nine."

Did Jove enlarge the soul of Glaucus, think ye, or did he take away his understanding? It is, you know—or now see—a disputed point. Pope thus agrees with Chapman, who is at pains to remove all ambiguity, and to explain at some length the nature of the motives that inspired Glaucus to make the exchange. Chapman, in a note, confesses that the text of Homer is here against him,—“*Mentem ademit Jupiter*,” the text hath it—which only I alter of all Homer’s original, since Plutarch, against the Stoics, excuses this supposed folly in Glaucus. Spondanus likewise encouraging my alterations, which I use for the loved and simple nobility of the free exchange in Glaucus, contrarie to others that, for the supposed folly in Glaucus, turned his change into a proverb, *χρυσίας χαλκείων*, ‘gold for brass.’” Pope says, that “the words in the original, *ἔξελυτο φρένας*, may be equally interpreted, ‘he took away his sense,’ or ‘he elevated his mind.’ The former being a reflection on Glaucus’s prudence, for making so unequal an exchange; the latter a praise of the magnanimity and generosity which induced him to it. Porphyry con-

tends for its being understood in the last way, and Eustathius, Monsieur and Madame Dacier, are of the same opinion. Notwithstanding, it is certain that Homer uses the same word in the contrary sense, in the 17th Iliad, ver. 470 of the original, and in the 19th, ver. 137; and it is an obvious remark, that the interpretation of Porphyry as much dishonours Diomed, who proposed the exchange, as it does honour to Glaucus for consenting to it. However, I have followed it, if not as the juster, as the more heroic sense, and as it has the nobler air in poetry.” This is a good note of Pope’s. But how does the interpretation of Porphyry dishonour Diomed? Can any man of woman born believe, for one moment, that Diomed, that Tydides—the son of that Tydeus who fought and fell at Thebes—at the close of that glorious burst of confidence and friendship leapt out of his chariot for the sole purpose of cheating Glaucus out of his golden arms? An exchange of arms was inevitable, according to the chivalrous courtesy of the heroic age. It is not said which of the two first proposed it—doubtless both at once. And was Diomed, seeing, like a modern political eco-

nomist, that the exchangeable value of the arms of his great compeer, was greater than that of his own, to have made a backward bow, and a refusing face, and exclaimed, "No—no—no, Glaucus, I must not swindle you out of that shield, my honest fellow, lest *χρυσία χαλκείαν* become a proverb, and Diomed a convertible proper name with Jeremy Didler." Or, are we to suppose, on the other hand, that Glaucus, seeing the comparative meanness and, in a money or Galloway Stot view, worthlessness of Diomed's arms, hung back with his golden shield on his shoulder, and, with certain shrugs, said, "Beg pardon, Diomed, but I had rather be excused, my jewel, for I am not so simple as I seem; with us 'tis diamond cut diamond; so, very well, my sharp sir, 'I owe you one;' but I am too good a grazier to swap a hundred oxen for nine, and you may carry your pigs to another market." Glaucus, remember, was a Greek, for his grandsire, Bellerophon, was the grandson of Sisyphus, who

— "controll'd

In Argos' depths proud Ephyra of old ;"
and we cannot believe that he, who was thus sprung

"Of earth's first blood, had titles manifold,"

could have acted like that modern Greek patriot, Joseph Hume, who flew off at a tangent, when he found that, in the cause of liberty, he ran some risk of losing the "tottle of the whole," of £44, ss. 7½d. Is it credible that Glaucus could have wished to propose a swap with Diomed, on the broad basis of so many additional rounds of beef? That he and Tydides should have higgled and haggled about the "excamby," as we say in Scotland, or "niffer," like two Yorkshire horse-coupers? No, no. We acquit Diomed of being a kite, and Glaucus of being a pigeon. They were both eagles. The one was no more a sharp than the other a flat—Diomed was no Hookey Walker, nor was Glaucus a Yokel. In Homer's days, as now, "a fair exchange was no robbery;" and that, say we, is a fair exchange which is made with your heart and your eyes open, were it even a Number—Current and Double and Nox-Ambro-

sial Number—of Maga for an old almanack. Glaucus behaved like a man, a gentleman, a soldier, and a prince, as he was—so did Diomed—and if Jupiter thought he had taken the Lycian's senses from him, then Jove was as grievously mistaken as ever he was in all the days of his life—even as when, on Mount Gagarus, he supposed he was embracing Venus; when, in fact, it was but old Juno.

But, after all, can the expression in the original, *ἐξέλετο φρένας*, bear a double sense? Gilbert Wakefield, alluding to the liberal interpretation of Chapman, Ogilby, the Daciers, Pope, Eustathius, Porphyry, and the "rest," says, "I wish their attempts were more convincing." We have looked at the two passages referred to by Pope—and in both the sense is, as he says, adverse to the liberal view of the case; yet Heynè, we perceive, has not been deterred, by his knowledge of these two passages, from saying, in a note on the words in question, "*Γλαῦκος φρένας ἐξέλετο* Ζεύς, antiquo sermone nihil amplius est, quam Glaucus de majore armorum pretio prorsus non cogitavit; adeo excogitanter egit, ut decuplo cariora paret Diomed, quam ut eo acceperat." It turns out then, on the authority of Heynè himself, whose authority as to the meaning of words and phrases no scholar disputes, that "it is all right"—nay, that Chapman, in attributing intentional generosity to Glaucus, has not even done that hero justice, for that he was neither vain-glorious, nor prodigal overmuch; but in pure forgetfulness of the relative value of gold and brass, and in simple magnanimity of mind, at the moment would have given Diomed his shield had it been "one perfect chrysolite," nor known that he had received a flawed Scotch pebble in return. In one word, Glaucus was a Hero. Just so, and in like manner, did Diomed care nothing, know nothing, at the moment, of the difference between brass and gold—but he took in the same spirit that he gave—in the same spirit that his ancestor Æneas had given to the ancestor of Glaucus, Bellerophon, when his guest in Argos, "the belt whose purple broidery glowed"—in the same spirit that Bellerophon had "a massive bowl all

gold bestow'd," each Hero mutually feeling that their gifts "were twice blessed," blessing him that gave and him that received, which is the case as well when princess give to each other in their glory, as when in mercy they bestow a boon upon the poorest of their subjects.

Many a supposed sharp witticism has been grinned by the groundlings against the absurdity of this "celestial colloquy divine" of Diomed and Glaucus, on the score of its untimeliness, and of its being out of place—all of which have been well answered even by Dacier, (the husband,) though he was a Frenchman. Consult him and others, if you be a doubting or still dissatisfied boy, but first a few words more in your ear from old Christopher. The pause in the fight—and an "awful pause" there was—though not "prophetic of its end"—was most natural. Did you ever fight for half a forenoon in a stone or snow bicker? Well then—were you not very willing to have a "barley" (parley) for an hour, especially when the bicker was likely to prove, at the best, a drawn battle, and the forces on both sides were drenched, if not in gore, in sweat? And if the dux of the rector's class in the High School, and the dux of ditto in the Academy, had met, by mutual attraction, in the clear space between the bickers, and had agreed to discuss their family histories, involving various high and heroic ancestral and hereditary feuds between Scotch and English, would you not have listened with all your ears and eyes, forgetful of the snow or stones at your feet? But what are men but children of a larger growth? What else were they even in the heroic ages of Greece and Troy?

But farther—our dear boy—know that Poetry possesses powers and privileges which it holds by the tenure of divine right direct from Jove. Homer was commander-in-chief of both armies that fought for Ilion. Yea—

"When Hector, now no more by war delay'd,
Had gain'd the Scæan gate and beechen shade,
Troy's wives, Troy's daughters, girt him, throng on throng,
Sire, husband, brother, trembling on their tongue,
He view'd, and pitying, bade them heav'n implore
To ward the woe dark-gathering more and more.

"But when the hero came—where, broadly-based,
Majestic porticoes the palace graced;

even Mars and Neptune and Apollo served under him—Juno, Venus, and Minerva—and Iris was his aide-de-camp. Therefore he did as he chose day and night—and there was none to say that black was the white of his eye—though the whites of his eyes were large as stars in mist—for Homer, they say, was blind. The gods took away his sight, but they gave him in compensation the gift of song. Not that he was so blind, either, as not to see as far as the most lynx-eyed Lycian into a millstone. Then, so far was he from being deaf, that, like Fine-ear, he could hear the grass growing, and the dewdrop slipping from the blade. Well knew he the heavy tread of Ajax Telamon from the elastic spring of the instep of the swift-footed Achilles. A mile off could he distinguish the feet of Diomed,

"Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,"

from those of Ajax Oileus, whose feet too were like feathers. Thus gifted with finest faculties of sense—though they say he was blind—so was he gifted with still finer faculties of soul—for it lived in the purple light of the World's earlier Morn.

Therefore in his own world—that is, the world of heroic poetry—Homer could not offend the gods, from whom all his gifts were derived; and if so, why should he offend men—or rather, why should they offend the gods by daring to find fault with the minstrelsy of him, their minister? Or to pick one diamond out of his jewelled crown that, for some thousand years, has been like a galaxy of stars—the Constellation Homer that will shine in heaven till time be no more?

But while Diomed and Glaucus have been speaking; or are speaking still, where has been—where is plume-waving Hector? Sotheby shall tell you—and, listening to him, you might here almost believe that you heard Homer.

Where fifty chambers, all of polish'd stone,
 Each join'd to each, in beauteous order shone ;
 Where the brave race that Priam's wedlock blest,
 Each with his beauteous wife found peaceful rest ;
 And 'neath th' opposed roofs, one after one,
 Twelve chambers of his daughters beam'd in stone ;
 Where in the circuit of that court enclos'd,
 With their chaste wives, their wedded lords repos'd ;
 There his kind mother, passing on her way,
 Where fair Laodice's bright chamber lay,
 Met her brave son, and clasping to her breast,
 Hung on his hand, and fondly thus address :—

“ ‘ Why has my Hector left the field of fight ?
 Has Greece around these walls worn down thy might ?
 Or art thou come with wistful heart once more
 Jove on Troy's sacred summit to adore ?
 Stay till I bring thee here delightful wine,
 To hail great Jove and all the powers divine ;
 Wine, to war's wearied chief refreshing found,
 Such as thou art—sole guard of all around.’ ”

“ ‘ Not now—thou most rever'd'—the chief replied—
 ‘ Not now, for me, the nectar-bowl provide,
 Lest my strength melt away, dissolv'd by wine,
 And these uncleansed hands profane the shrine.
 Not so the votaries to the gods repair,
 And stretch their blood-stain'd arms to Jove in prayer.
 But thou call forth the matrons, lead the train,
 And with rich incense greet Minerva's fane,
 And spread the veil most priz'd of all thy store,
 The finest, fullest web her knees before,
 And vow twelve bulls, all yearlings, all unbroke,
 Shall hallow'd victims on her altar smoke,
 If the consenting goddess, at thy pray'r,
 Troy, and her wives, and speechless infants spare,
 And from the walls of Ilion turn afar
 The fury of Tydides, lord of war—
 So hail the goddess : while my course I bend,
 To learn if Paris at my call attend.
 Oh, that now earth would cleave, and close his tomb !
 So dreadful o'er us lowers the impending doom ;
 So on his brow, to Troy, her king, and race,
 Great Jove has grav'd a curse and deep disgrace.
 Yet might I see him to the grave descend,
 That sight would all my soul's deep woe suspend.’ ”

“ He spake, the Queen return'd, and bade her train
 Call forth the matrons to Minerva's fane,
 Then to her fragrant wardrobe bent her way,
 Where her rich veils in beauteous order lay :
 Webs by Sidonian virgins finely wrought,
 From Sidon's woofs, by youthful Paris brought,
 When o'er the boundless main the adulterer led
 Fair Helen from her home and nuptial bed.
 From these she chose the fullest, fairest far,
 With broidery bright, and blazing as a star,
 Drew forth the radiant veil long hid from day,
 Then led the matrons on their solemn way.

“ Now, when they came, where, based on Ilion's height,
 Minerva's stately temple soar'd in sight,
 The fair Theano, brave Antenor's bride,
 O'er Pallas' fane selected to preside,
 The portal to their entrance widely flung,
 While to their cries the dome responsive rung :

Each hand was raised, each voice bade Pallas hail,
When fair Theano took the radiant veil,
Spread on Minerva's knees, devoutly pray'd,
And supplicating, thus implor'd her aid :—

“ Supreme of goddesses ! Troy's guardian, hear !
Break into shivers, break Tydides' spear ;
Prone, strike him lifeless, let the slaughterer fall
Beneath our sight, before the Scæan wall.
Twelve yearling beeves, whose neck ne'er felt the yoke,
Now hallow'd victims on thy altars smoke,
So thou consent, and at thy votary's prayer,
Troy and her wives, and helpless infants spare.”

“ But Pallas heard not, as Theano pray'd,
Nor listen'd to the vows the matrons made.”

What elevation is thus given to the character of Hector ! and how are our hearts thus interested far more deeply than ever in the fate of Troy ! We must not say that every touch of these pictures—for there is a beautiful succession of them—shews the hand of the great master. We rather feel as if they were all painted by Nature's own hand, and we wholly forget Homer. Matrons and maids meet Hector just within the Scæan gate—that is one picture. Hecuba and Laodice come to him as he reaches Priam's stately courts—that is another ;—and when we think of the colloquy, in such circumstances, between such a mother and such a son, no scene was ever more affecting, or more solemn. Elevated, for a time, by the high sense of his sacred mission, above the wants and weaknesses of his ordinary humanity, Hector declines the wine-cup, almost with disdain, even from the honoured hand of Hecuba—nor would he even dare to pour it out, with those horrid hands of his, in libation to the gods—a natural sentiment often expressed in ancient poetry, which at all times doth breathe religion. Another picture is that of Hecuba heading the long procession to the temple of Minerva on Ilion ;—the unfolding of the gates another ;—and another, the priestess, Antenor's consort, Theano, amid all those supplicants, placing the veil

“ With broidery bright, and blazing as a star,”

on the knees of the goddess. Ut pictura poesis, indeed ; and how instantaneously they brighten and fade !

We love Hector now, whom before we had admired, or feared in

fight—and recognise him as loving and beloved of the gods. Yet Minerva his piety may not appease, nor will Jove save Troy from destruction though himself had said, (here we use Pope,)

“ You know, of all the numerous towns
that rise

Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,
Which gods have raised, or earth-born
men enjoy,

None stands so dear to Jove as sacred
Troy.

No mortals merit more distinguished
grace

Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's
race,

Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.”

Hector, having done the work of his mission, before going into his own palace, where he believes is sitting Andromache, seeks Paris to reanimate him to battle. What a picture of the Seducer ! His palace is the most superb of all.

“ Plann'd by his taste, and by his wealth
array'd,

Where all their art Troy's craftiest sons
display'd.”

* * *
* * *

“ He found the youth, where, far from
war's alarms,

He polish'd o'er and o'er his brilliant
arms

Gave his bright shield and breastplate
brighter glow,

And smooth'd the graceful curve that
shap'd his bow ;

While Argive Helen her train'd hand-
maids taught

To weave the image by her fancy wrought.
Hector beheld, and by just anger mov'd,

With words of bitter taunt the chief re-
prov'd.”

Pope, who himself, as Lady Mary tells us, was not unambitious of the character of a gay deceiver, is partial to Paris. "He has the ill fate," says the author of the Rape of the Lock, "to have all his fine qualities swallowed up in his blind passion. * * * But as to his parts and turn of mind, I see nothing that is either weak or wicked, the general manners of those times considered. * * * So very amorous a constitution, and so incomparable a beauty to provoke it, might be temptation enough even to a wise man, and in some degree make him deserve compassion, if not pardon." That is all very pretty, Master Pope; but it was not according to the general manners of the age for people to run away, like Paris, with other men's wives, especially when, as strangers, they had been loaded with honours by their husbands, and their husbands kings. Hector would not have done so, Master Pope; rather would Achilles have bathed in fire his "inaccessible hands." You say it "is remarkable that Homer does not paint Paris and Helen like monsters, odious to gods and men, but allows their characters such estimable qualifications as could consist, and in truth generally do, with tender frailties." Now, we say it is not remarkable that Homer does this, for had he not, there would have been no poem. The female dog would have been flung over the wall. Neither do we hold with the author of the Moral Essay on Man, that estimable qualifications generally do belong to persons addicted to adultery. Nevertheless, it is true that Paris had some imperfect

virtues, and many perfect accomplishments; which last were his character. He had, as Pope remarks, "a taste and addiction to curious works of all sorts, which caused him to transport Sidonian artists to Troy, and employ himself at home in adorning and furbishing his armour; and now we are told, that he assembled the most skilful builders from all parts of the country, to render his palace a complete piece of architecture. This, together with what Homer has said elsewhere of his skill on the harp, which, in those days, included both music and poetry, may, I think, establish him as a *bel-esprit* and a *fine genius*." That a furbisher and a fiddler is necessarily an established *bel-esprit* and fine genius, we should be slow to admit, even were he also a master mason; did we not know that, in Pope's day, the addition of *bel* to *esprit*, and of fine to genius, was made almost exclusively in cases of the weakest and most worthless of mankind, provided they were but lords; and Paris was a prince. Paris was not a coward; for, had he been, he might peradventure have won, but he could not have retained, the love of the sister of Castor and Pollux, and the wife of Menelaus. But brave he was not, if Hector was brave. His valour lay in his consciousness of surpassing beauty, and was animated, at times, by the blood that galloped through his veins in the rejoicing power of passion. Homer always paints him as the object naturally endowed to charm Helen's eyes. When first he comes before us, in the second book, what a bright apparition!

"Now front to front, as either army stood,
Young Alexander, beauteous as a god,
Loose from whose shoulders flow'd the leopard's hide,
And bow and falchion swung in graceful pride,
Sprung forth, and challeng'd, as he waved each spear,
The bravest chief to stand his fierce career.
Him, Menelaus, him at once descry'd,
On stalking in the madness of his pride:
And as a famish'd lion, gladd'ning o'er
A stag broad-antler'd, or huge mountain boar,
Gorges insatiate, nor forgoes his prey,
Tho' hunters threat, and circling blood-hounds lay:
Thus Menelaus' heart with transport swell'd,
When his keen eye th' advancing youth beheld:
Death, death, he deem'd, shall now deform those charms;
Down leapt, and shook the earth with clang of arms.
Not Paris thus; his heart convuls'd with fear,
Thrill'd, as he knew Atreides rushing near:

He dared not look on death, but back withdrew,
 Shrank 'mid his host, and past away from view.
 As one, who, in a wood's entangled brake,
 Views the roused terror of th' uncoiling snake,
 Flies back, while all his limbs with horror start,
 And the pale cheek betrays the bloodless heart;
 Thus, Paris fled, and 'mid Troy's sheltering band
 Shrank from the vengeance of Atrides' hand.
 Him, Hector, thus rebuked: 'Thou girl in heart,
 Fair but in form, and foul with treacherous art,
 Far better had'st thou ne'er the light survey'd,
 Ne'er clasp'd a female, by thy guile betray'd,
 Than live defam'd, and die without a name—
 A scornful spectacle, and public shame!
 Hark! how the Greeks deride—how shout in scorn!
 Lo! whom the Graces with their gifts adorn,
 Sure—unto him a warrior's spirit giv'n,
 By valour to enhance the gift of heav'n!
 But—wert thou, dastard! thus ignobly seen,—
 So woe-begone, so spiritless thy mien,—
 When to far Greece, with Troy's exultant train,
 Thy streamers sweeping in their pride the main,
 Thou sail'dst, a stranger's kindness to repay,
 And steal the consort of the brave away?
 Curse to thy sire, thy kingdom, and thy race—
 Derision to thy foes—thyself, disgrace—
 Hadst thou withstood th' Atrides, thou hadst known
 How brave the chief, whose bride thou call'st thy own.
 Nor thee thy lute, nor beauty had avail'd,
 Nor those fair locks, that death in dust had trail'd.
 Troy too is vile, or thou, ere this unwept,
 Hadst in thy stony shroud inglorious slept.' "

True, as others have said, that guilt made Paris quail before Menelaus; and that "conscience doth make cowards of us all." Yet Homer had no moral lesson in view in the Seducer's flight. For some seducers, even worse than Paris, would have hewed down the Spartan king if they could, and not turned tail so ingloriously in presence of both armies. But Alexander the Fair was more a woman's man than a man's man; and therefore he took to his heels and fled. Had Menelaus been

a slight-made man of middle age, and a silly swordsman, think ye not that the Gay Cruel would have killed him? By and by, when he has recovered his breath, his brother badgers him back into a blustering bravery, or rather bravadoing; and nothing will content him but to challenge the Spartan to single combat with spear and sword. Here Homer again shews the Seducer beautifying himself for the fight; but, in the tussle, he is little better than a great girl.

"Now the proud Lord of Helen's peerless charms,
 Young Paris, mail'd his limbs in radiant arms.
 First, on his legs his greaves the warrior bound
 With clasps of silver, brightly starred around.
 Next, with Lycaon's armour aptly graced,
 Firm on his breast his brother's corslet braced;
 His silver-studded sword athwart him slung,
 Grasp'd the broad shield that far its shadow flung;
 The helmet clasp'd, where awful o'er his head
 The crest's wide-waving horse-hair terror spread,
 And brandishing the lightning of his spear
 Eyed mail'd Atrides as the chief drew near."

Paris makes, as you know, but a poor fight of it, and when Menelaus has thrown his lance, and his sword is shivered, and the fear-chilled challenger has him at his mercy, why instead of going in, he hangs back,

apparently with his hands in his breeches pockets, till the "Strength of the People" grasps his casque, and drags him towards the Greek side of the ring, half-strangled,

—"by the late that bound
The helmet's clasp the tender neck around."

Venus, thou knowest, fair reader, mindful of Mount Ida and the golden apple, cuts the string in twain, and wafts him to his palace in a dense veil of darkness,

"And gently laying on his peaceful bed,
Sweet balms, distilling fragrance, round
him shed."

Helen, "with sweet reluctant amorous delay," following him from the ramparts, and half ashamed, yet "nothing loath," in daylight, to the dismay of the doubting Madame Dacier, commits an additional sin against Menelaus—while we, in spite of

"Then loudly laughing, with contemptuous pride,
Leapt from his ambush, and exultant cried,
'Yes, thou art struck; not vain my arrow sped,
Would it had pierced thy heart, and left thee dead!
Then had our host, now shuddering at thy might,
As she-goats dread a lion, breathed from fight.'
But Tydeus' dauntless son, thus scornful said,
'Vile bowman! slanderer! girl with glistening braid,
Come front to front, in arms my force assail;
Then shall thy bow, nor shower of shafts avail.
What! hast thou scratched my foot? Is that thy joy?
So wounds a woman, or a feeble boy.
Weak is the weapon in a hand like thine;
Far other far the wound that waits on mine,'" &c.

Such is the character, and such the exploits, of that "*bel-esprit* and fine genius"—Pope's favourite and Helen's—Paris—yet as well supported throughout as either that of Hector or Achilles. He reminds one of that gay insect-image in the Castle of Indolence,

"As when a burnished fly in pride of
May."

He is a beautiful serpent. We might apply to him Wordsworth's rich description of the Anglo-American soldier, Ruth's seducer, who, in his civilisation, was yet a savage.

"He was a lovely youth. I guess,
The Panther in the wilderness
Was not more fair than he;
And when he chose to sport and play,
No Dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea."

The Panther in the wilderness Ho-

Sotheby, persist in dropping the curtain. Yet in spite of all this discomfiture, the Seducer is soon as insolent as if he had never been drubbed; and after the disgraceful truce-break, when Antenor counsels the restoration of Helen to her lord,

"He spake, and Helen's youthful consort
rose,

And dared with scornful words the chief
oppose:

'Ill suits my ear thy speech,'" &c.;

while old Priam, "weak well-meaning man," like Eli of an older day, gives in to the beautiful profligate. Wherever and whenever Paris appears, he is always true to his character. Who

"Couch'd behind the stone, in darkness
laid,

That cast o'er Ius' ancient tomb its shade,"

who "arched the elastic horns," till the arrow pinned to earth the foot of Diomed? Paris,

mer knew, and he paints, as we have seen, Paris in a panther's hide; nor do we doubt that he also knew the dolphin—the very dolphin on whose back Arion harped—the original of him whose image on the bottom of that famous bowl, like a "spirit from the vasty deep," has so often bade cheer Christopher and the Shepherd, "and they were cheered," at the *Noces Ambrosianæ*. Homer, however, likens not Paris to panther or dolphin, as Wordsworth has beautifully likened his poetic seducer, a kindred but still brighter and far bolder sinner; but he likens him, in his pomp and pride, to a still nobler creature, the horse—*τις σιγρᾶτος ἵππος*—no such steed as was bestriden of yore by that tailor (one of the Place's mighty ancestors) thundering to Brentford—or by that famous train-band captain knight-errant to Ware—or by

Mazzeppa borne naked by a living whirlwind to the chieftomship of the Cossacks,—but a shiny-sided snorter,

“Far descended from the prophet line,”

—blood untainted through all his sires and dams, from him whose neck was clothed with thunder, and who cried among his enemies—Ha! ha! We wish we had room for the Greek. But turn it up in your Homer.

CHAPMAN.

“And now was Paris come

From his high towers, who made no stay, when once he had put on
His richest armour, but flew forth, the flints he trode upon
Sparkled with lustre of his arms; his long-ebb'd spirits now flowed
The higher for their lower ebb. And as a fair steed, proud
With full-given mangers, long tied up, and now (his head-stall broke)
He breaks from stable, runs the field, and with an ample stroke,
Measures the centre, neighs, and lifts aloft his wanton head;
About his shoulders shakes his crest, and where he hath been fed,
Or in some calm flood washed, or stung with his high flight, he flies
Amongst his females, strength put forth his beauty beautifies;
And like life's mirror bears his gait;—so Paris' son the Tower
Of lofty Pergamus came forth, he shewed a sun-like power
In carriage of his goodly parts, addrest now to the strife,” &c.

SOTHEY.

“Nor Paris lingered; but in mail arrayed,
Whose brilliant light the warrior's pride displayed,
Rushed through the streets—as when a stall-fed steed,
Swift, as he snaps the cord, from bondage free'd
Strikes with resounding hoof the earth, and flies
Where spread before him the wide champaign lies;
Seeks the remember'd haunts, on fire to lave
His glowing limbs, and dash amid the wave;
High rears his crest, and tossing in disdain,
Wide o'er his shoulders spreads the stream of mane,
And fierce in beauty, graceful in his speed,
Flies, 'mid the steeds that wanton o'er the mead:
Not otherwise, from Troy's embattled height,
In pride of youth, in power of mail'd might,
Exulting, on, impatient of delay,
Bright as the sun, young Paris sped his way,” &c.

COWPER.

“Nor Paris now delayed, but clad in arms
Of brightest lustre, wing'd his rapid course
Through the wide city right toward the field.
As when some courser, leaving far behind
His broken cord, on sounding hoofs escapes;
To lave, as oft, in sliding waters smooth,
All joy he flies; or with exalted neck,
Wide-floating mane, and pliant limbs, to seek
In well-known haunts his fellows lost so long;
So clad in sun-bright arms, from Ilium's heights
Down flew the joyful Paris; soon he came
Where, after sweetest colloquy, though sad,
With his Andromache, the godlike chief
His brother stood,” &c.

Virgil, you know, in the Eleventh Book of the *Aeneid*, has borrowed Homer's Horse, misapplying the image from Paris to Turnus, and also marring its majesty; Tasso, too, has tried his hand upon it, and chivalrously; and so have so many other *ἱπποδυσιστοί*, that were we to transcribe, in parallel passages, all their descriptions, Maga would be neigh-

ing like a Sporting Filly. Suffice it to say, that Sotheby, as you may see, is superior to them all—that his copy is equal to the original picture. His version—do not stare, nor let that surprise you—is at once literal and free—at once metaphrase, paraphrase, and imitation—the three heads under which Dryden says all translation may be reduced—and

here we have the "Tria juncta in uno," one of those "speciosa miracula" which genius only, guided by skill and scholarship, can perform.

But we must say farewell—or farewell to Paris—remarking, as the glittering pageant disappears, that other bright but disastrous lights seem ever dazzling upon and around him, in the Iliad, coming uncertainly from afar, and not all evoked by Homer; for we dream of his shepherd life on Mount Ida, before he voyaged fatally to Greece, or Troy was beleaguered—of his famous Judgment delivered amid the divine air breathed from

the three naked goddesses—of his humbler rural loves by Ovid sung—witness CEnone and many a nameless weeping mother ere she was a wife—of his pugilistic exploits among the shepherd-swains, for example, Dares

"Solus, qui Paridem solitus contendere contra;

and last of all, ere closed "his strange eventful history," we think we see him, while Apollo guides the shaft, sending Achilles himself to the shades. For we hear Ovid speaking through Dryden—

"He said; and shew'd from far the blazing shield
And sword which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he moved a god, and mow'd the standing field!
The Deity himself directs aright
The evenom'd shaft, and wings the fatal flight.
Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name,
And he, the base adulterer, boasts the fame;
A spectacle to glad the Trojan train,
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been
The lance and double axe of the Fair Warrior Queen."

Nor less dazzling than Paris is his Paramour. Her beauty, like that of Paris, was her fatal dower. 'Tis not so said by Homer, that we recollect; but the fame was, that she was of the seed of that Celestial Swan. Time touched her not; for at the end of twenty years' residence in Troy—where she was received but coldly at court—she was bright as on the eve when, in Cranae's Isle, she first surrendered her charms to the Royal Shepherd of Mount Ida. Beauty is felt intenseliest, when it is most pernicious. Sin, crime, and wickedness set off its charms to their utmost witchcraft; witness Webster's Vittoria, the White Devil of Corrombona. Now Helen was the White Devil of Troy. She was so, though it is true, at the same time, as Pope says, that Homer did not paint her "like a monster, odious to gods and men." She was no monster at all—but a miracle. She was not odious to gods and men—better for them had she been—but she could move them all with her little finger. She shone—a Sin. For sin is soft and sweet, and bright and fair—and so is ushered into palaces and temples, and sets them all on fire. Why, Helen still loved her husband Mene-

laus, even when lying dissolved in the arms of her seducer Paris. Was not that amiable? Soon as she saw her Spartan, whom she had chosen, in her virginity inviolate by Theseus, from among a crowd of kings, to be her *βαλερος παρακοιτης*, entering the lists against her Trojan, why her poor, dear, weak, female heart flew again to the broad bosom of her lawful wedded lord, and she yearned once more to be an honest woman. Was not that amiable? We defy you to hate her, whom even Hector and Homer loved, and all the bright butterflies and grey grasshoppers on the plain or in the town of Troy.

"She walked in beauty like the light
Of cloudless climes and starry eyes;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

Yet was she plague, pestilence, and lingering death. But try not to withhold from her your admiration—your love—for 'twill be all in vain—and should you say you do, you will merely be a liar. For there is another Sin, (nay blush not,) not like Homer's Helen, who haply, after all, was but a shadow—but with a "brow of Egypt," "comely, though black,"—a living, breathing, burning, flesh-and-

blood Sin—whom this very night you will visit, “though hell itself should gape and bid you hold your peace”—and who with smiles and tears, and a showery something, shining deep down and far out of her lustrous and troubled eyes, will, ere sunrise, have sworn your soul to irremediable misery, beyond the salvation of penitence or remorse, and for ever with in the damnation of despair.

But, meanwhile, turn your eyes on Homer's Helen. See her at the hour when Iris, in disguise of Laodice, summons her to behold the single combat between her Seducer and her lawful Lord—

“The goddess found beneath her palace-roof

Fair Helen, weaving the refulgent woof,
Charged with the fortunes of the change-ful field,

Where Greece and Troy commingled,
shield with shield,

And as she imaged forth the fate of arms,
Join'd to destructive war her matchless charms.”

See her attended by Clymene and Aethra, walking resplendent to the Scean gate, where “in peaceful leisure sate” Priam, and those hoar chiefs Thymetes, and Panthous, and Clytius, and Lampus, and Antenor, and Ucalegon, and Nicetaon, once all great men of war, but now “garrulous as grasshoppers.”

“They seemed like shrill Cicadæ that prolong

In summer bowers their sweet and tender song ;

And as they saw ascending to the tower,
Fair Helen graced with beauty's winning power,

Each to the other whisper'd, ‘such, such charms

Repay the toils of Greece and Troy in arms !

Such are the beauties that, admired above,
Lure by celestial grace the gods to love :
Yet thus, so graced, let Helen sail afar,
Nor leave to us and ours eternal war.”

Or see her now—blushing and abashed—or rather pale and piteous, “with heaving breast and soothing speech” confessing to Hector, even in presence of her paramour, and in midst of all her maids, that she is the “curse and scorn of Ilion!”

“My brother ! hear me ! Ilion's curse and scorn !

Oh ! that the hour which saw my natal morn

Had seen me whirling in the tempest's blast,

On the wide ocean, or bleak mountain cast ;

That I had perished then without a name,

Ere witness'd deeds that brand my front with shame !

But—since the gods thus doom'd it—oh ! that heaven

Had to these arms a braver chieftain given ;

One who had heart to feel, and shame to bear

The killing words that thrill his soul with fear.

But Paris, now, and aye, to reason blind,
Must reap the harvest of a wavering mind.

Yet, here, my brother, on this couch re-
pose,

Here loose awhile the yoke of galling woes ;

Woes that on thee the crime of Helen draws,

And Paris, traitor to Jove's holiest laws ;

We, whose recorded guilt all men among
Shall pass from age to age in deathless song.

Ay—now she is all that is good—for she is standing by the side of Hector, and within the awful shadow of the virtue of “that godlike man.” Yet another hour, and she shall burn to lie this very night in her Paris's bosom—as she did that forenoon she had wept o'er her faithlessness to her Menelaus. “Oh ! that I never had been born !” is now the passion that storms her soul. “Oh ! that in thy arms I might lie for ever !” will, ere midnight, “possess it wholly.” Paris is a coward, she feels ; for now she sees far above her head the waving crest of *Ἐκτορος Ἀνδραγαθήης*. But what will she care for the cowardice of the craven, when “the curled darling” of Venus again lays his head “insupportably” on the delight of her delighted heart? She seems to herself to scorn Paris, now “traitor to Jove's holiest laws.” But even should the traitor visit not her couch this night, Dione shall send a dream that, unscared by the Thunderer, will “lap her soul in Elysium.” See—through all her speech—sincere though she seems to herself to be—how she tampers with her conscience, and upbraids the heavens. “The gods have doomed it.” And worse than foolish would it be—it would be impious—that the

fair fatalist should struggle against Jove.

Are we too hard on Helen? Alas! we begin to feel "her conjurations and her mighty magic," and sorceress as we still know her to be in our wiser mind, our heart is almost willing to regard her with pity, even as a weeping Magdalene! Grief, and shame, and remorse—if there be not repentance—bedim and bedew her pernicious beauty; nor does illustrious Hector scowl now upon her on whom, fatal though she was, he had never scowled before, but utters for her relief those touching words—so beautifully given by Sotheby—"the words of ancient date he thus translates"—and they are at once light and music—"kind as thou art!"

"Kind as thou art," illustrious Hector said,

"Hector! to Helen's soul more loved than all,
Whom I in Ilion's halls dare brother call,
Since Paris here to Troy his consort led,
Who in the grave had found a happier bed.
'Tis now, since here I came, the twentieth year,
Since left my land, and all I once held dear;
But never from that hour, has Helen heard
From thee a harsh reproach or painful word;
But if thy kindred blamed me, if unkind
The Queen e'er glanced at Helen's fickle mind,—
For Priam, still benevolently mild,
Look'd on me as a father views his child,—
Thy gentle speech, thy gentleness of soul,
Could by thine own their harsher minds control;
Hence, with a heart by torturing misery rent,
Thee and my hapless self I thus lament;
For no kind eye in Troy on Helen rests,
But who beholds me shudders and detests."

We have almost gone to the last of all the Iliad for this most affecting speech. How natural it is that such feelings should flow from Helen's lips, when they are thus listened to in conjunction with that soothing speech of Hector, addressed to her a few weeks before! Let the poor wretch have the benefit of "the natural tears she shed," even though 'tis not uncharitable to believe that "she wiped them soon." Paris, in that hour at least, had no place in her humbled heart—and as Troy was soon to fall, and "the whole inhabitants perish," or be carried into captivity, what mattered it if they from whose beauty came that fatal overthrow, wandered about joylessly together in the disastrous twilight,

"While peaceful slept the mighty Hector's

"Urge not my stay—nor temptingly persuade.

Onward I speed to front the desperate fight,

And succour Troy, that claims her Hector's might.

Thou Paris urge, let Paris rouse to fame,
And join me, while those walls my presence claim."

Or see her—hear her—at the last Lament over the body of Hector the Tamer of Horses—and methinks, gentle reader, that, high-souled though thou be,

"As Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother,"

scarcely wilt thou withhold thy lingering reluctant forgiveness from one who, in goddess-doomed infatuation, set the brand of her beauty to the towers of Troy.

But let us return to the living Hector of the Sixth Book. He has now fulfilled his mission, and done all his duty to the state, and his "mighty heart" is free now to turn towards his own house.

"Home now I haste, revisiting in Troy,
My wife, my household, and my infant boy,

Whom—now foredoomed to bleed on Phrygia's shore,

Haply their Hector shall behold no more."

With swift foot he has gained his stately palace, but finds not her whom he seeks. For

"She with her babe and nurse that mournful hour,

Watched, steep'd in tears, on Ilion's topmost tower."

"For, when 'twas widely bruited Troy had fled,

Thy wife, where Ilium's tower o'erlooks
the fight,
With her loved child and nurse flew wild
with fright."

The meeting is well managed by
all the translators; but we must con-
fine ourselves to Sotheby.

" Swift as the wind, impatient of delay,
Thro' Troy's proud streets the chief retraced his way;
And now arrived, where to the battle-plain
The Scæan gate recalled his steps again;
His rich-dowered consort, from Eëtion sprung,
Who erst held sway Cilicia's sons among;
And from far Thebes, and Hypoplacia's grove,
Led the fair virgin to her Hector's love.
Before him came—and with her came the maid,
On whose fond breast their child was softly laid—
Their only child, and lovelier in their sight,
And fairer far than Hesper's golden light.
From famed Scamander Hector named the boy,
But proudly called Astyanax by Troy,
In honour of his sire, whose single power
So oft had turn'd the fight from Ilium's Tower.
And now the father, bending o'er his child,
Eyed him in silent joy, and sweetly smiled.
The while Andromache, dissolved in tears,
Hung on his hand, and pour'd forth all her tears."

What a distinction, with what a difference, feel we at once and already between Helen and Andromache! No babe lies on the bosom of the once Spartan Queen. Barren is the adulterous bed, and nevermore shall she behold the face of her far-off Hermione. Such mothers forget their children. Not "wild with affright," but almost eager to behold the shew, had moved Helen in her transcendent beauty towards the lists, where her paramour and her husband might be about to die of mutual wounds—proudly conscious, no doubt, all the while, of its power, even over those ancient "Grasshoppers," nor loath, after Paris had been rescued, to shew her gratitude to his guardian goddess by fullest oblations at her shrine. But Andromache, had she seen Achilles in the remotest part of the same field with Hector, would have sunk into the earth. Yet that gentle Lady for Astyanax would have been bold as a lion—and would have shielded him with her bosom, without any shrieks. Look on her the chosen of the Prince of Troy—the loveliest, we ween—in her sorrow-shaded stateliness, of all the Trojan dames whose garments sweep the ground—ere long, in the sack of the city, to be sadly soiled with rueful dust. She shines not from afar like the resplendent Helen;

but as she approaches, deeper settles down into your heart the looks of the wife and mother, the loving, lovely, and beloved! Homer says not one single word about her being beautiful at all; for 'twas needless to tell future ages that the Defender was to a "radiant angel linked." They have all known well that Andromache was, at that hour, fair as the Lily of the Field—ere fear fell on her, bright as the Rose of the Royal Garden. Simple they have seen her as one bearing water from the well—yet majestic as the daughter of a Queen, which she was, the Queen of Cilician Thebè, whose throne Achilles overthrew.

The above is Sotheby's—and it is beautiful. We have not room to print, in comparison, the parallel passages, in full, from all the other great or good translators. But we must do so with a few of their most touching lines. And first, let us look at the image of the star—and the two lines of the original, in which it is enshrined,

Παῖδ' ἐπὶ κόλπῳ ἔχουσ' ἀταλάφρονε,
νήπιον αὐτῶς,
Ἐκτορίδην ἀγαπητὸν, ἀλγυμιον ἀστέρι
καλῷ."

Chapman writes,

"She ran to Hector, and with her
Tender of heart and hand,

Her son, borne in his nurse's arms,
Where like a heavenly sign
Compact of many golden stars
The princely child did shine."

That is good—but the touching epithets, ἀταλάφρονα, νήπιον, ἀγαπητόν, are all left out—unless indeed "tender of heart and hand" apply to the child—which seems doubtful—for perhaps they apply to the mother. "Like a beautiful star," which is all that Homer says, Chapman has, in the intensity of his sense of beauty, expanded into a lustrous line, which we print here as if it were two—

"Compact of many golden stars,
The princely child did shine."

And he has our forgiveness.

Old Hobbes, whose bare and bald version is sometimes strangely illuminated by sudden gleams of natural inspiration, says,

"Now Hector met her with their little boy,
That in their nurse's arms was carried;
And like a star upon her bosom lay
His beautiful and shining golden head."

He, too, omits the three epithets—though "little" is endearing; but the rest is exquisite. Hobbes' philosophic creed was, of all frozen and freezing creeds, the most selfish; but

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

and the old childless metaphysician—he was upwards of eighty, we believe, when he translated Homer—is vivified into a Man and a Father. Dryden says,

"The royal babe upon her breast was laid,
Who, like the morning star, his beams displayed."

He, too, leaves out the three endearments; but he alone of all the translators, gives Ἐκτορίδην, which is finely Englished, "the royal babe." He is also good about the star.

Pope says,

"The nurse stood near, in whose embraces pressed,
His only hope, hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm, and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn."

This, in itself, is not undelightful; but far less delightful than the lines in Homer. "In whose embraces

pressed," is a needless departure from the Scriptural simplicity of ἐπὶ κόλπον ἔχους; "only hope," belongs not to the "antique speech." "Each soft charm and early grace," is but pretty; and "gilds the morn," is an execrable libel on Homer—a lie—and worse, pure nonsense.

Cowper says,

"The virgin-nurse, enfolding in her arms
His yet unwean'd, and helpless little one,
Fair as the star of morn."

We love that, for the tendernesses are almost all there; and "virgin-nurse" lets us know that Andromache fed Astyanax from her own "fragrant bosom," for which we believe she is praised by Tansillo. Dryden, Pope, and Cowper, all call the star "the star of morn;" and, though Homer does not say so, we believe it was,—for we think on the morn of life.

Sotheby, as may be seen also above, says,

"Before him came, and with her came the maid,
On whose fond breast his child was softly laid,
Their only child, and lovelier in their sight
And fairer far than Hesper's golden light."

The second line is simple, but not so simple as the original, which it might easily have been; the next is very good. By the by, a spirited critic in the Edinburgh Review, (in an article in which he speaks justly of the "acuteness, vivacity, and elegance" of Mr Henry Coleridge's Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classical Poets,) says erroneously, speaking of Sotheby's translation of this passage, that there is great poverty in the simple announcement "Came with her infant on the nurse's breast," as a version of the two Greek lines we have quoted above. The ingenious critic must have been dreaming or nodding; for no such words are in Sotheby. The "only," "lovelier," and "fairer," must also be added to another "simple announcement"—the true one; and then, though the version hardly does justice to the exquisite beauty of the original, it is freed from the critic's objection. Stop—we find we

re in the wrong. The critic in the Edinburgh may have taken the line from "Specimens of Translation," published by Sotheby, before the great work—the whole of the Iliad—and Sotheby may have improved the

line objected to, perhaps at his suggestion. If so, we kindly beg our ingenious brother's pardon—but hating to blot out, we proceed to Andromache's address to Hector.

CHAPMAN.

—"O noblest in desire!

Thy mind inflamed with other's good, will set thyself on fire;
Nor pitiest thou thy son, nor wife, who must thy widow be;
If now thou issue—all the field will only run on thee.
Better my shoulders underwent the earth than thy decease;
For then could earth bear joys no more, then come the black increase
Of griefs, like Greeks on Ilion! Alas! what one survives
To be my refuge? One black day bereft seven brothers' lives
By stern Achilles. By his hand my father breathed his last;
His high-wall'd rich Cilician Thebes sackt by him and laid waste,
The royal body yet he left unspoil'd—religion charm'd
That act of spoil, and all in fire he burn'd him complete arm'd,
Built over him a royal tomb, and to the monument
They left of him th' Oreades, that are the high descent
Of ægis-bearing Jupiter, another of their own
Did add to it, and set round with elms, by which is shewn
In theirs the barrenness of death; yet might it serve beside
To shelter the sad monument from all the ruffinous pride
Of storms and tempests used to hurt things of that noble kind.
The short life yet my mother lived he saved, and serv'd his mind
With all the riches of the realm, which not enough esteem'd,
He kept her prisoner, whom small time but much more wealth redeem'd.
And she in silvan Hyppoplace Cilicia ruled again,
But soon was overruled by death. Diana's chaste disdain
Gave her a lance, and took her life;—Yet all these gone from me,
Thou amply render'st all, thy life makes still my father's be,
My mother, brothers, and besides thou art my husband too,
Most loved, most worthy. Pity then, dear love, and do not go;
For thou gone, all these go again; pity our common joy,
Lest of a father's patronage, the bulwark of all Troy,
Thou leavest him a poor widow's charge—stay, stay then in this tower,
And call up to the wild fig-tree all thy retired power,
For there the wall is easiest scaled, and fittest for surprise;
And there th' Ajaces, Idomen, th' Atrides, Diomed, thrice
Have both survey'd and made attempt, I know not if induced
By some wise auguries, or the fact was naturally infused
Into their wits or courages."

DRYDEN.

"Thy dauntless heart, which I foresee too late,
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate.
Nor dost thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st behind;
Nor me, the unhappy partner of thy bed,
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led.
They seek thy life; and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppress thy single might.
Better it were for miserable me
To die, before the fate which I foresee;
For, ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death!
Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By stern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then, when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father slew;

He slew Eëtion, but despoil'd him not,
 Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
 Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
 And revered thus the manes of his foe.
 A tomb he raised; the mountain nymphs around
 Enclosed, with planted elms, the holy ground.
 My seven brave brothers, in one fatal day,
 To death's dark mansions took the mournful way;
 Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
 The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep.
 My mother, who the royal sceptre swayed,
 Was captive to the cruel victor made,
 And hither led; but, hence redeemed with gold,
 Her native country did again behold,
 And but beheld; for soon Diana's dart,
 In an unhappy chase, transfix'd her heart.
 But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone,
 My parents, brothers, and my lord, in one.
 O, kill not all my kindred o'er again,
 Nor tempt the dangers of the dusty plain,
 But in this tower, for our defence remain. }
 Thy wife and son are in thy ruin lost;
 This is a husband's and a father's post.
 The Scæan gate commands the plain below; }
 Here marshal all thy soldiers as they go;
 And hence with other hands, repel the foe. }
 By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
 And thither all their powers are daily bent.
 The two Ajaces have I often seen,
 And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan queen;
 With him his greater brother; and, with these,
 Fierce Diomede, and bold Meriones;
 Uncertain if by augury, or chance,
 But by this easy rise they all advance."

POPE.

"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
 Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
 For sure such courage length of life denies;
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain,
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
 Oh grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom—
 All I can ask of Heaven—an early tomb.
 So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
 And end with sorrows as they first begun;
 No parent now remains my grief to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care—
 The fierce Achilles wrapp'd our walls in fire,
 Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire—
 His fate compassion in the victor bred—
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead;
 His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
 And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
 Then raised a mountain where his bones were burn'd;
 The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
 Jove's silvan daughters bade their elms bestow
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.
 By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
 In one sad day beheld the gates of Hell,
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled;
 My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
 The Queen of Hippolacia's silvan lands,

Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
 Her pleasing empire, and her native plain,
 When, ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow;
 Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all in thee;
 Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
 Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share—
 Oh! prove a husband's and a father's care.
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
 Where yon wild fig-tree joins the wall of Troy,
 Thou from this tower defend the important post;
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven;
 Let others in the field their arms employ—
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

COWPER.

" Ah! doom'd! Thyself the victim of thy own
 Too daring courage! Pity of thy boy
 Thou feel'st not, nor of me, thy widow soon;
 For soon the whole united Grecian host
 Will overwhelm thee, and thou must be slain.
 Earth yield me, then, a tomb! for refuge else
 Or none so safe have I,—thenceforth forlorn
 Of all defence, since father I have none,
 Or mother's genial home to shelter me.
 Achilles, when he sack'd Cilician Thebes,
 And fired her lofty domes, my father slew;
 He slew Eëtion; but a decent awe
 Forbidding him to bare a royal corse,
 He burn'd him with his arms, heap'd high the soil
 That hides the urn, and the Oreades,
 Jove's daughters, circled it around with elms.
 My seven brothers, feeding in the field
 Their flocks and herds, all perish'd in a day,
 For dread Achilles found and slew them all.
 My mother, whom in all her green retreats
 Hypocleus obey'd, when, rich in spoils,
 The Conqueror steer'd his gallant bark to Troy,
 Came captive in the fleet, but, ransom'd hence
 At countless cost, revisited her home,
 And, by Diana pierced, at home expired.
 All these are lost, but in thy wedded love,
 My faithful Hector, I regain them all.
 Come then—let pity plead! to spare thy boy
 An orphan's woes, and widowhood to me,
 Defend this tower, and where the fig-tree spreads
 Her branches, station thy collected force,
 For there Idomeneus, the King of Crete,
 Tydides, either Ajax, and the sons
 Of Atreus, thrice with their united powers
 Have press'd to seize the city, whether taught
 By some interpreter of signs from Heaven,
 Or prompted by remark and self-advised."

SOTHEY.

" Too rashly bold, thee, sole defence of Troy,
 Thy brave right arm and fearlessness destroy—
 Fails then thy child a father's heart to move?
 Fails then thy wife's unutterable love?"

Thy wife!—no more—Greece arms 'gainst thee her force :
 Thy wife ! a widow on thy blood-stained corse.
 Ah ! reft of thee, be mine the wish'd-for doom
 To hide my anguish in th' untimely tomb!
 Ah ! reft of thee, no hope, no solace mine,
 But grief slow wearing out life's long decline.
 No mother waits me, no consoling sire,
 The hapless victim of Achilles' ire.
 Ere from the sack of Thebes the chief withdrew,
 His ruthless rage my sire, Eëtion, slew,
 Yet fear'd to spoil, but honouring, on the pyre,
 Him, with his arms, consign'd to feed the fire ;
 Then heap'd on high the earth, whose funeral mound
 With planted elms the Jove-born Oreads crown'd.
 They, too, in one fleet day all breathless laid,
 Seven brothers sunk at once in Hades' shade.
 These, mid their cattle on the pasturing mead,
 Achilles' fury doom'd at once to bleed.
 And here the conqueror, 'mid his plunder'd store,
 From Hyppoclacia's groves my mother bore ;
 Then, richly ransom'd, back restor'd again,
 Too soon to perish, by Diana slain.
 Yet thou, my Hector ! thou art all, alone,
 Sire, mother, brethren, husband, all in one.
 In pity guard this tower, here shield thy life,
 Leave not an orphan child, a widow'd wife.
 There, by the fig-tree, plant thy war array,
 Where, easiest of ascent, to Troy the way.
 Thrice have the boldest chiefs that spot assail'd,
 And thrice the efforts of the boldest fail'd :
 Th' Atridæ, either Ajax, Tydeus' son,
 And Crete's fierce king, there led their warriors on,
 Whether by seer forewarn'd, or martial art
 There mark out Ilion's vulnerable part."

Let us try old Chapman in this passage by the principles by which he tells us he was guided throughout his translation, and we shall not withhold from him here our admiration. He demands the right of "periphrasis or circumlocution ;" and sayeth, "always conceiving how pedantical and absurd an affectation it is, in the interpretation of any author (much more of Homer) to turn him word for word ; when (according to Horace, and other best lawgivers to translators) it is the part of every knowing and judicial interpreter not to follow the number and order of words, but the material things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently ; and to clothe and adorn them with words, and such a style of oration as are most apt for the language into which they are converted." This and much more to the same purpose (which much offendeth Pope) sayeth this fierce old Trojan—nor shall we at present gainsay his creed. Let us therefore try his deeds by his doctrine ; and, doing so, we declare at once that his version is a noble one.

The first words addressed by Andromache to Hector are worthy of his wife : "O noblest in desire!" and here they may even be the true meaning, for any thing we know to the contrary, of *Δαιμόνιοις*. The second line expresses, by a bold and bright periphrasis, the sense of Homer. "Nor pitiest thou thy son nor wife," is good as good may be ; and so is "all the field will only run on thee." Deadly fear breathes in them, and they are Homeric. "Better my shoulders underwent the earth than thy decease," though quaint, smells strong of the Greek. "The black increase of griefs *like foes on Ilion*," is Chapman's own, and affects the imagination, though we cannot call it natural. Yet natural it may be, nevertheless—although it did not occur to the heart of Homer's and Hector's Andromache. Chapman, it will be observed, in the narrative, puts the death of her brothers before that of her father, contrary to the original. No great loss in that, perhaps—and as little gain. The funeral of Eëtion is grand ; and we see what Chapman

meant by the privileges he claimed as a translator in what he adds to the work of the Oreads. "They planted elms round the tomb; but he adds, out of his own heart and brain, fiery and fertile,

———"by which is shewn

In theirs the barrenness of death; yet might it serve beside

To shelter the sad monument from all the ruffinous pride

Of storms and tempests used to hurt things of that noble kind."

"Ἐκτος, ἀτὰρ σύ μοι ἐσσι πατὴρ ἢ πότνια μήτηρ,
Ἡδὲ κασίγνητος, σὺ δέ μοι θαλὲρὸς παρακοίτης.

Sentimental and stately—yea poetry—yet withal methinks more than Andromache was likely to have thought of saying to Hector. Yet, had Homer made her say it, we do not think we should have blamed him, and therefore we do not blame Chapman. The lines about Andromache's mother seem rather unintelligible, and rumble along like an old crazy cart. Then comes the TEST of translators—the two lines crowded with holy words:

Chapman has certainly rendered them well—better, as we shall see, than Pope or Cowper. "Thou art my husband too," corresponds exactly with the Greek words, and the same their position at the close of the line—a beauty not found in any of the other translations. "Pity our common joy" is extremely tender—and so is "lest thou leave him a poor widow's charge." Throughout the whole of Chapman's English, there is an earnestness—a beseeching and imploring affectionateness, which is also, though otherwise, breathed over all Homer's Greek—and therefore, without farther remark, we conclude as we began, with praise of the version—and request you to admire it along with us and not to be offended by its oddnesses or additions, or "periphrases or circumlocutions"—for, were you to do so, and Chapman's ghost to overhear you, it would call you "a certain envious wind-sucker."

Dryden's version, though in the simpler lines it loses not a little of the simplicity of the original, does not depart far from it; and throughout there is such an easy and musical flow, that we are almost willing to accept it instead of that simplest strain. "Better it were for miserable me," is extremely touching; though Dryden had not much power over the pathetic,

"Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years,"

have a truly tragic sound; and they have influenced Pope in this part of his paraphrase. Eëtion's slaughter and funeral are nobly given; and true

to the picturesque of old Homer are the verses,

"A tomb he raised; the mountain nymphs around

Enclosed, with planted elms, the holy ground."

And how stands Dryden "THE TEST?"

"But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone,
My parents, brothers, and my lord, in one."

Admirable—but of these lines a word or two hereafter.

"O kill not all my kindred o'er again," seems to have been suggested by Chapman, and is afterwards copied by Pope. It is not very good; for not very natural in feeling, and rather unnatural in expression. A few other flaws in the diamond we see—but it is a diamond—and almost of the first water. Let us do justice always to Glorious John—though in his strength he is too often a wilful transgressor.

Had Homer's Andromache never spoken in the simple strain in which, thank Heaven, she spake in the Sixth Book of the Iliad, Pope's lovely lady of that name would have been allowed by all to have uttered much natural pathos in the speech, which had then been not a paraphrastic translation from the Greek, but an absolute inspiration in English; and great had been the glory of the bard of Twickenham. For the lines are beautiful. But here, if anywhere, was Pope bound by the most sacred considerations to have adhered to the words of Homer, that all who might ever speak the English tongue might have known how, thousands of years ago, that high-priest of nature inspired, in the hour of trial,

the lips of a Trojan princess pouring out the heart of a mother-wife to an heroic husband issuing to battle—the defender—if not the deliverer. In the first four lines Pope's Andromache utters three or four interjections, exclamations, or interrogations—Homer's Andromache but one—*Δαιμόνι*. Pope's Andromache thinks first of herself and child—or chiefly so—for “whither dost thou run,” is but faint, and worse, it is not “all one in the Greek.” Homer's Andromache thinks first and solely of Hector—*φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος*, thy courage will be thy death! Pope's Andromache is almost verbose—“Ah! too forgetful,” &c.—“and think'st thou not,” &c., words, however, which we condemn not—but Homer's Andromache piteously upbraids Hector that he will not have pity—*οὐδ' ἐλεαίσεις*. She asks him not—as her Shadow does in Pope—why? nor exclaimeth she ah! but passionately tells him—for she sees it—that he will not pity—for his courage she sees has killed pity—even for *Παῖδά νηπίαχον, καὶ ἔμ' ἄμμορον*—Hector's Andromache here putting their boy first—as was natural—but Pope's Andromache putting herself first—not unnatural either perhaps, in common cases, but assuredly so in that of the wife of *Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφόνου* and of the waving crest. The next four lines of Pope are glowing and fine; but in them he reverts to the strong words *φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος*, which “shine well where they stand” in Homer, but come in here flat, comparatively, and are unnecessarily expanded into a sort of moral apothegm, or general reflection on the danger of too much courage, which is a sorry substitute for the Homeric—“Thy courage will be thy death.” Homer's Andromache says to Hector, that “soon the Greeks will kill thee, all rushing upon thee at once.” Pope's Andromache says, alas! what at length may be seen in lines seventh and eighth of the translation. Let us not, however, farther compare the two Andromaches, lest the comparison should seem invidious; but merely complain of, “O grant me Gods!” and “all I can ask of Heaven,” as untrue to the simple pathos of the original—and the two lines which follow as

untrue to the sense—though in themselves unobjectionable. “I have neither father nor mother,” is all Homer makes Andromache say next; and out of that scripture Pope makes her spin—

“No parent now remains my grief to share,

No father's aid, no mother's tender care.”

The next fifteen lines are narrative—and Pope has, we think, on the whole, given them more than well—finely; and throughout his translation, he has felt that Homer made Andromache speak with composure of “sorrows long ago,” at least of sorrows that had been wellnigh forgotten in Hector's love, and that only now again came upon her in her dread of his death. That narrative over, Andromache turns to Hector in that most beautiful burst of affection, which has been for ever consecrated to tears, and which we have chosen, in our critical capacity, to call the TEST. Alas! the Pope is not infallible; for he fails where Homer and nature demanded that he should have been victorious over all hearts.

“Yet while my Hector still survives, I see My father, mother, brethren, all in thee; Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all, Once more will perish, if my husband fall.”

The first two lines are almost, but not quite perfect—for we miss in them the two endearing words that, to Hector's ear, must have been the most affecting of all—the words that conclude the two most comprehensive lines ever love breathed—*δαλερὸς παρακοίτης*, “and thou art my blooming spouse!” While the last two lines—which contain the word desiderated in its proper place, “husband”—are too ingenious by far, and copied injudiciously from Chapman and Dryden, and after all, liker Abraham Cowley than Dan Homer. The rest of Andromache's speech is, with the exception of the first two lines of it, well done; and the two concluding lines, though not in Homer, make an affecting and a natural close, and may be more than forgiven.

Cowper at once seizes, grasps, and expresses the passion of Andromache. “Ah! doom'd!” is the very word—the sound and sense—so seemeth it to us—of *Δαιμόνι*. Or is

it—Infatuate? Pope's "too daring Prince," is good—but this is far better—followed as it is, by "victim of thy own too daring courage," which, though inferior to the Greek, is forcible. "Pity of thy boy thou feel'st not, nor of me thy widow soon," is all that could be desired—and is Homer's, Andromache's, and Nature's self. So—nearly—are the two lines that follow. By Homer all this is said in three lines and a half—by Pope in eight—and by Cowper in five. Having thus started in power—and with the true heart of tenderness—how does Cowper continue to fare? Well—though not so well. "Earth yield me then a tomb," is far better than Pope's, "O grant me, gods," &c.; but "refuge else or none so safe have I," is, though simple, somewhat tame and cold; nor is "Mother's genial home" entirely to our liking for *πίτνια μήτηρ*. The history given by Andromache of her parents is exquisite—especially the lines describing Eëtion's funeral. They are indeed very noble in Cowper—equal to those in Homer. Not less so is the slaughter of the Seven Brothers. But how doth Cowper conquer the two immortal lines, and reduce them under the English yoke? How stands he the Test?

"All these are lost—but in thy wedded love,
My faithful Hector—I regain them all."
Here the meaning, the feeling, the passion is doubtless transfused into a comprehensive power of "English undefiled." The lines are good and great lines—and worthy of Cowper. But Homer's, though not greater—not so great—are better, for there is a tenderness in the words he puts into Andromache's lips, which surpasses all other merit. Cowper says "all these are lost;" but Homer gives us "all these" themselves—over again—and in a heap—at once successive and clustering

——— *πατὴρ καὶ πίτνια μήτηρ,
'Ἡδὲ κασίγνητος, σὺ δὲ μοι θαλερὸς
παρακοίτης.*

No other words under the sun can make amends for the want of these—the eye must see—the ear must hear them—from Andromache's looks and lips—else neither her heart nor ours can be satisfied nor have any rest. "Come, then, let pity plead," is good—but too modern; Homer does not

say "let pity plead," but, "come now, take pity upon us," which is infinitely fuller of prayer, and therefore more natural in Andromache. All the rest is what it ought to be—except, perhaps, the last line of all, which appears pedantic. As a whole, however, the translation is, to our feelings, better than Pope's.

Sotheby manifestly feels the force of the first words of Andromache's address to Hector, but he has not felicitously transfused them into his version, which is, indeed, awkward and tautological. "Sole defence of Troy," is not in the original; yet that here matters little or nothing, for such Hector was, and therefore was "The Boy" called Astyanax. Still, Sotheby should not have said so here, because Andromache does not; and, as sure as Homer is now in heaven, did Andromache say all, and no more, that was right. But "brave right arm and fearlessness destroy," is positively bad speaking and bad writing; whereas *Δαίμονις, φθίσει σὲ τὸ σὸν μένος*, is positively good speaking and good writing—we defy the tongue of woman, or the pen of man, to speak or write better at such a juncture. The four following lines are not much better—and they cannot be much worse. The repetition of the word "fails" is formal; and "unutterable" is unnatural. The repetition of the word "wife" is also formal; and as no such word at all is here in Homer, it is insufferable. "Blood-stained corse" is a voluntary commonplace, to the use of which we can conjecture no inducement. "Greece arms 'gainst thee her force," is but tolerable. "Wished-for doom," is but so so; and "to hide my anguish in th' untimely tomb," is not excellent. In the Bible, it is said that sinners will call "upon the rocks to cover them," that is, to hide them, from the eye of God. But Andromache did not wish her anguish to be hidden—for the sorrow of a widow is not shame. She simply wished herself to be buried—to be insensate earth—*χθόνα δῦμεναι*—as Wordsworth's bereaved lover says, in equal passion—

"Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees!"

What she said—so should have Sotheby. "Ah, rest of thee," is also unho-

merically, if not anti-homerically repeated—repetition being, it would seem, in the eyes of Sotheby, a strong secret—in ours a patent weakness.

"No hope, no solace mine,
But grief slow wearing out life's long
decline,"

is in itself good, because drearily expressive—but it wants the touching simplicity of Andromache's own words.

"The hapless victim of Achilles' ire," seems superfluous—for we have in addition, with about one line intervening,

"His ruthless rage my sire Eëtion slew."
The next twelve lines are as good as can be—as sonorous as Pope's, and as simple as Homer's. How beautiful the picture of a Hero's tomb!

"Then heap'd on high the earth, whose
funeral mound
With planted elms the Jove-born Oreads
crown'd!"

Look at Pope's lines—and you see they are too ambitious—Sotheby's are purely Homeric. Now for the —TEST. Yes! Sotheby has stood it with high aid—and is triumphant.

"YET THOU! MY HECTOR! THOU ART ALL
ALONE,
SIRE, MOTHER, BRETHREN, HUSBAND, ALL
IN ONE!"

Let ten thousand Translators try it—and not one will surpass—not one will equal—Sotheby. True, that he is indebted for these two exquisite lines almost entirely to Dryden. But how could he help that? John was before William. Therefore, all that William could do was to study John; and, if possible, to polish up John, with the fine feeling fingers of the soul, to uttermost perfection. Pope tried to do so, and failed. Cowper proudly shunned competition, and gave the difficulty the go-by. Sotheby, by simply changing "my parents" into "sire, mother," and "lord" into "husband," and leaving alone and out the two false lines that follow, has given us Homer—and nothing but Homer—the Bill, and nothing but the Bill, and it is a true Bill, unlike some others we could mention, and may well bid defiance to farther reform. The rest is all good—but not perfect. "In pity guard this tower," is nearly what it ought to be; but Andromache says,

"Come now, have pity, and take your
station on this tower,"

which is more tenderly beseeching; and she does not say, "here shield thy life," though we pardon Sotheby for making her say so, as beyond doubt that thought was in her heart, as indeed it betrays itself in her afflicted words. Yet terrified as she was, Sotheby knows as well as we do that Andromache would not, could not, have wounded Hector's ears with such syllables as "shield thy life." They would have made his crest shiver—and dimmed the shine of his golden helmet.

"Leave not an orphan child, a widow's
wife,"

is faultless—and thus have we a few lines almost sufficient of themselves to redeem all sins either of omission or commission, which in this version, we fear, are neither few nor feeble.

This speech of Andromache has been subjected to some severe, and not very decorous criticisms by great authorities—one of whom is Dryden. "Andromache," says he, "in the midst of her concernment and fright for Hector, runs off her bias to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers.

The devil was in Hector [we fear Christopher North sometimes falls into imitation of John Dryden] *if he knew not all this matter, for she had been his bedfellow for many years together*; if he knew it, it must then be confessed that Homer, in this long digression, has rather given us his own character, [what character is that? of an old proser in his dotage?] than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow of Andromache to occasion the remembrance of the past; but others think that she had enough to do with that grief which now oppressed her, without running for assistance to her family." This is sorry stuff; Blackwood-Magazineish, and Edinburgh-Reviewish, in their less happy hours. Homer's "dear friends, the commentators," were in the right. Yet was Homer at no pinch. Sorrow evokes shadows of sorrow from the tomb, and they come trooping like ghosts. Pope

answers Dryden well, too, when he says, "that nothing was more natural in Andromache than to recollect her past calamities, in order to represent her present distress to Hector in a stronger light, and then her utter desertion if he should perish." And we ask what although Andromache "had been Hector's bedfellow for many years?" Never before had she been so inspired with those mournful memories as now; for they were standing together, husband and wife, as it were, in the shadow of death. And then it is that the soul re-sees the past, and prophesies the future—both black. To borrow Dryden's bold phraseology—"What the devil would he have made Andromache say?" Nothing so persuasive, by a thousand degrees, to Hector's heart. *Devil take it*, is it not natural for a wife, when in her misery beseeching her husband not to go to death, to remind him of what he has forgotten—the miseries she had already suffered, ere she saw his dear face—miseries huge and wild—yet though Ossa-and-Pelion-like in themselves, as molehills to his slaughter under the spear of Achilles? Achilles! ay, that was the dreadful vision ever before her eyes. She knew not—how could she?—that he was sitting sullen at his ships. Or if she did, might not the glaring lion come leaping from his den upon Hector? We could say much more for Andromache; but, haply, this is sufficient from Christopher, the Defender of the Faith.

Allow us to say shortly two other things: one from Pope—one from ourselves. First, these dreadful stories of Andromache's, again bring the absent Achilles before us—into the heart of the poem. Second, they must have delighted the listeners to the great *Acides*, for who in the heroic age was like Achilles? And they delight the listeners still, as they see the golden helm of the Son of Thetis refulgent through the mist of years.

Allow us to say shortly two other things—both from ourselves. First, we defy you to imagine human language, simpler in style, more direct to the purpose of the passion, more prose, and less poetry, than all that Andromache utters, when Hector, and Hector alone, is in her quaking heart. Look at the Greek words—

in their strength—and you will feel it to be so. Translate them into verses in prose, and they will read just like some of the most pathetic verses in the Old Testament—or the New—say the story of Joseph and his brethren—or David and Absalom—or the Prodigal Son, or even some still more affecting narrative. All great poets, in all ages, have always, on all great occasions of all great passions, thus greatly written; and Wordsworth,—though, in saying so, he said nothing new, yet something old that this flowery age of ours had, when first he began to flourish, foolishly forgotten,—was therefore greatly right when he called on all students in poetry to know that its language was common to prose—in its foundations, and likewise in its superstructures—except when—and then he told us, wisely and well, what the exceptions are—and illustrated the principles on which they occur to the inspired, in much of his own life-ennobling and immortal song. Second, see how Andromache adheres in her passion—it is the passion of fear—to its two objects—Hector, Achilles. Her soul for a while undergoes absorption. From that unendurable agony it seeks escape into the memory of past miseries—in which the Destroyer, slaying and slaughtering her kith and kin, is yet far off—his image is far off—from her husband. While she indulges in the distress of that dismal dream—there is to her relief in its worst horrors—for all the while Hector is held alive to her side—and hopes come to her out of the murders she narrates, that he will shun the murderer. These hopes not only suffer, but persuade her to speak more freely—fully—if you will poetically—about the persons, places, and things that pass before her imagination—her Seven Brothers slaughtered while tending their flocks and herds—her Father slain, burned in all his arms, and buried beneath a mound, which the Oreads, daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove—she calls them so—crown with elms—her Mother ransomed, and again reigning, and by Diana smitten—till Andromache being enabled at last, by the truce afforded by fancy to the feelings that at first were like to kill her, to indulge in the tenderness of affection,

then it is, and not till then could it have been, that her whole love-charged heart effuses itself in one burst of divinest delight, as from lips

to which we may think we see the colour coming back, and themselves quivering no more, is poured that utterance—

Ἕκτορ, ἀτὰρ σὺ μοι ἴσσι πατὴρ ἢ πότνια μήτηρ,
Ἥδ' ἐκασίγητος, σὺ δέ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης.

What says majestic Hector to his Andromache? Thus:

COWPER.

"Thy cares are all mine also. But I dread
The matron's scorn, the brave man's just disdain,
Should fear seduce me to desert the field.
No! my Andromache! my fearless heart—
Me rather urges into foremost fight,
Studious of Priam's glory and my own.
For my prophetic soul foresees a day,
When Ilium, Ilium's people, and himself
Her warlike king shall perish. But no grief
For Ilium; for her people; for the king,
My warlike sire; nor even for the queen;
Nor for the numerous and the valiant band,
My brothers, destined all to lick the ground,
So moves me, as my grief for thee alone!
Doom'd then to follow some imperious Greek,
A weeping captive, to the distant shores
Of Argos; there to labour at the loom,
For a task-mistress, and with many a sigh,
But heaved in vain, to bear the ponderous urn
From Hypereia's, or Messeis' fount.
Fast flow thy tears the while, and as he eyes
That silent shower, some passing Greek will say,
'This was the wife of Hector, who excelled
All Troy in fight, when Ilium was besieged.'
While thus he speaks, thy tears shall flow afresh,
The guardian of thy freedom, while he lived
For ever lost; but be my bones inhumed
A senseless store, or e'er thy parting cries
Shall pierce mine ear, and thou be dragg'd away!"

SOTHEY.

"Hector replied—'These all, O wife beloved!
All that moves thee, my heart have deeply moved:
Yet more I dread each son of Trojan birth,
More Ilion's dames whose raiment trails on earth,
If like a slave, where chiefs with chiefs engage,
The warrior Hector fears the war to wage—
Not thus my heart inclines. Far rather far,
First of Troy's sons, I lead the van of war
Firm fix'd, not Priam's dignity alone
And glory to uphold, but guard my own.
I know the day draws nigh when Troy shall fall,
When Priam and his nation perish all;
Yet, less—forebodings of the fate of Troy,
Her king and Hecuba, my peace destroy;
Less—that my brethren all, the heroic band,
Must with their blood imbrue their native land,—
Than thoughts of thee in tears, to Greece a prey,
Dragg'd by the grasp of war in chains away,—
Of thee in tears, beneath an Argive roof,
Labouring reluctant the allotted woof,
Or doom'd to draw from Hypereia's cave,
Or from Messeis' fount, the measured wave

A voice will then be heard that thou must hear,
 "See'st thou yon captive pouring tear on tear?
 Lo, Hector's wife, the hero bravest far
 When Troy and Greece round Ilion clash'd in war."—
 Then thou with keener anguish wilt deplore
 Him whose cold arm can free his wife no more:
 But first, may Earth o'er me her mound uprear,
 Ere I behold thee slaved, or see thy tear!"

We hesitate not to say, that Cowper's version is perfect. Unequalled it is at present; excelled it can be—never. It is coloured not by the faintest hue of translation, but breathes throughout the pure, free air of a divine original. It is just as good as Homer. The first six lines of Greek are given in six of English, and their calm, firm spirit is finely preserved. All the others are exquisite.

We cannot say the same of Sotheby's. It is good—Pope's (which look at) is better—for with more faults, it has greater beauties—but Cowper's, we repeat, is best. For it alone is "the tender and the true." In Sotheby the first six lines of Greek become ten in English—and Hector seems to vaunt himself rather too much. "My peace destroy," is neither Homeric nor Hectorian; "yet less," and again "less," are feeble and formal, cumbersome and clumsy. "The grasp of war" is an unaffecting generality, compared with its definite original; we do not admire here the alliteration of "labouring reluctant the allotted woof," though others may; "measured wave" are two words not to our taste, especially the last, which is falsely poetical for "water." "A voice will then be heard that thou must hear," is not happy for *καὶ ποτὶ τις εἴησιν*. "Seest thou yon captive pouring tear on tear," is a negligent misconception of *ἰδὼν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσας*, as Sotheby must in an instant see. "When Troy and Greece together clashed in war," is not the natural language of a bystander, like *ὅτι Ἴλιον ἀμφιμάχοντο*. The final line "Ere I behold thee slave, or see thy tear," is a poor impostor, detected at once in the attempt to pass itself off for *Πρὶν γ' ἔτι σῆς τι βεῆς, σοῦ δ' ἐλκηθμοῖο τυθίσθαι*.

Hector in Homer speaks twice of Andromache's weeping—*δάκρυόσσας*—*κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσας*; in Sotheby

four times—"thoughts of thee in tears"—"of thee in tears"—"pouring tear on tear"—"see thy tear." With more than double the effort, the translator produces less than half the effect.

Old Chapman felt Hector's address—and he labours to render it, if possible, still more dismal. He makes Hector say,

"And such a stormy day shall come, in mind and soul I know,
 When sacred Troy shall shed her towers,
 for tears of overthrow."

Not in Homer, indeed, but dreadful—and afterwards—

"As thy sad state when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence,
 Those free days clouded, and a night of captive violence,
 Loading thy temples, out of which thine eyes must never see,
 But spin the Greek wives' webs of task, and their fetch-water be."

Expansion and paraphrase all—but conceived and expressed in intensity of emotion, and full of ruth.

Who gives best the sense and feeling of

*Καὶ ποτὶ τις εἴησιν, ———
 Ἐκτορος ἥδε γυνή, δὲ ἀριστέυσσας μάχεσθαι
 Τρώων ἱπποδάμων, ὅτι Ἴλιον ἀμφιμάχοντο.*

Chapman says,

"This dame was Hector's wife,
 A man that at the wars of Troy did breathe the worthiest life
 Of all their army."

Dryden,

"While groaning under this laborious life,
 They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
 Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name,
 And from thy glory propagate thy shame."

Pope,

"There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, 'behold the mighty Hector's wife!'

Some haughty Greek, who loves thy tears
to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me."

Cowper,

"This was the wife of Hector who excelled

All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged."

Sotheby, as you have seen,

"Lo, Hector's wife, the hero bravest far,
When Troy and Greece round Ilium
clashed in war!"

Who, we ask again, is best? Cowper. Who next? Perhaps Pope—perhaps Chapman. Who next? Perhaps Sotheby. Dryden is the worst—inasmuch as he is the least Homeric—and his lines, though they have his usual copious flow, are failures; for "insolently" in the second is beyond and out of Hector's meaning; the third is superfluous, and the fourth absurdly and coarsely and vulgarly "propagated."

Dunces, with "hearts as dry as summer dust," have here found fault with Homer and Hector. Cold comfort this, they have said, from husband to wife. Hector is here chicken-hearted—cowed—crowed-down

—cool in the pens—*fugy*, as cockers say; but he ought to have sung clear as unconquered chanticleer, dropt his wing, strutted crouselly, and sent his fair hen and chicken chuckling gayly to Troy. Such is the spirit of their fault-finding, though they were not up to the use of such appropriate terms of reprobation; for they are Fools. Hector speaks to Andromache, at first, like the heroic soldier—"jealous and quick of honour"—and conscious that in his arm lies the salvation of his country. But all at once, "O my prophetic soul!" He sees Troy taken—and Andromache captive. The vision asks not his leave—but embodies itself in words, leaving the choice of them to Love and Pity. Of that dismal day, "far off the coming shone" on his soul—and it will therefore speak as another great poet makes a sad seer say,

"Though dark and despairing my sight I
may seal,

Yet man cannot cover what God would
reveal."

But now for our concluding specimen of Sotheby, which completes the

"Tale of tears, the mournful story."

"He spoke, and stretch'd his arms, and onward prest
To clasp his child, and fold him on his breast;
The while the child, on whose o'er-dazzled sight
The helm's bright splendour flash'd too fierce a light,
And the thick horse-hair as it wavy play'd
From the high helmet cast its sweeping shade,
Scar'd at his father's sight, bent back distress,
And shrieking, sunk upon his nurse's breast.
The child's vain fear their bitter woe beguil'd,
And o'er the boy each parent sweetly smil'd.
And Hector now the glittering helm unbrac'd,
And gently on the ground its terror plac'd,
Then kist, and dandling with his infant play'd,
And to the gods and Jove devoutly pray'd.
'Jove! and ye gods, vouchsafe that Hector's boy,
Another Hector, all surpass in Troy,
Like me in strength pre-eminently tow'r,
And guard the nation with his father's pow'r;
Heard be a voice, when'er the warrior bends,
Behold the chieftain who his sire transcends.
And grant that home returning, charg'd with spoil,
His mother's smile repay the hero's toil.'

"He spake, and gave, now sooth'd from vain alarms,
The lovely infant to his mother's arms,
And the fond mother, as she laid to rest
The lovely infant on her fragrant breast,
Smil'd in her tears, while Hector, as they fell,
Kist her pale cheek, and sooth'd with fond farewell.
'Grieve not, my love, untimely; ere the hour
My fate predestin'd dread no hostile pow'r;

But—at the time ordain'd, the base, the brave,
 All pass alike within th' allotted grave.
 Now home retire ; thy charge, beneath our roof,
 To ply the distaff, and to weave the woof ;
 To task thy maids, and guide their labour, thine ;
 The charge of war is man's, and chiefly mine.' ”

There is a screed—a sweep of Sotheby—gentlest reader—and as the parallel passage in Pope—who, you may depend upon it, was a poet—is one of the most popular in poetry, doubtless you have it by heart, and it comes in palpitations, pat for comparison. But first of all, see the ebb and flow of the tides of our sealike passions. A while ago the waves of sorrow came fast and loud, tumbling in, as

“ Drumly and dark they roll'd on their way,”

and rueful was the plight of Hector's soul as a surf-beaten ledge of rocks. It was drowning—drowned. But the overwhelming mass of foam all at once lulled, and wheeled back into the sea, leaving bare the bright-shelled sands to the sunshine of Heaven. Let that image suffice in its insufficiency ; and say simply that Hector again is, as the warful world goes, happy, and so is Andromache. Why not ? They know their fate, and to it are now “ deeply reconciled.” In such reconciliation there is often profound peace—sometimes still,—yea even brightest joy ;—and now the hour is blest, even

“ As when some field, when clouds roll thick and dun,
 Shines, in the distance, 'neath the showery sun ;
 Or as some isle the howl of ocean braves,
 And rises lovely 'mid the dash of waves.”

(CHRISTOPHER NORTH,
Mss. penes me.)

We said this moment “ they know their fate, and to it are now deeply reconciled.” Unsay the words—for they have forgotten their fate, and in their blindness are blest. Astyanax shall not be spun from the tower-top by Pyrrhus—Troy shall not totter to its fall—still shall Ilion salute the

sky. For see *παῖδ' ἴον*, how he smiles, as Hector high in the air holds up “ his beautiful and shining golden head,” starlike even in mid-day, before the “ weepingly smiling” eyes of Andromache ! That is a vision “ able to drive all sadness—even despair.” That bud shall be a blossom—that blossom a flower ; and that flower shall bear glorious fruit—fruit worthy the scion of such a stem—deeds of deliverance, and the fame that flames before the feet of the free. Hector shall be eclipsed by Hector's son—and by none but he ; and the young warrior shall walk in the rescued city, among the music of perpetual hymns. Hector himself, ere then, may have “ undergone the earth,” and the green mound over his ashes be shaded with trees ; but Andromache will be surviving in her honoured and happy widowhood, and as her son comes to her from battle, glorious in the arms of some vanquished hero, *χαρύν δὲ φρενα μῆτις*. But why—oh why ! Sotheby ! Sotheby ! didst thou say that these three thrilling words mean

“ His mother's smile repays the hero's toil ?”

Hector, or his prophetic soul, had been glorying in the glory of his Astyanax ; but just as he is about to shut his lips, he thinks of what will then be the joy of his Andromache—and *that* is his joy as he places his boy on her beloved breast. This stroke of tenderness Sotheby does not seem to see ; and sorry are we to say it, for here between a hit and a miss, “ Oh the difference to me !”

Now, let us take things calmly, and criticise the execution by the several translators, or engravers, of two of these celebrated pictures contained in this passage ; and first, that of the Helmet.

“ Ὡς εἶπὼν, ἔ παῖδός ὀρέξατο Φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ.
 Ἀψ' δ' ὁ παῖς πρὸς κόλπον εὐζώνοιο τιθήνης
 Ἐκλίνθη ἰάχων, πατρὸς φίλα ὄψιν ἀτυχθεῖς,
 Τερβήσας χαλκόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἱππιοχαίτην,

Δεινὸν ἅπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νέοντα νοήσας·
 Ἐκ δ' ἐγέλασε πατήρ τε φίλος, καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.
 Αὐτίκ' ἀπὸ κρατὸς κόρυθ' εἴλιτο Φαίδιμος Ἕκταρ,
 Καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ παμφανόωσαν.
 Αὐτὰρ ὃγ' ὃν φίλον υἱὸν ἐπὶ κῦσι, πῆλ' ἐτε χερσίν,
 Εἶπεν ἐπὶ ζάμενος, Διὶ τ', ἄλλοισίν τε θεοῖσι·

CHAPMAN.

"This said, he reached to take his son; who, of his arms afraid,
 And then the horse-hair plume with which he was so overlaid
 Nodded so horribly, he cling'd back to his nurse and cried.
 Laughter affected his great sire, who doft and laid aside
 His fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about it light.
 Then took and kiss'd his loving son, and balancing his weight
 In dancing him, those loving vows to living Jove he used,
 And all the other bench of gods."

DRYDEN.

"Then holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
 The pledge of love, and other hope of Troy.
 The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
 And on his nurse's neck reclining lay,
 His unknown father shunning with affright,
 And looking back on so uncouth a sight;
 Daunted to see a face with steel o'erspread,
 And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
 Then sire and mother smiled with silent joy,
 And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy;
 Dismissed his burnish'd helm that shone afar,
 The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war.
 The illustrious babe, thus reconciled, he took,
 Hugged in his arms, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke."

POPE.

"Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Tro
 Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy
 The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
 And Hector hasted to relieve the child;
 The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
 And placed the beaming helmet on the ground
 Then kissed the child, and lifting high in air—
 Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer."

COWPER.

"The hero ended, and his arms put forth
 To reach his boy; but, with a scream, the child
 Still closer to his mother's bosom clung,
 Shunning his touch, for dreadful in his eyes
 The brazen armour shone; and dreadful more,
 The shaggy crest that swept his father's brow.
 Both parents smiled delighted; and the chief
 Let down the crested terror on the ground;
 Then kissed him, played away his infant fears,
 And thus to Jove and all the powers above."

They are all "beautiful exceedingly." Chapman gives strongest of them all, the terror of the child—"then balancing his weight in dancing him," though it has not the conciseness of *πῆλ' ἐτε χερσίν*, is perhaps

even more picturesque; "and laid aside his fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about it light," for *τὴν μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ παμφανόωσαν*, is very noble. In short, in Chapman's copy, you see the true character of

a divine original of the greatest of all the old masters.

Dryden dashes off a somewhat too sketchy copy, but with fine free-flowing lines.

"The pledge of love, and other hope of Troy,"

is a needless line. The first half of it weak, and the second a repetition of what has been said before. "His *unknown* father," is a charming touch of Dryden's own, and flashes forth the soul of the sense; "dismissed his burnished helm," is a formality much inferior to the simple original, and he says nothing of it "lying all ashine on the ground;" "the pride of warriors, and the pomp of war," is sad slaverling; but the end, with the exception of "hugged," which is not the right word, is excellent. Faulty but not feeble, you still see in the sketch the hand of "Glorious John," and therefore you may purchase it.

Pope's copy is almost as good as the original—to a common judge like Christopher or Nicodemus. The third and fourth lines seem to us perfect—"And Hector hastened to relieve his child," is, you will perceive, taken from Dryden. "Glittering terrors," in line seventh, are the same thing as "beaming helmet" in line eighth, which ought not to have been; and, indeed, Homer knew better than to have said "glittering terrors," a mode of speech the invention of a later day, when poets became impatient of speaking like other people, which Homer never was, nor even Apollo. Still, this copy from Homer by Pope, is a fine cabinet picture, and hangs in the Sanctum.

Perhaps you think Cowper's copy somewhat dim, and perhaps it is; but keep your gaze fixed steadfastly

upon it, and the figures will come out upon you a bright and beauteous group. "With a scream," &c. for *κλιθήν ἰάχων*, &c. is the truth most entirely; so is the word "dreadful" for *δυνδ*, which we see not in the other copies—"shaggy" is fine; but "crested terror," borrowed from Pope's "glittering terror," is but a poor plagiarism, unworthy of Cowper. "Played away his infant fears," may give the picture to the imagination, but not to the eye; and Homer, you know, through the eye doth here appeal both to the imagination and the heart.

Sotheby's is far from a failure—but it might have been a more distinguished success. "Onward prest," &c. is minuter and more particular than Homer, who is here minute and particular just up to the proper point. "Bright splendour flashed too fierce a light," is not the best of modern English, and has no resemblance to old Greek. "Cast its sweeping shade," is a picturesque particular, but though it might frighten a child, it is not so well adapted for that especial purpose as the circumstance Homer mentions; the scaring, shrieking, (both in themselves good,) come in too late in Sotheby, for Homer, as was right, shews them the very first thing; and we are sorry to see that Sotheby steals the "terror" from Pope, who had just pocketed it from Dryden, and we insist on both pilferers returning the property to the lawful owner—which they may do without being the poorer, he the richer; for after all, it is not better than a Bandana. Yet with these faults, real or imaginary, the copy is a spirited—nay, a splendid one—and speaks of Sotheby.

Look here, before we part, at another picture.

Ὡς εἰπὼν, ἀλόχοιο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκε
 Παιδ' ἰόν· ἥ δ' ἀρα μιν κηάδ' ἔδεξατο κόλπῳ,
 Δακρυόεν γελάσασα· πόσις δ' ἐλήσσε νόσας,
 Χειρὶ τ' ἐμιν κατέρεζεν, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ', ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·

CHAPMAN.

"This said, the heroic sire

Gave him his mother, whose fair eyes fresh streams of love's salt fire
 Billowed on her soft cheeks, to hear the last of Hector's speech

In her wisht comfort. So she took into her odorous breast

Her husband's gift, who, moved to see her heart so much oppress'd,
 He dried her tears, and thus desired," &c.

DRYDEN.

" Thus having said :
He first with suppliant hands the gods adored ;
Then to the mother's arms the child restored.
With tears and smiles she took her son and press'd
The illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulged her grief,
And eased her sorrows with this last relief."

POPE.

" He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms ;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile survey'd ;
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear ;
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued."

COWPER.

" He spake, and to his lovely spouse consigned
The darling boy, with mingled smiles and tears,
She wrapped him in her bosom's fragrant fold ;
And Hector, panged with pity that she wept,
Her dewy cheek strok'd softly, and began."

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

" This said, he placed his infant in the arms
Of his loved wife ; she to her fragrant breast,
Smiling in tears, received it. Pity touch'd
His soul ; he fondly prest her hand and spake."

Here, again, all the Seven are beautiful—from Homer to Gilbert Wakefield, who in general was no great beauty. Chapman, as usual, is intense—and not satisfied with Homer, he must needs translate *δακρυόεν γαλάσασα* into "fresh streams of love's salt fire billowed on her soft cheeks," an atrocity deserving death. Still the passage is passionate ; and Chapman having chosen to add "dried her tears," which is not in Homer, (but afterwards in Milton,) almost all the other translators have followed him in this—and, without blame, as there can be no doubt that Hector did dry Andromache's tears with his lips from which "not words alone pleased her," and that without those kisses her heart would have broken.

Dryden is not correct in saying that Hector first "with suppliant hands the gods adored." For Hector had done that already ; but "wiping her fair eyes," is, if not in Homer, Chapmannish and Miltonic, and mighty motherish ; and therefore, "dear child of nature, let them rail," the version is good.

Pope's translation is, in itself, so delightful, that we have no heart to breathe a syllable in its deprecia-

tion, dispraise, or disparagement. Yet "fondly gazing on her charms" is not so true to nature, as the simple *ἀλόχοιο φίλης ἐν χειρὶν ἔθηκε*—for Homer, though he knew that Hector felt how beautiful was Andromache at that hour, likewise knew that all the world would know it without being told so, *in secula seculorum*. "Pleasing burden," is a pleasing expression, and always will be, in spite of its being so very common a one ; but how much better is *παῖδ' ἰόν* ! "The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear" is very unhomeric—and though at first hearing it sounds very fine, yet is it essentially faulty ; for observe that the word "troubled" doth of itself necessarily imply in the pleasure the very "fear" which is said soon to chastise it ! Call not this, we beseech you, O reader ! a verbal criticism, for it strikes at the root of an error originating in the brain that at the time was trying to do the business of the heart.

Cowper is very tender. "Lovely spouse" is just *ἀλόχοιο φίλης*, "darling boy," is just *παῖδ' ἰόν*, according to the corresponding spirit of the Greek and English speech ; with "mingled smiles and tears" comes as near to *δακρυόεν γαλάσασα* as may be,

without attempting to give the peculiarity of the expression; "panged with pity" is strongly true for *ἰλυσσι*; "stroked softly" is right, and *μιν* is well changed into "cheek;" "wrapped in her bosom's fragrant folds," is very motherly, and very sweet. In short, though not perfect, the version in spirit is "tender and true."

Sotheby has much of the mellifluousness of Pope, with more of the delightful definiteness of the Homeric touch. He alone gives *δακρυόεν γάλασσα* aright—"smiled in her tears"—literally, "weepingly smiling,"—our version of the two well-matched words. "Kissed her pale cheek" we approve of—since it is written—and therefore the whole is good.

But after all, to give the demon his due, the most Homeric of them all is Gilbert Wakefield. Poor Gilbert! We have by heart one of his affecting confessions in one of his notes. On quoting that famous line—*οὐκ ἔστιν ἀριστύνειν καὶ ὑπὲρ ὅσον ἐρμενεύειν*—he says, "a maxim imbibed by

the writer of this note with such effect, even to the *marrow of his soul*, to use a bold expression of Euripides, that, could genius and fortune have conspired in his favour, he had owned no superior in literary accomplishment; but circumstances were unfavourable, and nature infused a large portion of *cold blood about his heart*."

None of the translations have missed Andromache's "fragrant breast," *κηρώδῃ κόλπῳ*; but we know not if any one of them knew why it was fragrant—the sole reason being, as Blackwall somewhere informs us in his rambling Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, that the Trojan ladies put certain odorous plants or preservatives into their clothes-baskets and chests to save them from the moths!

But we are at the end of our article—which, long as it is, may haply seem not too long, since it overflows with Homer—and ends with the parting of Hector and Andromache.

CHAPMAN.

"On went his helm, his princess home, half cold with kindly fears,
When every fear turn'd back her looks, and every look shed tears;
Foe-slaughtering Hector's house soon reach'd, her many women there
Wept all to see her, in his life great Hector's funerals were;
Never looked any eye of theirs to see their lord safe home,
'Scap'd from the gripe and powers of Greece," &c.

DRYDEN.

"At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But laced his crested helm, and strode away;
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And looking often back, in silence mourned;
Home when she came, her secret woe she vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments.
Those loud laments her echoing maids restore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore."

POPE.

"Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towering helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts, with a prophetic sigh—
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look, then moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all the train the soft infection ran:
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead."

COWPER.

"So saying, the hero to his brows restored
The tufted helmet, and his lovely spouse,
Oft turning as she went, and showering tears
Of tenderest sorrow, left him, as he bade.
Arriving where, the terrible in arms,
Her Hector dwelt, with such afflictive moans,

She pierc'd their hearts, that all her numerous train
Mourn'd also; mourning Hector, still alive,
In his own palace, as already slain,
For all hope fail'd them of his safe return."

SOTHEBY.

"He spake; then rais'd from earth, and firmly prest
On his brave brow the helmet's wavy crest.
She homeward went, and slow and sadly past,
Oft turn'd, and turning wept, with woe o'ercastr.
And now beneath her Hector's proud abode,
Tears of deep grief from all around her flow'd,
One woe in all, while all alike deplor'd
In his own home, as dead, their living lord,
Who ne'er, they deem'd, escap'd the battle plain,
Would look on his lov'd wife and home again."

Dryden says, that Homer is "much more capable of exciting the *manly* passions than those of grief and pity." Are grief and pity not manly passions? Ay that they are, whether in heroic or Christian hearts. Homer had power given to him over them all; and he knew when and where to touch them—the proper place and the proper time—and the key to which each heart-chord responded in terror or in tears. Mighty masters of emotion as were in a later age the three tragedians, neither Æschylus, Sophocles, nor Euripides in that power transcended Homer. But Homer seldom puts that power forth; for it is not the prime end of the epic, as it is of the tragic, to purge the soul by pity and terror. "Homer," Dryden says again falsely, "was *ambitious enough* of moving pity, for he has *attempted* twice, on the same subject of Hector's death; first, when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpse, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the same persons again bewail his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the translator than the poet, [he alludes here to Congreve!] for Homer, as I have observed before, can move rage better than he can pity." Dryden uttered this sad stuff, we suspect, because he was the translator of Virgil. Now Virgil's pathos is certainly more profuse than Homer's—but it is not so profound; although, as certainly, it is more characteristic of his delightful genius. Pope, too, in deference perhaps to Dryden, has ob-

served, "that pity and the softer passions are not of the nature of the Iliad." Wood, the author of the Descriptions of Palmyra and Balbeck, in his Essay on the Original Genius and Writings of Homer, remarks well on this, that Pope might have said that they "are not of the character of Homer's manners. Yet when they are introduced amidst the terrors of death and slaughter, the contrast is irresistible; and a tender scene in the Iliad, like a cultivated spot in the Alps, derives new beauties from the horrors which surround it." Well said Wood. But you say not so well, when you go on to say, "should I presume to see a fault in this admired picture, it is one that falls not upon the poet but his manners; and may help to explain my ideas on this matter. Andromache having raised our pity and compassion to the utmost stretch that tragedy can carry those passions—Hector answers

"³ Η καὶ ἐμοὶ τὰδε πάντα μέλει, γύναι"

and concludes 'Αλλ' εἰς οἶκον ἰούσα, &c. His meaning here was to divert Andromache's attention to other objects, and the expression was meant to convey the utmost tenderness; but has it that effect upon us? Is not the English reader offended at a certain indelicacy in those words which Homer puts into the mouth of an affectionate husband to his wife?" A certain indelicacy forsooth! No—the English reader is not offended—nor the Scotch reader either—nor yet the Irish; for there is no indelicacy, but all is beautiful and Bible-like—which, dear reader, you will feel to-morrow—for it is the Sabbath—so farewell!

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EDINBURGH ELECTION.

WE modern Athenians, with our unfinished Approach and Parthenon, and with our finished pride and presumption, have of course the loftiest opinion of ourselves among all mortal creatures, and are constantly seen by our introverted mental eyes towering conspicuous, mountain-like, over all the other nations of the earth dwindled into molehills. On us, and on our altitude, all the regards of all those pigmy peoples are at all times uplifted and concentrated; we are the cynosure of the extensive neighbourhood of the universe. Our literature, our philosophy, our poetry, our politics, our patriotism, are all transcendental and supermundane; and no wonder, therefore, that the genius of Scotland vainly attempts to hide her head among the stars. There it shines lustrous and more lustrous in that transparent ether; on clear nights it might be mistaken for the moon, but for the *multum-in-parvo* superiority of its lustre; Hesperus has too much good sense to compete with its radiance; and as for Lucifer, shorn of his beams, he winks in presence of a luminary prouder and brighter than ever he was, even before the revolt in Heaven.

As Pope's Homer says,

"The conscious swains, exulting in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

"Conscious swains" here mean mankind—"blue vault" is the world—"useful light" Scotland; and we

put it to you if a finer picture can easily be imagined than that of the whole inhabitation "exulting in the sight" of that one "bright particular star," perfectly fixed—yet harmoniously uniting within itself the elsewhere incompatible attributes of planet, comet, and meteor, except on those occasions when it would seem absolutely to be "another sun risen on mid-day."

Let this image suffice for the present to shew our perpetual sense of our national supereminence. We are aware, at the same time, that Scotland has often been laughed at by the "conscious swains," when the moods of their own minds have been wearied of admiration; and that in sudden revulsions of feeling, they have not scrupled not only to regard us with evil eyes, but to bestow upon us some very scurvy epithets. We confess that we are unwilling to lay much emphasis on the term "scurvy;" willing to lay less on the term "itch;" anxious to overlook entirely the term "sulphur;" and earnest to forget that there is such a word in the language as "brimstone," or such a disease in "man, in nature, and in human life," as that to which it has often, we shall not say with what propriety, been applied;—but still the fact itself we cheerfully admit, that the "conscious swains," and more especially such of them as rejoice in the name of Englishmen, not unfrequently within the last quarter of a century, and sometimes before it, while they have been "eyeing the blue vault," instead of "blessing

our useful light," have been in the habit of swearing that it was both dim and disastrous—encircled, in short, with a halo of Scotch mist, quite sufficient to wet an Englishman to the skin, and involving this our northern hemisphere in a perpetual drizzle, through which we raw-boned Scotsmen, though in reality of mere mortal dimensions, see each other standing like trees, or in the deceptive atmosphere moving to and fro like a race of giants.

Both views, thus taken of us by others, and by ourselves, are just; for a greater mistake cannot be than to suppose that truth lies in the middle point between two extremes. It lies alternately in each extreme, passing imperceptibly from one to the other—for eye never saw thought, though it sees the flight of an arrow. Thus the mind that oscillates, never does more, at the best, than momentarily touch truth; at the worst, which is the most frequent case, it misses truth altogether; for truth, which is an "extravagant and erring spirit," is at the one extreme, while the oscillator is at the other; and thus the poor pendulum keeps swinging to and fro for ever, without perhaps once coming into contact with the capricious charmer.

Let no man, therefore, as he values his temporal and eternal welfare and well-being, regulate his political, philosophical, or religious creed and conduct by that unhappy heathen rule, "in medio tutissimus ibis." The mean, ignorantly called golden, is but gilt—'tis a mere plated article, unfit for this Magazine. In politics, especially, the mean—the brazen mean—is worst of all—and they are fools, if not knaves, who follow it. In bold and bright Britain, shame on all trembling trimmers; let us have—friends and foes—all true men. The trimmers draw themselves up, like cowards as they are, on a "hill retired," and there they keep prating and palavering away of peace all the while the two great armies are engaged in battle, waiting till they see one host or another reel, with bloody "inroad gored," that then the traitors may rally under the victorious banners.

But we are forgetting ourselves, and permitting fancy to waft us away on her wings from the "haunt

and main region of our speech." We were approving, on principle, of the very different lights in which the "conscious swains," especially the English, at different times regard our national character—and we now say, the character of *Maga* as its representative. They see in her an Angel of Light, or a Demon of Darkness—and she is both—but neither long. Were she always an Angel of Light, we are persuaded that her circulation would be gradually narrowed within the limits of religion—were she always a Demon of Darkness, subscribers would fall off in superstitious fear, and contributors beseech shelter even in the *Balaam Box*. But *Maga*, by an alternation true to nature, of Angel and Demon, "we verily believe, promotes her sale;" and thus though neither fit for Heaven nor its antipodes, continues to rule the roast on earth, a tower of strength to the Tories, and of terror to the Whigs, till periodical literature and periodical revolutions shall be no more—till the Examiner shut his eye, because there is nothing to examine—the Spectator shake his head, to think what has become of all the shifting scenes on the stage of Life—the Atlas cease to support the Globe—the sightless Courier of the air be as motionless as any Morning or Evening Post—the Standard furled for ever—the rosy-fingered Herald of the morn gone to chaos and old night—all Chronicles swept into oblivion, and the evil spirits of the Times for ever laid in the dead sea of eternity.

But not till then—shall we cease to be the scourge or knout of the Whigs. We, the Incomparable Christopher—She, the Matchless *Maga*—as We and She blush to hear Ourselves universally denominated—We, the Socrates—and She, the Aspasia of the Modern Athens. Yes—the Modern Athens. Our modesty never could have so christened Edinburgh, nor our second-sight have discerned the similitude between the two illustrious cities. But the learned Thebans south of the Tweed saw, we shall not say the resemblance, but the identity; and from the baptismal font in the Castle-cliff, close beneath the "kittle-stanes," priest-like they layed the water on *Edina's* broad

and lofty forehead, and in the presence of innumerable godfathers and godmothers, all religiously anxious to vow themselves to the guardianship of her spiritual welfare, gave an immortal name to the Queen of the North, who now "proudly flings her white arms to the sea," and at sunset and sunrise, blazes, a cloudlike apparition, among her unconquered mountains.

In return for their complimentary kindness, what have we done to the Southrons? Heathen'd their metropolis! the Modern Babylon! No, England! "thou can'st not say *I* did it." 'Twas done by "Moody Madness, laughing wild—amidst severest woe." We never nicknamed London, it being "a thing so majestic." That dissyllable sounds magnificently in our ears—so does the Thames, like the sea. But Cobbett called it—"The Wen." In his eyes it seems a large excrescence from the Body Politic—far heavier and more hideous than that—though it weighed fifty-six pounds—(now a separate and independent preservation)—which lately lunging from the stomach of that poor Chinese, smiling to the last, who gently "sank" (what a sweet word for "died!") under the tender hearts and scientific hands of his executioners, blindly anxious, poor Tufted-Pow! to be relieved—at any risk—from his overgrown metropolis! True, that we pointed to one Plague-Spot—called Cockaigne—sallow symptom of the sweating sickness. But not in scorn—in sympathy; and, fearless of the infectious matter, we knocked out the pus from the purulent part of the patient—yea, even with the knout—and lo! London, restored to her pristine sanity, walks stately along her bridges, and—not ingrateful to her wise Physician and sagacious Surgeon—breathes again the bold breezes that come joyously up with the foaming tide a-tumble from the Nore.

All this may be very fine, and perhaps not wholly unamusing; but it may be hinted that it helps us no great way on towards our intended political article, the Edinburgh Election. True; but these our prefatory paragraphs may probably put the Pensive Public into good-humour; and, as the subject is susceptible of considerable irritation, we are not without hopes

that, in our treatment of it, people will imitate our example, and keep their tempers, which are by far too good things to be thrown away, and when lost, not likely to be recovered before another dissolution of Parliament.

But the prime object of this prelude has been to conciliate the favour of our readers south of the Tweed. The time was when Maga was supposed to breathe too much of her birthplace,—when the honey that distilled from her lips was accused of having always a heather-taste;—when, in short, it was unscrupulously said, that she whose feet were beautiful on the mountains, smelt too much of the shop—that is, of Scotland. The reproach that

—"She narrow'd her mind,
And to Scotland gave up what was meant
for mankind,"

has been long wiped away from her character; and, indeed, of late years Maga has been perhaps too much of a Cosmopolite. A leading article about Edina, therefore, seems to be required for the redemption of her nationality—a prejudice, or rather a virtue, essential to all living worth.

The city of Edinburgh sends one representative to Parliament; and, by our present constitution, the members of the Town Council are the electors. Two candidates for that honour appeared—Robert Adam Dundas, Esquire, of Whiterigg, and Francis Jeffrey, Esquire, the Lord Advocate for Scotland. Like honest and independent men, they elected the first of these gentlemen; and hence a howl of Whig and Radical rage, savage as if Wombwell's caravans had let loose over the city their awkward squads of laughing hyenas, growling bears, roaring lions, chattering monkeys, screeching macaws, and, loud above all, the lowing thunder of that surprising animal, the bonassus. Such another hubbub we do not remember to have heard, since one day in Paris about forty years ago, not very long before the murder of the king.

The Town Council elected the man whose political principles they approved, in preference to the man whose political principles they condemned; and for having done so, they have been brutally abused by a tyrannical junto, and their slavish tools, as traitors to their king,

their country, and their conscience. They have been true to all three; and should this be the last exercise of their highest privilege, they will have, while they live, the satisfaction of knowing that they did their duty, in scorn of many formidable dangers, brandished in their faces by mobs and demagogues, as ferocious and as iniquitous as ever scowled and howled the first threatenings of revolution.

Who, asked all the lower orders of the Whigs and Radicals—is Mr Robert Adam Dundas? That, we answer, was no business of theirs; they had nothing in the world to do with him or his concerns; with the rights of the electors, or with the exercise of those rights. Not to be known by such persons, does not surely “argue oneself unknown;” and it is one recommendation in favour of any candidate to begin with, that his name should never have been heard or remembered by the pack that gave tongue in that canine outcry.

Who and what Mr Robert Adam Dundas is, was already well known to thousands of the respectable citizens of Edinburgh, and to those who did not know, but wished and were entitled to be told, the answer was as easy as the question—and most satisfactory to every honourable mind, whatever might be the political creed of the interrogator. Mr Dundas is nephew to the late member for the city; and has been for some years in Parliament for Ipswich. He there successfully stood a contested election against Major Torrens, we believe—one of the political economists—who must surely be dead—and on the hustings distinguished himself by great presence of mind, great readiness of talent, and great strength of character. In Parliament he proved himself an able, attentive, and useful member—and on the debate on the Bill, spoke well on the side of the Constitution. He is known, in short, by all here who are not determined to shut their eyes and their ears against all merit in their political opponents, young and old alike, to be a person of good family, good fortune, good education, good talents, good manners, good morals, good business habits, and good principles—and worthy, therefore, to re-

present the city of Edinburgh in Parliament.

Good principles—ay, there comes the rub. Good principles, in the opinion of all that great part of the population of Scotland that belongs to what we shall now take the liberty of calling the Conservative Order—Bad principles, in the opinion of that likewise great part of the population of Scotland that belongs to what we shall take the liberty of calling (with certain limitations to be afterwards attended to) the Revolutionary Faction. All the first, therefore, desired his election; all the last would have moved heaven and earth—and another region—to prevent it. They did move some districts of the second and third—but ineffectually; and though the Lord Advocate lost his election, as yet we see no frowns on the face of the first.

Mr Dundas being in himself—personally—thus worthy of the honour to which he aspired—and admitted to be so by all those in the ranks of his political opponents, who know how to judge of the character of a gentleman—and they are many—and in distinct terms by the Lord Advocate himself; this contest was in no one point whatever distinguished from any other between the two great parties in the state. Each party—on the one hand Tory, and on the other Whig—Reformers and Antireformers—or say rather, Friends “of the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,” and Foes of the Bill, in that its obstinate resistance to all alteration in its principles—and, indeed, also in its details—each party, it is plain, was resolved to do its best (and one of these—which we need not say—its worst) to carry the day;—and now, therefore from this little sunny knoll, shaded by a single tree, let us look over the city, and, like philosophers as we are—though not, perhaps, without the partialities and prejudices of men—sitting in the calm, decide on the merits of the principles and practice of the conflicting parties, as exhibited before, during, and after the election,

“Whereof all Europe rings from side
side,”

at least in the ears of us Modern Athenians.

In the first place, the canine outcry against Mr Dundas, as an unknown stranger, was kept up by many of the pack—the cross-bred curs called yelpers—till their tongues lolled out of their mouths, and they were fain to quench their thirst in the gutters. His character being free from all taint or stain, even the most rabid dared not to calumniate it. His gentlemanly manners, and his intelligent mind, pleased all the electors whom he canvassed; nor, among them, did the bitterest of his political opponents behave towards him otherwise than with courtesy; but part of the press ventured of course to scribble about him, with their usual insolence, and occasionally, we believe, also to compliment him, jibingly, on certain personal points, of which they, indeed, must be the very nicest judges. No great harm in all this, surely; for, though at first their liberties were not unloathsome, they became at last merely ludicrous; and their lucubrations “fit audience found though few,” in the retired shades of the Pozzi.

But finding nothing they could successfully attack in the character of the candidate, a person of excellent performance and high promise, they turned with all their fury on his family, and loaded the name of Dundas with all the vulgar varieties of execration. With too many who ought to have spurned the slaves, such wretched ravings were, we are sorry to say it, not altogether unacceptable—while to the palates of not a few they were even as marrow and as fat—and they smacked their lips as they gorged the greasy offal. That in Scotland—in Edinburgh—there are many honourable men on principle opposed to the policy that has for many years regulated the public conduct of the members of that distinguished family, all the world knows; and they must always be the political enemies of every one belonging to the house of Arniston. It is well that it should be so; and from all such Mr Dundas must have been prepared to meet with the most uncompromising and inveterate hostility. But what shall we say for the forgetful, or ungrateful, or temporizing crew, who have not only

deserted their benefactors, and the benefactors, in a thousand things, of their country and its metropolis, but turn upon them viperously, and sting the hands that fostered them and their families through a long period of time, when, but for the Dundasses, they would have been trodden down under the feet of an unsparing faction? And, setting all these personal considerations aside, what shall we say for them, who, looking abroad over this City of Palaces—for, contrasted with what it was thirty years ago, it is a City of Palaces—and over our beautiful country, “made blithe with plough and harrow,” and benefited in its agriculture, its manufactures, and its commerce, by none of its native statesmen in such measure as by the great Lord Melville—and great he was, and great they called him, when alive to hear their worship—because the stream *seems* to be waxing strong in favour of that party who were the sworn foes of himself and of his house, have *now* the audacity to charge a candidate for the representation of Edinburgh with the *crime* of being a collateral descendant of that illustrious patriot? Such baseness, we know, is despised and abhorred even by the Whigs themselves, while they employ, or suffer, the services of the worthless instruments. And what honest man respects not the enlightened character—public and private—of the present Lord Melville? What honest man denies that he has had always at heart the good of Scotland, and successfully promoted it? The integrity of the late member for the city—Mr William Dundas—was always beyond suspicion—nor did he ever cease, to the best of his excellent abilities, to promote every measure that, in his opinion, was calculated to benefit Scotland. These men, and others of the family, belonged, and belong, it is true, to the Tory party; and by the Whigs let their political principles be impugned now as vehemently as heretofore; but let no Tories join the cry, either loud or low, or directly or indirectly encourage it by a shew of approval or indifference, for at such a crisis there is no distinction between a trimmer and a traitor.

But why, on such an occasion, speak only of—or to—Whig and

Tories? Such is not our wish. We speak to the citizens of Edinburgh, and to the men of Scotland; and we say—not leaving all political opinions out of view—for on such an occasion that would be indeed most outrageously absurd—but giving to conscientious differences of opinion—deep and lasting as we know they are, and which we assuredly desire not to see extinguished or confused—full and free scope and play, in practice as well as principle—allowing to all men expression of them to the utmost verge even of such license as must always prevail during a season of political excitement—as cheerfully granting all this to the opponents of Mr Dundas, as they, we hope, are willing to grant it to his supporters—we then say, that the hubbub and hullabaloo that have been for weeks echoing and reverberating through our lanes and closes, from the hole-and-corner committees of tag-rag-and-bobtail against the very name of our member, howled as they have been by the rabble-rout, are disgraceful to the city—as long as that Figure stands on the Monument in St Andrew's Square, erected by gratitude in lasting memory of the dead; and that all who like or fear that hideous vociferation, are bound in consistency to call a public meeting, and propose to the citizens that that statue shall be pulled down, and that pillar prostrated, and not a vestige left there of any memorial of Melville. There would not be wanting apostate and renegade miscreants among the ingrates to go with pick and shovel to work. But before it comes to that, we must bridle these operatives, and it shall not be with a snaffle, but a curb.

The Lord Advocate entered the field personally a few days after Mr Dundas. All along that side of the course on which Mr Dundas was to run (for the City-Plate—one heat) had been dug treacherous pitfalls, and strewn thickets of thorns and furze, which it was expected would either cause him to bolt, or be distanced; while the turf on his Lordship's side was smooth as a shaven lawn, and in fine order for a daisy-cutter. Even before the riders mounted, the crowd had decreed the prize; and during the race one could hardly see the flogging and spurring, for the moving

mass of vociferation that shut out all view of the goal. At the distance-post, you might have covered them with a sheet. On reaching the ropes, his lordship seemed to be making a little lee-way; when about fifty yards from home he began to swerve—and at the judges' stand he was beat by three good lengths, though certainly in any thing but a canter.

But to speak less sportingly, the whole Whig party, with all their collected craft, and united intrigue, sought to drive Mr Dundas off the field, by intimidating the Council. All fair means were employed for that purpose, and all foul—the fair, we would fain believe, by the Lord Advocate and his personal and political friends; the foul by the lowest of his unhired and undesired adherents. The fair consisted, among other legitimate appliances, of the most unbounded and exaggerated panegyrics on his Lordship's genius, talents, learning, virtues, and patriotism. Never before had the world seen such a man. In literature as well as in law, in philosophy as well as in politics, he was Nature's paragon. To oppose him appeared to be absolutely impious; the folly of such opposition was lost in its wickedness; and the “universal Edinburgh Whig-nation” set up as their idol and worshipped it—execrating all who refused to do so as heretics—the distinguished ex-editor of the Edinburgh Review.

Now, that Mr Jeffrey—allow us to call him by a name justly celebrated—is a person of brilliant and various talents, of the highest professional eminence, and most estimable and delightful in private life—we, who are not among the number of his idolaters, feel the sincerest satisfaction in declaring, if not in such elegant language, we hope with at least as clear an understanding as even the Deacon of the Tailors. The Deacons, indeed, of no fewer than Eleven Corporations memorialized the Town Council in eulogy of Mr Jeffrey's incomparable literary powers and acquirements, which seemed justly to have excited their admiration and astonishment. They have now rashly given, we think, their sanction to all his critical dicta; and Wordsworth and Southey, and many a hapless scribe beside, must veil their faces before the Bonnetmaker.

—blush deep before the Dyers—and, as they value a sound skin, offer no resistance to the Hammermen. The Eleven are all delighted with his literature, and virtually declare, that without elegant literature, no man ought to represent in Parliament the metropolis of the nation of gentlemen. Whatever else he may be, he must be a critic. One of the Eleven speaks of “the eminent services he has rendered his country,”—without thinking it necessary to enter into any details—leaving the Council to establish the general principle by an induction of particular facts. And others speak of him—as we observe he did t’other day of himself at Perth—as having been for many years the firm and consistent friend of reform. We observe, however, that considerable caution is observed by most of the memorialists in speaking of Mr Jeffrey’s political writings; we know not whether because they are not so familiar with them as with his purely literary labours, or because their light has been dimmed or extinguished in that other brighter lustre.

Meanwhile were held meetings of what were called—if we mistake not—the inhabitants—or citizens of Edinburgh; at which Highland laird and Lowland loon declaimed away in panegyric on the Friend of the People, in all sorts of styles—the business-like and acute matter-of-fact or no-matter-of-fact of the leading lawyer—the prolix prosiness of the fast superannuating young pleader at the side-bar—the unswallowable prescriptions of formal physician, contrary to all use and wont of the craft, embodied in nautical slang, picked up apparently in Cockaigne—the rhodomontade of half-pay officer, buckled up to the black stock, in a blue surtout, by no means rough in the pile—and the raving of Dunnewassal from the mountain, which we should not fear to back at odds against any bit of insanity, of equal length, from any cell in Bedlam.

That most influential of all bodies, too, the Edinburgh Political Union, like a clocking hen, gathered its chickens under its wings—most of which were shivering in the pip—and amidst much chuckling, there was a sound uttered by one cock, which with some passed current for crowing, but which seemed to our

ears—we but heard the echo—about as senseless a scrauch as ever disturbed a dunghill. We are far, however, from meaning any disrespect to the Political Union, which, though laughed at by all but its members, and we must believe by many too even of them, and the most childish of all nurseries for radicals in daidle or dotage, we cannot help liking—while, on other grounds, we have much esteem for more than one of its members. The newspaper editors here do not patronise it, and under their scowl what flower, however fair, will not wither? For our own parts, we should wish to see it more prosperous, which it never can be till it is commonly consistent; for such is their power of miscellaneous swallow, that the Unionists strenuously recommended the Town-Council to elect Mr Jeffrey—in furtherance, we presume, of the political objects which it is the beginning and will be the end of their own existence to promote—short Parliaments and vote by ballot—these being the two measures which Mr Jeffrey has lately set his face against most frowningly; and pledged himself to oppose, as pregnant with confusion and ruin to all regular and established government.

The Edinburgh Political Union, too, holds fast, it would appear, by the skirts of Mr Jeffrey’s creed in its literary faith; and one young gentleman, as learned as he is facetious, delighted the assemblage by a wonderful—nay, almost a miraculous tale of his having absolutely—and *bonâ fide*—with his own eyes—and no deception—seen translations into the French tongue or the German, we forget which, of certain extracts from articles of Mr Jeffrey’s in the Edinburgh Review, in the hands of the Monks of St Bernard, who gloated over them with greedier eyes than did ever priest over virgin kneeling at the confessional!

The young, and indeed also the middle-aged and old Modern Athenians, have got a ready knack of making themselves publicly ridiculous, by binding themselves into small knots—bouquets, where a few fresh flowers are sometimes mingled with those that have long been faded, and with weeds that were better dead—and thus flaunting themselves abroad on the eye of our little world here,

which is as ready with its admiration of any thing new to-day, as it is with its contempt to-morrow. At present, no individual can be sufficiently obscure or absurd to be entitled to a denial of admission into any Society, Union, or Club—literary or political—of which one object is to promote the cause of Reform. Every prig and puppy who, from prating habits, supposes he has a voice, wishes that it may be heard by the ministry, and the nation, and the king—and must in some place or other, so public as to be at least out of his papa's house, make a speech, to be foisted into some newspaper, mutilated and in great affliction. If the young Demosthenes has not had sufficient strollings on Leith or Portobello sands, with some chucky-stones in his mouth, he confines himself to writing, and adds his signature to a requisition. It gratifies us to see that the Six-Foot Club have kept themselves aloof from this folly—though Lord Errol's body-guard—and henceforth, in our eyes, they will seem to hold their heads higher than ever.

The Whigs of Scotland have their headquarters, of course, in Edinburgh; and numbering among them some men of great, and many men of considerable abilities, ready enough with tongue and pen, though tongue be their more powerful weapon, which they keep wagging indefatigably in pursuance of all political purposes, however apparently insignificant—you may imagine, if you can, the shout set up on this occasion, by so many active agents, in honour of their Great Sultan. Pipes and trumpets (they can be purchased for a penny) were never for a moment silent, and the pigmies who played upon them conceited themselves musicians. Even the "God-help-you-silly-ones" of the set, bestirred themselves surprisingly; and still the cheep was, "A Jeffrey! a Jeffrey!" from the beaks of the tiniest bantams. The newspaper press, with almost the exceptions alone of the always stanch and spirited Evening Post, and the now right-thinking and judicious Advertiser, kept up a ceaseless, though often ill-directed fire of paper pellets of panegyric on the man of the people; and thus, on the day of election, Mr Jeffrey had really much need of a

slave to keep whispering into his ear, "Remember, O Francis! that thou art mortal!"

In all this, it is too plain almost to bear mention, that nothing was heard but the expression of the opinion of the Whig party through all its restless organs; yet had that party the audacity to declare, and some of them the folly to believe—for the delusions of unprincipled and self-conceited weakness are incredible—that it was the voice of the whole city, nay, of the entire nation!

Had the party been satisfied with such vain-glorious assumptions and assertions, their behaviour had been worthy but of laughter; but while they thus raised their idol to the skies, they strove to sink all who would not worship it into the dust—after having bedaubed one and all of them over with filth that flies filthier from the hands that hurl it. With several of the newspapers there was but one general rule, without any exceptions. Every man who opposed the Bill was a fool, or knave, or both; the abusive, but somewhat vague, epithet "boroughmongers" being first applied to them all—they were pictured as all wallowing in political profligacy and corruption; and this language was, with all the familiar insolence of low-born and lower-bred apostates, levelled not against this or that individual, whose conspicuous talent or integrity might have made him a mark for their mire—for the calumniators we allude to are the obscurest dastards—but against all those classes of citizens whose opinions they knew to be adverse to such a plan of Reform as blunders in the three bills—with the principles and details of which these starveling scribes are at this moment as ignorant as they are of the meaning of the simplest Latin sentence they have ever misquoted. We allude not now to any of the long-established and consistent papers—such, for example, as the Scotsman, which has all along advocated the same principles, and is entitled now to advocate them more strongly than ever—nor to the Observer, which, though its politics be too moderate for our taste, is edited by a scholar and gentleman—but chiefly to those apostate upstarts, that from Tories, high or low, have become Whig or Radical. Into their

columns communications are constantly admitted, of which their reputed editors, men of character, if they ever think of the past, must be in their hearts, and on their faces, most painfully ashamed. Of the Electors, supposed to be in the interest of Mr Dundas, some wretched ingrates have lately written with a libellous quill, ludicrously quivering to the apprehension of the law; and with the most brutal threats they have at times kept mingling the most nauseous flatteries, as if on wiping their slaver from his sleeve, any honest man could think it worth his while to consider whether it had been spat in the drivel of fear or favour. Seemed you but to shew to their bleared eyes but one single solitary symptom of being like themselves, an apostate, and the shout in a moment would have been, "hail goodfellow well-met, we are all Friends of Freedom." Had it been but suspected that you were even candid to the claims of Mr Dundas, you would have been set down instantly and thenceforth as a corruptionist.

But this was but a small part of the policy of the Billmen. They kept threatening the electors who should vote for Mr Dundas with vengeance, and pointed their fingers at them in the face of a populace, whom their base and brutal arts had exasperated and infuriated; and warned them, "but with no friendly voice," that if blood were shed—which probably it would be—if the people were defrauded of their right to the Lord Advocate—for it seems his Lordship is their natural or acquired property—that it would lie at their doors, and for ever stain their thresholds. No more savage system of intimidation ever raged in Paris under the sway of the Jacobins, than that which was transacted here—on a small scale indeed—against all those respectable citizens who were supposed to be in the interest of the "corrupt candidate," forsooth—a man, like his fathers before him, and all his race, of the highest and most stainless honour, equal to that of the Lord Advocate himself, and far superior indeed to that of many, if not most, or all of his noisiest agents and supporters.

People living in a prodigious place like London, can have no notion of

the power of political personal persecution in a small spot like Edinburgh. One of a million and a half of inhabitants, what the deuce need you care for an angry buzz, here and there, at a few points of the immense and enormous hive? In your own cell you are secure—and make or eat your own honey, without caring either for drones or workers. Seldom or never does a long lank wasp force his way beneath the lintel of your skep, and threaten to sting you to death, unless you suffer him to rummage at will in the interior, and to convert your balmy store into poison. We mean by a long lank wasp, neither more nor less than a ferocious political agent of some fine or thin-skinned candidate, who darkens the doors of your domicile daily till he finds you in the dumps or dismals, and wrings or rugs your vote out of your conscience; and then leaves you naked of principles, and covered with promises, as sorry a sight as may be seen in a summer's day. Bribery and corruption, we doubt not, are plentiful as blackberries in London; but her citizens of credit and renown, during times of political ferment, in the exercise of their elective franchise, are seldom, if ever, we believe, exposed to an organized system of merciless persecution, whose ministers haunt their daily and nightly life, and threaten, if they withstand it, to cut them off from fire and water. Nay, such political persecution is not, we verily believe, in England at all; she has no such tyrants—no such slaves. But Scotland, small and savage, (start not at our seemingly inconsistent speech,) has many of both breeds—or rather, here many Whig tyrants do sometimes, on such occasions, prevail over a few Tory slaves, and, with liberty on their lips, affix to the limbs of their victims, irons that eat into the bone—and into the soul. It needs rare strength of mind to stand out against such devilry; imps swarm round your very hearth, and Satan himself, in the Figure of a tall man in black, or perhaps in blue, with cord breeches and top-boots, assails you on your threshold, over which you have neglected to nail a demon-driving horseshoe. The lost elector goes to bed dazed in despair, and, waking early in the morning, shivers to feel that he is no longer an

honest man;—for that he “has sold to brass what gold could never buy.”

Never anywhere in small and savage Scotland, had the political persecutor been abroad, with the bootikins and the thumbikins that crush the heart, in such truculence as in Edinburgh on this Election. Men's wives were tampered with—we mean their fears and their loves for their own husbands; and small families of children—consisting, perhaps, each of about a dozen—in silence or in squall beseeched daddy to vote for the Lord Advocate, that they might see his Bill. It must have happened that the elector who had resolved to vote according to his conscience, did, in some instances, begin to doubt if he were human—and not a misbegotten and almost anonymous monster. What! shall seventeen citizens presume to set up their private or public opinion against seventeen or seventy thousand? Are they wiser in their generation than all the Eleven Corporations, each with a distinguished Deacon at its head? If they think so—why then they are fools—if they do not think so—but vote against the man of the people—then they are knaves; but whether fools or knaves, or both, let them cut their cozen'd consciences, and come over, and then the city shall celebrate their names in annual poms, instead of tramps hawking them, as now, about the streets in opprobrious ballads.

That seventeen citizens—for such proved to be the amount—should suppose themselves sufficiently capacious to contain the wisdom of seventeen or even of seventy thousand, does, indeed, at first hearing, seem not a little presumptuous, and such self-conceit appears not undeserving of reproof, or even punishment. But, on consideration, 'tis not more unreasonable than for seventeen or seventy thousand to blow their stomachs up with the windy belief that they are continent of the lore of at least a million. On the lowest computation there must be some million Anti-Reformers and Moderate Reformers—Tories—within the four seas; and while they come to the relief of the presumptuous seventeen, they do not hesitate for a moment to knock the breath out of the bellies of the inso-

lent seventeen thousand, till you think you hear the bursting of all the bladders in the island. This is the only logical mode of putting the question—and exposes, it will be seen, the Whigs of Edinburgh, whatever may be their numbers, when in a state of fancied security to castigation, which it would be equally disagreeable to hear as to see, and indeed odious alike to all the senses. A few grains of modesty, therefore, might not be amiss to relieve their swollen stomachs—and so save them from the necessity of having recourse to medicine “made of sterner stuff,” which would waste them to shadows.

The same logic applies strictly to the question of honesty. That any seventeen citizens should have more honesty than seventeen or seventy thousand, we should hope—without selection—for the honour of human nature, is unlikely; though it will be granted that it is certain there must be among them less dishonesty;—but then, again, what can the amount be of the honesty of such a mere trifle of men, as seventeen or seventy thousand, in comparison with that of some millions? And by what powers of the differential calculus might La Place himself, were he now alive, work out the result, in that more than “irreducible case,”—if you will allow us to confuse geometry and algebra,—where the thousands happen to be Whigs, and the millions Tories?

And this brings us back, with a beautiful airy motion, like that of a glad bird on full-imp'd wing floating through the sunshine homeward to its native tree—back to the tower of Toryism, the stronghold of truth. The seventeen electors uttered the voice of the friends—the fourteen electors uttered the voice of the foes—we use the words in a political sense—of their native land. Look at the Scotch counties—listen to the speeches of such men as Sir George Murray and Sir George Clerk, and compare their eloquent speeches with such dismal drivel as the attempt of that apparent imbecile, Sir John Dalrymple, t'other day, at our County Meeting, or with such inflammatory Radicalism as that of Mr Maxwell—though *he* is a man of talents, accomplishments, and worth,

the more's the pity he so should speak—and then dare to talk of the intelligence of all the Counties, as well as of the Boroughs, being in favour of the abortion.

What, then, was the real meaning of this audacious and profligate demand and command, that the seventeen should elect the Lord Advocate? *Risum teneatis?*—That the Tory power should lower its banners to the Whig, without a blow, deliver up its camp, and be marched, bound two and two, under the yoke. Unstomachable insolence! bespeaking tyranny that had suddenly lost its senses, in its supposed escape from a long life of servitude!

Let us tie down these idiot Whig despots to the iron prison-bed they had prepared for us Tory kings, and administer to them some of their own intended discipline. Do they say, that in all cases—everywhere else as well as in Edinburgh—where a celebrated man of sixty opposes an uncelebrated man of thirty—he shall be elected *by them*, Tory, in preference to Whig? Cashier Mr Kennedy then, though he is fat, fair, and forty—and elect CHRISTOPHER NORTH. Do they say, that in every contest for city or county, the political principles of the candidates must by their respective friends be set aside, and nothing be considered but talent, or the reputation of talent, or the glory of grizzled hair? Do they say, that nothing else shall be considered, in addition, but the voice of the majority, though that majority be composed entirely of their own political foes? Bah! They would bluster till they were black in the face to bring in, in opposition to Sir Walter Scott—Mr Robert Hunter!

If not—let them commence their career—and, out of courtesy, the Tories will follow them on their grand discovery of a new patriotism. Let them work a miracle before our no longer incredulous eyes, and when they have the black and white balls in their own hands, send to Parliament half a score, or half a dozen, or even one old, eloquent, ingenious, and amiable Tory—the brilliant counterpart of Mr Jeffrey—in preference to a young, tongue-tied, undea'd, and sulky Whig—the cloudy counterpart of Sir John Dalrymple

—and then we shall confess that their practice is consistent with their profession—that the world must be very near its end—and that there will be no loud laughing even for the Times' reporter in Parliament, on a motion by Mr Perceval for a general fast.

Political principles, forsooth! reform! What do these useless words of a few unmeaning syllables signify, when genius is in the field, arrayed in his golden helmet and resplendent arms. Blow, heralds! blow! clear the way, cavaliers!—for lo “star-bright his head appears,” and the wide welkin of Scotland is torn with one national shout that hails the glorious advance of—Sir Walter Scott. There is a Knight of the Shire! His “European reputation” is even equal to that of the illustrious Ex-Editor of the Edinburgh Review. Yet hear it, ye Whigs, and give ear, O thou radical, “the foremost man of all this world” is assailed by culprits you cherish, with a dismal hiss, the sound of public scorn! Return *him* to Parliament! No! Rather than that he should have his vote, not a Whig, or Whigling, but would pluck up courage to endure, without much shrieking, the martyrdom of the first joint of his little finger chopped clean off above the dirt-encircled nail—and express-es would be sent all over broad Scotland to announce the glorious intelligence that a Cockney-cub, the reputed author of a rejected article for the Edinburgh, was cutting his monkey capers, to the delight of all true believers, at the top of the poll.

The truth is—the truth must be—that the Whigs care little or nothing—in most cases—about the talents of their own members of Parliament, provided only they stick to the leading articles of their creed. This accounts—and there is no other equally handsome explanation of the fact—for the excessive stupidity of the Scotch Whig members of Parliament. There are many men of talent in the party—then why do they in Parliament so rarely appear? The men of talent are generally embarrassed in their circumstances, or if not, tied to the professional oar; they lie by, and send up some richer ninny who prates at their dispose—and at their cramming; and thus cooks at a distance

rule the roast which their creature merely turns; they wind up the jack, and round he goes; when about to go down, another wrench on the wheel, and away he flies reasoning in a circle; or in this age of improvement, especially in the mechanical arts, our friend revolves by his own smoke, which, like a good and grateful boy, he in turn consumes.

Thus, and hence, when by the chances and changes in the political world, the Whigs found such a man as Mr Jeffrey—Lord Advocate—and had him to send to Parliament—his genius, glorious through their gloom, seemed to be the only light in heaven, and they called on the stars at his sight not only to hide their diminished heads, but to retire from the contest, and from their own dim nooks afar not to venture even so much as to twinkle towards the luminary that flamed unapproachably over the whole region.

Perhaps, then, we are not going too far in saying that liberty was not the distinguishing feature of our late Election. To a lover of liberty like the Lord Advocate, the want of that feature must have disfigured its whole face, and given it the look of a diseased wanton who had lost her nose. Yet his lordship, a few months before, had an opportunity of seeing a borough or two even more uncomely; nor do we think that his own conduct at Forfar was such as to kindle a smile on the countenance of that flirting fair. It was acknowledged on all hands, that the feather he added to his cap in Fife, whatever might have been thought of it in that kingdom, possessed, if a peculiar, not a very pure, lustre on this side of the Frith. His friends could only be silent with regard to his availing himself of the vote of Dundee, which still stood disfranchised, to get himself illegally thrust into the House. He had himself been counsel for Colonel Ogilvy, and had given his opinion that Dundee had no right to send a delegate to vote at the election, an opinion which was afterwards at once confirmed by the House of Commons. But worthless as every one knew the vote to be, it was grasped at even by a high-minded man; while he and his adherents set every engine to work to raise the popular feeling in his favour, and,

by harangues and inflammatory placards, and by the nimious use of the diligence of the law (arrestment of a voter for debt, a most mean expedient,) he had nearly succeeded in securing a majority of votes in Cupar. The mob there was in his favour, and he and his deputies (how dignified they!) received with delight its acclamations, leaving the other party and their friends to be hooted and pelted without offering any protection. The affair was not very serious, and little or no mischief done; but it so happened that the mob of Forfar, incredible as it may now appear, were against his lordship; and though the affair there was as little serious as at Cupar, and little or no mischief done there either, except that his lordship "was rubbed," an express was sent off *instantly* to Perth for a troop of dragoons, whose clanking hoofs, ere rosy-fingered morn tipt with fire the steeple of that ancient burgh, disturbed many a dream, and awoke the burgesses from their ideal worlds of bliss. We shall see, by and by, that his lordship's military ardour is of the nature of an intermittent fever—and excited by alarms only on one side of the House.

By the vote of a non-existence the Lord Advocate got into Parliament—and by a vote that was a non-existence he may be said to have carried the second reading of the Reform Bill. The glorious Unit was a cipher.

How sarcastically Mr Croker cut his Lordship up for that undaunted deception, after his having had the injudicious, or rather infatuated audacity to accuse all the members legally and honourably returned for boroughs, of occupying seats they had no right to there, and of speaking and of being about to vote unconstitutionally on the Great Question! They were in his Lordship's haughty eyes—interlopers; then what was he who had practised a political cheat upon a political cheat, and was sitting there at the moment, not on a sound vote of a rotten borough, but bolstered up by the fag-end of a dead borough, that had once been the rottenest of the rotten, but had since ceased to have any vote at all? A ludicrous sight it must have been to see those stalwart knights, Lord J. Russel and

much falls out between the cup and the lip, so does much between the curb-stone and the parapet. "If I go over the ledge, you go with me," said, grimly, the unterrified Tartar whom the baffled butcher had caught; and the cowardly miscreant, extricating himself from the powerful grasp of a brave man, replunged, with half-throttled execrations, into the dense mob of electors yelling for blood.

The announcement of the election of Mr Dundas had roused the rabble to madness, and they had striven to storm the Hall, that they might murder him and his supporters. If that were not their intention in their furious onset against its doors, will any one of themselves, or of Mr Jeffrey's other friends, please to inform us what they were intending, when hundreds of the ragged and raging regiment were beaten back from the assault by a score of batons? Were they wishing simply to get a sight of Mr Jeffrey, whose person was as yet known but to such of them as had ever figured "as prisoners at the bar," "panels," whom his ingenuity and eloquence might have been instrumental in helping to escape the hulks or the gallows?

Hang-dog-looking blackguards most—but not all of them—were; the only persons among them, that seemed at all respectable—some hundred or so of shabby-genteel young Whigs excepted, who, we believe, had no harm in them, in either will or power, and had got hustled in among the gang—being manifestly adorned for the occasion by those wretches who come up to the unsuspecting passer-by, and hesitatingly mutter something offensive about old clothes. These in the brilliancy of their appointments were the *elite* of the corps—but the shirtless led the van in the cast-off pantaloons and boots of valets and butlers, that they might not bring disgrace on the great cause by too glaring a want of stockings.

The high-minded Whigs will thank us now for these distinctive traits of our description. Yet most culpable were they in priding themselves, before the day of election, on having with them the mob as well as the people. They never could allude surely to the people, in their forewarnings to the Town Council of

violence and bloodshed—for the perpetration of such deeds, from such motives, has always, in the opinion of the high-minded Edinburgh Whigs, been held to be alien from the character of our middle classes. How bitterly—justly or not we are not now saying—they abused the late Lord Advocate Rae, but for saying something to that effect in the House of Commons! From the rabble alone, therefore, must it have been that they feared danger to the persons and properties of the citizens from the election of Mr Dundas. Indeed, had it been from that class which includes those who, by the new bill, would as L.10 a-year householders become themselves electors, that they apprehended the commission of robbery and murder, they might have communicated their fears to the Council as potent but not as very heroic arguments in favour of a friend of that measure. They must have meant then the rabble—the whole rabble—and nothing but the rabble; and even then their argument was as insulting as it was foolish; for it is the duty of good citizens to enlighten the heads and to strengthen the hands of their civic rulers, against all criminal intentions and acts of the rabble—and, above all, is it their duty to do so, in those cases where the rabble in their ignorance have been exasperated by the conduct of those very good citizens themselves—conduct which in itself they seem to think needs no justification—by their speeches, their placards, their newspapers, their agents, and their agencies, against another part of the citizens not so good, we shall suppose, and not so wise by far, but still vested with undisputed authority, and with certain powers and privileges as yet constitutional, and which they were about, as they ought, constitutionally to exercise. Let us hope that these gentlemen did not know, previously to the hour of their election, what a murderous mob was on their side. And yet, without including all the vicious vagabonds in Edinburgh, how could the petition for Reform have borne thirty thousand signatures? All the male adults—including those in their dotage—do not amount to that number—and how many thousands are there who, sooner than have signed that petition,

as might induce those who have in their hands the thing petitioned for, with right and power to bestow or withhold it, for a few minutes to be so silly as to believe it possible that the petitioners may, in some measure, deserve the boon? It might be unreasonable to expect a composed and demure demeanour from the petitioners, few of them probably being Quakers; but why not—on such an occasion as this, for example—should they not attempt to treat us, if not with a little common sense, at least with some small share of common decency? Of the seventeen thousand inhabitants of Edinburgh who had petitioned the Town Council to elect the Lord Advocate, as the person in their humble judgment best qualified to represent them in Parliament, a few thousands, let us suppose, of about the average merit of the whole, were present at “the place where merchants most do congregate.” They surely should not have all hissed like geese, and brayed like asses at every intimation, however indistinctly conveyed to them, of a vote having been given in favour of Mr Dundas. That the candidature should be elected unanimously was a very unreasonable expectation in a world of sin and sorrow, or, in other words, of Whiggery and Toryism. It was “really too bad” not to allow one single vote to poor Mr Dundas, if it had been but for the look of the thing; and then they should have reflected that the finest racehorse—Priam himself, or Riddlesworth—is never seen to less advantage than when walking over the course. Besides, since they had proved that they could not only read but write—witness so many thousand signatures—they should have assumed some shew of still higher mental cultivation, had it only been to justify the Schoolmaster and the Lord Chancellor. Instead of that, why, they furnished the enemies of popular education with arguments against it, to which it became impossible to turn a deaf ear; and forced all, who, like us, are its friends, to confess, in disgust, that a tolerable knowledge of letters—yea, even of the whole twenty-four—may be found united in great masses even of the reformers, if not of the reformed, with an intolerable ignorance of the decen-

cies of life, and with what would even seem to be the habitual practice of some of its worst brutalities. Such beastly bawling, to say the least of it, was neither witty nor wise; and, had we had any doubts about it before, would, we fear, have forced us to feel that such a body of self-appointed electors were fitter to run up a beer than a Reform bill—to carry down coals in silence to a cellar, than to carry by acclamation a member to Parliament. Many mobs there are, which we know must be of desperadoes “all compact;” but we were hardly prepared to find this one falling so unexceptionably under that appropriate description. That so many ruffians should have been enemies of the magistracy it is easy to understand, but puzzling even to conjecture how they should have been such friends of the Lord Advocate. Perhaps they wished to curry favour with the highest law-officer of the crown; but, if so, their lungs have lost their labour; for though his lordship did certainly address them in language not usual with such a dignitary, “imploping” and “beseeching” them as “friends” to behave after the fashion of human creatures, and that he would order away these nasty soldiers, that extreme urbanity cannot be expected in the nature of things long to survive the day of election; so that some of them may yet curse the change of his courtesy into what to them will then appear cruelty even beyond the law, when, at the instance of his Majesty’s Advocate, they stand quivering at the bar, uncertain, during the dreary length of a trial, curious from its circumstantial evidence, whether their doom shall be transportation for life, or simply “to be carried to the usual place of execution, and there, between the hours of eight and nine of the morning, on Wednesday the — of April, (1882,) to be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and the Lord have mercy on your soul!”—a prayer in which one criminal would one day or other have stood much in need, had he not been prevented, by our chief magistrate’s strength and intrepidity, from throwing the right honourable the Lord Provost over the North Bridge. The ruffian had hold of his lordship for that especial purpose; but as

much falls out between the cup and the lip, so does much between the curb-stone and the parapet. "If I go over the ledge, you go with me," said, grimly, the unterrified Tartar whom the baffled butcher had caught; and the cowardly miscreant, extricating himself from the powerful grasp of a brave man, replunged, with half-throttled execrations, into the dense mob of electors yelling for blood.

The announcement of the election of Mr Dundas had roused the rabble to madness, and they had striven to storm the Hall, that they might murder him and his supporters. If that were not their intention in their furious onset against its doors, will any one of themselves, or of Mr Jeffrey's other friends, please to inform us what they were intending, when hundreds of the ragged and raging regiment were beaten back from the assault by a score of batons? Were they wishing simply to get a sight of Mr Jeffrey, whose person was as yet known but to such of them as had ever figured "as prisoners at the bar," "panels," whom his ingenuity and eloquence might have been instrumental in helping to escape the hulks or the gallows?

Hang-dog-looking blackguards most—but not all of them—were; the only persons among them, that seemed at all respectable—some hundred or so of shabby-genteel young Whigs excepted, who, we believe, had no harm in them, in either will or power, and had got hustled in among the gang—being manifestly adorned for the occasion by those wretches who come up to the unsuspecting passer-by, and hesitatingly mutter something offensive about old clothes. These in the brilliancy of their appointments were the *elite* of the corps—but the shirtless led the van in the cast-off pantaloons and boots of valets and butlers, that they might not bring disgrace on the great cause by too glaring a want of stockings.

The high-minded Whigs will thank us now for these distinctive traits of our description. Yet most culpable were they in priding themselves, before the day of election, on having with them the mob as well as the people. They never could allude surely to the people, in their forewarnings to the Town Council of

violence and bloodshed—for the perpetration of such deeds, from such motives, has always, in the opinion of the high-minded Edinburgh Whigs, been held to be alien from the character of our middle classes. How bitterly—justly or not we are not now saying—they abused the late Lord Advocate Rae, but for saying something to that effect in the House of Commons! From the rabble alone, therefore, must it have been that they feared danger to the persons and properties of the citizens from the election of Mr Dundas. Indeed, had it been from that class which includes those who, by the new bill, would as L.10 a-year householders become themselves electors, that they apprehended the commission of robbery and murder, they might have communicated their fears to the Council as potent but not as very heroic arguments in favour of a friend of that measure. They must have meant then the rabble—the whole rabble—and nothing but the rabble; and even then their argument was as insulting as it was foolish; for it is the duty of good citizens to enlighten the heads and to strengthen the hands of their civic rulers, against all criminal intentions and acts of the rabble—and, above all, is it their duty to do so, in those cases where the rabble in their ignorance have been exasperated by the conduct of those very good citizens themselves—conduct which in itself they seem to think needs no justification—by their speeches, their placards, their newspapers, their agents, and their agencies, against another part of the citizens not so good, we shall suppose, and not so wise by far, but still vested with undisputed authority, and with certain powers and privileges as yet constitutional, and which they were about, as they ought, constitutionally to exercise. Let us hope that these gentlemen did not know, previously to the hour of their election, what a murderous mob was on their side. And yet, without including all the vicious vagabonds in Edinburgh, how could the petition for Reform have borne thirty thousand signatures? All the male adults—including those in their dotage—do not amount to that number—and how many thousands are there who, sooner than have signed that petition,

would have put their hands into the fire? Of the seventeen thousand subscribers, again, in support of the Lord Advocate's claims, some thousands must have formed sad, sorry, and scoundrel sets. Such admirers of honour, virtue, and chastity, as hailed Caroline for their Diana, and, with Denman, declared that Queen of the Liberals pure as the unsunned snow in the mountain hollow.

Suppose a bee-hive upset—or rather—for we must not calumniate the most peaceable and industrious of all the working orders—a wasp's—or hornet's nest dug up from the dust, or blown to rags on a tree. There's a ferment! Into a motley globe of insect-life explodes, as from a small centre, the thunder-shower-swarm of stings. Each yellow wretch seems a dragon, and each dragon a devil. What a raging round-robin torments the sultry air! We defy you to fix on the ringleader, for they are all ringleaders. Yet, strange to say, it is all a hum. Whig naturalists, we know, have said, that in this state of objectless excitement, three thousand wasps (a populous nest) are less to be dreaded than one intruder, who, intent on jam or jelly on the breakfast-table, comes, in his enamourment, with ferocious insolence in at the window, which has been left open for the sweet entrance of the breath of incense-breathing morn, preluding its approach by a rustle in the lattice-loving tree, as if the house were his own, and in a sudden change of passion, foul ravisher! curls himself up in an agony of hatelike love on Lavinia's lip—no more “a rose without a thorn”—rankest poison interlarded there, alas! with the medicinal balm one drop of which might turn bale into bliss, death into life, and earth into heaven. We have also heard the same Whig naturalist say, that the aforesaid thunder-shower-swarm of wasps is not so dangerous as one single enormous ring'd robber, rushing right, on hissing wings, into a butcher's shop, and then with fierce feet traversing a round of beef, till suddenly you see him settle down on a tid-bit, in fiercest instinct piercing the bloody prey with his proboscis, clinging to the red ooze as if he would incorporate himself with that sole relic of an incomparable cow from Colonsay, and become, on

the spot, part and parcel of the yet uncut steak, already almost broiling in the sun, so hot his “perpendicular height” in the meridian hour of the dog-days. Disturb him then, and the scientific warn you that you are a dead man. Fell then is the poison in his *punctum labelis*. Your little finger, we shall suppose, is in possession of the “stang.” Look at it now, and but for its manual position you would swear 'twas Tom Thumb. The whole hand—erewhile so dexterous in its muscularity—is now swollen into a blue-puff about as big as a pigeon. The inflammation extends rapidly to elbow—shoulder—neck—back of the head—head—spine—rump; and 'tis all over with you ere vespers. Whereas, contrary to all rational but ignorant expectation, the thunder-shower-swarm of wasps keeps humming so harmlessly over your head, that by and by you suspect them to be absolute sirens in disguise—the masquerade becomes most musical—without being, like Philomela's strain, most melancholy; and falling asleep under the very hornets' tree, through “dream and vision do you sink” away among the Silent People in Fairy-Land; till, without a single sting on your sun-bronzed face or fingers, with a start you awake in the midst of your nuptials with the fairy queen, back into this noisy world, a perfect bachelor, at the tingle-tingle-ting of the dinner-bell, or the sound, mayhap, of the great gong, that in India used sublimely to give forth the dull monotony of its dismal thunder through clouds of Mahratta-Horse hanging or rolling along the open bases of the wooded mountains—and how large the leaf of those gorgeous Oriental trees!

Now we believe our Whig naturalist was pretty much in the right of it in these his anecdotal notices of wasps and hornets; but he fell pretty much into the wrong of it, when he began, from certain facts in the natural history of those winged insects, to utter certain falsehoods as facts in the political history of these unwinged ones, called Whigs and Radicals—to wit, that a mob of them will not hurt a hair of your head, if you but let them alone—whereas, ten to one that a single blackguard, if you but look at him,

will strike you ; till we add, of course by a legitimate conclusion from the premises—especially the major proposition, which you take care to keep in your own hand—you knock down the ruffian.

The absurdity of this sort of analogical reasoning from wasps to Whigs, became particularly transparent in the old and new town of Edinburgh on this disgraceful day. No single ruffian would have dared to look at you even in the darkest close ; for he knew not but that you might be a true man, and feared the Tory-fist. But compress some thousand cowards into a close and compact mob-mass ; and though in the mud there be but the “false seeming” of courage, yet there is there a formidable reality of brute-force, which may sweep the streets as a spate the gutters. But, oh ! how unlike the mighty measured march of that fine Highland regiment—those noble young fellows, officers and men alike, the 79th—“moving along with military glee” to the wild mountain music of their streamer’d bagpipes—and the mean and miscellaneous movement of a Lowland rabble, tumultuously rushing, the devil only knows where or wherefore, to the filthy flats and sharps of their windpipes too, their own greasy gullets, which emit yells even more vulgar than they are ferocious !

We have seen many mobs in our time, and without vanity may say that we have a scientific acquaintance with their most remarkable phenomena. Meal-mobs, even, have we *assisted at*, (you are a French scholar, and know our harmless meaning,) that were at once beautiful and sublime. How picturesque the many-coloured gathering of the clans into a mottled multitude, harmoniously proportioned even in its irregular patches of men, women, and children, hatted, broad-bonneted, mitched, capped, and bareheaded, with grey and golden tresses all mingling in the wind, and here and there a bald sconce black in a mass of shade, or brighter in a flood of light, that would have enraptured Rembrandt ! On the peaceful sacks, high-heaped, and bulging over the waggon-wheels, how fierce the onslaught ! Feeble elders find now that their backs can yet bear many firlots—hobblethiobs make no

thing of the weight of two bolls—and milliners go to work like millers. The carts have all got the white-vomit. And now, through the meal and flour that lightens—not darkens the air—how fly the more than peripatetic potatoes ! You might fondly dream at small expense of poesy, that the mealies and waxies, as they revolve through the many-circled air in fantastic gyrations, have been for the nonce endowed with wings like butterflies or birds ; till ever and anon you are awakened from the dear delusion by a bash on the face from a morning call from an unceremonious visitor without either down or plumage. All over the empty sack-bestrewn street or square of market-town on market-day, through an atmosphere afloat with the almost invisible spiritual essence of wheat, oats, and barley, shines out the merrym—the wicked sun, as fond, undisguisedly, of a row by day, as the moon, hypocritically, by night. Beneath that soft, aerial, yet dusty and almost husky haze, rolls and raves a sea of men, women, and children, as when a neap-tide comes flowing beachward in a pitchy swell illumined with a crest of breakers. Shut your eyes, and the dashing din reminds you of sea and shipwreck. But ’tis an inland town—not a sailor there—though tailors in tens and twenties—aperilous people, and fractious exceedingly—shepherds from the hills—farmers from the carse—horse-cowpers from the plains—cattle-dealers from the isles—horsemen travellers in the hard, and eke in the soft line—(videlicet nails and sugar)—bagmen in gigs from far-away towns and cities—forty miles off at the shortest computation—pedlars on their annual excursion among their rural customers—learned clerks on a visit to their native place from the confinement of a coach-office—and the stubborn versus the obstinate pig-drivers, sulky from the suburbs, personified curses with uplifted cudgels all a-swear for ever at their own peculium of the swinish multitude. Creed and caste are forgotten ; all are instinct with one spirit. The barber is bound by sympathy to the smith—in spite of both the formal and essential difference of their tongs ; and you see the tailor flourishing his tiny scissors along-

side the ditcher brandishing his hedge-sheers like a very Polish Scyther. Out sallies Sally of our alley from the dairy, whirling her churn-staff—and meets the cook of the “Hottle” with her spit, full in the face red as her own fire. Weans that had been fechtng and rugging one another’s hair, now amicably unite in still farther emptying sacks already full of emptiness—now and then licking up a mouthful “of the finest,” till their faces are “like roses in cranreuch,” and auld wives, instead of “gi’en them their licks,” encourage the imps in their deeds of whiteness, and grossly abuse the barns, and vituperate the garnels. Tost to and fro is that multitudinous motion, as when cross currents, cross winds, and cross tides meet in some strange-shaped sound between inexplicable capes, and list! in the centre of the mid-passage a whirlpool,—learnedly called a vortex,—roaring through the spray-mist for ever, with the noise of innumerable chariots. The contest is carried on here exclusively between animate and inanimate matter. The drivers have all fled, and are seen high up on hill-sides, and darting, like deer, into woods. Nevertheless, nothing very violent can be done in a religious country like Scotland without cursing and swearing; but here we have not, as in the sister kingdom, much variety of oaths—the few simple natural ones being, however, most blasphemous and brutal. Blood is flowing; so there must have been blows—but one really sees no cause of quarrel; for, like a bull in a china-shop, the mob has it all his own way, nor can an empty sack offer much resistance; though in a fall a full one is formidable, as you may learn from those feet sprawling under a load that leaves you in doubt if they have any intermediate connexion with that “grey discrowned head,” face downwards in the gutter. And where, pray, may now be the *primum mobile* of all this hubbub—the meal? Vanished from all mortal eyesight into thin air like a ghost! A mournful shew—there lie the empty sacks, like sheet and shroud left by resurrection-men unshovelled into the grave! There stand—as they have all along been standing—small, snug, and not unsocial parties of horses,

still in their respective carts, with staff-supported trams, affording to each dobbin’s back pleasant relief—and a woollen or canvass bag of oats dangling *daintily* (as Barry Cornwall would say for the thousand-and-oneth time) at his fine Roman nose, which ever and anon he *caveth* suddenly (see Dr Jamieson) in the sun, to shake off the teasing flies; or on a sudden smites it against his fat flank, in anger with the *olegs* (see, again, the Doctor); while you cannot but admire the nobleness of his clustering forelock, nor less the unshorn strength that roughens at his fetlocks, and shags the very iron that glances—as he kicks or stamps—on his “inaccessible” heels. Quiet has been the rational animal, and all his compeers, amidst the irrational creation; in a meal-mob on Saturday feeding away as gratefully as in a grass meadow on Sabbath. And now the canine have ceased barking—and cur, colley, terrier, bull-dog, mastiff, setter, greyhound, and lurcher, (ah! the poachers,) are snuffing their way in search, each of his own master, through the broken fragments of the departing and parted crowd. What a change of scenery and figures, both on foreground, and background, and in the middle distance! Curls have been all drenched out of matrons’ and maidens’ hair (why so many of them carroty?) by streams of sweat,—or, as the very village dames have learned now to call it—perspiration. What a picking-up, and a putting-on, and an adjustment, without looking-glass, of kerchiefs of spot or stripe, Belcher or Bandana! Sad the loss, and joyful the recovery of much mutch; the order of the garter goes a-begging in various lengths of tape—*honi soit qui mal y pense*; “Mysie, ma woman, is this your bauchle?”; and, by all that is most fashionable, yonder scours a spanker-boom—an Amazonian virgin with legs fearful to look on—sans huggers, sans shoes, sans mutch, sans petticoat, sans every thing—jinking round carts and corners, amidst the unextinguishable laughter of the now roistering rioters, almost skuddy, such has been her tear and wear of duds in the rippet, and laudable her not uncandid exhibition of the naked truth in the eyes of the whole world!—Afraid she too—all the while as she scuds—that some mischief has

befallen her lover—now nowhere visible—distractedly, and with a face of many colours—as she ranges round her own kail-yard, far aloof from these ribald reformers—shrieke she on her Bill! her whole Bill! and nothing but her Bill! whom she fears the wretches have curtailed of his fair proportions. But long since her dear Bill had withdrawn to the Hanging-shaws, from the clutch of some ancient bel-dams who began the mob, and at night-fall she may depend on him at the gable end of yonder barn-like building by itself on the wood edge, true to the hour of assignation as buck to doe when the quiet hour brings out the conies, whole and sound both in his principles and his details. Boys are jumping sack-races now for half-penny prizes given by the drunken gauger; and the chief baker stands smilingly at his door, with bare arms a-kimbo, prophetic of the rise of his bread—even of the batch now in the oven. Slow and stately from the manse on the brae, in its green-palissaded garden, down comes, at what may be safely called the eleventh hour, though yet it be but breakfast-time, the minister—yet pompously redolent of last year's moderatorship—and attempts explaining to his parishioners, out of McCulloch, how the price of meal and flour is enhanced alike in town and village, by scattering it, in immense quantities, along the stony streets, which, whether paved or Macadamized, are barren—and thus sown can yield no return. From this doctrine there are many dissenters; and one of the old school predicts, with all the confidence of assured experience, that next market-day they will see meal down twopence the peck; at least, so it always has been with the spilling of sour-milk—and, though he is willing to grant that sour-milk is not meal, yet they are both commodities; and what is more vivers; and what always happens with the wet, must often happen with the dry. To which reasoning, the ex-moderator, having got the stot by rote, stutters out an ineffectual and unsatisfactory reply, leaving the victory, by acclamation, in the mouth of the sagacious old annuitant, once supervisor in the Excise. And now there are in the market-place but here and there some small knots of people; hang-

ing loosely together, and soon untying themselves into strings of lazy loiterers, who again drop away, one by one, into their own houses, or by twos and threes into public; you hear the smith re-blowing up his forge; from his skylight Snip pops out his pericranium, curious he knows not of what, ere he sit down to serious stitching; laddies, mutually cuffing the few remaining meal-marks out of each other's jackets, pursue their path pensively to school, almost with the looks of evil-doers; douce folk (why not douce before?) are shaking their heads in a style at once mysterious and alarming; and who may those men be, preceded by a few who seem to march with a military step, with staves, *alias* batons, in their hands? Heavens and earth! has it come to this—and are they, groans an antique crone, the Lord High Constables? Something of that sort they certainly are—followed by the farmers and the farmers' men—to identify and seize the ringleaders. Violence is evanescent, but law eternal. The village is in a funk—death-pale as she would swarf. "Where," asks the King of the Lord High Constables, "where, folk, is the *CORPUS DELICTI*?" Not a soul in the village can tell—for not a soul in the village knows the import of that dreadful question. But there lies the poor lost *corpus delicti*, faintly whitening the streets as if there had passed along them a hundred chinky lime-carts. 'Tis a critical moment—but lo, lightning! and hark, Jove thunders on the left—a happy omen! Well—such another plump of rain, each drop as big as a blae-berry, we cannot charge our memory with since last Lammas flood. The ducks are already in the gutters—and that dead cat, which every body complained of, but nobody would remove, will be floated away at last into the Leithen. The *corpus delicti* is providentially done into daigh, and he would be a fine-eyed farmer who could swear now to his own meal. But the sacks! Why the sacks are to seek—and are lying with truth at the bottom of a well. But what say you to the carts and horses? Not a word. They had better be driven home by their owners—lest they should catch cold. Meanwhile the fifty pound lease-

holders, and the Lord High Constables, retire, at certain masonic signs, with some of the chief heads of L.10 a-year houses—retire into the “hottle,” to fix among themselves who ought to be apprehended asingle-leaders. Not considering ourselves safe in the councils of such an unreformed parliament, we drop down from the roof on which we had chosen our station of survey—the roof of an edifice somewhat dilapidated, which had of old been a Catholic chapel, but is now a cow-house—one day or other, perhaps, with its sacristy yet to be restored—and whistling carelessly along the front windows of the Horns, as if just entering a fine, open, airy, one-streeted town, we never look back till we have reached a road-side grove, commanding a clear view of the church tower above the dim houses, and there sitting down on a milestone—we forget the number—moralize on mankind in general, and the inhabitants of that pretty place in particular—wondering, among a thousand other speculations, whether or no it would be greatly benefited by Burgh Reform.

Were we to paint in this style (for what we meant to make but a slight sketch has grown into an unfinished picture) all the mobs that have met our eye, there would be no computing the longitude of this article. Lord George Gordon's mob of London we never saw—nor were we at the destruction of the Bastille—but we have “counted the chimies at midnight” with those who of that “disport took largely,” and who were always ready at the slightest hint, though during their later years it must be confessed somewhat prosily, to describe the pastime with true religious and patriotic enthusiasm. The Newcastle keelmen get up a mob well—nor much amiss do the Whitehaven colliers. The Tranent mob about the militia, some thirty years ago, was about the best, that is the bloodiest, we have had in Scotland in our time, and the people fell under the fire of musketry from the tops of their old red houses in no inconsiderable numbers. The mob of the Bloody Hand—so we named it who were students there that session—looked so well at its acme, that there seemed small reason for doubting that it would effect the demolition of Glas-

gow college. A child's hand had been judiciously hung up to dry—like a haddy “while it was being rizzer'd”—on the cheek of a window open to the public eye—and in a minute the stones of the street leapt up into life and became raging people. No better subject indeed for a mob than a corpse, real or imaginary, doubled and bundled up with its knees to its chin in a sack—or supposed to be stretched at even more than its full length on a table, “gashed with many a gory wound.” So much the better if discovered by a schoolboy—“fancy's painted devil”—by a peculiar crook in the big toe of the left foot, to have once been his grandmother. That horrid aggravation makes the mob—as our dear Shepherd would say—“just perfectly-right-even-down-red-wud-stark-staring-mad-a'thegither;” and nothing will satisfy them but to pull down a university. Since the exploits of Knox, Burke, and Hare, however, regular resurrectionists have grown into favour, and may be said to be even comparatively popular.—But the mob which at first was the most rational, and at last the maddest of all imaginable mobs we ever witnessed, was a mob that mistook a private madhouse for a bagnio, into which it was rumoured young children had often been enticed or entrapped for violation or prostitution. How the windows and doors flew into shivers—and of slates in five minutes how bare were the wretched rafters! Out were haled by the hair of the head the old crones, who, in a woeful but no wicked sense, were keepers—but no procuresses they—and you would have thought that the very curses of eyes would have blasted them ere claws had time to tear them into pieces. Well might you pity the poor visiting physician—skipping out in a full suit of black, with laced ruffles, and silver buckles, and gold-headed cane, and his “wee three-cockit!” But lo! glaring ghastly, like wild-cats from a wood on fire, rush out of their cells several shrieking maniacs, and leap, though arm-locked in strait-waistcoats, and two or three of them in chains, all females, in among the frightened crowd that recoil in horror—while others stalk forth unconsciously of the tumult, blind and deaf in their insanity to all we call the world, yet wailing in a worse world of

their own—a world worse than “any hell which priests or beldams feign”—as all now see from their wan and haggard faces, ever and anon dreadfully convulsed into leering wickedness, and then suddenly wrenched back, as if by the demon within them, into tortured misery—just the same, seemingly, as if one had pulled a string whereby to keep incessantly shifting the features of some movable mask into all possible faces of the ludicrousness, the loathsomeness, or the dreadfulness of mania, frenzy, and delirium. What a revulsion when, all at once, the truth broke upon the mob! Monster no more—the multitude was but as one man. It sighed—it groaned—it wept—it bowed down its head—it held up its hands—it prayed. There pity and compassion, and remorse and penitence, were even rarer far than, a few minutes before, had been wrath and the lust of blood. “The mob”—said we, as we beheld the gentle bearings along in arms of them whom some one has dared to call the “God-deserted”—“the mob is a Christian.” But our memory forsakes us, and fades away glimmeringly into oblivion and the black extinguishment of night.

Masters as we are, then, of mobs, you will easily believe that we are not easily pleased with such exhibitions of humanity—that we are entitled to be fastidious—and that, unless got up spiritedly, and on a considerable scale, neither author nor actors can expect any applause from such an old critic as Christopher North. We either yawn at the stale and stupid representation, or hiss the piece off the stage. Now the mob, on the day of the Edinburgh Election, was a mean and miserable affair, and most deservedly damned. The piece prepared for him, in which he was to act the principal part, possessed not one glimpse of genius—one trait of originality—and was borrowed, or rather stolen, from the Westminster Election and the Westminster Review. The only endurable characters were “the walking gentlemen;” but they were so few as to be lost in the general blackguardism of the scene. Yet was there an attempt to give a classical air to this farce of the Modern Athenians. It was constructed on the principles of the Greek drama,

and scrupulous regard paid to the unities of time and place. The scene shifted but from the Old to the New Town—an allowable license—and the time occupied in the representation did not exceed twelve hours, the period, we believe, prescribed, as the utmost limit, by Aristotle or his commentators. The Lord Advocate delivered a feeble prologue with forcible applause—and by about three o'clock was concluded the First Act, which though hot, heavy, and hissing, as a tailor's goose—nay, even as the Glasgow Gander himself—waddled its way off and on the stage, the exit being equal to the entrance, the débouché to the début. Contrary to all rules of nature and of art, in the Second Act we were favoured with the catastrophe. But it proved a complete failure. The actor who was to throw the Lord Provost over the bridge, having neglected to attend the rehearsals, did not know how to lay hold, forgot his part, struck his own forehead instead of Glen's, and not having activity to leap into the orchestra among the fiddlers, as a horse did one night not very long ago, the ass retreated tail foremost in among the scene-shifters, and ill fared the cuddie in his own crowd. The opening of the Third Act shewed us some spirit-stirring scenery, in which there was no still life—the High and Low Terrace, and head of Leith Walk, from the Register House to Ambrose's hotel, the opposite and extreme points of vision being Prince's Street and Picardy. There was a good deal of bustle in this act—but the actors were absolute stones, and many of them had faces like brickbats. The interest hung on a battle, and on a city distracted with civil war. But such fighting! Never beheld our young or old eyes so abortive a bicker. There were far too many blackguards on the stage at one time—and we might have said, “Enter the mob solus.” Conscious of miserably enacting the parts that had been set them by the managers, they anticipated or rather turned the tables on the audience or spectatory, and not only hissed, but battered the dress boxes, in one of which was sitting the Lord Provost with some of his friends; while two persons, one pragmatical and one pedantic, who

thought they enjoyed the confidence of the mob, and deserved their friendship by having curried their favour, began spouting advice to them from the pit, with gesticulations of face and hand that only aggravated their fury. Meanwhile the head of a column of constables—high and special—appeared first in the back and then on the foreground—and then ensued a general *mêlée*. This was the only part of the performance in this dull and noisy Third Act worth looking at, and 'twas really not ill got up; but after all, though intended to be a tragedy, 'twas but a melodrame. The act closed with a procession—partly peaceful, and partly warlike—of dragoons; but blows from the flats of sabres are not impressive, and horses ought to charge with their shoulders, not their hips, in serious composition. In the Fourth Act the scene shifted to the High Street, with a fine full front-view of those noble buildings, the Exchange. The Dramatic Censor must have been astonished; for, now and here, in place of performing their own parts of first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, &c. &c. &c. and so on blackguard, as they had been set down for them, why the mob with one voice called out for—"The Right Honourable Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate!" And, to the utter and eternal confusion of Romance and Reality, (let the fair and ingenious L. E. L. look to it,) leaning over a balcony, like Juliet to her Romeo, "alike, but oh! how different," that distinguished performer "beseeched and implored" his dear mob, the "loving, lovely, and beloved," not to stay—as did that love-sick bride her "imparadised form of such sweet flesh;" but with the most lack-a-daisical want of gallantry, "as Mob valued his good opinion, and wished well to their common cause," entreated her "to go home!" But home, sweet home, at that hour had no charms for Mobby; and the waving of greasy caps, and the roaring of greasier gullets, "hailed and wished him long," out of the ghost of a perfect gentleman, that apparition of the most imperfect of all possible demagogues. You may guess what confusion now tumulted the stage. But the act—which had but barely begun—terminated with an unexpected *coup d'état*

et coup d'état. His lordship was suddenly clapped into a hackney coach—for the property-man could not be expected to have ready his triumphal car—and a tremendous team of animals that shall be nameless having been yoked into the vehicle, less splendid, surely, than that on which Sardanapalus used to issue forth to battle from the gates of Nineveh, as painted in the immortal epics of an Atherstone, with no needless Jarvey on the throne, away rattled the imitation-thunder along the Mound, nor ceased till, like Jupiter descending from a cloud, Mr Jeffrey got out at No. 24, Moray Place,

"While all Olympus trembled at his nod."

The Fifth Act was long and tiresome—in absence of the only performer worth either looking or listening to, the Lord Advocate. Never felt we before the force of that well-known passage,

"As when some well-graced actor quits the stage," &c. ;

so, "thinking his prattle to be tedious," we left the mob in disgust, and forgot it, and our ennui, and all our mortal miseries, in the Blue Parlour over a board of oysters.

Seeing the haste, if not the hurry, in which we now, and indeed always write, the gentle reader will excuse any confusion of metaphor or figure of speech that may appear to run through the above unpremeditated passage, which is as extemporaneous as any thing well can be, flowing from the point of time and pen. But suppose for a short season we try to be serious—not solemn—but simply and earnestly serious—and then *Finis*.

For eight or ten hours, then, after the Election—during it there was but senseless shouting and brainless bluster—before it but savage scowls, slanderous insinuations, warning threats, and all the systematic engineering of tyrannical intimidation;—but for eight or ten hours after the Election, there was what might truly be called the Reign of Terror—if that expression did not convey an erroneous notion that there was Fear as well as Danger. The mob were up—and had been put up to the pitch of any, the uttermost wickedness; but they laboured under two wants that made them impotent—

concert and courage. An Edinburgh mob is cruel, but craven—senseless as savage. There is no more discipline among them than among a herd of swine—nor is their valour at all different; for hit them on the snout as they advance on the grunt, and you may take them by the tail without having any reason to pride yourself on your intrepidity. They shewed this from afternoon till midnight; you saw everywhere the white feather; and, on the whole, they were pretty well, though not sufficiently well, bruised and battered. We do not exactly know how the High Constables behaved; well, we must believe, (for they received thanks,) as a body, when called upon to *act with the baton*—indifferently well, when of their own accord, many of them, how many we know not, as individuals, joined their shouts to those of the mob during the Election, at each echo of a vote for Mr Jeffrey, and their hisses to those of the mob at each echo of a vote for Mr Dundas. As private individuals they did not stand there; and whatever were their wishes, they were bound then and thereto be mute. Many of themselves had given warning of what was likely to happen—disorder and violence; and, from men with the emblems and weapons of civil authority in their hands, such shouts and hisses were incredibly foolish,—and far worse than foolish—being the best, as the only means in their power to adopt, for exciting that turbulence which they were sworn to suppress. The dragoons, it was afterwards said in some of the newspapers, *cheered* the mob; but this was a lie, which could be swallowed by no one who knows any thing of the discipline of British soldiers. They behaved, as they always do, with heroic forbearance; while showers of worse than hail-stones were clattering on their skull-caps, few faces even frowned; and some of the veterans could not but smile at the childish cowards. As for the Special Constables—a band of brothers, though of all parties in politics—young, active, and fearless—they wedged their way through the mob, a hundred times, at its densest and its fiercest, and shoved, or knocked aside the minnies like nine-pins. But humaner lads—and all gentlemen are humane—never rattled a

rabble. The word, to “Move on,” preceded the blow to lie down; and a piteous expression on many a blackguard’s face saved many a blackguard’s head from the uplifted baton. How many heads they broke cannot well be counted, but it is satisfactory to know, as many at least as would save a borough from being included in schedule A; while their own heads, though scores were cut, are all now, with a very few exceptions to the general rule—not to last long we trust, for they were among the boldest—as sound as roaches. At two or three places where the Special Constables were very few in number, perhaps not more than 20 in all, and these separated into sixes and sevens, the mob, by mere brute weight, overpowered the gentlemen, and you may guess how they treated them—with the most murderous ferocity! The Police Officers, more especially when the mob were about to attempt, for the second time, to murder the Lord Provost, were neither slow, nor yet particularly civil, and have since been ludicrously accused of generalization, by a few noisy noodles, who maintain the exploded doctrine of the neutral flag, and while putting it into practice near the Terrace, where shouts and stones were flying in the air, cats and curses, and brickbats were backed at long odds against batons, had their heads prepared for casts for the Phrenological Society, with the bumps conspicuously apparent of all the thirty-three faculties. This was as it should be, and the Society look to such specimens for an extension of the science. This small and insignificant sect of Antiburghers, are bitter on the Anti-reformers, and have since striven to support this thesis, affixed to different columns, “That had the electors, and especially the Lord Provost, remained all night—(it originally stood, in the MS., all week)—in the Council Chambers, there would have been no riot at all, and that the mob stood all the time on the defensive against the borough-mongers.” This is a new form of the Row Heresy, and therefore will have its converts.

But we are rationalists, and not to be deluded with vain doctrines. It was rash—it was fool-hardy—it was nothing short of braving, nay of bul-

lying the people—scribbled some calumniating cravens in the radical newspapers—in the Lord Provost to leave the Council Chambers so soon after the election. A pretty Lord Provost—say we—he would indeed have been, had he remained a moment longer than he did within these buildings, or shewn one seeming symptom of a fear that never found entrance into his breast. Not even to the rabble-rout was he unknown—or known but by the proceedings of that day, which with pride he will always remember—but generous, liberal, and charitable in his wealth, the Lord Provost was the Friend of the Poor—the benefactor of the classes who now, contrary to all expectation, appeared to thirst for his blood. Attended by the usual officers, he walked into the street, neither fearing nor braving the brutes; but then indeed he soon found that he had not understood the cowardice and the cruelty of an Edinburgh political reforming mob. His very gentlemanly appearance even was hateful to them; and they would fain have torn to pieces a figure so unlike that of their own best-dressed and genteel leaders, who, nevertheless, were no inconsiderable dandies. The hatred of *bonâ fide* beasts to men is nothing like so intense as that of blackguards to gentlemen. Had his lordship worn a mean, low, Whig look, at once sulky and sneaking, we verily believe they would have huzzaed; but he looked every inch, (six feet and upwards,) the Tory, and therefore “over the Bridge!”

The Whigs—who are not in their own conduct, when mobbed, by any means the most magnanimous of men—witness that of the best man among them at Forfar—affect to laugh at this mob as a sorry illustration of the Perils of Man. Certainly the city was not burned to the ground—nay, it was not even set on fire. Neither did the streets run ankle-deep in blood. Heaps of slain did not darken the first-floor windows—Arthur’s Seat echoed not the groans of the wounded—nor were surgeons seen amputating on long tables formed of barrel-supported shutters the limbs of one half of the population. The day was not even like any one of the “Three Glorious Days in Paris,”—for the mob had no military to fight

with, and no pretty patriotic urchin, stealing under the bellies of the horses with a brace of pistols, brought down right and left a brace of troopers. Some soldiers were indeed present—but in civil broils the sabre loses its edge, its point the bayonet, and the brave disdain hostile contact with a base bluster of bullies. Yet of all that breathe, Whigs dislike most shrinkingly the breaking of their own dunderheads; and had this mob, by some strange reversal of the laws of nature, been a Tory one, how the Revolutionists of 1831 would have scampered! Clean heels they might not have made, any more than clean hands; but they would have disappeared into chinks and crannies to the tune of “Off she goes;” and the military, both horse and foot—would to a dead certainty have been ordered to charge. We speak advisedly; for we think of Forfar. To be sure, there was no charge at Forfar except in the inns; but a squadron was ordered up to “quell the floods below” of old women and weans, and next morning, lo! the Lord Advocate on his way to Perth with a guard of honour!

You must swallow this opinion of ours about Whig intrepidity *cum grano salis*; for it has been wrung out of us, in much wrath, by their presuming to laugh at the dangers and disasters of us Tories on a day disgraceful to the grinners. That they set a mob upon us they do not, we presume, attempt to deny, nor that it was composed of the lowest Whig and radical materials. It was several thousand weak, and wished to beat, bruise, knock down, and trample on, all Tories. No Tory would suffer such a construction to be put on the treating act “on any account whatsoever;” so suddenly pushing ourselves from our stools, we turned the tables, and (for we are constables) beat, bruised, knocked down, but did not trample upon, all such reformers as came in our way, whether they had pieces of palling in their paws or not—drunk or sober—frightened or ferocious—provided only they were in the act of breaking the peace of the city and of the sky, by their mouthings, and their movements, and their missiles, and if not absolutely killing—for that depends upon circumstances over

which they had some, but not sufficient control—yet cutting and maiming the lieges, and disfiguring their handsome faces, perhaps, for life. It was no joke, we assure you, or a bad one; such urbanity was far from facetious; and though Shakspeare it is, we believe, who says you may find “sermons in stones,” we are not such a melancholy Jaques as not to prefer them—even though heavier still—from a stick in a wooden pulpit. Suppose there had been no surly police-officers—no special constables—no companies of the gallant 79th—no troop of the bold dragoons, (and the Lord Advocate would have indignantly disbanded the military,) where would have been the writer of this article, and other preservers of the peace and guardians of the constitution? We shudder to think where, and beg you will not mention it; but this much we will say, that there had been an end to this magazine.

“Old men,” quoth our worthy red-haired friend, the driver *par excellence* of the Carlisle Mail, between that merry town and blue-roofed Hawick—“Old men,” quoth he, looking at us with the tail of his eye, as we sat trembling at his left hand on the box, on the taking, at a railroad rate of eighteen miles an hour, of that trying right-angle formed by Canonby Bridge perpendicularly touching the royal line of road which there overhangs the magnificent rock-scenery of the Esk, at some hundred feet or two above the rocky and roaring channel—“Old men are timorous.” The dangers of that night, therefore, we must not exaggerate in our imagination; and we confess that in a faithful description—in a true picture—and we wish ours to be so—Edinburgh on that night should not exhibit from the pen or pencil of that great writer and painter, Christopher North, in the 181st Number of Blackwood’s Magazine, such gloom or such glare as Troy now does in the second book of the *Æneid*, a poem attributed to Virgil, with about the same reason as the *Iliad* is to Homer. The truth is just this, and no more;—That, excited partly by their own evil propensities, —for principles they have none—partly by the epidemical fever of this

Bill, which “hangs in the sick air,” and poisons poor people—but chiefly by the incendiary arts of the whole Whig party, high and low, who were determined at all risks, and at all sacrifices, to carry their man and their measure, not only would the mob, on that day and that night, but for the firmness and moderation of the civil power and of the military, have wreaked their wicked vengeance on the properties and persons of all such citizens as they thought mainly instrumental in preventing the election of the Lord Advocate, but the whole city, instead of being threatened with many and formidable dangers thus finally crushed, would have been at the mercy of a lawless multitude, who, judging from the enormities which they, even as it was, could not be prevented from perpetrating, would in all probability have stained our streets and dwellings with blood. That such mischiefs *might happen, if the Council elected Mr Dundas*, many a radical Cassandra with flowing hair, and many a Whig Calchas with bald head, prophesied; that *it did not happen*, was owing, assuredly, not to “The Right Hon. Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland.” And this brings us to say a few words about his Lordship’s share in these transactions, by way of practical conclusion to, we fear, our somewhat too long discourse.

In the first place, his Lordship knew, that all the memorials, requisitions, and petitions, in favour of his claims upon the Council, however honourable many of them were to himself, shewing, as they did, not only how high he stood in the estimation of his own immediate political party, a fact he knew very well before, but also in that of his fellow-citizens generally, which neither before could he have doubted, though such expressions of it must have been most grateful,—his Lordship, we say, knew well that not one sensible, and honest, and independent man of that political party, to which he had been all lifelong opposed, and never before so vitally as now, could do otherwise than most earnestly desire that all fair means might be adopted, by all concerned, to prevent his being returned Mem-

ber for the city. He, at least, whatever others might be, or pretend to believe, could not be deluded into the belief "that Scotland, to a man," was for the Bill. In the Council he knew that the strength of the two great parties would be tried; and that though the personal merits of Mr Dundas were such as to entitle him to come forward, it was on the strength of the Tory party, and of the enemies of the Bill, both in its principle and details, that his opponent stood. He knew that among the "Borough-mongers," as the parrots chatter them, and as the apes would too, if they could articulate—there are hundreds of thousands of as honourable and patriotic men as himself; and that, to divide a nation of fourteen millions of freemen, which in numbers and character we believe the British to be, into thirteen millions, nine hundred thousand, nine hundred and eighty-three Reformers, all admirers of "the Right Honourable Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland," and into seventeen Anti-Reformers, all favourable to plain Mr Robert Adam Dundas, is a division, that, even in the Moon, could not be told even to the marines.

In the second place, his lordship knew, that, in this contest, he was merely what is called the popular candidate. Prodigious popular excitement he knew there was, and that his opponent and his party, and especially his electors, would be exposed to the brunt of the mob. What an Edinburgh mob was likely to be, at this crisis, nobody could foresee with clearer eyes than his lordship's, which are about the brightest we ever looked in; and having been more than satisfied with a very slight taste of the quality of a Forfar mob, he might have had something more, we think, than a passive sympathy with what were likely to be the feelings of Mr Dundas, on the treat in preparation for him by the mob of the modern Athens. But his passive sympathy seems to have been so deep, that it could not pass into an active one; and we cannot see, that, during the dangers to which that gentleman, and all who supported him, were exposed, and from all of which he himself stood free, his lordship exhibited any desire—most certainly he adopted no

determination—to shelter those respectable fellow-citizens of his from the perils of his own mob.

In the third place, we beg to suggest to the popular and unsuccessful candidate, the consideration of the very striking contrast afforded by the Lord Advocate's passage of the Mound and the Lord Provost's passage of the Bridge. There, was "the Right Honourable Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland," sitting or lolling in his own carriage, in the midst of his faithful friends, his own Carriage-and-Fourscore, a set-out that would have extorted three rounds of applause from the palms of Jehu. There, was William Allan, and he too is a Right Honourable, and eke a Lord, but the reformers had stripped him of all his titles, trudging on his own pins, in the midst of his faithless enemies, such a set-out as might have reminded a Pyrenean traveller of an encounter with a pack of wolves. We are still partial to soles, and once were celebrated pedestrians. But it is curious to remark how different are the impressions men receive from the same objects, according as they are on foot, on horses, or in chariots. The philosophy of this we are at present pinched for time to explain; but allow us to turn your attention to a single illustration. From the window of his Carriage-and-Fourscore the Lord Advocate of Scotland looked east and looked west, and to the pupils of his eyes the whole city seemed less like the Modern Athens than the metropolis of Paradise. The figures, moving to and fro the ethereal brightness, looked all angelic; including the hierarchies "in linked sweetness long-drawn-out" in front of his own chariot. The sounds that played softly on the drums of his ears, "sole or responsive to each other's voice, to him their great creator," were as the music of cleansed and beatified sinners—in simpler words—saints. The Reign of Reform had already begun on earth—and Auld Reekie appeared to be the New Jerusalem. But to the eyes and ears of the Lord Provost what reversal of all this more than garden of Eden! What a North Bridge—"with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms!" One peep over the parapet, and he felt the force of the

Virgilian demiverse, "*facilis descensus Avernus*." Chaos seemed to have come again—and that Anarch Old to be howling from the Calton to the Acropolis. "Oh! king, live for ever!" was still the cry that saluted the Lord Advocate's ears—those of the Lord Provost were regaled with, "Throw him over the Bridge!"

But as in "the soul are many lesser faculties, reason the chief," false or exaggerated impressions fade or fall away from the sensorium, and the soul sets her reason to see the truth. If for a time, times, or half a time, she has been deluded by her senses, she dismisses those bad and faithless servants to their cells, and leaves the sole management of her house and kingdom to reason, her chamberlain and her prime minister. Now, twice during the course of that day was the Lord Provost assaulted to the danger of his life, and after being driven to shelter, or rather save himself from death, in a shop, he was pursued by the murderous Macadamers to his own door, which was opened and shut hastily, and then barricaded against the gang, while dragoons guarded the porch. Next day his Lordship's indignation was much abated—and he pitied more than blamed the wretches that had forgotten they were men. Now, twice during the course of that day was the Lord Advocate hoisted into his carriage, not to the danger of his life, though to the disarrangement of his habiliments, and after being dragged by a posse of the *élite* of those "animals that chew the thistle," from the Lesser along the Greater Mound, and so on in his career of glory, he was safely deposited at his own door too, which opened and shut slowly upon the godlike man, who in a few moments afterwards reappeared on a balcony, and on the haunted heads of his idolaters "than honey from the honey-comb, that droppeth sweeter far" distilled the eloquence of his speech. Next day, wethinks, his Lordship's admiration must have somewhat abated, of the man creatures he had changed into cattle; and he too must have pitied more than condemned the wretches who had forgotten that they were men. Both their Lordships, in short and in long, were next day placed nearly in the same predicament—

such is the inevitable recoil of natural sentiment in the minds of rational beings, soon as the pressure of some accidental external force has been removed, and the energies within suffered to exert their inherent elasticity.

But, in the fourth place, after having "looked on this picture and on this," and seeing that both are true to nature and to life—*quoad istam diem*—of which—had you given you your choice—could, would, or should you wish to have been the original—the Mob-Victim, or the Mob-King?

In the fifth place, when the Lord Advocate, after his double-deification, condescended to revisit the earthly Exchange, and once more to mingle with mortals, at the written request of Bailie Learmonth, as yet but a mortal citizen, (and a narrow escape did he too make of immortality from immolation by the mob,) ought he not to have remembered that he had once been but human, like the poor blind creatures who were now asking his advice and his aid? There they were, in what may be called durance vile, in the custody of the leaders, if not of his party, of his carriage, nay, of the entire team. But ruth and pity his lordship had left behind him in the mansions of the sky—and "fire-eyed fury was his conduct now." That the magistrates had ordered out the military he heard with visible indignation. It was an absurd and needless step for men to take in their position. There was his own sweet, subservient, servile, lacquey and cattle-mob; and there were two companies of the seventy-ninth Highlanders! How he frowned with his black bent brows, like the Jupiter of Phidias, on the tartan—kilt, plaid, and plume! How he smiled with fairest forehead, like the Venus of Praxiteles, on the fustian—breeches, buff, and beaver—all much the worse for wear—while the evening air would have been aswarm with insects, had niggard nature but gifted them with wings! He sweetened—he soothed—he promised—he beseeched—he implored—he prayed—and he pledged! And as the last echoes of the measured military tread died away in the distance, mayhap he had a dream of Forfar, and, in the midst of all his triumphs, a shade of sadness did fall upon his

spirit, to think how inconsistent and contradictory a composition of clay, at the best, is that poor weak creature—Whig-man!

In the sixth place, his Lordship ought, we humbly think and say, to have remembered throughout all these transactions, that he was not only "the Right Honourable Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland," in the eyes and ears of the many foolish people who had no idea whatever of what those sonorous words may mean, and of the many more blackguard people who in their hearts wish such an office had never been invented, but that he was so before his country, and in that character had not only privileges but powers, and not only rights but duties. His chief duty, as Lord Advocate, during great part of that day and that night, was to assist the other authorities to coerce the mob. That mob, he has told us himself, grievously and grossly offended against the law; and why did he not interpose the shield of his power between them and the people? There can be but one answer,—because he was a candidate for their favour,—and hoped on another occasion to have their sweet voices. Nor let any timid trimmer hint that in saying so, we are doing injustice to a high-minded gentleman. We respect the character of Mr Jeffrey more truly, and on firmer and broader grounds too, than perhaps most of his noisy friends, and certainly than all the insinuating sycophants who, incapable of appreciating the worth of such a man, yet eat his figs and lick his phlegm, and, after all, care not, so that they gain their ends, if he were dead to-morrow. But it was natural that he should have been with the mob, for the mob was with him; and it seems worse than ungracious, most ungrateful, to do even one's duty to a mob of one's own creation. The more so, the plainer that duty may be; for in this case, what could it be but to assist the magistrates and the military with baton or with bayonet to charge, disperse, arrest, imprison, and punish? So far from shewing a vigour beyond the law, he shewed a weakness that was nothing less than dangerous injustice; and the recollection of his having called dragoons into Forfar all the way from Perth, when no-

body was in any danger but himself and his friends, and that danger, by all accounts, so very slight as almost to be beneath the ludicrous, comes painfully across one's mind, do what one will, when one thinks of his seeking to soothe the infuriated Edinburgh rabble then threatening destruction to so many of his opponents, by telling the mob that the soldiers should not have been called out, and promising that they should immediately be withdrawn, (a promise he had no power to perform,) at the same time pledging himself "for their good and peaceable conduct!" Such were his Lordship's words—the good and peaceable conduct of the identical set of ruffians—the few seized by the police excepted—who had twice attempted the life of the Lord Provost, wounded hundreds to the effusion of their blood, and who were still breathing vengeance against those they had so savagely insulted and injured! Long before this time (it was about seven o'clock when his Lordship thus addressed the military, having been sent for, as we have said, to Moray Place by one of the Magistrates still imprisoned in the Exchange), the Riot Act had been read, and placards posted up warning the mob of the dangers they would face by continuing on the streets after such a warning; and these placards his Lordship ordered to be destroyed, as we have been told, with apparently much indignation. He has not ventured to say that the Riot Act ought not to have been read—nor will he venture; and if it was right to read it, it was incumbent on the Magistrates, as men of common humanity, as well as common firmness, to forewarn the deluded miscreants—(and who else but miscreants would continue to rage along the streets of a city after that reading?)—of the fearful liabilities they incurred by persisting in their defiance of the law? Why did the Lord Advocate angrily order or enjoin that those placards should be effaced? Could he for one instant have been so deluded as to dream that the Magistrates were instigated by the same sort of feeling—anger—to bid them be put up—as he seemed to be instigated by in bidding them be pulled down? If so, then notwithstanding the lesson they had already

read to him, he little knew his men. They were actuated by a thoughtful humanity—he by a thoughtless gratitude—to the mob. The voices of the Magistrates who read the Riot Act, though at different places, could not be heard over all the streets and squares where the mob was raging; but the stone-deaf are not always stone-blind too; and by such placards alone could proclamation be made to the mob that had so long had possession of the city, that the time had come when they might be lawfully treated as its enemies, and visited with extremest punishment. But in the teeth of such telling, the Lord Advocate delivered another doctrine more palatable to those who had drawn him in triumph to his house, and driven the Lord Provost in terror (no—in peril) to his; and Mob, being assured on the authority of their own member, that they were safe from the soldiers, and that the ugly placards were sent to Pozzi, after such pause in their proceedings as they thought in politeness, or rather in loyalty, due to their King, (for they have no God,) sent him back to his palace in triumph under guard of the drag-division, and with increased courage resumed the campaign—in many a savage skirmish, for they aye refused the offer of a pitched battle—through all quarters of the town.

In the seventh place, who would wish to fire wantonly upon a mob? Not we, as we hope to be saved. We are confident, that even the Whigs and Radicals themselves will believe us; for we never fired wantonly upon them, when threatening to blow up our very Magazine, not even after we had read the Riot Act in their hearing, with the voice of a Stentor. A mob is not—like other great big wild beasts—always a beast. It is not with him once a mob always a mob, as it is with a war-wolf, once a war-wolf always a war-wolf. Were it so, we should not wait for the Riot Act to fire upon him, but fling him a pill to swallow, of such wondrous potency that he should be “hoist with his own petard.” But soon as this multiform Polypus has fallen into pieces—and he is almost sure to do so within twenty-four hours of his birth at the farthest—the same being of the race of the ephemerals—why, in many

cases, each piece of the inexplicable monster becomes not only a quiet citizen, but a not unexemplary Christian. A friend of ours insists that not one man in a million dies without having committed a capital crime; a severe libel; we hold, if the truth be so, either on human nature, or the criminal law of England. Without feeling ourselves necessitated either by experience or observation to acquiesce with that dictum of our wicked friend, who we hope may escape hanging, there can be little doubt that few men deserving the name but have been in a row, and that a row is uterine brother to a mob. Their constituents are sometimes pretty much the same; they differ—by the by, like almost every thing else—but in degrees. In the meal-mob which we described a few pages back, there was the flower of our village population. Had you fired upon it, there had been broken the stalk of rose or lily, full-blown or budding, and there would have been grief both in field and garden. The mob we have been treating of just now was a very different mob indeed—hardly human on the day of election, and many of its members not human yet, nor likely ever to become so,—yet, generally speaking, human, and in the long run, though it will again lose its humanity on passing of the Bill. Even in it, on that day, besides loungers, spectators, lookers-on, bystanders, idlers, amateurs, connoisseurs, *et id genus omne*, there were doubtless some innocent, some thoughtless, some joyous, some reckless, some drunk, and some dismal souls, incorporated with its brute-bulk, any single one of whom almost under any imaginable circumstances, it would have been as pleasant to a good citizen to knock down, as painful to fracture his skull, and most miserable to shoot through the heart. Here a knave, there a fool—yonder a simpleton who believes in a hell of Gilmerton coal, and by his side an atheist—the bully of a bad-house arm-in-arm with the teacher of a Sunday school—the jail-bird who has broken his parents’ hearts “keeps together in his chivalry” with a journeyman-mason who supports both his widowed mother and his grandmother—that is the hoary head of a thrice-

transported felon, who, had he not turned king's evidence, must have been hanged for murder, cresting the bright poll of a boy, who last week saved a stranger's life, by leaping, though a poor swimmer, from Leith pier in a surf—and that, we perceive, is a pastry-cook's apprentice, whose greatest guilt, up to this hour, has consisted in being an accomplice of his master's in passing off cat for hare-soup, and kitten for veal-pâtes, cheek-by-jowl with an incendiary worse than Jack the Painter, for he was an instigator of the Kent burnings. Such and such-like is the composition—if sifted by practical moral philosophy—of that mob, which we should be most loath indeed to fire on, for that might be inhuman—and just as loath to pledge ourselves, as the Lord Advocate did that evening, “for their good and peaceable behaviour,” for that would be irrational—and still more loath, for that we know not what to call, to post up, of and to them, in different parts of the city, as the Lord Advocate did on the night following—“The Lord Advocate *entreats* all who bear him *any friendship or respect* in this city, to abstain at *this time*, from any public demonstration of their feeling, and especially to withhold their countenance, either by their presence or *otherwise*, from any indication of hostility or disrespect to any individuals whatever.” To say no more about mobs—we feel strongly tempted to say a word or two on such sweet entreaty and soft remonstrance, which, did we not know the reverse to be the truth from a hundred quarters, would have gone far to convince us that his lordship is a very selfish and unfeeling personage. But you say that here he was not speaking to the mob? And has he then such friends as could instigate the mob in any way to acts of hostility against the seventeen electors? And deigns he thus to cajole them, instead of flinging their foul friendship from him with a scornful sense of contamination and dishonour? What had “*all who bear him any friendship or respect*” been doing? Threatening and attempting to commit murder. On whom? Why on those whom his lordship alludes to in that pretty periphrasis, “*any*

individuals whatever”—and who they were is known to all reformers.

But let Juvenis answer Senex if he can. Hear Senex addressing the able Editor of the Edinburgh Advertiser:

“But I wish to call the attention of yourself and the public to the precious placard by the Right Hon. Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of (N.B. it should be *for*) Scotland, posted up since the riot of Tuesday. This most extraordinary composition, by the First Law Officer of the Crown—an Officer of State—and, since the abolition of the Scots Privy Council, the principal officer of Police in Scotland, begins thus—‘The Lord Advocate intreats all who bear him *any friendship or respect* in this city to abstain,’ and so on. A second Daniel! but it is a Daniel O’Connell!! What! the Lord Advocate for Scotland does not *enjoin* and *command* the people to respect and obey the *King’s authority*—to keep the *King’s peace*, and not to invade the persons or property of *his Majesty’s peaceable subjects*—but he *humbly entreats* them, out of friendship and respect for him, forsooth,—for him, the late, if not present Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*!—for him, whom your Correspondent CONSISTENCY shews up as the decided enemy ‘of all rash projects—all wholesale reforms—all theoretical system-mongers, who will have every thing or nothing’—(the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill)—out of friendship for *Him*, to be so good as not again to threaten to throw the Lord Provost over the North Bridge—not again to attempt to break into the Council Chamber—not again to besiege the Councillors there for hours after the election was over—not again to commit the savage outrages of Tuesday night on the constables, soldiers, and yeomanry. In short, to be good boys in future, not in obedience to the laws, but for the sake of Him! Francis Jeffrey!!

“But this is not all. Does the Lord Advocate declare that he will do every thing in his power to discover and bring to justice some of the persons who were observed to be active in the outrages already committed? Oh, no. He is to let *by-gones* be *by-gones*; it is only in case of any repe-

tion of their outrages that he tells his friends (for so he designated the mob at his own house) 'That he will co-operate with the civil and military authorities to repress them, and to bring them, as is his peculiar and most important duty, to condign punishment for their offences.' Good! So it is no part of his 'peculiar and most important duty' to bring to condign punishment persons guilty of past rioting, and assaulting persons and property, in proof of their friendship for him, and to shew their zeal in his cause? But if they shall ever do so again, when their friendship and zeal can no longer serve him and his cause, then, forsooth, his good friends shall be brought to condign punishment!!

"Is this the man that is fit to be Lord Advocate for Scotland? Is this the man to whom, in times like these, we are to look for wisdom in council—for energy in the exercise of his office—for protection to our lives and properties against infuriated mobs, first inflamed by his own previous writings and speeches, then treated with impunity for past outrages, and only threatened with future punishment for riots, which, perhaps, may have no reference to him or his cause? Was it thus that Lord Advocate Dundas (the late Chief Baron), the gentlest but the firmest of human beings, acted, in order to protect us against Margarot's and other mobs at the commencement of the French Revolution? No, indeed. If the Lord Advocate of those days had acted as the Lord Advocate of this day has done, the question of Reform would have been settled long ago by the British Convention, *à-la-mode* of Robespierre and Marat."*

But let us hear Senex again, for he is no ordinary old man. If not restrained by modesty, we should call him a second Christopher.

† "Sir,—I have a few remarks to make on the speech of the Right Hon. Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland (at full length, as his friends affect ostentatiously to call him) to the Town Council, at the late election, as reported in your paper.

"In the first place, he denied, that, in the exercise of their privilege of

electing a Member of Parliament, the Councillors had a right to vote according to their own opinions of the candidates, or of their principles. You report him to have said, 'that it is a privilege which they are not called on to exercise in their own right;'—and again, 'but as to the Town Council, with great submission, he would say, that they were merely the office-bearers of the Corporation, merely the organs by which it performed certain functions.'

"This is quite new doctrine—that electors are not in reality electors—to decide and vote according to the dictates of their own consciences—but mere organs, puppets, machines, to be moved and guided by the petitions of Mr Jeffrey's friends out of doors.

"Well, be it so. The Town Council are to be considered as mere organs, trustees, as he calls them in another place, for the public. Then, pray, what will his 3000, or 4000, or 5000 ten-pound voters be? They will no doubt be a more numerous body of trustees. But still, according to his argument, as they will form but a very small proportion of the male population of Edinburgh, they will be only organs, or trustees, for the public, and ought not to vote according to their own opinions and consciences, but according to the dictates of 'the one hundred and twenty thousand of the most enlightened and intelligent people to be found within the bounds of the empire.' By the by, this 120,000 enlightened and intelligent people includes, at least, 70,000 or 80,000 women and children; and, of the men, also includes the thousands of most 'enlightened and intelligent people' who acted the dignified part of coach-horses to the Right Hon. Francis Jeffrey, on his return from the election.

"Therefore, according to the principles of the Right Hon. and Learned Lord, his ten-pound voters are only to be the organs of 120,000 enlightened and intelligent non-voters. Now, what is this but universal suffrage in its worst and most mischievous and equivocal shape? If we had universal suffrage, out and out,

then there could be no doubt or ambiguity as to the wishes and opinions of the multitude, as each man would signify them unequivocally by his own individual vote.

"But, according to the learned Lord's new principle, that voters are only organs and trustees to echo the sentiments of others, the opinions of those other influential people, those non-voters, and yet virtual and real voters, are to be collected from petitions and counter-petitions, and, probably, in the end, from mobs and counter-mobs, and to be gathered and counted according to the number of broken heads in said mobs.

"In the next place, let us see what the right honourable and learned Lord says on the Reform Bill. 'He would take leave only to say this, that *he understood* the government did not consider themselves pledged to all the details of the Bill.' Now, sir, I am bound to believe that this is the learned Lord's understanding; but, if so, I believe that it was not the understanding of any one person of the 120,000 enlightened and intelligent people of Edinburgh, nor of any one person in either House of Parliament, who heard the speeches of the Ministers.

"Were they not to stand or fall by the Bill? Did they not ostentatiously put it forth as the offspring of their united and unanimous wisdom? When many of the monstrous absurdities, inconsistencies, and partialities, both in its principle and details, were pointed out by various Members in the House of Commons, did they admit any one of them, or rather did they not defend every one of them to the very last? except that, at the very last, they did admit, in the case of one or two boroughs, that they had fallen into a mistake, owing to the returns of population in some burghs, including the parish to landward, and in others, not. But, in every other respect, they stuck by the Bill, to the very last, in all its details.

"But now, says the learned Lord, Ministers are disposed to free it from *many* (mark this) of the *peculiarities* that were held to be objectionable. Peculiarities!! elegant and gentle word! Peculiarities, that is, whereby a thing may be considered as peculiar, which is a very good word! Now, it certainly is peculiar, that

this bill, which leaped out of Lord Durham's head, all perfect, like Minerva out of the head of Jupiter, in full panoply of wisdom, is now discovered to have not a *few*, but *many* peculiarities! I love to repeat the word. I hope when the learned Lord draws an indictment against some of his 120,000 enlightened and intelligent friends in Edinburgh, who may have committed a crime, that he will not forget to designate it as one of the *many peculiarities* to which his enlightened friends are sometimes addicted.

"Then, as to Scotland, the Learned Lord says, 'As to the details there might be alterations.' The right of voting might be varied—it might be L.10 or L.20—but certainly it would not be raised to the extent of L.100.'

"In short, the plain English of this is, that, instead of the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, we are to have a 'spick and span' new Bill, to use a vulgar but significant expression, and that, as far as Scotland is concerned, the Learned Lord has not yet made up his Right Honourable mind as to what the Bill is to be; Minerva is not yet come to full growth in his majestic head.

"Having done for the present with the Lord Advocate, I have a word or two to say to his master, Earl Grey, and I will convict him of folly and rashness—I had almost said madness, by the example and conduct of Lord Chancellor Brougham, in similar circumstances.

"You will remember, sir, that some months ago, the Lord Chancellor introduced into Parliament a Bill for establishing Local Courts of Justice, and Provincial Judges in England, very much on the model of the Sheriff Courts in Scotland.

"Now, how did he act on this occasion? The establishment of these Courts in every county of England and Wales, on the scale of expenses contemplated by him, would have required an allowance to the Judges, Registrars, Clerks, &c., of not less than L.200,000 a-year; therefore it would have been rash to have established all these Courts at once, without any experience whether they really would prove useful or not—and yet, sir, if Lord Brougham had so done, the incurring of unne-

cessary expense would have been all the evil; for, if those courts were either found to do harm, or at least to do no good, Parliament, after a few years' experience, could have repealed the act, abolished the courts and the law, and the country would have fallen back exactly into the state it was in before it was passed, under its old jurisdictions of Circuit Courts and Quarter Sessions.

"Lord Brougham, however, did not proceed in this wholesale way—but, with the most statesmanlike caution and prudence, (greater, perhaps, than was to have been expected from his ardent and sanguine mind,) Lord Brougham in his bill, proposes at first to establish these courts only in two counties—Kent, at one end of the island, and Northumberland at the other. By this means the experiment would be fairly tried on a small scale, and, if the experiment succeeded, and those local courts were found to act beneficially in the administration of justice, then they could, by a subsequent act, be extended to the whole kingdom. On the other hand, if the experiment did not succeed, the evil is only local and partial, the expense trifling, and the act could be and would be, of course, repealed.

"Not so proceeds my Lord Grey. He does not cautiously feel his way—he does not apply the principle or the details of his bill, or any one point, on a small scale at first, in such a manner, that, if the measure was found either not to produce the good he predicted, or positively to lead to some or all of the evils predicted by others, it could be amended or repealed.

"No—but with true epic frenzy, he dashes into the midst of things at once—extends his experiment over the whole system—and this, although he must be conscious, that, if he is mistaken in his hopes and expectations, if the experiment fails, and either produces no good, or positive evil, it can never be altered, amended, or recalled. You may withhold a privilege from the people, if you believe that it would prove hurtful even to themselves; but once give them a privilege, and nothing but military force can ever deprive them of it. On the contrary, they will use

what they have got to acquire greater power in the first instance, blind to the ultimate evils which it may bring on themselves.

"Could not Lord Grey, imitating the prudence of Lord Brougham, have granted members to some great towns—on any principle of elective franchise he pleased, even universal suffrage and vote by ballot? The advantages or disadvantages of such a mode of election could thus have been tried upon a small scale, which, if beneficial or harmless, might have been extended, but which, if found to be hurtful, Parliament would have had, not only the will, but the power to repeal, and vest the right of election in those towns in some other body of voters.

"In the same way, he might have selected one or two counties, and in them have given the right of voting to copyholders, tenants, ten pound gentlemen, or any others he thought best, and have tried for some years how this system worked, and then have extended or repealed it, according to the experience of its effects.

"This is the manner in which any man with common pretensions to be a statesman would have acted. This is the manner in which Lord Brougham set him the example of acting. This is the manner in which even the most rigid anti-reformer would have given him credit for acting, and probably would never have opposed him—for an anti-reformer, sincere in his opinions, would have been glad of a safe opportunity of seeing the evils he predicted verified in practice.

"What should we say of a farmer, who, hearing of a new species of grain, of which he had no experience, should sow at once his whole disposable ground with it, at the risk of losing all, instead of trying it at first on one or two acres? Or what should we say of a physician, who, hearing of a new medicine, of which he had no experience, as a cure for fever, should at once give it to the whole fever patients in an hospital, instead of cautiously trying it on one or two?

"Yet this is just what Earl Grey has done. He has entered on a path where there is no receding—*vestigia nulla retrorsum—facilis descensus Avernii—sed revocare gradus, hic labor, hoc opus est.* It is easy for a

great country to fall into a democracy; but the rise from it is only to military despotism, which was, and would have continued to be, the fate of France, but for the madness of the despot.—Yours, &c.

“SENEX.”

Were there a few more newspapers in Scotland like the excellent one from which we have quoted these excellent letters, (and which we strenuously recommend to the patronage of all true men,) maintaining the same principles with the same talent and temper—and out of Edinburgh there unfortunately are now none such to our knowledge, except the Glasgow Herald and the Glasgow Courier—both admirable—and the Dumfries Journal, and, may we hope, the Paisley Advertiser—the minds of the lower and middle orders would have an antidote provided against the poison of false notions, and, if we may use an expression which, we believe, is in Junius, *false facts*, which the ignorant, always credulous, and especially in times of such political excitement, unsuspectingly and greedily swallow from the hands of designing, and dangerous, and wicked men, who, they suppose, are their friends and physicians, but who are the worst of quacks and enemies.

And now, in good earnest, we are about to conclude, and, as we began—and hope likewise continued—in good-humour, at least with ourselves, and about one half of the world. We do not mean that better half which is called the fair sex—but the Tory Segment of the Circle, which is in itself, we firmly believe, were it visible through mist and cloud, at least a semicircle, and yet destined—for we behold it crescent—in clear autumnal nights to expand into the most beautiful of all figures, and, like the full harvest moon, hang like a silver lamp in Heaven.

In bidding farewell—perhaps for ever and a day—perhaps but for a few months—to the Edinburgh Election, allow us to say that the popular candidate may not always be such a man as Mr Jeffrey. When the hustings have been erected at the Cross, the day may come when

the mob shall, in preference even to the Lord Advocate, elect some worthless demagogue. Their favour is no secure possession; and rarely has it been long enjoyed by genius and virtue. What measures may be popular with an Edinburgh mob, and what men their idols, after a few sittings of a Reformed Parliament, it is not for Tories like us to prophesy; but this we know, that some of the measures will be such as his Lordship, if faithful to the principles of his past political life, will spurn at with indignation, and some of the men, such as he, a gentleman, would be loath to admit into his society or friendship. Democrats must have their demagogue; but “the Advocate” has few of the good, and none of the bad qualities that might fit a man for that office. For he wants the vulgar nerve and commonplace decision which may be numbered among the good—and of recklessness, insolence, hypocrisy, and ferocity, which are a few of the bad, and among the most essential, he is as destitute as a child or a gentleman.

The democratic spirit, whether widely extended or not over Scotland, we, who know something of the population, shall not pretend to declare; but certainly it has, within these few weeks, shewn itself more undisguisedly, and spoken more violently, than we had ever feared to see or hear among our rural dwellers. The disgraceful conduct of the mob in Lanark, at the county election, kept the Edinburgh mob in countenance, and shewed that the town had stained the country; while gentlemen of birth and education, while pretending to be shocked, or perhaps really so, with the scene in the church, and averse to the murdering of the Tory candidate with broken bottles, held such language in the inn as was admirably calculated to foster the savage spirit that gave rise to such an outrage. But

“The blood of Douglas will protect itself.”

And with that sentiment—which is of general application to all good men—Farewell!

DR PARR AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

No. IV.

ABOUT the year 1789, Dr Parr was involved in two literary broils—the one purely offensive, the other nearly so—though, as usual, the doctor coloured them to his own mind, as measures of just retaliation. The first was his republication of a forgotten pamphlet, written by Bishop Warburton, and afterwards anxiously suppressed by his orders; and to this he united another, “by a Warburtonian,” viz. Bishop Hurd; prefixing to the whole a preface, and a most rhetorical dedication, from his own pen, in which he labours to characterise both the bishops, but especially the living one, in terms that, whilst wearing some shew of justice, should also be as sarcastic and as injurious as possible. The mere act of reviving what the authors themselves had been zealous to suppress, is already sufficiently offensive, and expressive of a spiteful mind, had the preface even been spared. What are we to consider the provocation to a piece of mischief so puerile, and apparently so wanton? Listen to the doctor, and you will suppose that no motive but the purest and most philanthropic had governed him: Leland had been “most petulantly insulted, and Jortin most inhumanly vilified.” Well—and what then? Better men than ever stood upon *their* pins have been insulted and vilified, nay, hustled, floored, smashed, and robbed of gold watches and seals. Besides, hard words break no bones. And why could not the two dissenters have settled their own quarrels with the two bishops? In effect, they *had* done so. Why must Dr Parr intrude his person into the row, long after it was extinct, and when three out of four parties interested were in their graves? Oh, but, says Dr Parr, the example was the thing: neither of the offenders had been punished; and their impunity, if tolerated, would encourage future bishops to the same species of offence. He was resolved to deter others from supposing “that what has been repeatedly and deliberately done in secret, will not, sooner or later, be

punished openly.” Finally, coming nearer to the true purpose of the whole, he avows that “it was intended to *lessen the number of those who speak too well of Bishop Hurd.*”

Vain and tortuous disguises of malice self-betrayed! Now, let us hear the true lurking motives to this almost unprincipled attack, which Dr Parr so studiously masked under pretexts of public purposes. One writer tells us, that Parr, on a visit to Hartlebury, (the Bishop of Worcester’s residence,) had been dismissed with little ceremony, and with hospitable attentions either none at all, or so chilling as to pique his pride. This anecdote, however, we have reason to think, refers to a period subsequent to the original offence. Perhaps this might first arise, as a *mutual* offence, in a case where the bishop drew upon himself the ferocious resentment of Parr, by his hesitation in passing one of Parr’s friends, then a candidate for holy orders. Even this resentment, however, was possibly no more than the first expression of Parr’s secret mortification at the bishop’s private opinion of his sermon on education. Nothing travels faster in this world than the ill-natured critiques of literary men upon each other; and Parr probably heard from a thousand quarters that Hurd had expressed his dislike to the style, or the preposterous length of this “vernacular sermon.” That this anecdote is true, nobody doubts who remembers the pointed manner in which Parr himself alludes, in his dedication, to Bishop Hurd’s “rooted antipathy to *long vernacular sermons from Dr Parr.*”

Such are often the true motives even of good men, when their personal feelings are roused. The whole pretence of Parr was a fiction. Jortin and Leland were already avenged: both had retaliated upon Hurd, and, as Parr fancied, with success: the one, he said, had “chastised” Hurd with “wit”—the other had “baffled” him with “argument.” So many cudgellings for one crime were out of all rule. “These two excel-

lent men," says Parr, "were not to be annoyed again and again by the poisonous arrows of slander." Neither was this excellent bishop to be "again and again" pulled up to the public bar, and annoyed for having annoyed them. "Tit for tat" all the world over; and if a man, "being fap," as Pistol observes, and also too lively with young blood, will "try conclusions," and perhaps "assault and batter" a leash of worthy men, he must pay. But *having* paid—(as, suppose, five pounds)—then, at Bowstreet or anywhere else, he is held entitled to his five pounds worth of battery. He has bought it, settled the bill, and got a stamped receipt. For *them* to claim further payment—entitles *him* to further battery.

But one argument shall put down Dr Parr's pretences. Were Jortin and Leland the only parties to whom Hurd or Warburton had furnished actionable matter? Not by a hundred. They had run a muck at all the men who lay in their path. To go no farther than one of Parr's friends: Bishop Lowth and Hume had been assaulted with more injustice than either of those for whom Parr stood forward. Hurd had called Hume "a puny dialectician." Now this was insolence. Hume, even as a *litterator*, was every way superior to the bishop; but, as a dialectician, Hume to Hurd was a Titan to a pigmy. The *Essay on Necessary Connexion*, which was the seed that has since germinated into the mighty forest of German philosophy, was hardly in one sentence within Hurd's comprehension. As to Lowth, we would not quarrel with those who should fasten a quarrel upon him.

But, if that is our way of thinking, it was not Parr's. He was incensed at Hurd for his depreciation of Lowth. He was incensed with him, and justly, for his affected con-

tempt of Hume. He was incensed with another worthy bishop for insidiously calling Lardner "industrious," as though, in raising such a pile as the *Credibility of Gospel History*, (a work which, to our knowledge, once broke a man's spinal bone, so many and so stout are its volumes!) he had no other merit than that of supporting his "wife and family." Why, then, my Sam, did you not visit for these offences? This question, so far as it regards Hume, Sam answers himself. "Leland and Jortin," says he, "had a right to expect from their clerical opponent a milder and more respectful treatment than that given to a sceptic who scoffed at all the principles of religion." * By no means, doctor; we beg your pardon. Leland and Jortin had a right to fair play; and to so much, every man, *Tros Tyriusve*, has the same right. But, once for all, let us hear an answer to this: If Leland and Jortin had a privileged case by comparison with Hume, and a claim upon Hurd's forbearance, much more had Lowth a privileged case as regarded Parr, and a claim, if any man could have, upon his vindictive friendship. For Lowth had been Parr's earliest patron. How comes it, then, that he left Lowth to the protection of Providence? Lowth, it will be said, redressed his own wrongs. True. He did so; but so did all of them—Hume, Jortin, Leland, and the "tottle of the whole." Supposing, therefore, Dr Parr sought a case for his Quixotism, in which he might avenge a man that was past avenging himself, why did he not swinge his patron, Lowth, for taking liberties with Richard Bentley? This case was a very bad one; the "petulance" of Hurd could not be worse than the petulance of Lowth; and what a difference in the objects of their attack!

* Dr Parr adds—"and who had endeavoured to loosen the strongest obligations of morality." These words are likely to be overlooked, as though they were thrown in merely to round the rhythmus of the sentence, or (if really significant) importing no more than that relaxation of morals which naturally accompanies the shaking of religious sanctions. But more is meant than this; and there is a mystery in the matter which we cannot fathom. For elsewhere (vol. iii. p. 378), he speaks of the destructive consequences of Hume's Essays "to the sacred interests of morality:"—and still more pointedly in another place (on *Politics, Jurisprudence, &c.* vol. iii. p. 283), he speaks of Hume as having "taught the inconsiderate and the innocent to think with diminished horror not of adultery only, but of other impurities too flagitious to be named." What does he mean?

Finally, let us remember this: Milner, the papist of Winchester, had the audacity publicly to denounce Porteous, bishop of London, as a bigot and a falsifier of facts; Bishop Hoadly and Bishop Shipley, as Socinians; Hallifax, bishop of Durham, as a papist, (thus literally applying to Dr Hallifax the very identical aspersion which he had himself wiped off from Bishop Butler, in his edition of that prelate's works); Dr Rennell as a knave; and the Bishops Barrington, Watson, Benson, and Sparke, as insincere believers in the Protestant faith. This ruffian, for such he really was, Dr Parr addressed in a long letter meant for the press. But he never printed his letter; and, now that it is printed, what do we find? An expostulation running over with courtesy, forbearance, and unreasonable concessions; no sneering; no threats. So mild was Dr Parr in defending outraged truth—so furious in avenging his wounded self-love!

Such was the famous attack on Hurd, in its moving impulse. As to its literary merit, doubtless that is very considerable. Perhaps the author of the Pursuits of Literature, went too far in styling it "astonishing and splendid." Assuredly it is in bad taste—not so much for its excess of antithesis, simply considered; that is rightly defended by Mr Field, as a legitimate engine of rhetorical effects; but for the effort and visible straining which are often too palpably put forth, in finding matter suitable for loading the opposite scales of the antithetic balance. However, it is a *jeu d'esprit* of great ability, and may give to an English reader some notion of the Bellenden Preface.*

The other feud of this period forms a singular chapter in the se-

cret history of books. Dr White, the Oxford Professor of Arabic, had preached and published the Bampton lectures. They were much admired.† All at once a discovery was made, that a part of these lectures had been written by a Mr Badcock, a dissenting minister, recently dead, who latterly conformed to the Church of England. This discovery was made through a bond for L.500 given by Dr White to Mr Badcock, which his sister endeavoured to recover, and which the Professor was weak enough to resist. The ground which he took was plausible—that the bond had been given, not for work done, but for work to be done. At the very time when this affair broke out, Dr Parr happened to arrive at Oxford. White was his intimate friend. But it is difficult to imagine a sort of conduct less reconcilable with the obligations of friendship, than that which he adopted. Without delay, or consultation with Professor White, he avowed his peremptory disbelief in Badcock's claim, on the ground that he was himself the contributor of a very considerable share to these lectures. Never did man do a more critical injury to a friend; and were it not that the irritations of jealous vanity, with constitutional incontinency of secrets, seem to have overpowered and surprised his better resolutions, we should be compelled to pronounce it perfidy. Whatever help of this nature one literary man gives to another, carries with it an implied obligation to secrecy; otherwise, what else results than that, under the mask of giving a partial assistance to a friend's literary fame, the writer has, in fact, been furnishing himself with the means of crushing it entirely. He has given a trifle that he might take away the whole; for, after such an exposure,

* It is usually taken for granted, that Hurd had nothing to say for himself in this case, and was on that account discreetly silent. But this is a mistake. He had enough to allege against Jortin and Leland, to have turned the tables on their champion; but his motive for silence was perhaps this: Parr threatened that, if answered, he would come back "again and again" upon the same ground; and, if treated with sneers, he protested that he would give "no quarter." Now, in such a war, Hurd would have had his hands tied by the restraints of his episcopal dignity.

† Gibbon, in his fifty-second chapter, had spoken of White in high terms: "He sustains," says he, "the part of a lively and eloquent advocate; and sometimes rises to the merit of an historian and philosopher."

a man has credit for nothing as his own. And this injury was, as we have said, *critical*: coming at the moment of Mr Badcock's claim, about which much doubt prevailed, and was likely to prevail, from the death of the only person who could effectually meet the denial of White, Dr Parr's claim at one and the same time authenticated itself and Badcock's.

Meantime Parr's claim was a true one. Mr Kett (so well known in Oxford by the name of Horse Kett, from his *equine* physiognomy) thus states the amount of Parr's contributions, and their value: "Whether I consider the solidity of the argument, the comprehension of thought, or the splendour of style, I think them, upon the whole, the most able and elegant parts of the lectures. In point of quantity they are considerable, as they are more than a *fifth* of the whole, without reckoning the corrected passages. But their intrinsic excellence is such, that any person, with such materials, might not only have obtained a great deal of present applause, but lasting fame. They are in the highest style of composition, as they are of a philosophical and refined cast, and make many of the other parts of the lecture with which they are connected appear nothing more than loose and florid declamation."

Laborious investigations, conferences, and explanations followed; in which, it appears to us, that Dr Parr behaved with little generosity, and White with much duplicity. One incident is remarkable: Dr Parsons of Baliol College, one of the arbitrators or referees, at length withdrew himself from the service he had undertaken, in so pointed a manner as to convince us that he also had very considerable rights of property in these lectures, which his honour or his kindness had obliged him to dissemble; and that, in some

one of Parr's reclamations, in making which he relied confessedly on a very vague recollection, or a still vaguer discrimination of styles, he had unintentionally been trespassing on ground which Parsons knew to be his own. This is our private opinion. To the parties interested never was any literary broil so full of vexation.* Cabals were fermenting in Oxford in the interest of White on the one hand, or of Dr Gabriel of Bath on the other: the public journals took up the affair, with their usual imperfect information; private characters suffered: old friendships were dissolved for ever: and, finally, no party reaped either profit or honour from this contest for the proportions of property in a book, which has long since been consigned to oblivion by the world.

But, after all, the worst scandal of this transaction settled not upon any individual so much as upon the professional body of divines in general. That part of the correspondence which got abroad, admitted the public painfully behind the curtain, and exhibited the writers concerting their parts, and arranging their *coups-de-théâtre*, in a manner but little creditable to their sincerity. They had the air at one time of attorneys, scheming to obtain a verdict for Christianity; at another, of marionettes, arranging the draperies of their costume, or of *figurantes*, attitudinizing for effect. We must be particularly brilliant, says White, in that part where we attack Gibbon. Alas! for the ancient faith—the primitive devotion—that burned in the evangelists, martyrs, and reformers, in Hilarion or Paul, in Wycliffe or Luther! How little room did *that* allow for any thoughts about themselves! Dr Parr, however, was no party to this huckstering traffic of devotional feeling, or this manufacture of spiritual thunder. Hypocrisy

* Mr Kett, whose position in Oxford enabled him to overlook the whole game, came to the same conclusion; for in dissuading Dr Parr from coming forward as an active participator in the dispute, he says, "I cannot help considering the whole affair as containing something necessarily injurious to the reputation of all who engage in it." He also admonished the Doctor, "that the unconditional manner in which he gave his assistance, ought to induce him to be silent." What Mr Kett meant by silence, was abstinence from the press; but the same reasons applied to oral communications; and in that sense it was no longer possible for Dr Parr to be silent.

was not *his* failing: whatever were his religious opinions, his feelings of devotion were thoroughly sincere. But he suffered from the connexion in which his name appeared; and, as regarded the duties of a friend, his character has suffered in this transaction permanently, from his own indiscretions, and the infirmity of his too ungenerous vanity.

To sum up Dr Parr's pretensions as a man of letters, we have already sufficiently acknowledged that his talents were splendid, and fitted, under suitable guidance, to have produced a more brilliant impression on his own age than they really did, and a more lasting one on the next age than they ever will. In his lifetime, it is true, that the applauses of his many pupils, and his great political friends, to a certain extent, made up for all deficiencies on his own part; but now, when these vicarious props are withdrawn, the disproportion is enormous, and hereafter will appear to be more so, between the talents that he possessed and the effects that he accomplished. This result is imputable, in part, to his own want of exertion, and the indolence with which he shrank from undertaking any labour of great compass or research, the very best of his performances being mere *velitations*, skirmishes, or academic exercises; and in part, also, it is imputable to a cause less open to moral reproach, viz. the comparative poverty of his philosophic understanding, between which and his talents there was no equilibrium. He gave a bright and gaudy colouring to truths which were too often trite, mean, or self-evident. And the impression was ineradicable in a keen observer's mind, of a perpetual swell, glitter, and false inflation, beyond the occasion, and without a corresponding activity or power of thought. His architecture was barbaresque—rich in decoration, colossal in proportions, but unsymmetrical, and reposing on no massy foundations. It is very possible, and not uncommon, to have a poor understanding combined with fine talents. We do not say that Dr Parr's understanding was a poor one; but it was not emphatically a fine one, not habitually profound, not philosophically subtle. Unquestionably it was mismatched, in point of natu-

ral vigour, with his talents—that is, his powers of giving effect to his thoughts, and realizing his conceptions. The splendours of Burke, yoked, as they were, with the very finest—subtlest—and most combining intellect, that ever yet has been applied to political philosophy, awoke no sense of disparity or false balance in his powers. But in the case of Parr, we feel that, having once tasted the luxury of his periodic sentences, with their ample volume of sound and self-revolving rhythmus—having enjoyed his artful antithesis, and solemn antilibration of cadences—we have had the cream of his peculiar excellencies, and may exclaim with Juvenal, *Venimus ad summum fortunæ*, or with Romeo, that it is time to be gone, because “the sport is at the best.”

As to that other cause, which co-operated to the effect we have been stating, Parr's indolence, or unpersevering industry—his excuse was the less, that his stomach was as strong as the shield of Telamonian Ajax, and his spirits, even under attacks of illness, were indomitable, and (as he himself styles them) “*lion* spirits.” Heavens! what an advantage in that temperament above the general condition of literary men! Coleridge, for example, struggling with the ravages of opium for the last 30 years, and with the *res angusta domi*, in a degree never known to Parr, has contrived to print a dozen 8vo volumes. And were all his contributions to the Morning Post and Courier collected, and his letters, many and long, together with his innumerable notes on the fly-leaves and margins of books, he would appear to have been a most voluminous author, instead of meriting the reproach which too often we have been fated to hear, of shameful indolence and waste of stupendous powers. Of Dr Parr's very criminal indolence, there was but one palliation: Much of his life had passed in the labours of the school-room; and his leisure from those was excusably turned to purposes of relaxation. Still he had latterly a long period of immunity from toils of every kind; he had a library of above ten thousand volumes; he had increasing wealth; and, for years, he toiled not, neither did he spin. As

to his execrable hand-writing, that is rather an explanation than a justification of his sterility. Pretty often he had the aid of volunteer amanuenses; and was he at any time too poor to have paid a secretary? Beginning with some advantages for literary research so much beyond those of Gibbon, in his far greater familiarity with the languages of ancient books, why should Dr Parr, the apologist of universities against Gibbon, not have left behind him a monument of learned industry as elaborate and as useful as his? On the whole, we fear that Dr Parr, as an author, must always be classed with those who have spent their vigour upon *ludicra*, *certainina*, and *sciomachia*, mock fights, mimic rehearsals, and combats, with the momentary exhalations of party madness, rather than upon the "good fight" of a scholar and a Christian, in that eternal war which exists between ignorance and truth, between the world and pure religion; that his knowledge and the sweat of his brow have been laid out upon palaces of ice, incapable of surviving the immediate atmosphere under which they arose, and dissolving with the first revolution of the seasons, rather than upon the massy Roman masonry that might have sustained his influence to a distant posterity. This may seem his misfortune, but then it was a misfortune to have been foreseen. And, for the more intrinsic qualities of his works, it will be recorded in their very fate that, if their execution was sometimes such as to challenge a permanent interest, their matter was unable to support so great a distinction; and that perhaps, of all known works, they are best fitted to illustrate the critical objection of *materiem superabat opus*; and finally, with regard to their author, that hardly any writer of age so mature, of education so regular, and of pursuits so solemn and professional, had derived his subjects from occasions so ephemeral, or his excitement from motives so personal.

It remains that we should speak of Dr Parr as a politician and as a divine: and fortunately the transcendent character of the facts will bring those inquests within the range of a short trial and a self-evident verdict.

First, as a politician. The French

Revolution found Dr Parr a Jacobin; *found*, we say, not made. Of this there is abundant presumption. To give his vote for Wilkes, he faced a situation of considerable risk; he was unwigged, and probably saved his life by escaping through a back window to his horse. Considering that he was then the *Reverend* Samuel Parr, this argued no trivial sympathy with the seditious agitator. It is true that a constitutional question was at issue in the case of Wilkes's expulsion; but it does not appear that Parr gave his countenance to Wilkes the purist of the constitution, so much as Wilkes the demagogue; and loved him upon the principle laid down by Junius, viz. "so long as he was a thorn in the king's side." Besides, right or wrong in politics, ought an impure scoffer like Wilkes, notoriously the author of a most scandalous and obscene parody, to have commanded the volunteer and ardent support of a clergyman? Was this decent? Such however, were Parr's earliest attachments, and such the leonine ardour with which he displayed them. In a better cause we should have admired his courage; for he seems to have been resolved to go to Brentford, though there had been "as many devils there as tiles upon the roof."

Well, in the fulness of time came the French Revolution. The first persons to sing public pæans of congratulation in this country were the dissenters of Birmingham—moving under the domineering influence of Dr Priestley. What followed is known to all whose recollections stretch back to those tumultuous days. Dr Priestley's house was stormed and sacked by the Birmingham mob; his philosophical apparatus (as a private one, matchless) destroyed; his papers, letters, philosophical MSS. scattered to the four winds; and the angry philosopher himself, by a fierce levanter of indignation, driven westwards to America. These scenes passed in too close neighbourhood to Dr Parr, for a temper so combustible as his to escape kindling at the flame of party fury. We may be sure also, that he took the side of Priestley: to the extent of pity for his misfortunes, all good men did so; but as an approver of the conduct which provoked these misfortunes, we may almost venture to say that, amongst

the fifteen thousand clergymen of the Church of England, Dr Parr stood altogether alone. Every man of sober mind, whilst he commiserated Dr Priestley as an unfortunate man, and esteemed him as a very ingenious one, could view him in no other light than as the victim of his own folly and misguided passions. Political frenzy had prompted him to acts of defiance against a mob as fanatical in one direction as himself in another; with this difference, however, that *their* fanaticism pointed to a very much more reasonable policy than the fanaticism of the celebrated experimentalist. The mob had retorted as an insulted and irritated mob are likely to retort. They, who play at bowls, must expect rubbers. And Dr Parr, by mixing in the game, wantonly drew upon himself a participation in the danger—or at least a participation in the terror; for, after all, he seems to have been more frightened than seriously hurt. Great was his panic; schooled by Dr Priestley's losses, he sent off his books hastily to Oxford. They suffered from the hasty removal; and at Oxford, where they were indifferently sheltered, they suffered still more. This lesson might have done him good service, had his temper allowed him to profit by it. But neither fear nor interest could ever check *his* fanaticism. With such a temper we may suppose that he was blinded to all sense of his own errors by the dazzling light with which his anger invested the errors of the opposite party. At an after period, the Doctor's cries ascended to heaven in print against the mob and their criminal politics. Yet such is the temper of this world—that, if a grave philosopher, by shaking his fist, and other acts of bravado, should happen to provoke a company of unlucky boys to reply with a shower of stones, men in general suffer their resentment to settle upon the philosopher for his wanton provocation, rather than on the boys for that lapidary style of retort in which their skill naturally expresses itself.

This affair, taken singly, being mixed up with considerations of person and neighbourhood, might, after all, but indifferently represent the condition of Dr Parr's politics. Other ebullitions of his feelings about the same period were less equivocal. On

Mr Burke, for the crime of writing his memorable book on the French Revolution, he inflicted the whimsical punishment of inverting his portrait—that is, suspending it with the head downwards. The insolent tyranny of this act is remarkable. Mr Burke had held up his “protesting hand” against the Revolution; and he, if ever any man upon any question, had explained the philosophic grounds of his protest. It seemed, therefore, that with or without reasons, no dissent was tolerated from Dr Parr's views. For, as to Mr Burke's vehemence, it was no more than the natural warmth of sincerity. Precisely the same sentence of degradation, we believe, was executed upon Mr Windham, and for the same offence. This was intelligible, and equity, if not justice. Equal acts merited equal treatment. But in a third case the same degradation, by greatly extending the construction of guilt, warranted much larger inferences against Dr Parr's motives. This third criminal was Paley; on *his* portrait, also, sentence of inversion was passed and executed, and for years it hung at Hatton in that position. What then had been Paley's crime? *Audi facinus majoris abollæ*; he had literally been guilty of writing *Reasons for Contentment*. The title explains its object. At a crisis of universal political irritation, when Paine's works and the French Revolution had diffused a spirit of change, and the indefeasible evils of poverty were made handles of disaffection—being charged upon the institutions of the land, Dr Paley had exerted himself to dissipate all delusions, to rouse the ignorant to a sense of the awful blessings which they enjoyed under equal laws administered by a popular government, and thus to save them as well from secret discontents as from publicly lending themselves to the purposes of designing incendiaries. This was the service which he did, or attempted; and for this only, neither more nor less, he incurred the wrath of Parr; we may add that he was never forgiven. The following record of his feelings, in regard to Paley, he left behind him for publication:—“I never thought Paley an honest man; he had great sagacity, wit, and science; some good humour; but he was *vain, inconsistent*—

ent," [odd objections to come from Samuel Parr:] "he was also, it appears * * *" [*i. e.* something too bad for Parr's executors to print,] "and selfish."

No one fact can better illustrate the furious disaffection of Dr Parr. Simply because a man applied his great talents to a purpose of the highest charity, which could no otherwise serve the existing ministers even remotely and mediately, than by first of all serving many thousands of his humble countrymen directly and essentially, he became with Dr Parr a marked man. After this it will not be surprising that even the Whiggish correspondents of Parr found occasion to remind him that England was not the country in sober sadness which it suited their party tactics to represent; that he was interpreting too literally the violences of their public polemics; and that England did in fact continue to be, what she had so long been esteemed by all the world, except her eternal enemies, the ark to which were confided the dearest interests of man.

In 1794, war had begun to rage; the revolutionary frenzy had produced its bloodiest excesses; the gloom had terrifically deepened; and the French reign of terror, by a very natural re-action on all the rest of Europe, produced a corresponding system of vigilance and coercion in all regular governments, which must now be admitted to have been too harsh and despotic, if viewed apart from the extremities of the occasion. Upon questions, which depend for their adjudication upon the particular estimate which is taken of the impending dangers, there is room for great latitude of opinion amongst honest men. Constitutionally, and from mere differences of bodily temperament, men of the sanest judgments take radically different views of the very broadest cases that can arise; and starting as he did from Whiggish principles, Dr Parr is entitled to a large indulgence in his construction and valuation of Mr Pitt's policy. We can allow, therefore, most readily for the fervour of interest which he took, not merely as a private friend to some of the parties concerned, but also as a politician, in

the state trials which occurred at that period. For poor Gerrald, as a splendid pupil of his own, as an unfortunate man betrayed into calamity by generous enthusiasm, and as a martyr of most disinterested indiscretions, he was entitled to feel the very warmest concern. We ourselves, of principles so adverse to Dr Parr's, are of opinion that Gerrald was most harshly, nay, unconstitutionally, treated. He was tried under a superannuated law of Scotland, which had arisen out of another condition of things, and was never meant for our times; it was a mere accident that such a law should be unrepealed; and a verdict was obtained against him that the rest of the empire could not have countenanced. This was a case beyond any other to merit a pardon, even in the view of those who thought Mr Gerrald a turbulent democrat, since undoubtedly the verdict was in some measure obtained surreptitiously. Conduct that, on one side the Border, was punishable with transportation; on the other, was confessedly, at the very utmost, a misdemeanour. Under these circumstances to have enforced the sentence, and to have thrown a man of genius and a scholar into the society of ruffians and the very refuse of jails—was doubtless a harsh course. Warmth therefore, and earnestness might be expected from Dr Parr, in behalf of his unhappy friend. But nothing short of childish defect of self-government, could have allowed Dr Parr to insult the very person to whom he looked for a mitigation of the sentence. Yet this he did. Writing to Mr Windham, as Secretary of State, for the exertion of his influence with Mr Pitt, he told him with a bullying air that Mr Gerrald was as able a man as Mr Pitt, and great deal more learned. What followed? Mr Windham had been acquainted with the Doctor, and was the very man to have felt for the peculiar hardship of Mr Gerrald's case. But of an application in this spirit he could not allow himself to take any favourable notice; a formal official answer was returned; and Mr Gerrald's sentence was permitted to take its course. From this we infer, that Dr Parr's political enthusiasm had then risen to the height

of fanaticism, which set at nought all ordinary discretion.

However, the truth must be told: the first anti-Gallican war, though supported (as we shall always maintain) by the *élite* of British society, by the property and education of the land, did not unite all hearts in its cause. There was still room left for honest recusants; though it is undoubtedly true, that most of those who did actually stand forward conspicuously in that character, were so upon any but laudable motives. Unless where they happened to be betrayed by natural defects of discretion, and original incapacity for calculating consequences—a case which we believe to be that of Dr Parr—nearly all the sturdy recusants to Mr Pitt's policy moved upon the very worst impulses of anti-national feeling. Pitiably blind they were in some rare instances; but in more, desperately unpatriotic. Still we repeat that room was left for honest dissent up to a certain point; and there are not a few, even now, amongst those whose patriotism was never tainted, and who gave to Mr Pitt the fullest benefit of their accession as regarded principles, that yet question the policy of a military league against the infant republic of France—as that which in effect, by furnishing the occasion for resistance, finally developed her yet unconscious strength.

But a few short years sufficed to place all this upon new foundations. If ever, in this world, a nation had one heart and one soul, it was the British nation in the spring of 1803. A poet, who had deeply protested against the first French war, at this crisis exclaimed, addressing the men of Kent—

"We *all* are with you now from shore to shore!"

No need of sagacity at this time: blind instinct was sufficient to develop the views of the Consular government, and to appreciate the one sole policy which circumstances commanded. And here it was the Whigs (we mean the Whigs in Parliament) lost themselves, and riveted that national distrust which had first commenced with the schism in the Whig Club. They would not change their tone; they would not open their eyes to the new state of things; but continued to palliate the worst atrocities

of the enemy, and to prophesy a long heritage of shame and defeat for ourselves. At that period it was many times remarked, that the long habit of expressing sympathy with the national foes, insensibly moulded the feelings of the Opposition to a tone of bitterness against a nation that spurned their abject counsels, and of too evident mortification at the spectacle of our military triumphs. To prophesy evil is an unwise course for any man; it gives his vanity, and perhaps his personal enmities, an interest in the national disasters, and at all events disturbs the strength of his patriotic sympathies. Strange as it may sound, there have been Englishmen to whom it was thought necessary by their families cautiously to break the shock of the great news of Waterloo, so violent was the grief anticipated at the final prostration of their idol. We could mention one man, well-known in his day as a miscellaneous author, and not an unamiable man (though a coxcomb) in his character of literary patron, who, being accidentally at a dinner party on the day when that mighty catastrophe reached Norfolk, was kept in ignorance of the news by an arrangement concerted separately with each of the guests as he arrived; it was understood that this precaution was requisite to ensure his attendance at dinner.

No such case ever has occurred in France. The martial successes of France in the days of Louis XIV., when the unhappy Palatinate was given up to desolation, obtained the cordial sympathy of the whole people, no less than the still more atrocious acts of Napoleon. No excess of profligacy and injustice has ever damped the unity of patriotic joy amongst the French: no sanctity of defensive warfare was ever availed to ensure it amongst the English. And, generally, this may express no more than that freedom of thought amongst ourselves, which presents all public topics under every variety of phasis. But as there are cases in morals upon which good feeling precludes all variety of judgment, so in politics there are rare crises upon which the good and evil of posterity so essentially depend, and, above all, which touch national honour in so capital a point, that any diversity of feeling is irreconcilable with just

moral feeling. Absolute conformity is required to the national policy, and no toleration exists for dissenters of any class.

Such a case existed from 1803 to 1815, and more eminently than ever before in the history of mankind. What was Dr Parr's behaviour? We shall not go into it at length: to see a good man wandering so grievously from the path of his clear duty, is afflicting; and a few instances will tell in what channel his feelings ran. In the spring of 1814, when all Christendom was exulting in the approaching destruction of the destroyer, Dr Parr writes thus to Mr Coke:—"My indignation at the English government, as the real and implacable disturbers of the peace of Europe, increases daily and hourly; and from that malignant spirit which began to act in 1793, and is now reinforced by the accession of such an auxiliary as the Prince Regent, I forbode the most disastrous consequences. My fear is, that the allies will be overruled by the earnestness, or cajoled by the bribes, of the Prince Regent and his minions."—So then, upon this view of things, Jena, Austerlitz, Borodino,—the outrages upon Spain, Portugal, Germany, Russia, were not French, but British acts. But patience!

In what way it was that Dr Parr received the Waterloo news, we learn from no express record; but indirectly, we can easily collect it. About two months before that battle, he anticipated such an event as what was most to be abominated. The horizon already reddened with the dawn of that coming retribution—already it was believed that to England, in reward of her matchless perseverance, would be assigned the exterminating sword, and Dr Parr—sharing the belief, but abjuring the moral hopes of the time—sickens at the prospect. Worse than this we cannot say of any man. We may add, however, that his condition of feeling on these subjects continued pretty uniform. He wrote violently against assassination, and the exception often urged in favour of tyrannicide. But how exclusively the benefit of even this doctrine was applied to our enemy, may be judged by this:—Mr Percival was murdered by a man whom he did not know by sight; Dr Parr's

attention is attracted by no one consideration but the excuses which might be offered for the assassin. The Duc de Berri is murdered without even the shadow of a provocation; Dr Parr assures his correspondent that he [not the murderer as one would naturally wish to understand the passage, but the murdered prince] was a "vulgar ruffian." Again, as another illustration of his fanatic violence, Mr Hone publishes parodies on the Scriptures; as a politician after his own heart, though in a conscious opposition to the decrums of his sacred profession, and to his own sincere reverence for religion, Dr Parr encourages and sanctions him by a money subscription. And we find the Duke of Bedford who forfeited the distinction of representing his sovereign in his own county, solely by a participation in the same expression of approbation directly justifying his conduct (upon which in some views he felt a doubt by Dr Parr's example. We might accumulate many more examples but enough is here cited to shew that, as a politician, Dr Parr stood aloof from his country in the hour of her most memorable trials, and dishonoured his grey hairs by absolute fanaticism, that lost sight finally even of his religious principles.

This leads us to the view of Dr Parr as a divine, in which it had been our intention to shew that in every part of his life he allowed the principles of his theology to be biased by his political prejudices. Dissenters of all classes were welcome to him, whether their dissent began originally upon religious or political views, because in any case it terminated in hostility to the State. Upon examining Dr Parr's sermons, we find too little of a regular chain of system of religious principles to sustain the review which we meditated and of the correspondence yet published, too small a part turns upon religious questions to do much in supplying this defect. We shall content ourselves for the present, therefore, with observing, that, whilst he dwelt with ludicrous self-congratulation upon the support he gave to orthodoxy in the purest trifles, he really betrayed the interests of his church in its two capital interests, and against the Roman Catholics on the

one hand, and the Socinians on the other. Long and laboured were his pleadings for the Roman Catholics, and for the relaxation of the penal laws against them, in his notes upon Mr Fox's History; and on the other hand he attacked the Archbishop of Dublin, otherwise a friend and admirer, in a rancorous tone, for denying the title of Christianity (in which denial he is countenanced by many a score of learned and pious men) to Socinianism. Finally, he left for posthumous publication, a printed record of his dissatisfaction with Anti-Socinian and Anti-Arian arguments: and he has left repeated evidence, apart from his known leaning to Socinian views, that he had not in any stage of his life adopted any system at all which could properly class him with the believers in the Trinity.

Dr Parr in one point shewed himself superior to a popular error: even Archbishop Laud, but more memorably another Primate (Wake) of the following century, had fallen into the weakness of supposing that the English church and the Gallican could terminate their differences as if by a compact of mutual concession. But no treaty of politics could restore the real "Catholic unity;" no remedy could in that way be applied to the evils of schism in the Christian church. Towns and territory may be the subject of cession, but not truth. And of this Dr Parr was fully sensible. Yet in other aspects of the same weak passion for a hollow name of peace, Dr Parr was often as blind as others. Pity that he had not more uniformly remembered the spirit of a maxim which he sometimes quoted from Grotius—that he so loved peace, as not to sacrifice the truth. He persuaded himself often that the differences of men in religious matters were in a large proportion verbal; a common, a very common, but a very shallow maxim. On the contrary, from our earliest days we have remarked, that for one verbal dispute which passes for a real one, there are ten disputes turning upon things which are generally dismissed as verbal. "*Tu fis*," says Boileau,

"Tu fis dans une guerre si triste et si longue,
Périr tant de Chrétiens—*martyrs d'une diphthongue.*"

Martyrs of a diphthong! Yes. But Boileau, as much as any body, maintained that this single diphthong was the occasion that the church "*sentit*—*trembler la vérité Chrétienne*:" the whole peculiar truth of Christianity reposed upon that one diphthong—for it made the whole difference between the Catholic *ὁμοιουσios* and the Arian *ἰσοιουσios*: so mighty are the differences which may be caused, not by a word only, but even by a syllable; and so truly did Boileau, therefore, characterize even *that* as "*une sillabe impie.*" (Sat. xii.)

We have questioned the systematic perfection—the orbicularity (so to speak) of Dr Parr's classical knowledge. Much more certainly might we question the coherency, as a whole, of his divinity. What he adopted in this department was taken up casually and independently: his theology was not the fruit of laborious investigation at the fountain-heads. They were gleaned here and there, separately, by fragments, from chance authors, and not finally fused or harmonized.

Finally, and as the sum of our appreciation, we should say, that, speaking of him as a moral being, Dr Parr was a good and conscientious man, but (in a degree, which sometimes made him *not* a good man) the mere football of passion. As an amiable man, we must add that, by the testimony of his best friend, he was a domestic nuisance; he also, as well as his father, says Dr Johnstone, was "*the tyrant of the fireside.*" As a scholar, he was brilliant; but he consumed his power in agonistic displays, and has left no adequate monument of his powers. As a politician, he sank his patriotism in the spirit of a partisan; and forgot to be an Englishman, in his fanaticism for the ultra-Whigs. And, last of all, as a divine, for the sake of those sectaries whom charity enjoined him to tolerate, he betrayed that church which it was his holiest duty to defend.

NOTE.

The errors of the press, and the errors of the *redacteur* himself, are very serious in Dr Johnstone's large and costly work. Let us take the liberty of counselling him, if from Tories he will accept counsel, to change the whole

form of his labours—in German phrase to reproduce them in an *umbearbeitung*, or thorough recast on the following plan, as soon as ever the sale of the present arrangement shall have been sufficient to warrant him in doing so. Complying with this or some similar proposal, he will at once consult Dr Parr's interests as a man of letters, and will do that service to scholars which they have almost a right to demand of him. First of all, let the sermons be dismissed; they load the edition, and hang heavily upon its circulation, with no apparent benefit of any kind; none of them have ever been popular, or in the eye of the public, except the Spital Sermons; and those of course have a special privilege of reprieve. The sermons are liable to the continual suspicion of being in part only of Dr Parr's composition, from his known practice (which he even avowed) of interweaving auxiliary passages from divines who happened to meet his own views, or, in some instances, of deriving his whole groundwork from others, and simply running variation of his own, many or few, upon his adopted theme. It is possible (but the public are not aware in what degree) that the sermons selected for publication may be free from this particular objection; but at all events, as a body, the readers of sermons are too devout a class to find their own peculiar taste gratified in a collection breathing the Parrian spirit of religion:—*par exemple*, one sermon undertakes the defence of hunting, and might very properly have come from one of the brilliant brothers of the Melton Mowbray establishment. This having been preached in the morning, we see no reason why the evening service should not have brought us an apology for steeple-chases—which seem even to have the advantage in this point—that such matches *never lose sight of the church*. Certain it is, that the sermons whether otherwise of merit or not, are in this respect faulty, that they do not contemplate any determinate audience; professedly, indeed, they are parial discourses; and yet they deal with topics foreign to the needs and sympathies of a plain rural congregation, sometimes even inaccessible to their understandings. Doubtless all farmers would understand the hunting sermon, but how many would enter in any sense into the question of Christ's descent into Hades? However, we need not discuss the value of the sermons more particularly; good or bad, they are now printed for those who want them; and they are certainly *not* wanted by the vast majority of scholars—none of whom, in any country, but would put some value on the philological speculations of Dr Parr—and, according to their feeling and taste, all connoisseurs in Latin composition would be glad to possess so brilliant an *ἀλανισμός* in rhetoric as the Bellenden Preface. Thus, therefore, let the new edition stand; reprint all Dr Parr's critical tracts, essays, or fragments, and of course, not omitting (as Dr Johnstone has done, with no intelligible explanation, vol. i. p. 543), the long investigation of the word *sublime* (already much abridged by Dugald Stewart), nor the various reviews of classical works contributed to literary journals by Dr P.—when they happen to be of any value.* Even the letters, when they discuss critical questions, should be detached from the main body of miscellaneous correspondence and united by way of appendix to the rest of the critical matter. Points of criticism, it is true, in the letters, are rarely insulated from other matter which would become irrelevant in its new situation; but this objection might be met by confining the extracts strictly to those passages which are critical, and printing them as so many separate notices or memoranda—under the title of *Adversaria*. This would be accumulated in one large volume, which, by means of a separate titlepage, might be sold as a distinct work; and, by means of a general one, might also take its place as one section of Dr Parr's general works. These would perhaps compose two more volumes, each offering the same recommendation to separate purchasers—one being made up of the very *élite* of his essays on political or moral subjects, the other of his rhetorical *bravuras*.

* We say this, because the review of Combe's Horace, which Dr Johnstone has published, is chiefly occupied with trifling typographical minutiae; the *obscura diligentia* the corrections is quite unworthy of a scholar's pen, and unprofitable to any class of readers.

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTIAN.

BY MRS HEMANS.

"Thanks be to God for the Mountains."—HOWITT'S Book of the Seasons.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!
 Thou hast made thy children mighty,
 By the touch of the mountain sod.
 Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge
 Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
 Whose lights must never die;
 We are guardians of an altar
 Midst the silence of the sky;
 The rocks yield founts of courage
 Struck forth as by thy rod—
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding heavens,
 Where thy still small voice is heard,
 For the strong pines of the forests,
 That by thy breath are stirr'd;
 For the storms on whose free pinions
 Thy spirit walks abroad—
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
 On his quarry from the heights,
 And the stag that knows no master,
 Seeks there his wild delights;
 But we for *thy* communion
 Have sought the mountain sod—
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!

The banners of the chieftain
 Far, far below us waves;
 The war-horse of the spearman
 Cannot reach our lofty caves;
 Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
 Of freedom's last abode;
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence
 Round our camp of rock outspread;
 For the stern defiles of battle,
 Bearing record of our dead;
 For the snows, and for the torrents,
 For the free heart's burial sod,
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form of his labours—in German phrase to reproduce them in an *umbearbeitung*, or thorough recast on the following plan, as soon as ever the sale of the present arrangement shall have been sufficient to warrant him in doing so. Complying with this or some similar proposal, he will at once consult Dr Parr's interests as a man of letters, and will do that service to scholars which they have almost a right to demand of him. First of all, let the sermons be dismissed; they load the edition, and hang heavily upon its circulation, with no apparent benefit of any kind; none of them have ever been popular, or in the eye of the public, except the Spital Sermons; and those of course have a special privilege of reprieve. The sermons are liable to the continual suspicion of being in part only of Dr Parr's composition, from his known practice (which he even avowed) of interweaving auxiliary passages from divines who happened to meet his own views, or, in some instances, of deriving his whole groundwork from others, and simply running variations of his own, many or few, upon his adopted theme. It is possible (but the public are not aware in what degree) that the sermons selected for publication may be free from this particular objection; but at all events, as a body, the readers of sermons are too devout a class to find their own peculiar taste gratified in a collection breathing the Parrian spirit of religion:—*par exemple*, one sermon undertakes the defence of hunting, and might very properly have come from one of the brilliant brothers of the Melton Mowbray establishment. This having been preached in the morning, we see no reason why the evening service should not have brought us an apology for steeple-chases—which seem even to have the advantage in this point—that such matches *never lose sight of the church*. Certain it is, that the sermons, whether otherwise of merit or not, are in this respect faulty, that they do not contemplate any determinate audience; professedly, indeed, they are parish discourses; and yet they deal with topics foreign to the needs and sympathies of a plain rural congregation, sometimes even inaccessible to their understandings. Doubtless all farmers would understand the hunting sermon; but how many would enter in any sense into the question of Christ's descent into Hades? However, we need not discuss the value of the sermons more particularly; good or bad, they are now printed for those who want them; and they are certainly *not* wanted by the vast majority of scholars—none of whom, in any country, but would put some value on the philological speculations of Dr Parr—and, according to their feeling and taste, all connoisseurs in Latin composition would be glad to possess so brilliant an *ῥητορικὴ* in rhetoric as the Bellenden Preface. Thus, therefore, let the new edition stand; reprint all Dr Parr's critical tracts, essays, or fragments, and of course, not omitting (as Dr Johnstone has done, with no intelligible explanation, vol. i. p. 543), the long investigation of the word *sublime* (already much abridged by Dugald Stewart), nor the various reviews of classical works contributed to literary journals by Dr P.—when they happen to be of any value.* Even the letters, when they discuss critical questions, should be detached from the main body of miscellaneous correspondence, and united by way of appendix to the rest of the critical matter. Points of criticism, it is true, in the letters, are rarely insulated from other matter, which would become irrelevant in its new situation; but this objection might be met by confining the extracts strictly to those passages which *are* critical, and printing them as so many separate notices or memoranda—under the title of *Adversaria*. This would be accumulated in one large volume, which, by means of a separate titlepage, might be sold as a distinct work; and, by means of a general one, might also take its place as one section of Dr Parr's general works. These would perhaps compose two more volumes, each offering the same recommendation to separate purchasers—one being made up of the very *élite* of his essays on political or moral subjects, the other of his rhetorical *bravuras*.

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 For the free heart's burial sod,
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THE HIGHLANDER'S RETURN.

BY DELTA.

YOUNG Donald Bane, the gallant Celt, unto the wars had gone,
And left within her Highland home his plighted love alone;
Yet though the waves between them roll'd, on eastern Egypt's shore,
As he thought of Mhairi Macintyre, his love grew more and more.

It was a sullen morning when he breathed his last adieu,
And down the glen, above his men, the chieftain's banner flew;
When bonnets waved aloft in air, and war-pipes scream'd aloud,
And the startled eagle left the cliff for shelter in the cloud.

Brave Donald Bane, at duty's call, hath sought a foreign strand,
And Donald Bane amid the slain hath stood with crimson brand;
And when the Alexandrian beach with Gallic blood was dyed,
Stream'd the tartan plaid of Donald Bane at Abercromby's side.

And he had seen the Pyramids, Grand Cairo, and the bay
Of Aboukir, whereon the fleet of gallant Nelson lay;
And he had seen the Turkish hosts in their barbarian pride,
And listen'd as from burial fields the midnight chacal cried.

Yes, many a sight had Donald seen in Syrian deserts lone,
To many a shore had Donald been, but none that match'd his own;
Amid the dates and pomegranates, the temples and the towers,
He thought of Albyn's clifty huts, begirt with heather flowers.

So joyous beat the soldier's heart again from deck to see,
Rising from out the German wave, the island of the free;
And stately was his step when crowds, with plaudits from the main,
Welcom'd once more to Britain's shore its heroes back again!

Hush'd was the war-din that in wrath from coast to coast had roar'd,
And stay'd were slaughter's beagle fangs, and sheath'd the patriot sword,
When—'twas the pleasant summer time—arose in green again,
His own dear Highland mountains on the sight of Donald Bane.

Four years had lapsed in absence, wherein his steps had ranged
'Mid many a far and foreign scene, but his heart was unestranged;
And when he saw Argyle's red-deer once more from thicket flee,
And again he trod Glen-Etive's sod, a mountainer was he!

There stood the shieling of his love, beneath the sheltering trees,
Sweet sang the lark, the summer air was musical with bees;
And when he reach'd the wicket porch, old Stumah fawning fain,
First nosed him round, then licked his hand—'twas bliss to Donald Bane!

His heart throbb'd as he entered—no sound was stirring there,—
And in he went, and on he went, when behold his Mhairi fair!
Before her stood the household wheel unmurmurous, and the thread
Still in her fingers lay, as when its tenuous twine she led.

He stood and gazed, a man half crazed—before him she reclined
In half unkerchief'd loveliness—the idol of his mind;
Bland was the sleep of innocence, as to her dreams were given
Elysian walks with him she loved, amid the bowers of Heaven!

He gazed her beauties o'er and o'er—her shining auburn hair,
Her ivory brow, her rosebud mouth, her cheek carnation'd fair;
Her round white arms, her bosom's charms, that, with her breathing low,
Like swan-plumes on a ripply lake heaved softly to and fro.

He could no more—but, stooping down, he clasp'd her to his soul,
And from the honey of her lips a rapturous kiss he stole:—
As hill-deer bound from bugle sound, swerved Mhairi from her rest,
It could not be—oh, yes, 'tis he!—and she sank on Donald's breast.

What boots to tell what them befell—or how, in bridal mirth,
Blithe feet did bound to music's sound, beside the mountain hearth,
Or how the festal cup was drain'd on hill side and on plain,
To the healths of lovely Mhairi, and her faithful Donald Bane.

THE MISER'S GRAVE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SCENE—*A churchyard—A deep grave—GABRIEL the Sexton, and his Assistant TEDDY, resting beside it.*

GABRIEL.

Go, bring the pullies, Teddy. We must dip
Full five feet deeper. Bargain's bargain, boy,
And mine's a good one. Bring the pullies, Ted.

TEDDY.

Tuts! 'tis deep enough already. Wherefore sink
The old man to the centre of the earth?
He'll ne'er get up again.

GABRIEL.

Fool as thou art,
And greater I met never; thou hast hit
The Miser's estimate, else I mistake.
He wants to be pass'd over—quite forgot,
And never missed amid the motley throng
At the great day of final retribution.
He deems the angel of the resurrection
Will only dig to such a certain depth—
No farther.

TEDDY.

That's most odd! Perhaps he's right.

GABRIEL.

There you're yourself again! Dolt! gaping fool!
Fall on and work. Thought lies beyond thy grasp.

TEDDY.

Nay, tell me all about it. I like well
To hear about such odd and foolish people
That have no sense. Tuts! what could the man mean
To be a Miser? Where's the sense in that?

GABRIEL.

O most wise youth! Most sapient! Most profound!—
“A Daniel come to judgment!” Come, sit down,
And I will draw thee such a portraiture
Of human nature, as the like, perhaps,
Was never modelled by his Maker's image.

TEDDY.

Tuts, man! I know not that. Pray, wasn't the Devil
Formed by his Maker's image?—There I have you.

[Laughs and rubs his hands.]

GABRIEL.

A Daniel, as I live! A Solomon!
But list to me, dear Teddy. I would drive
Something into your head that may avail you.

TEDDY.

It shall. I'll write a Poem on't, or Play—
Yes, it shall be a Play—THE MISER'S GRAVE!
That's grand.

[Rubbing his hands, and chuckling.]

The title will secure a ready market
Into the Annuals. Pringle has applied.
I don't like Pringle, he's too finical,
And so pragmatical about his slaves.
I'll try the German Shovel-board. *He pays.*
Or Hall—But then his wife's the devil there!
And Watts is ruin'd by false self-conceit.
THE MISER'S GRAVE! 'Tis grand!

[Reaching himself.]

A lucky hit,

Nay, after all, I think I shall reduce it
Into a Paraphrase. I like religion best.

GABRIEL.

Quite right, profound logician! Stay thy plans
Of literary glory for a space;
And here's a lesson for the earth-born worm,
So deep engraven on the meagre platen
Of human frailty, so debased in hue,
That he who dares peruse it needs must blush
For his own nature. The poor shrivell'd wretch,
For whose lean carcass yawns this hideous pit,
Had nought that he desired in earth or Heaven—
No God, no Saviour, but that sordid pelf,
O'er which he starved and gloated. I have seen him
On the exchange, or in the market-place,
When money was in plenteous circulation,
Gaze after it with such Satanic looks
Of eagerness, that I have wonder'd oft
How he from theft and murder could refrain.
'Twas cowardice alone withheld his hands,
For they would grasp and grapple at the air,
When his grey eye had fixed on heaps of gold,
While his clench'd teeth, and grinning, yearning face,
Were dreadful to behold. The merchants oft
Would mark his eye, then start and look again,
As at the eye of basilisk or snake.
His eye of greyish green ne'er shed one ray
Of kind benignity or holy light
On aught beneath the sun. Childhood, youth, beauty,
To it had all one hue. Its rays reverted
Right inward, back upon the greedy heart
On which the gnawing worm of avarice
Preyed without ceasing, straining every sense
To that excruciable and yearning core.

Some thirteen days ago, he comes to me,
And after many sore and mean remarks
On men's rapacity and sordid greed,
He says, "Gabriel, thou art an honest man,
As the world goes. How much, then, will you charge

And make a grave for me, fifteen feet deep?"—

"We'll talk of that when you require it, sir."—

"No, no. I want it made, and paid for too;
I'll have it settled, else I know there will
Be some unconscionable overcharge

On my poor friends—a ruinous overcharge."—

"But, sir, were it made now, it would fill up
Each winter to the brim, and be to make
Twenty or thirty times, if you live long."—

"There! There it is! Nothing but imposition!
Even Time must rear his stern, unyielding front,
And holding out his shrivell'd skeleton hand,
Demands my money. Nought but money! money!
Were I coin'd into money I could not
Half satisfy that craving greed of money.

Well, how much do you charge? I'll pay you now,
And take a bond from you that it be made

When it is needed. Come, calculate with reason—

Work's very cheap; and two good men will make

That grave at two days' work; and I can have

Men at a shilling each—*without* the meat—

That's a great matter! Let them but to meat,

'Tis utter ruin. I'll give none their meat—

That I'll beware of. Men now-a-days are cheap,

Cheap, dogcheap, and beggarly fond of work.

One shilling each a-day, *without* the meat.

Mind that, and ask in reason; for I wish

To have that matter settled to my mind."—

"Sir, there's no man alive will do't so cheap
As I shall do it for the ready cash,"

Says I, to put him from it with a joke.

"I'll charge you, then, one-fourth part of a farthing

For every cubic foot of work I do,

Doubling the charge each foot that I descend."—

"Doubling as you descend! Why, that of course.

A quarter of a farthing each square foot—

No meat, remember! Not an inch of meat,

Nor drink, nor dram. You're not to trust to these.

Wilt stand that bargain, Gabriel?"—"I accept."

He struck it, quite o'erjoy'd. We sought the clerk,
Sign'd—seal'd. He drew his purse. The clerk went on
Figuring and figuring. "What a fuss you make!

'Tis plain," said he, "the sum is eighteenpence."—

"'Tis somewhat more, sir," said the civil clerk—

And held out the account. "Two hundred round,

And gallant payment over." The Miser's face

Assumed the cast of death's worst lineaments.

His skinny jaws fell down upon his breast;

He tried to speak, but his dried tongue refused

Its utterance, and cluck'd upon the gum.

His heart-pipes whistled with a crannell'd sound;

His knell-knees plaited, and his every bone

Seem'd out of joint. He raved—he cursed—he wept—

But payment he refused. I have my bond,

Not yet a fortnight old, and shall be paid.

It broke the Miser's heart. He ate no more,

Nor drank, nor spake, but groan'd until he died;

This grave kill'd him, and now yearns for his bones.

TEDDY.

Then you have murder'd him. That's flat, I tell you.

I know the law! If one man kills another

By word of mouth, that's murder pat!

I know the law, and say you've murder'd him.
How I should like to see you hung for it!

[Rubs his hands and laughs.]

GABRIEL.

But worse than all. 'Tis twenty years and more
Since he brought home his coffin. On that chest
His eye turn'd ever and anon. It minded him,
He said, of death. And as he sat by night
Beside his beamless hearth, with blanket round
His shivering frame, if burst of winter wind
Made the door jangle, or the chimney moan,
Or crannied window whistle, he would start,
And turn his meagre looks upon that chest;
Then sit upon't, and watch till break of day.

Old wives thought him religious—a good man!
A great repentant sinner, who would leave
His countless riches to sustain the poor.
But mark the issue. Yesterday, at noon,
Two men could scarcely move that ponderous chest
To the bedside to lay the body in.
They broke it sundry, and they found it framed
With double bottom! All his worshipping gold
Hoarded between the boards! O such a worm
Sure never writhed beneath the dunghill's base!
Fifteen feet under ground! and all his store
Snug in beneath him. Such a heaven was his.

Now, honest Teddy, think of such a wretch,
And learn to shun his vices, one and all.
Though richer than a Jew, he was more poor
Than is the meanest beggar. At the cost
Of other men a glutton. At his own,
A starveling. A mere scrub. And such a coward,
A cozenner and liar—but a coward,
And would have been a thief—But was a coward!

TEDDY.

Tuts! who would be a coward? He that fears
Aught under heaven, I count him not a man.
I wonder what could make the wretch a coward?
There was no sense in it! I hate a coward!

GABRIEL.

And I despise him. Prithee, Ted, go down
Into that pit; let me remain above.

TEDDY.

Why, man, think you I'm mad? If that there grave
Should burst in over me, and bury me
Alive beneath a mountain, I know naught
Could be more curstly disagreeable.

GABRIEL.

And yet you hate a coward odiously?

TEDDY.

Tuts, man! I but said a man should not
Fear aught beneath the heavens; I did not say
Beneath the earth. Step down, and take your chance;
You're well paid for it.—If that there pit should burst
Above him now, it would be excellent sport!

[Exit laughing, and rubbing his hands.]

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. VI.

It was said by Lord Liverpool, and it has been repeated by the Duke of Wellington, "that there was *no part of the world so well-conditioned as Scotland*;" none in which wealth has made, within the last half century, such rapid progress, industry so generally prevailed, and the condition of the lower orders has been so generally comfortable. Political discontent did not exist—the fumes of Radicalism had been dissipated—and the labouring classes, comfortable and prosperous, had ceased to disquiet themselves for the elevation of their Whig superiors. The increasing wealth of the country was manifested by the prodigious augmentation of the revenue—the tolls of the county of Mid-Lothian produced a larger annual revenue than the whole land-tax of Scotland at the Union; and the clear revenue yielded to the Treasury of Great Britain, from this northern and sterile region, was just as much as was *abstracted* from the exchequer of the empire, by the fertile, populous, and untaxed kingdom of Ireland.* While the peace of the latter country could not be preserved by a garrison of 17,000 men; hardly 1200 soldiers were stationed in Scotland, whose services were never required but for parade and reviews; and notwithstanding the immense increase of its manufacturing industry, the whole poor's rates of the kingdom did not amount to L.100,000 a-year. Blessed with an admirable and stable system of paper currency, which her people had the firmness to rescue from the grasp of theoretical politicians—the industry and cultivation of the country had steadily and rapidly increased, even during the years of depression which followed the war; and the tempest which shook the country to its centre, passed almost innocuous over the green mountains and fertile valleys of Scotland.

No one in Scotland was thinking of Reform, except the Jacobins, in whose breasts it had fermented ever since 1793, and the leaders of the Whigs, who clung to it as a lever, whereby, in periods of excitement, to rouse the spirit on which they hoped to rise into power. There is no man in the country who is not perfectly aware of that fact. No petitions on Reform were presented to Parliament—no public meetings on the subject were held in the country. Even the democratic press but seldom reverted to the hopeless topic. The Whig leaders in Parliament, where nine-tenths of the assembly are perfectly ignorant of the state of public feeling in this country, have indeed, for party purposes, asserted the reverse, and the popular orators have re-echoed the cry; but there is no man who will support the proposition in private and rational conversation on this side of the Tweed.

Such was the state of this kingdom when the Reformers took it in hand. Blessed with the most perfect health, it stood in no need of the prescriptions of the physician—it is now threatened with convulsions from the arts of the empiric.

The Reformers, if they have done nothing more, have at least succeeded in rousing the lower orders in Scotland against the higher. The ruinous distinction of Patrician and Plebeian, almost extinct since the year 1793, has been revived with redoubled force, by the violence and intemperance of the latter party—civil discord, hitherto unknown, has broke forth since the passions of the people were roused by the prospect of political power; and the happy appearance of an united people is exchanged for the melancholy spectacle of one-half of the citizens armed against the other.

First, in obedience to the mandate of the Political Union Society, the po-

* The land-tax of Scotland was L. 47,000. The tolls of Mid-Lothian are now L. 48,000. The clear annual revenue remitted from Scotland is L. 4,200,000. The charges of Ireland, including the interest of its debts, are L. 4,300,000, over and above the whole trifling revenue raised in that island.

populace of the metropolis resolved to have an illumination in honour of the second reading of the Reform Bill. Not a single dragoon was at Piershill barracks. The idea of military force being required at Edinburgh, had never occurred till the country had been agitated by the reformers. The magistrates, destitute of any force, either to stem the torrent or preserve the public peace, were compelled to yield. Concession and conciliation were tried to their fullest extent to the sovereign multitude; not a soldier was on the streets of Edinburgh that night; the yeomanry even were not called out; the boasted civic virtues of the Scotch workmen were allowed a fair theatre for their display. The consequence was that a lawless rabble, consisting of many thousand persons, traversed all the principal streets of the city for several hours, demolishing the windows of every person who did not choose to light up in honour of the destruction of the constitution: seven hundred of the best houses in Edinburgh were assailed by the mob, and damage to an immense amount inflicted. The result was a stronger demonstration *against* Reform than the most numerously signed petition could have been: the windows of every house of respectability in the metropolis, not connected with administration, were destroyed. Even those of the heads of the Scotch and English Church, totally unconnected with party, and known only to the people by their extensive benefactions, were demolished; and on the following day, the proprietors of the few houses which were spared, slunk from the wondering gaze of their fellow-citizens, under the feeling so well expressed by Mr Windham,—“What have I done to deserve the approbation of these wretches.”

Next came the election of a member for the city. The inhabitants, duly warned, by dear-bought experience, of the consequences of concession to the populace, now resolved to defend themselves against the rabble. Most of the gentlemen enrolled themselves as special constables, and the magistrates, with the most praiseworthy activity, made dispositions for the public defence. The reformers, despairing of success, unless by means of intimidation

and violence, issued placards, calling on the special constables *not to act* under the magisterial authority; and though some of them were weak enough to obey the mandate, their place was more than supplied by hundreds of resolute young men who determined to preserve the city from insult. No efforts were spared to sway the electors; but, to their eternal honour, they remained true to their country. Their fellow-citizens will not easily forget the intrepidity and patriotism of this independent body, whom neither the “*Civium ardor prava jubentium*,” nor the “*Vultus instantis Tyranni*,” could swerve from their duty; and who, in a moment of unexampled excitation, rescued the electors of Edinburgh from the reproach of being either accessible to ministerial influence, or intimidated by popular fury.

Enraged at being thus disappointed, the populace vented their animosity upon every one who had discharged his duty among the electors. The Lord Advocate, proceeding, doubtless, on the well-known facility with which the leaders of the people can always moderate their passions, and of which the French Revolution had given such signal proof, desired the mob to be peaceable and go home, and publicly declared that he had, from confidence in their moderation, countermanded the dragoons, whom their menacing appearance had induced the magistrates to summon to their aid. The mob assailed the Lord Provost, after beating down his attendants, as he was walking home, on the North Bridge, from the election; and, with loud cries of “*Burke him, Burke him*,” tried to lift him upon the parapet, to throw him over a height of ninety feet. With the utmost difficulty, and by the exertion of no small physical strength, as well as courage, he succeeded in rescuing himself from his perilous situation; and the efforts of some gentlemen who witnessed the outrage got him placed in a shop, where he remained for several hours, assailed by a furious rabble, who could not be overcome till the military were called forth. The whole remainder of the night was a scene of such disgraceful contests as have not been witnessed in Edinburgh since the Porteous Mob. In every street the constabulary force,

of whom above 1000 were in readiness, were all engaged with the rabble for hours together, and with the utmost difficulty, with the aid of the military and yeomanry, preserved the city from becoming a prey to devastation. The commander of the police was beat down, and nearly killed. Upwards of a third of the constables and yeomanry were wounded; and but for their resolute conduct, the metropolis would have been entirely in the possession of an infuriated multitude.

No apology is needed for these local details. These scenes of riot and disorder were not the result of any peculiar cause. They were the "First Fruits of Reform," and as such, interest every community threatened with the excitation of the same passions. The scenes elsewhere in Scotland were of the same description. At Dundee, the magistrates were overpowered, the constables defeated, the Police jail broken open, and all the prisoners liberated. With a sagacity which could hardly have been expected in such a moment of exultation, the reformers burnt the police-books, thereby destroying *all record of previous convictions for theft*. At Glasgow, and all the towns in the vicinity, the tri-coloured flag was openly paraded, and this emblem of blood and crime waved above no less than *sixty* of the crowds who traversed the streets of the western metropolis.

Such is the state to which, in the space of six months, the prospect even of Reform has reduced this once happy and united country.

The late Lord Advocate, Sir W. Rae, said, in the House of Commons, that the Scotch, in the great towns, were not capable of bearing political excitation, and that riot and bloodshed would inevitably ensue. Never was a declaration which excited more indignation among the populace, upon the principle, it is probable, of "the greater the truth the greater the libel." They held meetings to "repel the foul aspersion;" made loud speeches in favour of themselves and each other; vaunted their moderation and peaceable demeanour; and on the very first occasion broke out into the very excesses which had been foretold by those who knew them best.

The state of the representation in Scotland has been, perhaps, more the subject of ignorant and unfounded invective than any other topic connected with Reform. That it cannot be what is represented, is evident from the fact, that under it the country has made more rapid strides in wealth, comfort, and intelligence, than any nation in the world during the same period; certainly ten times greater than any of the states which have been visited with the triple curse of innovation, revolution, and experimental constitution, during its steady and unbroken improvement.

The representation in the counties is entirely in the hands of the landed proprietors. Every person who has land to the amount of L.400 a-year of valued rent, holding of the crown, or 40s. of *old extent*, (an old valuation,) has a vote. The practical result of this is, that the majority in number and value of the holders of the soil return the member.

It is the grossest fallacy to assert, that the representation of the counties is, in great part, in the hands of parchment voters, who have no real interest in the land. The reverse is well known to every man in Scotland; and such an assertion would never have been hazarded, but before an assembly unacquainted, from distance, with the real state of affairs. The persons who influence the returns are the great landed proprietors, who split the superiorities of their estates, as it is called; that is to say, constitute voters for every L.400 of valued rent on their estates, while they themselves hold, under them, the real property of the lands. In some instances these votes are put up to sale, and purchased by the highest bidder; but, in the great majority of cases, they are retained for the relations or connexions of the family, on account of the value which is attached to political influence. Thus the great landholder takes the field with his parchment voters, just as the English proprietor appears at the poll at the head of his tenantry; and the return, in reality, in both countries, depends upon the same interests. The body of the people have as little to say in the one case as the other; the only difference is, that Lord Fitzwilliam appears at the

head of one thousand tenants, and the Duke of Buccleuch with fifty voters on his estates.

In boroughs, the misrepresentation put forth is at least as great. They are usually held forth as exclusively and entirely in the hands of a particular interest, by the corporation electing their successors. This is a total mistake. A part only are elected by their predecessors, and the remainder, who constitute a large proportion, are elected annually by the universal suffrage of the trades to which they belong. Thus in Edinburgh, the Town Council, or the electors, consists of thirty-three individuals, of whom fourteen are elected annually by the votes of the whole members of the incorporated trade to which they respectively belong—so that that part of the representation is in the strictest sense popular. And that the part elected by their predecessors is not inaccessible to popular opinion, is demonstrated by the fact, that several of the boroughs in Scotland—as, for example, the districts of Ayr, Lanark, Anstruther, &c.—have *actually returned reforming members*, though they are well aware that the effect of the Reform Bill will be to annihilate their political power.

Thus the boroughs of Scotland are divided between the aristocratic and democratic interests in the proportion, generally, of sixteen or seventeen to fourteen. And is not that the case with every assembly of representatives, from the House of Commons downward, in the kingdom? The Reformists exclaim against the boroughs, because they are not *exclusively* in the hands of the Radical faction,—because their *whole members* are not revolutionary in their tendency, upon exactly the same principle on which they inveigh against the House of Commons, because a majority of it has refused to sacrifice the constitution.

Much is said about the corruption of the Scotch boroughs; but what would be the effect of an extension of the elective franchise to large numbers of *corruptible electors*? Are the English contested elections in open places so *very pure*? Are Liverpool, East Retford, or Gram-pound, models of the disinterested exercise of the rights of freemen? In the former of these towns, there was

more bribery during the last election, *than in all the boroughs of Scotland in half a century*. The reason is obvious, and, being founded on the principles of human nature, must for ever remain the same. Where the elective franchise is conferred on a set of men who, from their station in life, are accessible to bribes, as all the populace of great cities are, the more you extend the right of voting, the more you augment the evils of corruption. Liverpool was disgraced by an hundred times as much bribery as the worst Scotch borough, because it contained two hundred times as many corruptible voters.

We do not say that the system of Scotch borough election is perfect; we do not deny that it would admit of improvement. But what we contend for is, an improvement very different from what the Reformers propose. If any change is introduced, it should be, not to lower, but to raise, the qualification of the voters; and instead of vesting the return exclusively in the magistrates and delegates of trades, to confer it upon the real proprietors of houses of a high value. If every *proprietor* of a house of the value of L.100 a-year, yearly rental, were vested with a vote, the intelligence and property of the boroughs would be fairly represented. We should not have the slightest fear of the results of an election founded on such a basis. With such interests to suffer from reckless innovation, or be swept away in revolution, the rejection of the Reform candidate would be certain in every borough in Scotland.

The reformers place their whole hopes upon the degradation of the franchise. They are perfectly aware, that, if the property and intelligence of the country is allowed to preponderate, the rejection of the Reform Bill, in Scotland at least, would be certain. What has occurred here, since it was first broached, has demonstrated this to the most incredulous. Almost all the counties have, in spite of the utmost efforts of Ministers, petitioned against the bill, by a majority, at an average, of two to one. In the Faculty of Advocates, the most intelligent professional class in the country, the Reformers, after exhausting the whole influence of Ministers, thought it

prudent not to try their strength. In the Writers to the Signet, a most numerous, opulent, and spirited body, they experienced a signal defeat; the anti-reformers having outvoted them, upon a meeting called by themselves, by a majority of twenty-seven. The anti-reform petition sent up from Edinburgh, contained the names of all the wealth and intelligence of the metropolis, whose fortunes were not bound up with the reform administration. The petition got up on the other side, from a few great towns, embraced the mere rabble; the great majority of whom were even *below the L.10 voter*: in fact, mere paupers and day-labourers. One fact will sufficiently demonstrate this. The L.10 votes would, in Edinburgh, bring up 8000 electors to the poll, and the reform petition was signed by 30,000. We have not the least doubt, that, if Ministers had brought in a bill for the division of the landed estates in the country, the petition would have soon obtained 100,000 signatures.

Conscious that both the wealth and intelligence of the country is decidedly against them, the reformers rest entirely upon the rabble, whom it will bring up to the poll, well knowing that the great bulk of the lower orders, who have nothing to lose, will always support every advance towards an Agrarian law and abolition of taxes. They strenuously contend for a bill which will deliver over the country, bound hand and foot, to their violence. We do not say the authors of the bill intended this: we are confident they did not: but we do say, that it was framed by them in *utter ignorance* of its practical effects in this part of the island; and is now supported here by the radicals, in *perfect knowledge* of its consequences. It well becomes the Scotch members to weigh the consequences of its provisions; if the bill passes into a law, all the horrors of popular licentiousness may speedily be anticipated.

In the first place, it declares that every person shall be qualified to vote for counties, who "shall be the actual owner on a complete, permanent, and indefeasible title of land, or of a dwelling-house within such county, of the yearly value of ten

pounds." This single clause at one blow annihilates the landed interest of the country.

The paramount importance of this clause to the landed interest of this country, can only be appreciated, when it is recollected that, in Scotland, during the last fifty years, there have sprung up a host of small proprietors, or *feuars*, as they are called, in all the thriving villages and small towns, all of whom will be brought in to vote for the *county* members. Thus, the Duke of Buccleuch, with his L.150,000 a-year, will have one vote, and two hundred feuars, at the gate of his palace, in the town of Dalkeith, will possess the same influence. The Duke of Hamilton, whose political weight in Lanarkshire has long been so considerable, will be extinguished by the house-proprietors within a mile of his palace-gate; and woe to the Whig influence in the west, the moment they strive to coerce the popular passions which they have awakened!

It was said in the House of Peers by Lord Haddington, that there are 35,000 inhabited houses in Scotland, of the value of L.10 and upwards. There never was a greater mistake; and if the Reform Bill was founded on such a basis, it only shows on what inaccurate information it was framed. Such estimates framed on the returns of the tax-office, are notoriously and universally defective in all the country districts, and, in fact, everywhere but in the metropolis. Of this we need not give a stronger proof, than that the household of Edinburgh is within a trifle as large as that of *the whole remainder of Scotland*. Such is the fortunate supineness of tax-gatherers at a distance from headquarters; and the happy ignorance of the power of taxation in remoter districts! We are perfectly confident that the inhabited houses, of the value of L.10 and upwards, will turn out to be at least 100,000, and this opinion is founded on the following grounds:

1. It has been ascertained by accurate calculation, that the number of inhabited houses worth L.10 and upwards a-year, in Edinburgh, is above 8000. Edinburgh contains, without Leith, about 130,000 souls; and Scotland probably 2,500,000

Supposing the proportion to be the same over the whole country, there would be above 150,000 houses in Scotland worth L.10 and upwards.

2. The same result is arrived at from a different process. There are, at an average, five persons to a family, therefore the population of 2,500,000 should, according to this rule, be lodged in 500,000 houses. Considering the rent which the poor pay for the most inconsiderable and wretched dwellings, we are confident that, out of 500,000 houses, at least 150,000 will turn out of the value of L.10 yearly and upwards. Every body knows that there is hardly a gentleman's servant in Edinburgh, possessing a house of his own, who does not inhabit a house of this value; and so well was this understood, that there was hardly one of that class who did not sign the Reform petition.

But suppose that *one-fifth* of the inhabited houses, or 100,000, only are worth L.10 a-year, what a prodigious mass of voters must this bring up to the poll in all the country districts! How are the landed interest to withstand this sudden influx of electors, over whom they have no sort of influence? It is perfectly notorious, and no one in Scotland disputes the fact, that the member for Edinburghshire will be returned by the feuars in Dalkeith, Gilmerton, and the suburbs of the metropolis; that of Lanark by the feuars of Airdrie, Hamilton, and the Barony parish of Glasgow; and all the other counties in the same manner.

Now the class in whom the county representation is thus vested, are not only those over whom the landlords have no influence, but they are those whose interests are *adverse* to those of the cultivators of the soil. This is a most important consideration. The feuars and shopkeepers, in the villages and small towns, have no sort of sympathy with the landlord district which surrounds them, it is with the great cities that they are connected; and accordingly they all have forwarded, on different occasions, petitions *against* the corn bill. Now what is to come of the landed interest, when they are thus delivered over to their enemies?—when the very representation intended to sup-

port their interests are returned by the *preponderating multitude of their opponents?*

But the supporters of the bill rest on the clause giving a right of voting to tenants, under a nineteen years' lease, of farms to the value of L.50 a-year or upwards, as sufficient to counterbalance the extraordinary addition thus made to the weight of the manufacturers. To understand how completely fallacious this view is, it is necessary to refer to a fact perfectly notorious in Scotland, but not generally known to the south of the Tweed, that, in *no part* of the country are such farms as, under the act, would create a vote, now at all common. The reason is, that, in the remote and ill-cultivated districts, where the farmers have no capital, and agriculture is carried on by little farmers, or *crofters*, as they are called, the farms are chiefly under that sum; and that in the better quarters, the tenantry, panic-struck by the excessive variations of price and general depression which have prevailed for the last fifteen years, will not take a farm for a longer period than seven, or at most nine years. There is no practical agriculturist in Scotland who is not aware of that fact.

To illustrate the probable working of the bill, it is sufficient to observe, that an examination was recently made of the circumstances of twelve of the principal estates in Mid-Lothian, comprising, among others, those of the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Morton, Mr Ramsay of Barton, and many others, with a view to discover what number of voters would be qualified on their properties. The valued rent of the whole taken together was L.47,000 a-year; and, as this was the rate fixed above a century ago, it may safely be inferred, that the real rent must be at least L.90,000 a-year at this time. The number of tenants qualified to vote on these great properties, taken together, was only 72; being the number of voters whom L.720 a-year of house property in the villages would produce. That is, L.90,000 a-year of landed property produces the same number of voters as L.720 a-year of house owners. Supposing that 18 voters are constituted among the proprietors of the land, to add to the 72 among their tenants, the sum

total will be 90 votes for L.90,000 a-year landed, and 72 for L.720 a-year of house property. In other words, the weight given to the house is *an hundred times as great* as that awarded to the landed property, even after they have mustered their whole qualified tenantry to their support!

It is superfluous to say more on this point. Nothing can be clearer, than that the landed interest is, under these clauses, utterly merged in the preponderating influence of the house owners, and that henceforth they will lie entirely at the mercy of the populace, composing an adverse class in society.

In towns, the provisions of the bill are, if possible, still more alarming. The clause on this subject is as follows: "That every person shall be entitled to be registered, as herein directed, and thereafter to vote at elections for any of the boroughs or towns, or districts of boroughs, herein-before mentioned, who, when he claims to be registered, shall have been, for six months immediately preceding, and shall then be in the actual personal occupancy, either as proprietor or as tenant, upon a written title of possession, of a dwelling-house within the limits of the borough or town, of the annual value of ten pounds: Provided always that it shall be sufficient proof of the said value, that the house so possessed is actually rented at, and *has truly paid that or a larger sum, or stands rated* to the king's or to local taxes at not less than the said sum, and has truly paid all such rates and taxes." We do not hesitate to affirm, that this clause is only a step removed from universal suffrage.

The important points to be here observed are, 1. That the right of voting is given to the *tenant* as well as owner of a L.10 house. 2. That the value is to be taken by the rating in the King's books, or the rent actually paid for the subject. We do not know what class this clause may bring up to the polls in England; but in Scotland nothing is more certain, than that a large proportion of it will be the most profligate and venal set of men in existence. Take, for example, Glasgow, where the labours of the accurate and intelligent Mr Cleland have furnished a

mass of statistical information unparalleled in any other part of the island.

It appears, from the tables collected by this indefatigable compiler, that every *fourteenth* house in Glasgow is a *public-house*; while, in London, the proportion is only one in *fifty-six*. This deplorable fact was publicly noticed by the Lord Justice-Clerk at his address to the Glasgow assize in autumn 1826, as the principal source of the prodigious increase of crime in its depraved population. But it bears now upon a more important matter even than the increase of human delinquency.

Supposing that the proportion formerly stated holds good, that one-fifth of the inhabited houses are of the value of L.10 a-year and upwards, and if one-fourteenth of the whole are public-houses, it follows that the proportion of houses creating a freehold qualification, which are public-houses, must be five-fourteenths, or nearly *one-third* of the whole. It may fairly be assumed that, in a great town like Glasgow, every public-house is rented at least at L.10 a-year; so that they will all confer a freehold qualification.

But this is not all. The brothels in Glasgow are, at least, half as numerous as the public-houses; there is no person practically acquainted with the condition of the lower orders, either from the punishment of crime, or the relief of sickness, who is not aware of that fact. In truth, where the lower classes of the houses are filled with whisky shops, the upper stories are generally tenanted by lodgers of this infamous description. And that they are generally above a rental of L.10 a-year is certain. Supposing, therefore, the brothels to be as numerous as public-houses, the electors of Glasgow will stand thus:

Inhabited houses,	40,000
One-fifth above L.10 yearly,	8000
Public-houses, 1-14th,	2850
Brothels, 1-28th,	1425

In other words, 4275 electors out of 8,000, will be ale and brothel-house keepers: in other words, the *most dissolute and profligate of the community*.

Such is the constituency into whose hands the Reform Bill will deliver the country.

In small boroughs, although the morals are not so depraved as in those of great sinks of corruption, the class of electors will be almost as dangerous. The L.10 householders in the small *manufacturing* towns, are in great part imbued with the most democratic spirit. Destitute of property; having nothing to lose by convulsion; paying their rent by means of rooms let to lodgers; feeding incessantly on the revolutionary press, many of them are precisely the class who, in all ages, have been the most dangerous in manufacturing states. Their habits in Airdrie, Kirkintilloch, Paisley, and Kilmarnock, on the west: in Montrose, Forfar, and Dundee, on the east, are such as to give no hope of a rational exercise of the elective franchise. Spending their surplus wages too frequently in debauchery; assembling in evening clubs, for the perusal of the radical newspapers; interrupting draughts of sedition, by potations of spirits; a large proportion of the *manufacturing classes* in the manufacturing boroughs of Scotland, have fallen as low in the scale of being as any class of men of whom history makes mention. There are doubtless many worthy and virtuous citizens among this body; but, in general measures, the character and habits of the majority must be considered. There is not in the world a more intelligent, prudent, and well-doing peasantry than the *rural labourers* over the whole country: there is not a more ignorant, profligate, self-sufficient class than a large proportion of its inferior shopkeepers, and manufacturing operatives.

There is no man practically acquainted with the condition of the urban population of Scotland, that will not corroborate these remarks. Most of all is it known to the supreme criminal and local Judges, and all whose professional duties have rendered them conversant with the progress of crime. It is high time that the common delusion on the subject should be dispelled, and that the real character of a great proportion of the electors, to whom it is proposed to deliver over the country, should be generally known. Their habits may be judged of by a single fact. From 10 to 20,000 persons in Glasgow get drunk every Saturday evening: they are drunk or drink-

ing all Saturday night and Sunday, and the greater part of Monday, and they return to their work pale, squallid, and exhausted, on Tuesday morning.

This is not matter of speculation. The experiment *has been tried* in all the principal towns of Scotland, of police commissioners chosen by the suffrage of all the L.10 householders; and it is well known both who constitute the immense majority at such elections, and what is the description of candidates who are returned. The elections are so completely overpowered by the low householders, that few respectable citizens think of using their suffrage; and the commissioners chosen in this manner, are of such a character, that, with the exception of a few patriotic individuals, who, for the public good, undertake the duty, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to get any gentleman to belong to the establishment. Ask any householder of Edinburgh or Glasgow, and he will give this account of the state of the police elections in these cities; and it is a matter of perfect horror to its respectable inhabitants, to have the elections of Parliament placed on the same footing.

Even in the small *rural* boroughs, such as Perth, Inverness, Elgin, Haddington, &c. the character of the lower orders, though incomparably higher than the manufacturing towns, is by no means such as to render their exercise of the elective franchise either safe or desirable. The ancient prudence and sagacity of the Scotch character, is there fast giving way to those two grand corrupters of humanity, the love of whisky and the love of power. Instead of assembling in the evening for family worship in separate families, or reading books of rational information, or religious instruction, their leisure hours and spare wages are chiefly devoted to the ale-house and the newspapers. Little clubs of three or four assemble nightly in every village, to read aloud the radical press. Their minds necessarily become tainted by the mass of infidelity, sedition, abuse, and ignorant assertion which it contains. That fatal measure, more calamitous to Scotland than all the burdens of the war, which Mr M'Culloch and the Edinburgh Review persuaded the late administration to adopt, the

reduction of the duties on whisky, has done more to corrupt them than centuries of civilisation. The radical publisher and the distiller thrive in the midst of the progressive ruin of public morals. The Bible is fast yielding to the daily press: Information has vanished before intoxication: allied to seditious on the one hand, and infidelity on the other, education is rapidly undermining the once stable foundation of Scottish virtue.

The daily press, servilely fawning on the career of revolution, tells us none of these things. The radical journals are loud in the praise of their principal purchasers, the working classes. Their violence is excused or concealed; their wisdom, virtue, and patriotism, the theme of universal applause. How exactly do these violent acts, coupled with this servile adulation, remind us of the sinister commencement of the *revolutionary servility* of the French journals. These facts are so contrary to what once *was* the character of the Scotch urbane, and what still is the character of its rural population, that, however well known to all practically acquainted with the lower classes in the Scotch cities, it is not likely to obtain general credit with those in whose hands its destinies are now placed. It shall be our important duty, from time to time, to state such facts on this subject, as will convince the most incredulous, that our statements are not overcharged.

The 150 votes given to the tenantry are neither a boon nor a privilege to that class. Hitherto it has been the great advantage of that meritorious body, that it is *withdrawn* from all collision with the landlords; and that the interests of agriculture are not injured by electioneering operations on the part of the owners of the soil. It has been already mentioned, that, from the universal aversion to long leases in all the improved and improving districts, the number of votes falling to the agricultural class under this clause will be very inconsiderable. In the rich and highly cultivated district of East Lothian there will be hardly 160 votes. But it may easily be anticipated, that when the landlords find themselves beat down and outvoted at all the elections by the houseowners in the

counties, they will be *compelled*, in their own defence, to multiply votes on their estates. The evil of nominal freehold qualifications, now so loudly complained of, will be renewed on a far greater scale, and with more pernicious effect. Ten-pound houseowners will be multiplied like the ten-pound freeholders in Ireland, to counterbalance the ruinous influence of the feuars and small shopkeepers. Little feus and houses will be increased for electioneering purposes, and the land ultimately overspread with an indigent beggarly population, as in that unhappy country.

Nor will the condition of the tenantry be less injured by their unhappy connexion with political contests. Whatever standard is ultimately fixed on for a freehold qualification, farms of that description will be augmented for the purpose of influence. How adverse soever to the increase of agriculture, how destructive soever to the independence of the farmer, they will be generally adopted. The landlords will find that it is the only means of averting destruction. In this way, the farmers, now exclusively occupied in their multifarious and important rural labours, will be involved in the tempestuous sea of politics. Leases will be shortened or lengthened, not according to the interest of the cultivator or the state of prices, but the subsisting law in regard to freehold qualifications; and the fatal contest will begin, now so fiercely raging in the sister island, between private interest and political passion. The popular demagogues, totally regardless as they generally are of the real interests of the people, will urge them to resist the hateful domination of the owners of the soil; the good understanding and kindly feeling, now so generally established between them, will be destroyed; reckless ambition will triumph as in Ireland by the sacrifice of private happiness; and a contested election, preceded by disgraceful bribery, will be followed by the melancholy spectacle of ejected tenants, weeping families, and destitute emigrants.

The tenantry of Scotland, distinguished above almost every other class by their good sense and sagacity, and uninfected as yet by the fatal contagion of great cities, have

clearly perceived these truths. Notwithstanding all the efforts of administration and of the radical press, they have hardly anywhere responded to the call for petitions. The agricultural class, it may with confidence be affirmed, are adverse to the conferring of the elective franchise on themselves. They know well what it has done for Ireland; they see in the multitude of Irish poor by whom they are overwhelmed, the dismal consequences of the extension of political agitation to the rural districts.

Nothing can be conceived more disastrous than the effects of shaking, by political convulsion, the *rural* tenantry. Who formed the protection of the state during the radical times in 1820, when the standard of revolt was displayed in Bridgeton, and 100,000 weavers in the west were ready to rise in open revolt? The yeomanry of the agricultural counties, who turned out with an alacrity in defence of their country, which could not have been exceeded by regular troops trained to assemble daily at their trumpet call. If this class, too, are to be involved in political agitation, what bulwark remains to protect the cause of order from the increasing ambition of the manufacturing classes? Let it not be supposed, that by their remote situation, secluded life, and tranquil labours, the cultivators of the soil are necessarily withdrawn from the fever of democratic passion. The example of Ireland proves the reverse. What is the situation of the remote and agricultural county of Clare? An insurgent peasantry, landlords driven into the cities to save their lives, the soil turned up and destroyed by rebels; twelve cold-blooded murders perpetrated in open day within a few weeks by wretches still at large among their kindred peasantry; jury-men who cannot venture to meet at the assizes; witnesses not daring to come forward from the terror of death. What has produced this deplorable, this unexampled state of things? The subdivision of farms, and increase of paupers, consequent upon the freeholds of the tenantry; the agitation of politics; the election of O'Connell.

Let it not be supposed that the Scottish character, if exposed to the influence of the same causes, is any proof against similar desolating political frenzy. The agitation and fanaticism of the Covenant proves the reverse. If we would seek for a parallel to the distracted state of the Irish tenantry, we must recur to the ruinous divisions of this country, after the great rebellion had stirred up the passions of the rural population. Slow to immerse in political contests, the Scottish peasantry, when once roused, either by political or religious fanaticism, are the last in the world to lay it down. The old leaven of the covenant—the memory of Bothwell Brig—the preachings at Ayr Moss, still work in the bosoms of the western peasantry. If their plunge into the sea of politics once fairly rouses and exasperates the tenantry of Scotland, the fatal poison will not, in all probability, be expelled for two centuries.

"The Americans," it has been observed by a most competent observer, "will never rival England, either in agriculture or manufactures. The never-ending agitation of politics—the incessant turmoil of elections, fills the heads of the people from one year's end to another. Instead of attending to their business, they are *constantly going to the corners of streets to put pebbles into ballot-boxes.*"* Such is the result of democratic institutions upon a great scale. The consequences of this ruinous distraction of thought, are not as yet felt in that great continent, from the boundless field for industry and facility of obtaining subsistence which prevails. But they may be anticipated, when employments begin to be filled up, and the pressure for food begins. But what would they be in an old country such as Scotland, with all employments filled up, with the pressure of domestic taxation, and the rivalry of foreign competition? They may easily be anticipated—they are the same which, in all ages, have followed the uncalled-for extension of political power to the people—diminished employment—increasing distress—the destruction of the first class of innovators by the

* Captain Hall.

multitude whom they have deluded—the establishment of democratic tyranny, from the general suffering which has roused every labouring man into action.

The *evils of bribery*, hitherto comparatively unfelt in this part of the island, will, under the new constitution, spread with unheard of velocity. Struggling for existence with a numerous and audacious democratic faction, Wealth and Property will be compelled to enter the field. Bribery, as at Liverpool, *must* be conducted on the largest scale. It will emerge from the precincts of the Town Council, to stalk through every street and alley of Scotland. The passion for power among the populace must be combated by their thirst for gold—the rival corrupters of human nature must be arrayed in hostility against each other, but with *combined injury* to the deluded multitude. And the people will be demoralized equally by their supporters and their seducers. While the democratic press fans the flame of popular ambition, commercial wealth will poison the fountain of public virtue; and the Constitution, hitherto securely based on the property and intelligence of the country, will vibrate between the influence of selfish corruption, and the fury of plebeian ambition.

Nor is the *actual violence* to which these contested elections will give rise, the least formidable consideration in the new constitution, with which we are threatened. England hitherto has only known Scotland as a quiet unobtrusive province of the empire, which took nothing from the national strength, and largely poured the fruits of its industry into the national exchequer. We shall see how long this state of things will continue—how long a garrison of 1200 men will suffice for the reformed kingdom. The riots and devastation have already been mentioned which preceded and followed the contest in Edinburgh, and the other parts of the kingdom have exhibited similar disgraceful scenes of intimidation and violence. At Lauder, one of the electors was forcibly carried off, in defiance of the whole civil force of Berwickshire; at the door of the court-house, the sheriff and Lord

Maitland knocked down, and the election, which ran to within one vote, carried by open violence. At Forfar, on the last election, the reforming candidate, the Lord Advocate, was so alarmed at the threatening aspect of the multitude arrayed against himself, that he sent, in the middle of the night, to Perth for dragoons, a distance of thirty miles; although the same learned functionary, on the appearance of the Edinburgh riots against his adversaries, thought fit to order them to *leave* the town. The radicals of Glasgow, Falkirk, and all the manufacturing districts of the country, were assembled, by printed placards, at Stirling on the day of election, to intimidate the freeholders from voting for the anti-reform candidate; and the admirable firmness and dispositions of the sheriff only preserved the freedom of election. If such is the state of matters even where the lower orders have, comparatively speaking, so little influence, and where no interest of theirs is at issue, what may be expected when the elective franchise is so immensely extended, and when bands of the rural tenantry march into the towns to meet the manufacturers in a contest for the abolition of the Corn laws, or other subjects intimately connected with the pecuniary interests of every elector? They know little of the *fervidum Scotorum ingenium* who can anticipate any thing but bloodshed and civil dissension from such a collision. It is no answer to this to say, Scotland must learn to exercise the rights of freemen. We may be reduced to the condition of the county of Clare in the course of the apprenticeship. If a man in perfect health is compelled to swallow a dangerous medicine, it is little consolation to him to be informed, that, after years of suffering and misery, he may regain the healthful state which he had lost.

The *confiscation of property* consequent on the passing of the Reform Bill in Scotland is another most serious consideration, which has never met with the attention it deserves. There are thirty counties in the kingdom, and their united freeholders amount to about 2500 persons. Supposing each vote to be worth £800, which, on an average, it certainly is, since in Lanarkshire

and Mid-Lothian they have been sold for L.1500 and L.2000 each, the amount of property vested in these freeholds is L.2,000,000. The whole of this property is threatened with destruction; for it is needless to say, that from the day that the L.10 voters are admitted, no freehold will be worth any thing. Here, then, is an equalizing measure, which, deliberately and *without compensation*, takes L.2,000,000 sterling from the higher orders, *to divide it among the lower*. It is not surprising that, with such a glittering boon before their eyes, there were numerous signatures from the working classes to the Reform petitions.

It is no answer to the palpable injustice of such a proceeding to say, that individual interest must frequently give way to the public good. So it undoubtedly must. But when this is the case, it uniformly *hitherto* has been the practice to make a proper compensation to the suffering party. Thus, when it was deemed expedient, from their obvious bad consequences, to abolish the heritable jurisdiction of particular families, in 1745, due compensation was made by Government to the parties who formerly possessed them. Even after the heats and animosities of the rebellion, the doctrine was not then acted upon, that private rights are to be invaded on considerations of public utility, without compensation to the suffering party. In all bills for canals, roads, harbours, or other public works, when private property is invaded or deteriorated, compensation is uniformly provided. It was reserved for the fanatical supporters of immediate abolition of slavery to promulgate, for a reforming administration to act upon, such a principle.

The mode of obviating this injustice is obvious. Let those who acquire a privilege which they did not before possess, pay for it. Let the 100,000 voters, to whom a privilege is to be extended for the first time, compensate those who lose it, or whose property is so much deteriorated as to be of no value. If the reformers really are anxious for political power, and do not make it a pretence for putting their hands in their neighbours' pockets, let them submit to this sacrifice. Men who are clear for depriving their oppo-

nents of L.800 each, can make no reasonable objection to being called on themselves to pay L.20.

This consideration points out the utter inconsistency of those who stigmatize as *interested* all the anti-reform petitions, because they spring from persons threatened with loss, and hold up as *disinterested* all those which emanate from classes promised a gain—that is, the victims of spoliation are grossly interested, because they strive to save themselves from loss; the supporters of it perfectly pure, because they strive to possess themselves of their neighbour's property. Henceforth, the highwayman will be deemed wholly disinterested—the robbed traveller the selfish party.

If this great measure of spoliation, under pretence of the public good, is once admitted, what limits can be assigned to the extension of the principle? If titles of honour are assailed, how are they to be maintained after the grand precedent in the case of the elective franchise? If the church is made the next victim, the principle now admitted is of irresistible application. If the fundholder is threatened on the principle of an "equitable adjustment," that is, the confiscation, as in revolutionary France, of half his property, what line can be drawn between his case and that of the sacrificed freeholder? If the estates of the nobility are selected, they will seek in vain for a distinction between their case and that of the original voters. *C'est le premier pas qui coute* in politics, as well as in morals; every subsequent step is easy, after the original injustice of sacrificing individuals to the public is admitted. There will never be wanting multitudes who call themselves the public, and who are willing to vindicate the robbery of their neighbours under the specious title of the general good.

Another point deserving of especial consideration in the Scotch bill, is the new and alarming preponderance given to the manufacturing over the landed interest, not only in the composition of the freeholders, but the *actual number* of the represented places. At present there are 30 county and 15 borough members. By the bill, there are to be 28 county and 22 borough members. On what

principle is this alarming disproportion between the representation of the two classes vindicated? Is it said that the manufactures and wealth of the cities have enormously increased? so they have; but the increase of the agriculture and the landed rent has been at least as great. Such an increase may be a ground for increasing the representation of *both* interests in Parliament; it can be none for enlarging the one at the expense of the other. The real reason may probably be found in a different cause: the experienced tendency of the boroughs to the innovating, of the counties to the conservative side.

In truth, there is but one part of the Reform Bill which we approve, and that is the clause giving five additional representatives to Scotland; and the only objection we have to it is, that it does not go nearly far enough. It is clear, that, both with reference to its population and wealth, Scotland is extremely under-represented. The population of Scotland is now 2,500,000; that of England and Wales probably 15,000,000. In proportion to the numbers of the people, therefore, there should be *one-sixth* of the members returned for the one country as the other; whereas the members of Scotland are 45, and those of England 500; in other words, above *eleven times* as great. The clear revenue yielded by Scotland to the treasury of the empire in 1814, was L.4,500,000, independent of the Scottish duties paid in London, which brought it to L.5,000,000; that of England, L.36,000,000. In this proportion, therefore, the Scottish representatives, instead of 45, should be 72. If innovations are to be practised on the Constitution, here is a change founded in justice, injurious to no interest, threatening to no class of society. Nor need the precedent be dreaded as applied to Ireland. When that island yields as large a surplus revenue to the empire as Scotland; let her prefer her claims for an extended representation; but not till then.

In the proposed disfranchisement of the counties of Dumbarton and Bute, Peebles and Selkirk, it is not to be overlooked, that the sitting members are on the anti-Reform side. Dumbarton returns Lord W. Graham, and has petitioned against

Reform; Bute, Sir William Rae, and has done the same; Selkirk, Mr Pringle of Whytbank, the tried friend of the Constitution; Peebles, Sir George Montgomery, also an anti-Reform member. In this disfranchisement, it is not difficult to see the blow aimed at the political influence of the Duke of Montrose, the Marquis of Bute, and the Duke of Buccleuch. On the other hand, these members are to be given to Dundee, the enthusiastic supporter of the Lord Advocate on the last election, and to Leith, of old established radical celebrity.

It is in vain to attempt to vindicate the disfranchisement of these rural districts by the scantiness of their population. By the last returns the population of the threatened counties stands as follows:—

Dumbartonshire, . . .	27,000
Peebles,	10,000

while the county of Rutland, which, under the new bill, is to have four members between the county and the borough, has only a population of 18,000 souls.

In estimating also the consequence of this great change, the alarming increase of litigation concerning the small votes is not to be overlooked. Every man practically acquainted with the habits of the lower orders of Scotland, is aware of their extraordinary predilection for forensic dispute, and that the chief duty of every honest legal practitioner is to moderate the litigious propensities of his clients. The astounding facts that there are annually determined in the Sheriff Courts of Scotland no less than 20,000 causes, being almost *three times* as much as in the whole Courts of Record over all England; and that in the Small Debt Court of Edinburgh and Glasgow there are determined besides, from 6000 to 8000 annually, may convey some idea of the vehemence with which the *fervidum Scotorum ingenium* has flowed into these new and bloodless channels. If 100,000 votes are to be added to Scotland, with the keenness of contested elections, it is difficult to estimate the consequences of such an extraordinary stimulus to the litigious passions of the lower orders. Of no value to their superiors, these votes will be of prodigious conse-

quence to them ; and the hard earnings of many years will be squandered in lawsuits in which they have no practical interest, but into which they have been plunged by the ambitious designs of their demagogues.

It may be added that, in deciding on these votes, a new and most formidable power is placed in the hands of the Sheriff of the county, an officer in the appointment of the Crown. It is enacted "That the judgment of the Sheriff shall, as long as it stands, be conclusive of the claimant's right to be registered and vote; provided always that it shall be competent for *any claimant* who is rejected to submit his claim to the re-consideration of the Sheriff, and to require, if so advised, the verdict of a jury on any disputed facts: provided that the judgment of the Sheriff may be brought under review by summary petition to the Court of Session: but provided also, "that *no alteration* of the Sheriff's judgment *shall affect the merits of any election actually completed* and carried through before the date of such alteration, except in so far as effect may be given to such alteration by any Committee of the House of Commons." The result of this is, 1. That the judgment of the Sheriff is final unless the costs of a lawsuit in the Court of Session are incurred, which may be on an average L.60 in each case. 2. That if the Sheriff's judgment is not reversed before the election is completed, the vote, how bad soever, must stand for the successful candidate, unless an expenditure of L.2000 is incurred in petitioning the House of Commons. In either view it is evident that a most formidable power is vested in the hands of the Sheriff, who, though generally a legal practitioner of respectability, is certainly appointed by Ministers, and as certainly looks to them for ulterior promotion.

"If I wished," said Frederick the Great, "to reduce the most flourishing province of my dominions to utter sterility, I could not take so effectual a course as by putting it for a few years into the hands of philosophers." "If an empire," said Napoleon, "were made of adamant, it would be pounded to dust by the political economists." The experience of what we have suffered, and are likely to suffer, from the speculative

men of our own country, gives no reason to hope that Great Britain forms any exception to the rule.

The political economists in the Edinburgh Review, incessantly urged the reduction of the duties on whisky; and, in an evil hour, the late administration yielded to the clamour. The "Giant Smuggler," it was said, would thus be demolished: Spirits, from being so common, would cease to be so much prized, and public morality be improved by the change. The consequence was, that the consumption of spirits annually in Scotland rose, at once, from 2,400,000 to 5,600,000 gallons; crime in every quarter was doubled; habits of intoxication spread to a degree almost incredible. Five thousand men were saved from demoralization on the Highland frontier, and 500,000 were plunged into it in the manufacturing districts, and a blow given to the habits of the people more serious than it has received since the foundation of the monarchy.

Incessant were the clamours, numerous the arguments, great the exertions, directed from the same journal, against the banking system of Scotland. During the panic following the great bankruptcy of 1825, these principles were embraced by Administration. A system, convicted of no weakness, bringing on no disaster; which, without risk, quadrupled the capital of the country; under which the invaluable habits of saving and frugality had spread to an unparalleled extent among the poor, was threatened with destruction. Here, fortunately, the good sense of the Scottish nation averted the misfortune: the people rose as one man against the threatened change, and a calamity, greater than ever was inflicted by philosophy on mankind, was kept at a distance by those whom its professors affected to despise.

It is from the same quarter, and in pursuance of the same principles, that we are now threatened with a subversion of the constitution. The adoption of such a system by men of tried ability, known eloquence, and acknowledged taste, is a striking proof how different a thing it is to censure others and to act ourselves; how perilous are the experiments of speculative men on human institutions, and how wide is the distinc-

tion between elegant critique or forensic effusions, and a profound acquaintance with the springs of public felicity.

The election of Cambridge has demonstrated the opinion on reform of the men of the highest acquirement in England of Whig, that of Oxford, of the same class, of Tory principles. The vote on the Timber question demonstrated the feelings of the well-informed of the commercial class: the scene in the House of Lords, on the dissolution of Parliament, of the landed aristocracy, on the same changes. The great majority of the education, intelligence, and wealth of the country, is firmly united against the bill. Nevertheless, the open elections have almost everywhere, in England, gone in its favour. This is not surprising. The proposed change has roused the lower orders in a body against the higher; the sway of learning, the respect to character, the weight of thought, the influence of property, is no longer felt. Dazzled by the prospect of political power, the multitude have everywhere revolted against those who have hitherto swayed their opinions. The county freeholders conceived that, in voting for a reform candidate, they were voting for the abolition of tithes and taxes; the boroughs, for a free trade in corn, a large share of political power, and a total abolition of the national debt. The prospect of these boons was immediate; the King, they were told, favoured the changes; and, within three months of a reformed Parliament meeting, all would be accomplished. Under the combined influence of these feelings, a majority will certainly be returned in Parliament for the proposed changes. We are not in the least surprised at this; it is what we always foresaw would follow the *prospect of success* to popular ambition.

"Il existe," says Chateaubriand, "deux sortes de revolutionnaires: les uns desirerent la revolution avec la liberte; c'est le tres petit nombre: les autres veulent la revolution avec le pouvoir; c'est l'immense majorite."* In these words of one well versed in the history of public convulsions, is to be found the secret of

the success of the reforming party in England in the recent elections. It is not the love of liberty which is roused; that is already fully enjoyed: it is the *passion for power*,—and that, like every other passion, is insatiable, and goes on increasing, till, by excess of enjoyment, it destroys itself.

While such has been the fate of the elections wherever popular ambition or intimidation could be exerted in England, very different has been the spectacle presented in Scotland. In some places, no doubt, by the force of violence, carrying off electors, or other unworthy engines, the choice has fallen on reforming members; but, generally speaking, the preponderance of the conservative party, against all the weight of administration, has been most remarkable. Scotland will shew a majority of three to two in the next Parliament against Reform.

The difference between the result of the appeal in the two countries is very remarkable, and corroborates, in the most signal manner, an observation made in the last Number of this series—viz. that electors have *no disposition* to resist an *extension* of their franchise to a more numerous class *below themselves*, unless it is confined to those who really are possessed of property and education, and who will lose something by such an extension. Accordingly, the Scotch electors, men of education, and capable of discerning consequences, and of property, and capable of losing something, are as decidedly *adverse* to the extension of the suffrage to the lower classes, as the English are *favourable* to such a change.

The reason is obvious, and, being founded in the interests of the different classes of society, must remain the same in all ages and countries. Substantial interest is, in the end, the governing principle of all men. The wealthy elector, therefore, who has much to lose, naturally *resists*; the poor elector, who has every thing to gain, as naturally *supports* the extension of the suffrage. He finds, by experience, that he gains no immediate or visible advantage by siding with the conservative, while he is promised the substantial fruits of po-

pular sovereignty by inclining to the other party. By resisting the extension of the franchise, the humble elector is not immediately benefited; whereas his popular coadjutors assure him, that, by joining their ranks, and admitting them to his privileges, the great boon of liberation from taxes and tithes, and all the sweets of popular sovereignty, will be gained to the people. The result of the elections in the two countries clearly demonstrates the truth of these principles.

Now, observe what an overwhelming argument this furnishes against the whole Reform Bill. The evils of universal suffrage are universally admitted; but the reformers assert that this Bill will raise up an effectual barrier against its dangers, because it will cause all the voters, a million strong, to range themselves on the side of order *against* any farther extension of the suffrage. But how is such a consequence to be reconciled with the present result of the English elections? Why do not the 40s. freeholders resist as sturdily any intrusion of strangers into their ranks as the L.400 Scotch electors? The reason evidently is, that they make common cause with the democracy, throw overboard the influence of their landlords, and propose to recruit their ranks from the unrepresented classes, because by so doing, they will get the whole power of sovereignty into their own hands; and in the abolition of tithes and taxes, and the division of church property, secure the substantial fruits of popular victory.

In a similar crisis, the new voters will do the same. Finding that they have gained nothing by all the changes, till taxes and tithes are abolished, they will all join the L.5 householders, and the universal suffrage men, in order to accomplish their object. Government will then find that the new voters, instead of being true to the cause of order, are a clear addition to the forces of revolution and anarchy.

"The power of dissolving Parliament," says Lord Advocate Jeffrey in his younger days, "is a power

essential to the existence of the constitution and the safety of the crown; but it is one *extremely liable to abuse*. By threatening a dissolution for the purpose of *intimidating the House of Commons*, the executive can obtain the votes of many who are placed beyond the sphere of its ordinary influence; and by appealing to the people *at the moment of some violent outcry*, Ministers can avail themselves of a popular delusion spread by themselves.*—"All plans of reform hitherto exhibited, are liable to the insurmountable objection of beginning by pulling down the constitution as it at present stands, and then proposing to build another fabric *entirely new*, and on a plan wholly different, and of the convenience or beauty of which no man can possibly judge from experience. Why should we not go gradually to work in this as in all other parts of legislation, cautious in proportion to the greatness of the concern, and the danger of committing a mistake."†—"It is not by mere popular clamour, or the shouts or hisses of an ignorant and disorderly mob, but the deep, the slow, and the collected voice of the intelligent and enlightened part of the community, that the councils of a free nation should be ultimately guided.‡"—"No man can deny that it would be *highly impolitic* to throw open all the boroughs in which the right of voting at present belongs, to certain parts of the population. No man of common sense would wish to see that *worst description of boroughs multiplied*, in which from two hundred to five hundred inhabitants have votes; boroughs which are too large to be in the quiet possession of a single great family, but not too large to be contested by men of ready-money influence; boroughs which are, for this very reason, *the very sinks of every species of corruption*. It would be a very violent proceeding to disfranchise places of this sort, where corporations elect and transfer their rights to certain large towns not now represented. We object, as much as any man, to all rash projects, all wholesale reforms, all theoretical system-mongers, who will have every-

* Edinburgh Review. No. XXXIX. p. 209.

† Ibid. 206.

‡ Ibid. vol. XX. p. 342.

thing or nothing, and care not how much they put in jeopardy, so as they bring out something rounded and finished at the first heat."*

Recollecting these the early and far-famed opinions of the celebrated men who then conducted that Journal, and contrasting them with the bill which they have since brought forward in their maturer years, we are filled with astonishment at the magnitude of human inconsistency; and with the most melancholy presages of the future, when the same passions and temptations which have seduced men of their character, shall have seized on baser minds, infirm intellects, and equal ambition. But as the melancholy progress is now so far advanced, it should prove a warning to all the supporters of real freedom, of the consequence of placing themselves at the head of popular agitation, and serve as a beacon to all the friends of the constitution, that it is by steady resistance to innovations even in the last stages of its progress, that England can alone be saved from ruin.

To conclude—the result of the

English elections furnishes, if there did not exist before, a decisive and unanswerable argument against the concession of any farther power to the people. It demonstrates that the "moral influence of property," as it is called, which *alone* is to be left to the landed proprietors, is *utterly nugatory* in periods of excitement. The Duke of Northumberland trusted to the *moral influence*—and never was a nobleman more worthy, from his character, of exercising it; and the consequence was, that his power was overturned in his own county.

The Reformers urged the ascendancy of the borough-holders as a conclusive argument in favour of a change. Of this argument they are now deprived; *without any reform*, a Parliament has been returned as popular as the warmest friend of freedom could desire. The necessity, the expedience, of an extension of the franchise, cannot now be pleaded; the Reformers themselves have demonstrated its futility. Without Reform, we are on the verge of a republic; with it, where shall we be?

AN AGONY OF THIRTY-EIGHT HOURS.

BY JOURGNIAC SAINT MEARD.—PARIS, 1797.

Of the numerous accounts which appeared in Paris in the bloody reign of anarchy in 1792, but few are undeformed by the creative fancy of those authors, whose object was to feed the greedy and excited apprehension of the time with tales of horror; or by the vehemence of party, which sought to give, if possible, a more flagitious hue to the proceedings of the sanguinary *terrorists*. By far the most authentic picture—for such it is—of that appalling and momentous crisis, is the brief, but forcible and highly graphic narrative of M. Jourgniac St Meard. The unadorned simplicity of his account, which merely embodies in succession the events of twelve days of savage massacre, of secret accusation, of public credulity and popular atrocity, presents us with a true and striking image of the me-

thodized barbarity of that extraordinary period. It more adequately develops, than any other summary of facts, the flagitious excitation of the people, the agonizing scenes of suffering, the odious and unprofitable murders, sanctioned by the national insanity; and the desolating rage of merciless destruction, which smote alike the innocent and guilty. Every item of his vivid and minute relation, is a faithful index of a constituent portion of the system, by which the ascendant of murderous authority—indiscriminately levelled at the people—was devised to gratify, to awe, and to subject them. His details present, at once, the levity, the crime, the ceremonious form and turbulent disorder of those distempered times; nor do they fail to shew, among a mass of cruelty, abandonment, and gross depravity,

some splendid instances of generous devotion, pious resignation, and exalted friendship, which, despising all the terrors of dominant iniquity, exemplified the duties of humanity and virtue in aid of innocence and unmerited misfortune.

Fourteen Hours in the Committee of Surveillance de la Commune.

I WAS arrested by order of this committee on the 22d of August, and taken to the Mairie, at nine in the morning, where I remained until eleven at night. Two gentlemen, members no doubt of the committee, desired me to walk into a chamber; where one of them, overwhelmed with fatigue, fell fast asleep. The other asked me if I was M. Jourgniac Saint Méard.

I answered, "Yes."

M. Be seated, sir. We are all equal. Do you know the cause of your arrest?

Ans. I was told, by one of those who brought me here, that I am suspected to be the editor of an anti-constitutional journal.

M. *Suspected* is not the word; for I know that Gautier, who is given out as the editor of the Journal de la Cour et de la Ville, is a mere nominal being.

Ans. Your credulity, sir, has been imposed on; for his existence is quite as susceptible of proof, as the circumstance of his being the editor of the journal in question.

M. I am to believe—

Ans. Nothing but the truth; since justice is the object of a judge; and I can give you my word of honour—

M. Ah! sir, we are not now dealing with words of honour—

Ans. So much the worse, sir, for mine is unimpeachable.

M. You are accused of having been on the frontiers these last ten or eleven months; and of having there levied recruits, whom you placed at the service of the emigrants; on your return you were arrested, but escaped from prison.

Ans. If I could bring myself to think this accusation serious, I should require but one hour to prove that, for the last twenty-three months, I have not been out of Paris; and if—

M. Oh! I am well aware, sir, of your ability; and I also know that you possess the cunning (astuce.)

Ans. Permit me to observe, that that expression is uncalled for; the immediate object of our enquiry is a mere absurdity, since we are only speaking of the denunciations which have been made against me.

M. Do you know M. Durosai, the editor of the Gazette of Paris?

Ans. By reputation I know him well, but in no other manner; indeed, I never saw him.

M. I am surprised at that, as letters written by you to him have been found among his papers.

Ans. One only could have been found, as I never wrote to him but once; on which occasion I sent him my address to the chasseurs of my company, on the insurrection of the garrison of Nancy. This address he published in the Gazette de Paris. This is the whole and sole of my correspondence with him.

M. You speak truly; and I must also tell you, that you are not compromised by the letter in question.

Ans. No letter, no writings, no actions of mine, can possibly have had the effect or tendency to compromise me.

M. I have seen you at the house of Madame Vaufléury, and also at the house of M. Peltier, the editor of the Acts of the Apostles.

Ans. That may be, as I frequently visit that lady, and am in the habit of walking with M. Peltier.

M. Are you not a Chevalier of St Louis?

Ans. I am, sir.

M. Why do you not wear the cross of the order?

Ans. There it is; I have worn it for these last six years.

M. That is sufficient for to-day. I shall inform the Committee that you are here.

Ans. You will do me the favour to inform the Committee, that if I find justice at its hands, I shall be dismissed with my freedom; for I am neither an editor, a recruiter, conspirator, or denunciator.

A moment afterwards, three soldiers beckoned me to follow them. When we reached the court-yard, they requested me to enter a *fiacre*, (hackney coach,) in which I was conducted, by order of the Committee,

to the Hotel du Faubourg Saint-Germain.

Ten Days in the Abbaye.

HAVING reached the *hotel*, which turned out to be the prison of the Abbaye, I was given, with my commitment, into custody of the keeper, who, after the usual civility of "let us hope that your detention will not last long," ordered me to a large room, which served as a chapel for the prisoners of the *ancien regime*. I counted nineteen individuals lying on beds of coarse canvass; that which was assigned to me, had been occupied by M. Daugremont, who had been guillotined two days previously.

On the same day, when we were about to seat ourselves at table, M. Chanterami, a colonel in the *Maison Constitutionnelle* of the King, stabbed himself thrice with a knife, saying—"We are all destined to be massacred—My God, I go to you!" In ten minutes he was no more!

August 23d.—I drew up a memorandum, in which I exposed the malice of my denunciators; and sent copies of it to the Minister of Justice, to my own section, to the Committee of *Surveillance*, and to every one who was concerned for the injustice of my case. Towards five o'clock in the afternoon, M. Durosai, the editor of the *Gazette* of Paris, became a partner of our misfortunes. He no sooner heard my name, than he said, after the usual forms of salutation; "Ah! sir, happy am I to meet you! You have long possessed my affection, though I have known you merely from the affair at Nanci; permit an unhappy man, whose latest hour is near, to pour out his heart into yours." I embraced him. He then gave me a letter, which he had just received—it was from a female friend, and to the following effect:

"My friend, prepare for death—you are condemned; and to-morrow—My heart is broken—but you know what I have promised you. Adieu!"

While I was reading this brief letter, the tears flowed down his cheeks. He kissed the letter repeatedly, and I heard him say in a suppressed and almost suffocated voice,

—"Alas! SHE will suffer more than I shall."

He lay down on my bed, and when we were wearied with talking of our accusation and arrest, we fell asleep. At daybreak he composed a memorandum in his justification, which, though penned with energy, and replete with circumstantial exculpation, proved of no avail; he was decapitated on the following day!

August 25th.—The commissaries of the prison at length permitted us to receive the *Evening Journal*. A prisoner, newly committed, brought us in several others, in one of which, the *Courier Français*, I read the following article: "Messieurs Saint Méard and Beaumarchais are arrested; the former was the author of a scandalous journal, called *Le Journal de la Cour et de la Ville*. He was a captain in the King's regiment; and it is to be remarked, that he is the owner of the estate near Bordeaux, which formerly belonged to the celebrated Montaigne. M. St Méard enjoys an income of more than 40,000 livres." The estate alluded to is the property of M. Segur, and as to my fortune, it never exceeded 20,000 livres, prior even to the Revolution.

August 26th.—Midnight. A municipal officer entered the room, to take our names and the dates of our respective commitments. He gave us hopes that the municipality would authorize commissaries, on the following day, to discharge all parties who had been arrested on vague denunciations. This expectation enabled me to enjoy a night of sound repose; however, it was not fulfilled; on the contrary, the number of prisoners evidently increased.

August 27th.—The report of a pistol was heard in the interior of the prison; it was followed by hurry and confusion on the stairs and in the passages. We heard the noise of various locks and bolts. Our room was entered by several persons; among them was the turnkey of our ward; he counted us; and said, "Tranquillize yourselves—the danger is over!" This was the only information, on the subject of the disturbance, afforded us by this brusque and uncommunicative personage.

August 28th and 29th.—We were

agitated and disturbed by the incessant arrival of carriages conveying prisoners, whom we were enabled to see from the windows of a tower which communicated with our room. In the sequel, our curiosity was painfully punished by the scenes we witnessed on the *Place*, in the *Rue St. Marguerite*, and above all, immediately opposite the wicket of our prison.

August 30th. *Eleven at night.*—A man of eighty years of age was conducted to his bed, in our room; the next day we learned that he was the *Sieur Cazotte*, the author of a poem called *Olivier*, of the *Diable Amoureux*, &c. The extravagant gaiety and Oriental style of speech of this old man, afforded us a temporary diversion. In the midst of our misery, he endeavoured seriously to persuade us, by the History of Cain and Abel, that we were much happier than those in the enjoyment of liberty, and was sensibly offended at our incredulity. Our discussion was terminated by the arrival of two *gendarmes*, who conducted him to the criminal tribunal.

I lost not an instant in procuring such attestations as supported the truths advanced in my memorandum. I was assisted by a friend, the like of whom the world does not contain; who, while the companions of my misfortune were utterly abandoned by theirs, laboured night and day incessantly, in my behalf. He forgot that at such a crisis of excitement and general mistrust, he ran the risk of implications like my own, by evincing such lively interest in the condition of a *suspected man*. His noble spirit was above all these considerations; no danger daunted him; and well did he exemplify the proverb, that "adversity is the touchstone of friendship." To his zealous energy am I, in a great degree, indebted for existence; and I owe it to the public, to myself, and to truth, to declare the name of this generous and incomparable friend, *M. Teyssier*, *Rue Croix des Petits-Champs*.

The last days of August brought back to my remembrance the affair of *Nanci*, and I compared the dan-

gers of that past epoch with those which immediately surrounded me.

September 1st.—Some of our comrades were released; as were other occupants of the adjacent rooms. Among the latter was *M. de Jaucourt*, a member of the legislative assembly, who, shortly before his arrest, had vacated his seat as a deputy.

My Thirty-eight Hours' Agony.

September 2d. Sunday.—The turnkey served our dinner earlier than usual. His wild look and haggard eyes seemed to announce some disastrous tidings. He returned to us at two o'clock; we surrounded him, in breathless anxiety and expectation, but he was deaf or dumb to every question; and, with unusual precaution, he collected the knives, which we were accustomed to fold up in our napkins.

At half past two o'clock, the turbulent noise of the mob was dreadfully augmented by the drums beating "the general;" by shots of alarm from the cannon; and by the tocsin, which resounded on all sides. During this terrible tumult we saw three carriages pass, surrounded by a countless crowd of infuriated men and women, crying "*A la Force, à la Force!*"*. The occupants of these coaches were conveyed to the cloister of the *Abbaye*, which had been set apart as a prison exclusively for the priests. An instant had hardly elapsed, when we heard that a general massacre had taken place of the bishops and other ecclesiastics, who, to use the vulgar expression of the time, had been *parqués* (penned up) in this receptacle.

Nearly four o'clock. We were attracted to the window by the piercing cries of a man, whom they were hacking to pieces with sabres. We beheld from the tower adjoining our apartment, a mangled body on the pavement; in an instant the slaughter of another wretched being succeeded—It is impossible to describe the horror of the profound

* We were not aware, at the moment, that this was the cry in vogue, when the victims of popular ferocity were led to death.

and sombre silence which prevailed during these ferocious executions. The only perceptible sounds were the agonized shrieks of the massacred victims, and the clash of the sabres, as they struck their heads. They were no sooner extended lifeless on the ground, than the cries of "Vive la Nation!" arose. In the short intervals between the executions, we heard beneath our windows, "Not a single individual must escape; they must all die, particularly those in the chapel, who are all conspirators." Every species of distraction conspired to rouse us from reflection on our melancholy state; if silence prevailed in the streets, a tumultuous noise arose in the prison.

Five o'clock. Several voices pronounced the name aloud of M. Cazotte. A moment afterwards the stairs were descended by a crowd of people talking loudly. The clattering of arms was mingled with the cries of women and men. They were leading the venerable old man to death. He was followed by his daughter. When he passed to the exterior of the wicket to receive his doom, that courageous girl threw herself round the neck of her father. The emotion of the people at this touching sight, obtained the old man's pardon.

About seven o'clock. Two men entered, their hands bloody, and armed with sabres; a turnkey holding a torch conducted them, and pointed out the bed of the unfortunate Reding, who was a captain of the Swiss guard on the 10th of August, on which day his arm had been broken by a shot. He had also four sabre wounds on his head. At this horrible moment, I was pressing his hand and endeavouring to cheer him. One of the men began to remove him, but the wretched creature stopped him, saying, in a dying voice, "Ah! sir, I have suffered enough already. I am not afraid of death; but, in mercy, let me meet it here." He was rendered motionless by this appeal; but his comrade saying, "Allons donc," decided him; he was carried out on their shoulders, and conveyed into the street, where he was instantly dispatched—My eyes are so full of tears, that I cannot see what I write.—

We looked at one another without

uttering a word. We wrung our hands in agony; we embraced in despair. We were motionless—there was a dead silence—and our eyes were fixed on the pavement of the prison, on which the moonlight fell through the triple columns of our windows. But soon our agitation was revived by the shrieks of fresh victims. We then thought on the words of the unfortunate M. Chanterami, who said, on plunging a knife into his heart, "We are all destined to be massacred."

Midnight. Ten men, sword-in-hand, preceded by two turnkeys bearing torches, entered our room, and ordered each of us to appear at the foot of his respective bed. When they had counted us, they said, we were responsible for one another, and swore, that if one single individual escaped, we should all be massacred *without a hearing from the President*. These last words conveyed a gleam of hope; for we were not confident of any thing like trial previously to our destruction.

Monday, 3d September, Two in the morning. One of the doors of the prison was broken open by reiterated blows. We thought, at first, it was the wicket, and that the populace were rushing to destroy us in our chamber. Our apprehensions were partly tranquillized, on hearing some one say on the stairs, that it was a dungeon door which had been barricaded by some prisoners. We shortly learned, that every human being in it was dispatched.

Ten o'clock. The Abbé L'Enfant, confessor to the king, and the Abbé Chapt-Rastignac, appeared in the tribune of the chapel where we were confined. They announced to us the approach of our last moments—and begged us to assemble to receive their benediction. By an electric impulse, we were on our knees, and our hands joined and raised to receive it. This moment, though consoling, was one of the most! —! we had yet experienced. On the eve of appearing before the Supreme Being, kneeling before two of his ministers, we presented an indescribable spectacle. The posture of these two venerable priests leaning over us—death hovering over our heads, and surrounding us on all sides—every circumstance imparted

an awful solemnity to our condition. The moment seemed to approximate us to the Deity. It gave us courage—reason and reflection were suspended, and the awful ceremony was equally impressive on the cold and incredulous, on the ardent and confiding. In half an hour, we heard the cries of these two massacred ecclesiastics!

The thought which now occupied our chief attention, was the posture by which, on the reception of our fate, we should be exposed to the least torture, on our entering the place of massacre. Some of our comrades went, from time to time, to the window of the turret; that, by witnessing the sufferings of the various victims, they might form an inference of the least agonizing means of meeting their destruction. They reported that those who extended their hands were the most considerable sufferers, as such a posture intercepted the sabre strokes, which fell, in consequence, with a diminished power upon the head; that some lost their hands and arms; but that they who placed them behind their backs were most readily and least painfully dispatched. We resolved on this ready method of escaping from the ferocity of our executioners.

Towards mid-day. Overwhelmed, almost annihilated, by supernatural agitation, and absorbed in thoughts too horrible to be expressed, I threw myself on a bed, and slept profoundly. To this sleep I believe myself indebted for the preservation of my life. I dreamed that I was before the terrible tribunal appointed for my trial; that, in spite of the hideous clamour of the tocsin and surrounding cries, I was heard attentively. My case was concluded, and I was set at liberty. This dream produced a beneficent impression on my mind, dissipated my agitation; and I awoke with a presentiment of my salvation. I related it to the partners in my misfortune, who were surprised at the confidence with which it inspired me, from the moment until my appearance before my judges.

Two o'clock. A proclamation was made, which the populace received with disapprobation; a moment afterwards, some people, who were either curious to see us, or perhaps disposed to point out to us the means

of safety, placed a ladder against the window of our room; but all ascent was prevented by the cry of "A bas, a bas, c'est pour leur porter des armes."

In addition to our mental agonies, we endured the torture of a burning thirst. At length our turnkey, Bertrand, made his appearance alone, and we prevailed on him to grant us a jug of water. We had passed six-and-twenty hours without one solitary drop. When we represented this negligence to a *federe*, who came with other persons to inspect the prison, he was so indignant at the circumstance, that he demanded the name of the turnkey, that he might be exterminated on the instant; but our united and strenuous supplications averted the fate that, but for them, inevitably awaited him.

We were soon afterwards disturbed by plaintive cries, which we found proceeded from a young officer who had wounded himself in several places. As the blade of his knife was rounded at the end, he had not succeeded in giving himself a mortal stroke; but the attempt accelerated his execution!

At Eight o'clock—The agitation of the mob subsided, and several voices cried, "Grace, grace, pour ceux qui restent." These words were feebly applauded. They, however, gave us a gleam of hope; and some among us were so convinced of their immediate deliverance, that they already had placed their bundles under their arms; the hope was delusive. The shrieks of death replunged us into the depth of our fears and agonies.

At eleven o'clock—Ten men, armed with sabres and pistols, ordered us to form a rank, and conducted us to a ward next the apartment in which was sitting the tribunal appointed for our trial. I cautiously approached one of the sentinels placed over us, and succeeded in entering into conversation with him. He told me in a *patois*, from which I discovered that he was either of Provence or Languedoc, that he had served eight years in the regiment of Lyonnais. I spoke *patois* to him; this appeared to please him, and my interested situation at the moment inspired me with such Gascon and persuasive eloquence, that I succeeded in drawing from him

these words, the effect of which, at such crisis, I should in vain attempt to state: "Ne te cougneichi pas, mé pèrtant né péinsi qué siousque un tréste; au contrairi, te crési un boun goyat;" implying, "I do not know you; however, I believe you are not a traitor; on the contrary, I take you to be a good fellow."

I endeavoured, by all imaginable means, to confirm him in this favourable opinion, and so far succeeded, as to prevail on him to let me enter the awful presence in which the trial of a prisoner was proceeding. I witnessed the process against a purveyor to the king, who, being accused of the conspiracy of the 10th, was condemned and executed; another, who was sobbing and uttering words inarticulate from his anguish, was already undressed, and on the point of being delivered to his fate, when a workman of Paris recognised him, and protested that he was mistaken for another person. He was accordingly remanded; and on a subsequent hearing, proclaimed innocent and set at liberty.

From what I had just seen, I distinctly saw the turn it was advisable to give to my defence. I returned into the adjoining ward, where I saw some prisoners who had been just brought in. I begged my Provençal friend to procure me a glass of wine. As he was going to get it, he was desired to reconduct me to the chapel, which I accordingly re-entered, quite at a loss to discover for what purpose we had been taken down; I found that ten new prisoners had replaced five who had been tried. I lost no time in making the needful alterations in my defence, and was busily employed on it, convinced that firmness and frankness alone could save me, when my Provençal acquaintance entered, and said to the turnkey, "Bacle la porte, à la tour-nante seulement, et attens mé en défore."—"Shut the door, with the key only, and wait for me outside." He drew near me and said, seizing my hand, "Béni pér tu—Baqui lou bin qué mas demandat:—beu."—"I come for you—There's the wine you asked me for—drink." I had drank more than half of it, when he put his hand on the bottle and said, "Sacerisdi, moun amic, coumé ybas; n'en

boli pér you; à tasantat."—"Sacré, my friend, how you drink—I want some myself—here's to your health"—and he drank the remainder. He then continued—"Né poudi pas damoura dans tu loun tén; mé rapélé-té de cé qué té disi. Si ses un caloutin ou bé un conspirateur d' au castél de monser Bétot, sias flambat; mé si né sias pas un tréste, nage pas po; te rés-poundi dé ta biste."

"Eh! moun amic, suis bien surt dé n'esta pas-accusat dé tout aco; mé passi per esta un tantinel aristocrate—"

"Coy re caco; los juges sabent bé qui a d'honestés gens pér tout. Lou president es un hounéste homme, qué n'est pas un sot."

"Fasei mé lou plasei de préga los juges de m'escouta; né damandi caco—"

"Lou siras, t'en respoundi. Arça, adissias, amic; d' au couragé; m'en bau à mon poste;—taquerçi dé fa béné toun tour lou plu leu que sira pousseble. Embrasse mé; seui à tû dé boun co—" which dialogue interpreted is this:—"I cannot remain with you long, but remember what I tell you: If you are a priest or a conspirator of the château of M. Veto, you are undone; but if you are no traitor, entertain no fear; I answer for your life."

I replied—"Ah! my good friend, I don't fear being accused of all that, though I am supposed to be somewhat of an aristocrat."

He said—"That is nothing; the judges know that there are honest men of all parties. The president is an upright man, and no fool."

I requested him—"Do me the favour to beg the judges to hear me; I ask but that."—"You shall be heard, this I promise you. So now, my friend, adieu. Courage!—I am off to my post.—I will endeavour to bring your turn on as soon as possible. Embrace me; I am yours, with all my heart."

We embraced, and he departed, No one but a prisoner in the Abbaye on the 3d of September 1792, can appreciate the consoling influence of the brief conversation I have recorded.

Towards midnight, the frightful and unnatural tumult which had raged for thirty-six hours, began to abate:

and we imagined that the judges, and their executive authority,* being overwhelmed with fatigue, would require repose before they entered on our trial. We were making our beds, when we heard a proclamation, which was loudly hooted. In a moment, a man asked the populace what it wanted; and we heard him distinctly answer, "The priests and conspirators who remain, and who are in the prison, (ont graissé la patte des juges,) have greased the judges' hands—and that is the reason of their not being tried." It appeared to us, that he had no sooner spoken, than he was dispatched. The noise and agitation of the mob rose into fearful exasperation. The tumult increased momentarily, and when the disturbance was at its height—the officers of the committee came for M. Defon—one of the old *garde de corps*—whose cries, in the agony of death, shortly succeeded. In a few moments, two of our comrades were carried off—and then, I began to think that my fatal hour approached.

At length, on Tuesday, at one in the morning, after enduring, for thirty-seven hours, an agony more terrible than death itself—after having drunk a thousand and a thousand times the cup of bitterness—the door of my prison was thrown open—my name was pronounced—I followed. Three men seized me, and placed me before my terrible judges.

The last Crisis of my Agony.

By the flaring light of two torches, I beheld the tribunal which was to give me life or death. The President, dressed in a grey coat, and wearing a sabre, was leaning on a table, covered with papers, an *escrutoire*, pipes, and bottles. The table was surrounded by ten persons, some standing, some seated, two of whom were in waistcoats only, and wore aprons; others were extended on the benches, fast asleep. The door was kept by two men, sword in hand, in shirts stained with blood; an elderly

turnkey kept his hand incessantly on the bolts. Three persons, in front of the President, held a prisoner about sixty years of age. I was seated in a corner; my guards placed their sabres across my breast, and warned me, that if I made the slightest attempt to stir, they would *poniard* me immediately. I looked on all sides for my *Provençal*. I saw two national guards present a *reclamation* from the section of the Croix Rouge, in favour of the accused before the President. He replied—"these solicitations are useless in behalf of traitors."—The prisoner cried,—"it is horrible—your judgment is a mere assassination." The President said, "My hands are washed of it,—lead out M. Maillé—" He was pushed into the street, where I saw him massacred, while the door was yet open.

The President sat down, apparently to register the name of the unfortunate man just dispatched. I heard the order given: "à un autre!"

I was immediately placed before the expeditious and bloody tribunal. Two of my guards held each a hand—the third seized the collar of my coat.

The President, (addressing me.) Your name and profession?

One of the Judges.—The slightest lie will be fatal to you.

Ans.—My name is Jourgniac St Méard; I have served 25 years as an officer; and I appear before you with the assurance naturally belonging to a man, who has nothing with which to reproach himself, and who consequently will not resort to falsehood.

The President.—That we shall see. A moment — (he then inspected the commitment and accusation, which he passed round to the other judges.) Do you know the cause of your arrest?

Ans. Yes, Monsieur le President,† and I can readily believe, after the glaring falsity of the accusations made against me, that the Committee of *Surveillance* would not have sanctioned my imprisonment, were it not for the precautions imposed

* This was the designation given to the butchers of the condemned.

† I was considerably annoyed at the frequency with which the President's attention was engrossed; as well as that of the other Judges. People were constantly whispering to them, and bringing them letters.

on it by the safety of the people (le salut du peuple). I am accused of being the editor of an anti-feuillant journal, called the *Journal de la Cour et de la Ville*. I tell the naked truth, when I assert that imputation to be false. The editor of that publication is a man named Gautier, whose description is so strikingly at variance with mine, that nothing but iniquitous malignity could have made a mistake in our persons—and if I am able to search my pockets—

I here endeavoured in vain to extract my pocketbook from my coat; one of the judges perceiving my predicament, desired the men who held me to let go their hold. I then laid on the table the attestations of several clerks, factors, merchants, and proprietors of houses in which he had lodged, proving Gautier to be the editor and sole proprietor of the *Journal* in question.

One of the Judges.—Nevertheless, there is no smoke without fire: how comes this accusation to fall on you? tell us that.

Ans.—That, sir, is what I was about to do. You are aware, gentlemen, that the journal of which we are speaking was the receptacle of all the *Calembourgs*, the *quolibets*, the epigrams and pleasantries, whether good or bad, which emanated from Paris, or the eighty-three departments. I might aver that I never was the author of one of these trifles, seeing that no manuscript of mine is produced in proof of it; but candour, which has hitherto befriended me, must serve me now; and I will confess, that the gaiety of my disposition often inspired me with harmless sallies, which I did send to the *Sieur Gautier*. There, gentlemen, is the whole and sole foundation of my impeachment, which equals in absurdity the monstrous accusation I have next to deal with. I have been denounced for having recruited on the frontiers, of having conducted such levies to the emigrants—(a general murmur arose, which, however, I did not permit to disconcert me; I continued, having raised my voice)—Gentlemen, gentlemen, I am speaking; and I implore you, *Monsieur le President*, to maintain the attention of my judges—never was it more essential to me than at the present moment.

Nearly all the Judges said, laughing, “Right! right!—silence!”

I proceeded—My accuser is a monster—this I shall prove to you, *Judges*, whom the people would not have chosen, had they not known them to possess the power of discriminating between guilt and innocence. There, gentlemen, are certificates proving that I have not been out of Paris for three-and-twenty months; and there are the declarations of the three landlords, with whom I have lodged during that period, which corroborate the other attestations.

They were examining these papers, when we were interrupted by the arrival of a prisoner, who was instantly placed before the President. The men who held him said he was another priest, whom they had just taken from his nest (*deniché*) in the chapel. After a brief interrogation, he was sent to his fate. (*A la Force.*) He cast his breviary on the table—was dragged out at the wicket, and slaughtered. This done, I resumed my place before the tribunal.

One of the Judges.—I do not say that these certificates are false; but who can prove the truth of them?

Ans.—Your observation, sir, is just; and, to afford the utmost knowledge on that subject, confine me in a dungeon, if you please, until commissaries, named by *Monsieur le President*, have verified them. If they prove false, I deserve to die.

One of the Judges.—(Who, during my interrogation, appeared interested in my behalf, said, in a low voice,) A guilty person would not speak with this decided confidence.

Another Judge.—Of what section are you?

Ans.—Of the *Halle aublé*.

A National Guard.—(Not of the number of the Judges).—Ah! ah! I belong to that section. At whose house do you reside?

Ans.—At the house of *M. Teyssier*, rue Croix des Petits Champs.

The National Guard.—I know him, for we have had transactions together; and I can tell if this be his certificate; (he looked at it and said,) Gentlemen, I can state that this is decidedly the signature of the citizen *Teyssier*!

I exclaimed, in a manner which attracted general attention, Ah! gentlemen, after the testimony of

that worthy man, which utterly disproves the accusation which was aimed at my existence, what can—what *must* you think of the man who has denounced me?

The judge (who had already manifested a favourable feeling towards me)—*C'est un gueux*—and if he were here, justice should take its course on him. Do you know the man?

Ans. No, sir; but he must of necessity be one of the Committee of Surveillance de la Commune; and I confess, that, if I did know him, I should think I rendered a service to the public, in warning it by placards to beware of such a—

One of the Judges.—It is clearly established that you are *not* the editor of a journal, and that you were *not* employed in the levy of recruits. But what have you to say regarding your aristocratic conversations at the houses of certain booksellers in the Palais Royal?

Ans. I am ready to reply. If I have not hesitated to avow what I have written, still less do I fear to confess what I have *said*, and even *thought*. I have invariably advised obedience to the laws, and have strengthened my precept by the force of my example. At the same time, I acknowledge that I have used the freedom given me by the constitution, in saying that I regarded it as an imperfect one, perceiving that it established us in an erroneous position. If that was criminal, then the constitution itself extended a trap to me; and the permission, which it *expressly* gives to expose its imperfections, is a mere snare to those who confide in the validity of its professions. I have said, too, that the nobles of the *assemblée constituante*, who evinced such patriotic zeal, were actuated more by personal ambition and selfish interest than by the love of country; and when the whole of Paris was infatuated with their show of patriotism, I said, “*Ils vous trompent.*” I appeal to you, gentlemen, if events have justified my opinion. I have frequently reproved the base and awkward manœuvres of certain personages, whose device was, “The constitution, the whole constitution, and nothing but the constitution.”

I long foresaw a great catastrophe, the inevitable result of this same constitution, revised by egotists, who, like those of whom I have just spoken, were toiling for their own exclusive ends. Dissimulation, rapacity, and cowardice, were the attributes of those charlatans. The characteristics of their opponents were fanaticism, intrepidity, and frankness. It required no great strength of perception to foresee which party would eventually triumph. Gentlemen, no man was more solicitous of the reform of abuses than myself. Here are pamphlets of my production during the sitting of the States-General; they prove what I now advance. I always thought that we were going too far for a constitution, and that we fell short of a republic. I am neither a *Jacobin* nor a *Feuillant*. I never approved the principles of the former party, though they were more consistent and ingenious than those professed by the latter; which I always shall detest, until it is proved to me that it was not the source of the deep calamities we have endured.

A Judge (impatiently).—You are incessantly telling us, you are *not* this, and you are *not* that. *What* are you then?

Ans. I was an open royalist.—(A murmur arose, which was appeased by the judge, who on one or two previous occasions, had evinced an interest in my behalf.)—He said word for word, “We are not here to try opinions; we are here to try results.”

I continued—Yes, gentlemen, I was an open royalist; though I was never paid for my opinions. I was a royalist, because I thought a monarchy adapted to my country, because I loved the king individually and sincerely. This was the sentiment of my heart till the 10th of August.—(Another murmur arose, apparently more favourable than the last.)—I never heard of plots or conspiracies, but through the expression of public indignation. When occasion has required it, I have extended my succour to any man, without enquiring his principles. There are journals—patriotic journals*—which attest the truth of the remarks I have

* I here shewed the commission certain popular journals, in which I was favourably mentioned, especially in the *Courrier des 83 départements*.

the honour of addressing to you. I was beloved by the peasantry of my estate; for when the *châteaux* of my neighbours were in flames, my tenants flocked to me in crowds to testify their affection, and planted, as an emblem of their attachment, a maypole in my *court*. To you, gentlemen, these details will wear the semblance of minuteness; but, were you in my place, you would feel the inducement which prevails with me, to indulge in facts of such a beneficial tendency. I can assert that no soldier in the king's regiment of infantry, in which I served for five-and-twenty years, has had cause to complain of me.*

One of the Judges.—I shall soon see if you served in the *Régiment du Roi*. Did you know M. Moreau in it?

Ans. Yes, sir; I knew two of that name. One was a tall, stout, and rational character, the other was small, extremely thin, and very—— (I here intimated by a gesture that he was somewhat flighty.)

The same Judge.—The same: I see you know him.

At this moment, the wicket leading to the stairs was opened, and M. Marque entered under an escort of three men. He had been formerly my comrade in the King's regiment, and was one of my fellow-prisoners in the Abbaye. He was placed in the corner I had occupied before my trial, and was apparently the next in succession to take his own.

I resumed my address: After the unfortunate affair at Nanci, I came to Paris, where I have since remained. I was arrested at my apartments twelve days since; an event which I so little expected, that I invariably appeared in public as usual. The public seals have not been applied to my residence, as nothing in my chambers offered grounds of the slightest suspicion. I was never borne on the civil list—I have signed no petitions—I have maintained no reprehensible correspondence—I have not quitted France since the epoch of the Revolution.

During my sojourn in the capital I have lived in perfect tranquillity—I have indulged the gaiety of my disposition, and followed the bent of my principles, which have invariably withheld me from any curious interference in the public concerns; and to no man, of whatever party, have I committed myself by injury or unkindness. This, gentlemen, is all I have to say of my conduct and my principles. The sincerity of my confessions will convince you that I am not a dangerous character, and under the explanations I have offered, I may presume to entertain the hope that you will restore me to liberty, to which I am naturally attached, and which it will become my duty and endeavour to maintain.

The President (after taking off his hat).—I see no ground of suspicion in the conduct of this gentleman; I grant him his liberty.—Gentlemen, do you agree with me?

All the Judges.—Yes, yes—C'est juste!

On the utterance of these words, I was embraced by those around me. I heard a shout of bravo! behind me, which proceeded from a number of heads closely grouped together at the air-hole of the wicket.

The President deputed three persons† to announce the judgment to the people. When they had done so, they returned, desired me to put my hat on, and accompany them. I was led to the exterior of the Abbaye. As soon as I was fairly in the street, one of them cried out, "Chapeaux bas!—Citoyens, voila celui pour lequel vos juges demandent aide et secours." These words were followed by shouts of "Vive la Nation!" I was placed in the centre of four torches, and conducted by the *executive authority*; an honour, which informed me that I was then under the safeguard of the people, who applauded clamorously as I passed along. The first impulse of my benevolent and friendly landlord, on my arrival at his house, was to offer to my escort the contents of his pocketbook, which they refused. "No,

* Here one of the judges trode on my foot, to warn me that I was about to compromise myself. I felt a contrary assurance.

† Of these three deputies, one was a mason—the other, a native of Bourges, was a wig-maker's apprentice—the third, who wore the uniform of the National Guard, was a *fédéré*.

sir, we do not perform our duty for money. There is your friend; he promised us a glass of eau-de-vie; when we have drunk it, we must return to our post." They required an attestation of my safe arrival at my home; which having received, I accompanied them to the end of the street, and cordially embraced them at our parting. In the morning a commissary brought me the following certificate:—

"We, commissaries appointed by the people to do justice on the traitors detained in the prison of the Abbaye, caused to appear before us, on the 4th September, the citizen Jour-

niac Saint-Méard, *ancien officier décoré*, who has disproved the accusations made against him, to the effect of his having conspired against the patriots; we caused his innocence to be proclaimed in presence of the people, who applauded his restoration to liberty. By virtue of which, we have given him the present certificate, at his request; and we hereby invite all citizens to grant him aid and succour.

(Signed) "POIR BER....."

"At the Abbaye. 4th year of Liberty, and 1st year of Equality."

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAP. X.

A SLIGHT COLD—RICH AND POOR—GRAVE DOINGS.

CONSIDER "a slight cold" to be in the nature of a chill, caught by a sudden contact with your grave: or, as occasioned by the damp finger of Death laid upon you, as it were to mark you for HIS, in passing to the more immediate object of his commission. Let this be called croaking, and laughed at as such, by those who are "awearied of the painful round of life," and are on the look-out for their dismissal from it; but be learnt off by heart, and remembered as having the force and truth of gospel, by all those who would "measure out their span upon the earth," and are conscious of any constitutional flaw or feebleness; who are distinguished by any such tendency death-ward, as long necks, narrow, chicken-chests—very fair complexions—requisite sympathy with atmospheric variations; or, in short, exhibit any symptoms of an asthmatic or consumptive character, IF they choose to NEGLECT A SLIGHT COLD.

Let not those complain of being bitten by a reptile, which they have cherished to maturity in their very bosoms, when they might have crushed it in the egg! Now, if we call "a slight cold" the egg,* and pleurisy

—inflammation of the lungs—asthma—CONSUMPTION, the venomous reptile—the matter will be no more than correctly figured. There are many ways in which this "egg" may be deposited and hatched. Going suddenly, slightly clad, from a heated into a cold atmosphere, especially if you can contrive to be in a state of perspiration; sitting or standing in a draught, however slight: it is the breath of Death, reader, and laden with the vapours of the grave! Lying in damp beds—for there his cold arms shall embrace you; continuing in wet clothing, and neglecting wet feet—these, and a hundred others, are some of the ways in which you may slowly, imperceptibly, but surely cherish the creature, that shall at last creep inextricably inwards, and lie coiled about your very vitals. Once more, again—again—again—I would say, ATTEND to this, all ye who think it a small matter to—NEGLECT A SLIGHT COLD!

So many painful—I may say dreadful illustrations of the truth of the above remarks, are strewn over the pages of my Diary, that I scarce know which of them to select. The following melancholy "instance" will,

* *Omnium prope quibus affligimur morborum origo et quasi semen*, says an intelligent medical writer of the last century.

I hope, prove as impressive, as I think it interesting.

Captain C—— had served in the Peninsular campaigns with distinguished merit; and on the return of the British army, sold out, and determined to enjoy in private life an ample fortune bequeathed him by a distant relative. At the period I am speaking of, he was in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year; and in person one of the very finest men I ever saw in my life. There was an air of ease and frankness about his demeanour, dashed with a little pensiveness, which captivated every body with whom he conversed—but the ladies especially. It seemed the natural effect produced on a bold but feeling heart, by frequent scenes of sorrow. Is not such an one formed to win over the heart of woman? Indeed it seemed so—for at the period I am speaking of, our English ladies were absolutely infatuated about the military; and a man who had otherwise but little chance, had only to appear in regimentals, to turn the scale in his favour. One would have thought the race of soldiery was about to become suddenly extinct; for in almost every third marriage that took place within two years of the magnificent event at Waterloo—whether rich or poor, high or low, a *redcoat* was sure to be the “principal performer.” Let the reader then, being apprized of this influenza—for what else was it—set before his imagination the tall commanding figure of Captain C——, his frank and noble bearing—his excellent family—his fortune, upwards of four thousand a-year—and calculate the chances in his favour! I met him several times in private society, during his stay in town, and have his image vividly in my eye as he appeared in the last evening we met. He wore a blue coat, white waistcoat, and an ample black neck-kerchief. His hair was very light, and disposed with natural grace over a remarkably fine forehead, the left corner of which bore the mark of a slight sabre-cut. His eye, bright hazel—clear and full—which you would in your own mind instantly compare to that of

most winning and soul-subduing tenderness. Much more might I say in his praise, and truly—but that I have a melancholy end in view. Suffice it to add, that wherever he moved, he seemed the sun of the social circle, gazed on by many a soft starlike eye, with trembling rapture—the envied object of

“Nods, becks, and wreathed smiles”

from all that was fair and beautiful!

He could not remain long disengaged. Intelligence soon found its way to town of his having formed an attachment to Miss Ellen ——, a wealthy and beautiful northern heiress, whose heart soon surrendered to its skilful assailant. Every body was pleased with the match, and pronounced it suitable in all respects. I had an opportunity of seeing Captain C—— and Miss —— together at an evening party in London; for the young lady's family spent the season in town, and were, of course, attended by the Captain, who took up his quarters in —— Street. A handsome couple they looked!

This was nearly twelve months after their engagement; and most of the preliminaries had been settled on both sides, and the event was fixed to take place within a fortnight of Miss —— and family's return to ——shire. The last day of their stay in town, they formed a large and gay water party, and proceeded up the river a little beyond Richmond, in a beautiful open boat belonging to Lord ——, a cousin of the Captain's. It was rather late before their return; and long ere their arrival at Westminster stairs, the wind and rain combined against the party, and assailed them with a fury against which their awning formed but an insufficient protection. Captain C—— had taken an oar for the last few miles; and as they had to pull against a strong tide, his task was not a trifling one. When he resigned his oar, he was in a perfect bath of perspiration: but he drew on his coat, and resumed the seat he had formerly occupied beside Miss ——, at the back of the boat. The awning unfortunately got rent immediately behind where they sat; and what with the splashing of the water on his back, and the squalid gusts of wind which incessantly

“Mars—to threaten and command,”

was capable of an expression of the

burst upon them, Captain C—— got thoroughly wet and chilled. Miss —— grew uneasy about him, but he laughed off her apprehensions, assuring her that they were groundless, and that he was “too old a soldier” to suffer from such a trifling thing as a little “wind and wet.” On their leaving the boat, he insisted on accompanying them home to —— Square, and stayed there upwards of an hour, busily conversing with them about their departure on the morrow. While there he took a glass or two of wine, but did not change his clothes. On returning to his lodgings, he was too busily and pleasantly occupied with thoughts about his approaching nuptials, to advert to the necessity of using more precautions against cold, before retiring to bed. He sat down in his dressing-room, without ordering a fire to be lit, and wrote two or three letters; after which he got into bed. Now, how easy would it have been for Captain C—— to obviate any possible ill consequences, by simply ringing for warm water to put his feet in, and a basin of gruel, or posset? He did not do either of these, however; thinking it would be time enough to “cry out when he was hurt.” In the morning he rose, and, though a little indisposed, immediately after breakfast drove to —— Square, to see off his lady and the family; for it had been arranged that he should remain behind a day or two, in order to complete a few purchases of jewellery, &c. &c., and then follow the party to ——shire. He rode on horseback beside their travelling carriage a few miles out of town; and then took his leave and returned. On his way home he called at my house, but finding me out, left his card, with a request that I would come and see him in the evening. About seven o'clock I was with him. I found him in his dressing-gown, in an easy-chair, drinking coffee. He looked rather dejected, and spoke in a desponding tone. He complained of the common symptoms of catarrh; and detailed to me the account which I have just laid before the reader. I remonstrated with him on his last night's imprudence.

“Ah Doctor ——, I wish to Heaven I had rowed on to Westminster, tired as I was!” said he—“Good

God, what if I have caught my death of cold?—You cannot conceive how singular my sensations are!”

“That's generally the way with patients after the mischief's done,” I replied with a smile—“But come! come! only take care of yourself, and matters are not at all desperate!” —“Heigh-ho!” —“Sighing like furnace,” I continued gaily, on hearing him utter several sighs in succession —“You sons of Mars make bad hot work of it, both in love and war!” —again he sighed. “Why, what's the matter, Captain?”

“Oh, nothing—nothing,” he replied languidly, “I suppose a cold generally depresses one's spirits—is it so? Is it a sign of a *severe*?” —

“It is a sign that a certain person” —

“Pho, Doctor, pho!” —said he, with an air of lassitude—“don't think me so childish!—I'll tell you candidly what has contributed to depress my spirits. For this last week or so, I've had a strange sort of conviction that” —

“Nonsense!—none of your nervous fancies” —

“Ah, but I *have*, Doctor,” he continued, scarce noticing the interruption, “I've felt a sort of presentiment—a foreboding that—that *something* or other would occur to prevent my marriage!”

“Oh, tush—tush!—every one has these low nervous fancies that is not accustomed to sickness.”

“Well—it *may* be so—I hope it may be nothing more; but I seem to hear a voice whispering—or at least, to be under an influence to that effect, that the cup will be dashed brimful from my opened lips—a fearful slip!—It seems as if my Ellen were too great a happiness for the Fates to allow one” —

“Too great a fiddlestick, Captain!—so your schoolboy has a fearful apprehension that he cannot outlive the day of his final leaving school—too glorious and happy an era!”

“I know well what you allude to—but *mine* is a calm and rational apprehension” —

“Come, come, Captain C——, this is going too far. Raillery apart, however, I can fully enter into your feelings”—I continued, perceiving his morbid excitement—“'Tis but hu-

man nature—to feel trepidation and apprehension when approaching some great CRISIS of one's existence. One is apt to give unfavourable *possibilities* an undue preponderance over *probabilities*; and it is easily to be accounted for, on the known tendency we find within ourselves, on ordinary occasions, to shape events according to our *wishes*—and in our over-anxiety to guard against such”——

“Very metaphysical—very true, I dare say”——

“Well—to be matter-of-fact—I had all your feelings—perhaps greatly aggravated—at the time of my own marriage”——

“Eh?—indeed?—Had you really?” he enquired eagerly, laying his hand on mine—continuing with an air of anxious curiosity—“Did you ever feel a sort of conviction that some mysterious agency was awaiting your approach towards the critical point, and when just within reach of your object, would suddenly smite you down?”

“Ay, to be sure,” said I, smiling, “a mere flutter of feeling—which you see others have besides yourself; but that *you*—trained to confront danger—change—casualties of all sorts—that *you*—you, with your frame of Herculean build”——

“Well—a truce to your banter!” he interrupted me somewhat impatiently; “I should'n't mind taking you ten to one that I don't live to be married, after all!”

“Come, this amounts to a symptom of your indisposition. You have got more fever on you than I thought—and you grow lightheaded!—you must really get to bed, and in the morning all these fantasies will be gone.”

“Well—I hope in God they may! But they horridly oppress me! I own that latterly I've given in a little to *fatalism*.”

“This won't do at all,” thought I, taking my pen in hand, and beginning to write a prescription.

“Are you thirsty at all? any *catching* in the side when you breathe? Any cough?” &c. &c., said I, asking him the usual routine of questions. I feared from the symptoms he described, that he had caught a very severe, and possibly obstinate, cold—so I prescribed active medicines. Amongst others, I recollect order-

ing him one-fourth of a grain of *tar-tarized antimony* every four hours, for the purpose of encouraging the insensible perspiration, and thereby determining the flow outwards. I then left him, promising to call about noon the next day, expressing my expectations of finding him perfectly recovered from his indisposition. I found him the following morning in bed, thoroughly under the influence of the medicines I had prescribed, and, in fact, much better in every respect. The whole surface of his body was damp and clammy to the touch, and he had exactly the proper sensation of nausea—both occasioned by the antimony. I contented myself with prescribing a repetition of the medicines.

“Well, Captain, and what has become of your glorious forebodings of last night?” I enquired with a smile.

“Why—hem! I'm certainly not quite so desponding as I was last night; but still, the goal—the goal's not reached yet! I'm not *well* yet—and even if I were, there's a good fortnight's space for contingencies!”

* * I enjoined him to keep house for a day or two longer, and persevere with the medicines during that time, in order to his complete recovery, and he reluctantly acquiesced. He had written to inform Miss —, that owing to “a slight cold,” and his jeweller's disappointing him about the trinkets he had promised, his stay in town would be prolonged two or three days. This circumstance had fretted and “worried” him a good deal.

One of the few enjoyments which my professional engagements permitted me, was the opera, where I might for a while forget the plodding realities of life, and wander amid the magnificent regions of music and imagination. Few people, indeed, are so disposed to “make the most” of their time at the opera as medical men, to whom it is a sort of stolen pleasure; they sit on thorns, liable to be summoned out immediately—to exchange the bright scenes of fairy-land for the dreary bedside of sickness and death. I may not, perhaps, speak the feelings of my more phlegmatic brethren; but the considerations above named always make me sit listening to what is

going on in a state of painful suspense and nervousness, which is aggravated by the slightest noise at the box-door—by the mere trying of the handle.—On the evening of the day in question, a friend of my wife's had kindly allowed us the use of her box; and we were both sitting in our places at a musical banquet of unusual splendour, for it was Catalani's benefit. In looking round the house, during the interval between the opera and ballet, I happened to cast my eye towards the opposite box, at the moment it was entered by two gentlemen of very fashionable appearance. Fancying that the person of one of them was familiar to me, I raised my glass, my sight being rather short. I almost let it fall out of my hand with astonishment—for one of the gentlemen was—Captain C——! He whom I had that morning left ill in bed! Scarce believing that I had seen aright, I re-directed my glass to the same spot, but there was no mistaking the stately and handsome person of my patient. There he stood, with the gay and even rather flustered air of one who has but recently adjourned thither from the wine-table! He seemed in very high spirits—his face flushed—chatting incessantly with his companion, and smiling and nodding frequently towards persons in various parts of the house. Concern and wonder at his rashness—his madness—in venturing out under such circumstances, kept me for some time breathless. Could I really be looking at my patient Captain C——? Him whom I had left in bed, under the influence of strong sudorifics? Who had faithfully promised that he would keep within doors for two or three days longer? What had induced him to transgress the order of his medical attendant—thus to put matters in a fair train for verifying his own gloomy apprehensions expressed but the evening before?—Thoughts like these made me so uneasy, that, after failing to attract his eye, I resolved to go round to his box and remonstrate with him. After tapping at the door several times without being heard, on account of the loud tones in which they were laughing and talking, the door was opened.

“Good God! Doctor ——!” ex-

claimed Captain C——, in amazement, rising and giving me his hand. “Why, what on earth is the matter? What has brought you here? Is any thing wrong? Heavens! Have you heard any thing about Miss ——?” he continued, all in a breath, turning pale.

“Not a breath—not a word—but what has brought you here, Captain? Are you stark staring mad?” I replied, as I continued grasping his hand, which was even then damp and clammy.

“Why—why—nothing particular,” he stammered, startled by my agitated manner. “What is there so very wonderful in my coming to the opera? Have I done wrong, eh?” after a pause.

“You have acted like a *madman*, Captain C——, in venturing even out of your bedroom, while under the influence of the medicines you were taking!”

“Oh, nonsense, my dear doctor—nonsense! What harm can there be? I felt infinitely better after you left me this morning;” and he proceeded to explain that his companion, to whom he introduced me, was Lieutenant ——, the brother of his intended bride; that he had that morning arrived in town from Portsmouth, had called on the Captain, and, after drinking a glass or two of champagne, and forcing the Captain to join him, had prevailed on him to accompany him to dinner at his hotel. Lieutenant —— overcame all his scruples—laughed at the idea of his “slight cold,” and said it would be “unkind to refuse the brother of Ellen!”—So after dinner, they both adjourned to the opera. I nodded towards the door, and we both left the box for a moment or two. “Why, Doctor ——, you don't mean to say that I'm running any *real* risk?” he enquired, with some trepidation. “What *could* I do, you know, when the Lieutenant there—only just returned from his cruise—Ellen's brother, you know?”—

“Excuse me, Captain ——. Did you take the medicines I ordered regularly, up to the time of your going out?” I enquired anxiously.

“To be sure I did—punctual as clockwork; and, egad! now, I think of it,” he added eagerly, “I took a *double* dose of the powders, just be-

fore leaving my room, by way of making 'assurance doubly sure,' you know—ha, ha! Right, eh?"

"Have you perspired during the day, as usual?"

"Oh, profusely—profusely! Egad, I must have sweated all the fever out long ago, I think! I hadn't been in the open air half an hour, when my skin was as dry as yours—as dry as ever it was in my life. Nay, in fact, I felt rather chilled than otherwise."

"Allow me, Captain—did you drink much at dinner?"

"Why—I own—I think I'd my share; these tars, you know—such cursed soakers!"

"Let me feel your pulse," said I. It was full and thrilling, beating upwards of one hundred a minute. My looks, I suppose, alarmed him; for while I was feeling his pulse, he grew very pale, and leaned against the box-door, saying, in a fainter tone than before, "I'm afraid I've done wrong in coming out. Your looks alarm me."

"You have certainly acted very—very imprudently, but I hope the mischief is not irremediable," said I, in as cheerful a tone as I could, for I saw that he was growing excessively agitated. "At all events, if you'll take my advice!"

"If!—there's no need of taunting one!"

"Well, then, you'll return home instantly, and muffle yourself up in your cloak as closely as possible."

"I will! By the way, do you remember the bet I offered you," said he, with a sickly smile, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "I—I—I fear you may take it, and win! Good God! what evil star is over me? Would to Heaven this Lieutenant—— had never crossed my path!—I'll return home this instant, and do all you recommend; and, for God's sake, call early in the morning, whether I send for you or not!—By——! your looks and manner have nearly given me the brain-fever!"—I took my leave, promising to be with him early; and advising him to take a warm-bath the moment it could be procured—to persevere with the powders—and lie in bed till I called. But, alas, alas! alas, the mischief had been DONE!

"Dear me, what a remarkably fine-looking man that Captain C——

is," said my wife, as soon as I had re-seated myself beside her.

"He is a *dead* man, my love, if you like!" I replied, with a melancholy air. The little incident just recorded, made me too sad to sit out the ballet, so we left very early, and I do not think we interchanged more than a word or two in going home; and those were, "Poor Miss ——!"—"Poor Captain C——!" I do not pretend to say that even the rash conduct of Captain C——, and its probable consequences, could in every instance warrant such gloomy fears; but in his case, I felt with himself a sort of *superstitious* apprehension, I knew not why.

I found him, on calling in the morning, exhibiting the incipient symptoms of inflammation of the lungs. He complained of increasing difficulty of breathing—a sense of painful oppression and constriction all over his chest, and a hard harassing cough, attended with excruciating pain. His pulse quivered and thrilled under the finger, like a tense harp-string after it has been *twanged*; the whole surface of his body was dry and heated; his face was flushed, and full of anxiety. A man of his robust constitution, and plethoric habit, was one of the very worst subjects of inflammation! I took from the arm, myself, a very large quantity of blood—which presented the usual appearance in such cases—and prescribed active lowering remedies. But neither these measures, nor the application of a large blister in the evening—when I again saw him—seemed to make any impression on the complaint, so I ordered him to be bled again. Poor Captain C——! From that morning he prepared himself for a fatal termination of his illness, and lamented, in the most passionate terms, that he had not acted up to my advice in time!

On returning home from my evening visit, I found an express, requiring my instant attendance on a lady of distinction in the country, an old patient of mine; and was obliged to hurry off, without having time to do more than commit the care of Captain C——, and another equally urgent, to the care of Dr D——, a friend of mine close by, imploring him to keep up the most active treat-

ment with the Captain—and promising him that I should return during the next day.—I was detained in the country for two days, during which I scarcely left Lady ——’s bedroom an instant; and before I left for town she expired, under heart-rending circumstances.—On returning to town, I found several urgent cases requiring my instant attention, and first and foremost that of poor Captain C——. Dr D—— was out, so I hurried to my patient’s bedside at once. It cannot injure any one at this distance of time, to state plainly, that the poor Captain’s case had been most deplorably mismanaged during my absence. It was owing to no fault of my friend Dr D——, who had done his utmost, and had his own large practice to attend to. He was therefore under the necessity of committing the case to the more immediate superintendence of a young and inexperienced member of the profession, who, in his ignorance and timidity, threw aside the only chances for Captain C——’s life—repeated blood-letting. Only *once* did Mr —— bleed him; and then took away about four ounces! Under the judicious management of Dr D——, the inroads of the inflammation had been sensibly checked; but it rallied again, and made head against the languid resistance continued by the young apothecary; so that I arrived but in time to witness the closing scene.

He was absolutely withering under the fever; the difficulty with which he drew his breath amounted almost to suffocation. He had a dry hacking cough—the oppression of his chest was greater than ever; and what he expectorated was of a *black* colour! He was delirious, and did not know me. He fancied himself on the river, rowing—then endeavouring to protect Miss —— from the inclemency of the weather; and the expressions of moving tenderness which he coupled with her name, were heart-breaking. Then again he thought himself in ——shire, superintending the alterations of his house, which was getting ready for their reception on their marriage. He mentioned *my* name, and said, “What a gloomy man that Dr —— is, Ellen! he keeps one stewing in

bed for a week, if one has but a common cold!”

Letters were dispatched into ——shire, to acquaint his family, and that of Miss ——, with the melancholy tidings of his dangerous illness. Several of his relations soon made their appearance; but as Miss ——’s party did not go direct home, but staid a day or two on the way, I presume the letters reached ——House long before their arrival, and were not seen by the family before poor Captain C—— had expired!

I called again on him in the evening. The first glance at his countenance sufficed to shew me that he could not survive the night. I found that the cough and spitting had ceased suddenly; he felt no pain; his feeble, varying pulse, indicated that the powers of nature were rapidly sinking. His lips had assumed a fearfully livid hue, and were occasionally retracted so as to shew all his teeth; and his whole countenance was fallen. He was quite sensible, and aware that he was *dying*. He bore the intelligence with noble fortitude, saying, it was but the fruit of his own imprudence and folly. He several times ejaculated, “Oh, Ellen—Ellen—Ellen!” and shook his head feebly, with a woeful, despairing look upwards, but without shedding a tear. He was past all display of active emotion!

“Shouldn’t you call me a *suicide*, Doctor ——?” said he, mournfully, on seeing me sitting beside him.

“Oh, assuredly not! Dismiss such thoughts, dear Captain, I beg! We are *all* in the hands of the Almighty, Captain. It is *He* who orders our ends,” said I, gently grasping his hand, which lay passive on the counterpane. “Well, I suppose it is so! His will be done!” he exclaimed, looking reverently upwards, and closing his eyes. I rose, and walked to the table on which stood his medicine, to see how much of it he had taken. *There* lay an unopened letter from Miss ——! It had arrived by that morning’s post, and bore the post-mark of the town at which they were making their halt by the way. Captain ——’s friends considered it better not to agitate him, by informing him of its arrival; for as Miss —— could not be apprized of his

illness, it might be of a tenor to agitate and tantalize him. My heart ached to see it. I returned presently to my seat beside him.

"Doctor," he whispered, "will you be good enough to look for my white waistcoat—it is hanging in the dressing-room, and feel in the pocket for a little paper parcel?" I rose, did as he directed, and brought him what he asked for.

"Open it, and you'll see poor Ellen's wedding-ring and guard, which I purchased only a day or two ago. I wish to see them," said he, in a low but firm tone of voice. I removed the wool, and gazed at the glistening trinkets in silence, as did Captain C——.

"They will do to wed me to the worm!" said he, extending towards me the little finger of his left hand. The tears nearly blinding me—I did as he wished, but could not get them past the first joint.

"Ah, Ellen has a little finger ——" said he. A tear fell from my eye upon his hand. He looked at me for an instant with apparent surprise. "Never mind, Doctor—that will do—I see they won't go farther. Now, let me die with them on; and when I am no more, let them be given to Ellen. I have wedded her in my heart—she is my wife!" He continued gazing fixedly at the finger on which the rings were.

"Of course, she cannot know of my illness?" looking at me. I shook my head.

"Good. 'Twill break her little heart, I'm afraid!" Those were the last words I ever heard him utter; for finding that my feelings were growing too excited, and that the Captain seemed disposed to sleep, I rose and left the room, followed by Lieutenant ——, who had been sitting at his friend's bedside all day long, and looked dreadfully pale and exhausted. "Doctor," said he, in a broken voice, as we stood together in the hall, "I have murdered my friend, and he thinks I have. He won't speak to me, nor look at me! He hasn't opened his lips to me once, though I've been at his bedside night and day. Yes," he continued, almost choking, "I've murdered him; and what is to become of my sister?" I made him no reply, for my heart was full.

In the morning I found Captain

C—— laid out; for he had died about midnight.

Few scenes are fraught with more solemnity and awe, none more chilling to the heart, than the chamber of the recent dead. It is like the cold porch of eternity! The sepulchral silence, the dim light, the fearful order and repose of all around—a sick-room, as it were, suddenly changed into a charnel-house—the central object in the gloomy picture, the bed—the yellow effigy of him *that was*, looking coldly out from the white unruffled sheets—the lips that must speak no more—the eyes that are shut for ever!

The features of Captain C—— were calm and composed; but to see that fine countenance surrounded with the close crimped cap, injuring its outline and proportions!—Here, reader, lay the victim of A SLIGHT COLD!

RICH AND POOR.

A-REMARKABLE and affecting juxtaposition of the two poles, so to speak, of human condition—affluence and poverty—rank and degradation—came under my notice during the early part of the year 181—. The dispensations of Providence are fearful levellers of the factitious distinctions among men! Little boots it to our common foe, whether he pluck his prey from the downy satin-curtained couch, or the wretched pallet of a prison or a workhouse! The oppressive splendour of rank and riches, indeed!—what has it of solace or mitigation to him bidden to "turn his pale face to the wall"—to look his last on life, its toys and tinselries?

The Earl of ——'s old tormentor, the gout, had laid close siege to him during the early part of the winter of 181—, and inflicted on him agonies of unusual intensity and duration. It left him in a very low and poor state of health—his spirits utterly broken—and his temper soured and irritable, to an extent that was intolerable to those around him. The discussion of a political question, in the issue of which his interests were deeply involved, seduced him into

an attendance at the House of Lords, long before he was in a fit state for removal, even from his bedchamber; and the consequences of such a shattered invalid's premature exposure to a bleak winter's wind may be easily anticipated. He was laid again on a bed of suffering; and having, through some sudden pique, dismissed his old family physician, his lordship was pleased to summon me to supply his place.

The Earl of — was celebrated for his enormous riches, and the more than Oriental scale of luxury and magnificence on which his establishment was conducted. The slanderous world further gave him credit for a disposition of the most exquisite selfishness, which, added to his capricious and choleric humour, made him a very unenviable companion, even in health. What, then, must such a man be in sickness? I trembled at the task that was before me!—It was a bitter December evening on which I paid him my first visit. Nearly the whole of the gloomy secluded street in which his mansion was situated, was covered with straw; and men were stationed about it to prevent noise in any shape. The ample knocker was muffled, and the bell unhung, lest the noise of either should startle the aristocratical invalid. The instant my carriage, with its muffled roll, drew up, the hall-door sprung open as if by magic; for the watchful porter had orders to anticipate all comers, on pain of instant dismissal. Thick matting was laid over the hall-floor—double carpeting covered the staircases and landings, from the top to the bottom of the house—and all the door-edges were lined with list! How could sickness or death presume to enter, in spite of such precautions?

A servant, in large list-slippers, asked me, in a whisper, my name; and, on learning it, said the Countess wished to have a few moments' interview with me before I was shewn up to his lordship. I was therefore led into a magnificent apartment, where her ladyship, with two grown-up daughters, and a young man in the Guards' uniform, sat sipping coffee—for they had but just left the dining-room. The Countess looked pale and dispirited. "Doctor —,"

said she, after a few words-of-course had been interchanged, "I'm afraid you'll have a trying task to manage his lordship! We are all worn out with attending on him, and yet, he says, we neglect him! Nothing can please or satisfy him!—What do you imagine was the reason of his dismissing Dr —? Because he persisted in attributing the present seizure to his imprudent visit to the House!"

"Well, your ladyship knows I can but attempt to do my duty." At that instant the door was opened, and a sleek servant, all pampered and powdered, in a *sotto voce* tone, informed the Countess that his lordship had been enquiring for me. "Oh, for God's sake, go—go immediately," said her ladyship, eagerly, "or we shall have no peace for a week to come!—I shall, perhaps, follow you in a few minutes!—But mind—please, not a breath about Dr —'s leaving!" I bowed, and left the room. I followed the servant up the noble staircase—vases and statues—with graceful lamps—at every landing—and was presently ushered into the "Blue-beard" chamber. Oh, the sumptuous—the splendid air of every thing within it! Flowered, festooned satin window draperies—flowered satin bed-curtains, gathered together at the top by a golden eagle—flowered satin counterpane! Beautiful Brussels muffled the tread of your feet, and delicately-carved chairs and couches solicited to repose!—The very chamber-lamps, glistening in soft radiance from a snowy-marble stand in the further corners of the room, were tasteful and elegant in the extreme. In short, grandeur and elegance seemed to outvie one another, both in the materials and disposition of every thing around me. I never saw any thing like it before, nor have I since. I never in my life sat in such a yielding luxurious chair as the one I was beckoned to, beside the Earl. There was, in a word, every thing to cheat a man into a belief that he belonged to a higher "order" than that of "poor humanity."

But for the lord—the owner of all this—my patient. Ay, there he lay, embedded in down, amid snowy linen and figured satin—all that was

visible of him being his little sallow wrinkled visage, worn with illness, age, and fretfulness, peering curiously at me from the depths of his pillow—and his left hand, lying outside the bedclothes, holding a white embroidered handkerchief, with which he occasionally wiped his clammy features.

“U—u—gh!—U—u—gh!” he groaned, or rather gasped, as a sudden twinge of pain twisted and corrugated his features almost out of all resemblance to humanity—till they looked more like those of a strangled ape, than the Right Honourable the Earl of ——. The paroxysm presently abated. “You’ve been—down stairs—more than—five minutes—I believe—Dr —?” he commenced in a petulant tone, pausing for breath between every two words—his features not yet recovered from their contortions. I bowed.

“I flatter myself—it was I—who sent—for you, Dr —, and—not her ladyship,”—he continued. I bowed again, and was going to explain, when he resumed—

“Ah! I see! Heard—the whole story—of Dr —’s dismissal—ugh—ugh—eh?—May I—beg the favour—of hearing—her ladyship’s version—of the affair?”

“My lord, I heard nothing but the simple fact of Dr —’s having ceased to attend your lordship”——

“Ah!—ceased to attend! Good!” he repeated, with a sneer.

“Will your lordship permit me to ask if you have much pain just now?” I enquired, anxious to terminate his splenetic display. I soon discovered that he was in the utmost peril; for there was every symptom of the gout’s having been driven from its old quarter, the extremities, to the vital organs—the stomach and bowels. One of the most startling symptoms was the sensation he described as resembling that of a platter of *ice* laid upon the pit of his stomach; and he complained also of increasing nausea. Though not choosing to apprise him of the exact extent of his danger,

I strove so to shape my questions and comments that he might infer his being in dangerous circumstances. He either did not, however, or would not, comprehend me. I told him that the remedies I should recommend——

“Ah—by the way——” said he, turning abruptly towards me, “it mustn’t be the execrable stuff that Dr — half poisoned me with! Gad, sir—it had a most diabolical stench—garlic was a pine-apple to it—and here was I obliged to lie soaked in eau de Cologne, and half stifled with musk. He did it on purpose, he had a spite against me!” I begged to be shewn the medicines he complained of, and his valet brought me the half-emptied phial. I found my predecessor had been exhibiting *assafœtida* and musk—and could no longer doubt the coincidence of his view of the case and mine.

“I’m afraid, my lord,” said I, hesitatingly, “that I shall find myself compelled to continue the use of the medicines which Dr — prescribed”——

“I’ll be —— if you *do*, though—that’s all——” replied the Earl, continuing to mutter indistinctly some insulting words about my “small acquaintance with the *pharmacopœia*.” I took no notice of it.

“Would your lordship,” said I, after a pause, “object to the use of camphor, or ammonia?”*

“I object to the use of every medicine but one, and that is, a taste of some potted boar’s flesh, which my nephew, I understand, has this morning sent from abroad.”

“My lord, it is utterly out of the question. Your lordship, it is my duty to inform you, is in extremely dangerous circumstances”——

“The d—l I am!” he exclaimed, with an incredulous smile. “Pho, pho! So Dr — said. According to him, I ought to have *resigned* about a week ago! Agad—but—but—what symptom of danger is there now?” he enquired abruptly.

“Why, *one*—in fact, my lord, the *worst* is—the sensation of numbness

* His lordship, with whom, as possibly I should have earlier informed the reader, I had some little personal acquaintance before being called in professionally, had a tolerable knowledge of medicine; which will account for my mentioning what remedies I intended to exhibit. In fact he insisted on knowing.

at the pit of the stomach, which your lordship mentioned just now."

"Pho!—gone—gone—gone! A mere nervous sensation, I apprehend. I am freer from pain just now than I have been all along," his face changed a little. "Doctor—rather faint with talking—can I have a cordial? Pierre, get me some brandy!" he added, in a feeble voice. The valet looked at me—I nodded acquiescence, and he instantly brought the Earl a wine glassfull.

"Another—another—another—" gasped the Earl, his face suddenly bedewed with a cold perspiration. A strange expression flitted for an instant over the features; his eyelids drooped; there was a little twitching about the mouth—

"Pierre! Pierre! Pierre! call the Countess!" said I, hurriedly, loosing the Earl's shirt-neck, for I saw he was *dying*. Before the valet returned, however, while the muffled tramp of footsteps was heard on the stairs, approaching nearer—nearer—nearer—it was all over! the haughty Earl of — had gone where rank and riches availed him nothing—to be *alone with God!*

* * * *

On arriving home that evening, my mind saddened with the scene I had left, I found my wife—Emily—sitting by the drawingroom fire, alone, and in tears. On enquiring the reason of it, she told me that a char-woman who had been that day engaged at our house, had been telling Jane—my wife's maid—who, of course, communicated it to her mistress, one of the most heart-rending tales of distress that she had ever listened to—that poverty and disease united could inflict on humanity. My sweet wife's voice, ever eloquent in the cause of benevolence, did not require much exertion to persuade me to resume my walking-trim, and go that very evening to the scene of wretchedness she described. The char-woman had gone half an hour ago, but left the name and address of the family she spoke of, and after learning them, I set off. The cold was so fearfully intense, that I was obliged to return and get a "comfortable" for my neck—and Emily took the opportunity to empty all the loose silver in her purse, into my hand,

saying, "you know what to do with it, love!" Blessing her benevolent heart, I once more set out on my errand of mercy. With some difficulty I found out the neighbourhood, threading my doubtful way through a labyrinth of obscure back-streets, lanes, and alleys, till I came to "Peter's Place," where the objects of my visit resided. I began to be apprehensive for the safety of my person and property, when I discovered the sort of neighbourhood I had got into.

"Do you know where some people of the name of O'Hurdle live?" I enquired of the watchman, who was passing, bawling the hour.

"Yis, I knows *two* of that 'ere name hereabouts—which Hurdle is it, sir?" enquired the gruff guardian of the night.

"I really don't exactly know—the people I want are very, *very* poor."

"Oh! oh! oh! I'm thinking they're all much of a muchness for the matter of that, about here,"—he replied, setting down his lantern, and slapping his hands against his sides to keep himself warm.

"But the people I want are very *ill*—I'm a doctor."

"Oh, oh! you must be meaning 'em 'oose son was transported yesterday? Hisname was Tim O'Hurdle, sir—though some called him Jimmy—and I was the man that catch'd him, sir—I did! It was for a robbery in this here"—

"Ay, ay—I dare say they are the people I want. Where is their house?" I enquired hastily, somewhat disturbed at the latter portion of his intelligence—a new and forbidding feature of the case.

"I'll shew 'ee the way, sir," said the watchman, walking before me, and holding his lantern close to the ground to light my path. He led me to the last house of the Place, and through a miserable dilapidated doorway; then up two pair of narrow, dirty, broken stairs, till we found ourselves at the top of the house. He knocked at the door with the end of his stick, and called out, "Holloa, missus! Hey! Withint here! You're wanted here!" adding suddenly, in a lower tone, touching his hat, "It's a bitter night, sir—a trifle, sir, to keep one's self warm—drink your health, sir." I gave him a trifle, motioned him away, and took his place at the door.

"Thank your honour! Mind your watch and pockets, sir—that's all," he muttered, and left me. I felt very nervous, as the sound of his retreating footsteps died away down stairs. I had half a mind to follow him.

"Who's there?" enquired a female voice through the door, opened only an inch or two.

"It's I—a doctor. Is your name O'Hurdle? Is any one ill here? I'm come to see you. Betsy Jones, a char-woman, told me of you."

"You're right, sir," replied the same voice, sorrowfully. "Walk in, sir;" and the door was opened wide enough for me to enter.

Now, reader, who, while glancing over these sketches, are perhaps reposing in the lap of luxury, believe me when I tell you, that the scene which I shall attempt to set before you, as I encountered it, I feel to beggar all my powers of description; and that what you may conceive to be exaggerations, are infinitely short of the frightful realities of that evening. Had I not seen and known for myself, I should scarce have believed that such misery existed.

"Wait a moment, sir, an' I'll fetch you a light," said the woman, in a strong Irish accent; and I stood still outside the door till she returned with a rushlight, stuck in a blue bottle. I had time for no more than one glimpse at the haggard features and filthy ragged appearance of the bearer, with an infant at the breast, before a gust of wind, blowing through an unstopped broken pane in the window, suddenly extinguished the candle, and we were left in a sort of darkness visible, the only object I could see being the faint glow of expiring embers on the hearth. "Would your honour be after standing still a while, or you'll be shredding on the chilter?" said the woman; and, bending down, she endeavoured to re-light the candle by the embers. The poor creature tried in vain, however; for it seemed there was but an inch or two of candle left, and the heat of the embers melted it away, and the wick fell out.

"Oh, murther—there! What will we do?" exclaimed the woman, "that's the last bit of candle we've in the house, an' it's not a farthing I have to buy another!"

"Come—send and buy another,"

said I, giving her a shilling, though I was obliged to *feel* for her hand.

"Oh, thank your honour!" said she, "an' we'll soon be seeing one another. Here, Sal! Sal! Sally!—Here, ye cratur!"

"Well, and what d'ye want with me?" asked a sullen voice from another part of the room, while there was a rustling of straw.

"Fait, an' ye must get up wid ye, and go to buy a candle. Here's a shilling!"—

"Heigh—and isn't it a loaf o' bread ye should rather be after buying, mother?" growled the same voice.

"Perhaps the Doctor won't mind," stammered the mother; "he won't mind our getting a loaf too."

"Oh, no, no! For God's sake, go directly, and get what you like!" said I, touched by the woman's tone and manner.

"Ho, Sal! Get up—ye may buy some bread too!"—

"Bread! Bread! Bread!—Where's the shilling?" said the same voice, in quick and eager tones; and the ember-light enabled me barely to distinguish the dim outline of a figure rising from the straw on which it had been stretched, and which nearly overturned me by stumbling against me, on its way towards where the mother stood. It was a grown-up girl, who, after receiving the shilling, promised to bring the candle lighted, lest their own fire should not be sufficient, and withdrew, slamming the door violently after her, and rattling down stairs with a rapidity which shewed the interest she felt in her errand.

"I'm sorry it's not a seat we have that's fit for you, sir," said the woman, approaching towards where I was standing; "but if I may make so bold as to take your honour's hand, I'll guide you to the only one we have—barring the floor—a box by the fire, and there ye'll sit perhaps till she comes with a light."

"Anywhere—anywhere, my good woman," said I; "but I hope your daughter will return soon, for I have not long to be here," and giving her my gloved hand, she led me to a deal-box, on which I sat down, and she on the floor beside me. I was beginning to ask her some questions, when the moaning of a little child interrupted me.

"Hush! hush!—ye little divel—hush!—ye'll be wakin' your poor daddy!—hush!—go to sleep wid ye!" said the woman, in an earnest undertone.

"Och—och—mammy!—mammy! an' isn't it so *could?*—I *can't* sleep, mammy," replied the tremulous voice of a very young child; and directing my eyes to the quarter from which the sound came, I fancied I saw a poor shivering half-naked little creature, cowering under the window.

"Hish!—lie still wid ye, ye fortunat' little divel—an' ye'll presently get something to eat.—We ha'n't none of us tasted a morsel sin' the mornin', Doctor!" The child she spoke to ceased its moanings instantly; but I heard the sound of its little teeth chattering, and as of its hands rubbing and striking together. Well it might, poor wretch—for I protest the room was nearly as cold as the open air; for, besides the want of fire, the bleak wind blew in chilling gusts through the broken panes of the window.

"Why, how many of you are there in this place, my good woman?" said I.

"Och, murther! murther! murther! an' isn't there—barring Sal, that's gone for the candle, and Bobby, that's out begging, and Tim, that the ould divels at Newgate have sent away to *Bottomless** yesterday," she continued, bursting into tears;—"Och, an' won't that same be the death o' me, and the poor father o' the boy—an' it wasn't sich a sentence he deserved—but hush! hush!" she continued, lowering her tones, "an' it's wakin' the father o' him, I'll be, that doesn't"—

"I understand your husband is ill?" said I.

"Fait, sir—as ill as the 'smatticks [asthmatics] can make him—the Lord pity him! But he's had a blessed hour's sleep, the poor fellow! though the little brat he has in his arms has been making a noise—a little divel that it is—it's the youngest, barring this one I'm suckling—an' it's not a fortnight it is sin' it first looked on its mother!" she continued, sobbing, and kissing her baby's hand; "och,

och! that the little cratur had niver been born!"

I heard footsteps slowly approaching the room; and presently a few rays of light flickered through the chinks and fissures of the door, which was in a moment or two pushed open, and "Sal" made her appearance, shading the lighted candle in her hand, and holding a quartern loaf under her arm. She had brought but a wretched rushlight, which she hastily stuck into the neck of the bottle, and placed it on a shelf over the fireplace; and then—what a scene was visible!

The room was a garret, and the sloping ceiling—if such it might be called—made it next to impossible to move anywhere in an upright position. The mockery of a window had not one entire pane of glass in it; but some of the holes were stopped with straw, rags, and brown paper, while one or two were not stopped at all! There was not an article of furniture in the place; no, not a bed, chair, or table of any kind; the last remains of it had been seized for arrears of rent—eighteenpence a-week—by the horrid harpy, their landlady, who lived on the ground-floor! The floor was littered with dirty straw, such as swine might scorn—but which formed the only couch of this devoted family! The rushlight eclipsed the dying glow of the few embers, so that there was not even the *appearance* of a fire! And *this* in a garret facing the north—on one of the bitterest and bleakest nights I ever knew! My heart sunk within me at witnessing such frightful misery and destitution, and contrasted it, for an instant, with the aristocratical splendour, the exquisite luxuries, of my last patient! *Lazarus and Dives!*—The woman with whom I had been conversing, was a mere bundle of filthy rags—a squalid, shivering, starved creature, holding to her breast a half-naked infant,—her matted hair hanging long and loosely down her back, and over her shoulders; her daughter "Sal" was in like plight—a sullen, ill-favoured slut of about eighteen, who seemed ashamed of being

seen, and hung her head like a guilty one. She had resumed her former station on some straw—her bed!—in the extreme corner of the room, where she was squatting, with a little creature cowering close beside her, both munching ravenously the bread which had been purchased. The miserable father of the family was seated on the floor, with his back propped against the opposite side of the fireplace to that which I occupied, and held a child clasped loosely in his arms, though he had plainly fallen asleep. O what a wretched object! a foul, shapeless, brown paper cap on his head, and a ragged fustian jacket on his back, which a beggar might have spurned with loathing!

The sum of what the woman communicated to me was, that her husband, a bricklayer by trade, had been long unable to work, on account of his asthma; and that their only means of subsistence were a paltry pittance from the parish, her own scanty earnings as a washer-woman, which had been interrupted by her recent confinement, and charities collected by "Sal," and "Bobby who was then out begging." Their oldest son, Tim, a lad of sixteen, had been transported for seven years, the day before, for a robbery, of which his mother vehemently declared him innocent; and this last circumstance had, more than all the rest, completely broken the hearts of both his father and mother, who had absolutely starved themselves and their children, in order to hoard up enough to fee an Old-Bailey counsel to plead for their son! The husband had been for some time, I found, an out-patient of one of the Infirmaries; "and this poor little *darlint*," said she, sobbing bitterly, and hugging her infant closer to her, "has got the measles, I'm fearin'; and little Bobby, too, is catching them.—Och, murther—murther! Oh, Christ, pity us, poor sinners that we are!—Oh! what will we do;—what will we do?" and she almost choked herself with stifling her sobs, for fear of waking her husband.

"And what is the matter with the child that your husband is holding in his arms?" I enquired, pointing to it, as it sat in its father's arms, munching a little crust of bread, and

ever and anon patting its father's face, exclaiming, "Da-a-a!—Ab-bab-ba!—Ab-bab-ba!"

"Och! what ails the cratur? Nothing, but that it's half-starved and naked—an' isn't that enough—an' isn't it *kilt*? I wish we all were—every mother's son of us!" groaned the miserable woman, sobbing as if her heart would break. At that moment a lamentable noise was heard on the stairs, as of a lad crying, accompanied by the pattering of naked feet. "Och! murther!" exclaimed the woman, with an agitated air.—"What's ailing with Bobby? Is it crying he is?" and starting to the door, she threw it open time enough to admit a ragged shivering urchin, about ten years old, without shoes or stockings, and having no cap, and rags pinned about him, which he was obliged to hold up with his right hand, while the other covered his left cheek. The little wretch, after a moment's pause, occasioned by seeing a strange gentleman in the room, proceeded to put three or four coppers into his mother's lap, telling her, with painful gestures, that a gentleman, whom he had followed a few steps in the street, importuning for charity, had turned round unexpectedly, and struck him a severe blow with a cane, over his face and shoulders.

"Let me look at your face, my poor little fellow," said I, drawing him to me; and on removing his hand, I saw a long weal all down the left cheek. I wish I could forget the look of tearless agony with which his mother put her arms round his neck, and drawing him to her breast, exclaimed, faintly,—"Bobby! My Bobby!" After a few moments she released the boy, pointing to the spot where his sisters sat still munching their bread. The instant he saw what they were doing, he sprang towards them, and plucked a large fragment from the loaf, fastening on it like a young wolf!

"Why, they'll finish the loaf before you've tasted it, my good woman," said I.

"Och, the poor things!—Let them—let them!" she replied, wiping away a tear. "I can do without it longer than they—the craturs!"

"Well, my poor woman," said I, "I have not much time to spare, as

it is growing late. I came here to see what I could do for you as a doctor. How many of you are ill?"

"Falt, an' isn't it ailing—we all of us are! Ah, your honour!—A 'Firmiry, without physic or victuals!"

"Well, we must see what can be done for you. What is the matter with your husband, there?" said I, turning towards him. He was still asleep, in spite of the tickling and stroking of his child's hands, who, at the moment I looked, was trying to push the corner of its crust into its father's mouth, chuckling and crowing the while, as is the wont of children who find a passive subject for their drolleries.

"Och, och! the little villain—the thing, said she, impatiently, seeing the child's employment. "Isn't it waking him, it'll be?—st—st!"

"Let me see him nearer," said I; "I must wake him, and ask him a few questions."

I moved from my seat towards him. His head hung down drowsily. His wife took down the candle from the shelf, and held it a little above her husband's head, while I came in front of him, and stooped on one knee to interrogate him.

"Phelim! Love! Honey! Darling!—Wake wid ye! And isn't it the doctor that comes to see ye?" said she, nudging him with her knee. He did not stir, however. The child, regardless of us, was still playing with his passive features. A glimpse of the awful truth flashed across my mind.

"Let me have the candle a moment, my good woman," said I, rather seriously.

The man was dead.

He must have expired nearly an hour ago, for his face and hands were quite cold; but the position in which he sat, together with the scantiness of the light, concealed the event. It was fearful to see the ghastly pallor of the features, the fixed pupils, the glassy glare downwards, the fallen jaw!—Was it not a subject for a painter? The living child in the arms of its dead father, unconsciously sporting with a corpse!

* * * *

To attempt a description of what ensued, would be idle and even ridiculous. It is hardly possible even

to imagine it! In one word, the neighbours who lived on the floor beneath were called in, and did their utmost to console the wretched widow and quiet the children. They laid out the corpse decently; and I left them all the silver I had about me, to enable them to purchase a few of the more pressing necessities. I succeeded afterwards in gaining two of the children admittance into a charity school; and, through my wife's interference, the poor widow received the efficient assistance of an unobtrusive, but most incomparable institution, "*The Stranger's Friend Society*." I was more than once present when those angels of mercy—those "true Samaritans"—the "Visitors" of the Society, as they are called—were engaged on this noble errand, and wished that their numbers were countless, and their means inexhaustible!

GRAVE DOINGS.

My gentle reader—start not at learning that I have been, in my time, a RESURRECTIONIST. Let not this appalling word, this humiliating confession, conjure up in your fancy a throng of vampire-like images and associations, or earn your "Physician's" dismissal from your hearts and hearths. It is your own groundless fears, my fair trembler!—your own superstitious prejudices that have driven me, and will drive many others of my brethren, to such dreadful doings as those hereafter detailed. Come, come—let us have one word of reason between us on the abstract question—and then for my tale. You expect us to cure you of disease, and yet deny us the only means of learning *how*? You would have us bring you the ore of skill and experience, yet forbid us to break the soil, or sink a shaft! Is this fair, *fair* reader? Is this reasonable?

What I am now going to describe was my first and last exploit in the way of body-stealing. It was a grotesque, if not a ludicrous scene, and occurred during the period of my "walking the hospitals," as it is called, which occupied the two seasons immediately after my leaving Cambridge. A young and rather interesting female

was admitted a patient at the hospital I attended; her case baffled all our skill, and her symptoms even defied our nosology. Now it seemed an enlargement of the heart—now an ossification—now this, that, and the other; and at last it was plain we knew nothing at all about the matter—no, not even whether her disorder was organic or functional, primary or symptomatic—or whether it *was* really the heart that was at fault. She received no benefit at all under the fluctuating schemes of treatment we pursued, and at length fell into dying circumstances. As soon as her friends were apprized of her situation, and had an inkling of our intention to open the body, they insisted on removing her immediately from the hospital, that she might “die at home.” In vain did Sir — and his dressers expostulate vehemently with them, and represent in exaggerated terms the imminent peril attending such a step. Her two brothers avowed their apprehension of our designs, and were inflexible in exercising their right of removing their sister. I used all my rhetoric on the occasion—but in vain, and at last said to the young men, “Well, if you are afraid only of our *dissecting* her, we can get hold of her, if we are so disposed, as easily if she died with you, as with us.”

“Well—we’ll *try* that, measter,” replied the elder, while his Herculean fist oscillated somewhat significantly before my eyes. The poor girl was removed accordingly to her father’s house, which was at a certain village about five miles from London, and survived her arrival scarcely ten minutes! We soon contrived to receive intelligence of the event; and as I and Sir —’s two dressers had taken great interest in the case throughout, and felt intense curiosity about the real nature of the disease, we met together and entered into a solemn compact, that come what might, we would have her body out of the ground. A trusty spy informed us of the time and exact place of the girl’s burial; and on expressing to Sir — our determination about the matter, he patted me on the back, saying, “Ah, my fine fellow—if you have spirit enough—dangerous,” &c. &c. Was it not skillfully said? The baronet further told

us he felt himself so curious about the matter, that if fifty pounds would be of use to us, they were at our service. It needed not this, nor a glance at the *eclat* with which the successful issue of the affair would be attended among our fellow-students, to spur our resolves.

The notable scheme was finally adjusted at my rooms in the Borough. M— and E—, Sir —’s dressers, and myself, with an experienced “grab,” that is to say, a *professional* resurrectionist—were to set off from the Borough about nine o’clock the next evening—which would be the third day after the burial—in a glass coach, provided with all “appliances and means to boot.” During the day, however, our friend the grab suffered so severely from an over-night’s excess, as to disappoint us of his invaluable assistance. This unexpected *contretemps* nearly put an end to our project; for the few other grabs we knew, were absent on *professional tours*! Luckily, however, I bethought me of a poor Irish porter—a sort of “ne’er-do-weel” hanger-on at the hospital, whom I had several times hired to go on errands. This man I sent for to my rooms, and in the presence of my two coadjutors, persuaded, threatened, and bothered into acquiescence, promising him half a guinea for his evening’s work—and as much whisky as he could drink prudently. As Mr Tip—that was the name he went by—had some personal acquaintance with the sick grab, he succeeded in borrowing his chief tools; with which, in a sack large enough to contain our expected prize, he repaired to my rooms about nine o’clock, while the coach was standing at the door. Our Jehu had received a quiet *douceur* in addition to the hire of himself and coach. As soon as we had exhibited sundry doses of Irish cordial to our friend Tip, under the effects of which he became quite “bouncible,” and *ranted* about the feat he was to take a prominent part in—and equipped ourselves in our worst clothes, and white top-coats, we entered the vehicle—four in number—and drove off. The weather had been exceedingly capricious all the evening—moonlight, rain, thunder and lightning, fitfully alternating. The only thing we were anxious

about, was the darkness, to shield us from all possible observation. I must own that in analyzing the feelings that prompted me to undertake and go through with this affair, the mere love of adventure operated as powerfully as the wish to benefit the cause of anatomical science. A midnight expedition to the tombs!—It took our fancy amazingly; and then—Sir——’s cunning hint about the “danger”—and our “spirit!”

The garrulous Tip supplied us with amusement all the way down—rattle, rattle, rattle, incessantly; but as soon as we had arrived at that part of the road where we were to stop, and caught sight of——church, with its hoary steeple grey-glistening in the fading moonlight, as though it was standing sentinel over the graves around it, one of which we were going so rudely to violate, Tip’s spirits began to falter a little. He said little—and that at intervals. To be very candid with the reader, none of us felt over much at our ease. Our expedition began to wear a somewhat hairbrained aspect, and to be environed with formidable contingencies which we had not taken sufficiently into our calculations. What, for instance, if the two stout fellows, the brothers, should be out watching their sister’s grave? They were not likely to stand on much ceremony with us. And then the manual difficulties! E—— was the only one of us that had ever assisted at the exhumation of a body—and the rest of us were likely to prove but bungling workmen. However, we had gone too far to think of retreating. We none of us *spoke* our suspicions, but the silence that reigned within the coach was significant. In contemplation, however, of some such contingency, we had put a bottle of brandy in the coach-pocket; and before we drew up, we had all four of us drunk pretty deeply of it. At length, the coach turned down a by-lane to the left, which led directly to the churchyard wall; and after moving a few steps down it, in order to shelter our vehicle from the observation of highway passengers, the coach stopped, and the driver opened the door.

“Come, Tip,” said I, “out with you!”

“Get out, did ye say, sir? To

be sure I will—Out! to be sure I will.” But there was small shew of alacrity in his movements as he descended the steps; for while I was speaking, I was interrupted by the solemn clangour of the church clock announcing the hour of midnight. The sounds seemed to warn us against what we were going to do.

“’Tis a could night, yer honours,” said Tip, in an under tone, as we successively alighted, and stood together, looking up and down the dark lane, to see if any thing was stirring but ourselves. “’Tis a could night—and—and—and”—he stammered.

“Why, you cowardly old scoundrel,” grumbled M——, “are you frightened already? What’s the matter, eh? Hoist up the bag on your shoulders directly, and lead the way down the lane.”

“Och, but yer honours—och! by the mother that bore me, but ’tis a murderous cruel thing, I’m thinking, to wake the poor cratur from her last sleep.” He said this so querulously, that I began to entertain serious apprehensions, after all, of his defection; so I insisted on his taking a little more brandy, by way of bringing him up to par. It was of no use, however. His reluctance increased every moment—and it even dispirited us. I verily believe the turning of a straw would have decided us all on jumping into the coach again, and returning home without accomplishing our errand. Too many of the students, however, were apprized of our expedition, for us to think of terminating it so ridiculously! As it were by mutual consent, we stood and paused a few moments, about half way down the lane. M—— whistled with infinite success and distinctness; E—— remarked to me that he “always thought that a churchyard at midnight was the gloomiest object imaginable;” and I talked about *business*—“soon be over”—“shallow grave,” &c. &c. “Confound it—what if those two brothers of hers should be there?” said M—— abruptly, making a dead stop, and folding his arms on his breast.

“Powerful fellows, both of them!” muttered E——. We resumed our march—when Tip, our advanced

guard—a title he earned by anticipating our steps about three inches—suddenly stood still, let down the bag from his shoulders—elevated both hands in a listening attitude—and exclaimed “Whisht!—whisht!—By my soul—*what* was that?” We all paused in silence, looking palely at one another—but could hear nothing except the drowsy flutter of a bat wheeling away from us a little over-head.

“Fait—an’ wasn’t it somebody *spaking* on the far side o’ the hedge, I heard?” whispered Tip.

“Pho—stuff, you idiot!” I exclaimed, losing my temper. “Come, M—— and E——, it’s high time we had done with all this cowardly nonsense, and if we mean really to *do* any thing, we must make haste. ’Tis past twelve—day breaks about four—and it is coming on wet, you see.” Several large drops of rain, pattering heavily among the leaves and branches, corroborated my words, by announcing a coming shower, and the air was sultry enough to warrant the expectation of a thunder-storm. We therefore buttoned up our great-coats to the chin, and hurried on to the churchyard wall, which ran across the bottom of the lane. This wall we had to climb over to get into the churchyard, and it was not a very high one. Here Tip annoyed us again. I told him to lay down his bag, mount the wall, and look over into the yard, to see whether all was clear before us; and, as far as the light would enable him, to look about for a new-made grave. Very reluctantly he complied, and contrived to scramble to the top of the wall. He had hardly time, however, to peer over into the churchyard, when a fluttering streak of lightning flashed over us, followed in a second or two by a loud burst of thunder! Tip fell in an instant to the ground, like a cock-chaffer shaken from an elm-tree, and lay crossing himself, and muttering Pater-nosters. We could scarce help laughing at the manner in which he tumbled down, simultaneously with the flash of lightning. “Now, look ye, gentlemen,” said he, still squatted on the ground, “do ye mane to give the poor cratur Christian burial, when ye’ve done wid her? An’ will ye put her back again as ye

found her? ’Case, if you wont, blood an’ oons”——

“Now, look ye, Tip,” said I, sternly, taking out one of a brace of *empty* pistols I had put into my great-coat pocket, and presenting it to his head, “we have hired you on this business, for the want of a better, you wretched fellow! and if you give us any more of this nonsense, by —— I’ll send a bullet through your brain! Do you hear me, Tip?”

“Och, aisy; aisy wid ye! don’t murther me! Bad luck to me, that I ever cam wid ye! Och, and if ivir I live to die, wont I see and bury my ould body out o’ the rache of all the docthers in the world? If I don’t, divil burn me!” We all laughed aloud at Mr Tip’s truly Hibernian expostulation.

“Come, sir, mount! over with you!” said we, helping to push him upwards. “Now, drop this bag on the other side,” we continued, giving him the sack that contained our implements. We all three of us then followed, and alighted safely in the churchyard. It poured with rain; and to enhance the dreariness and horrors of the time and place, flashes of lightning followed in quick succession, shedding a transient awful glare over the scene, revealing the white tombstones, the ivy-grown venerable church, and our own figures, a shivering group, come on an unhallowed errand! I perfectly well recollect the lively feelings of apprehension—the “compunctious visitings of remorse”—which the circumstances called forth in my own breast, and which I had no doubt were shared by my companions.

As no time, however, was to be lost, I left the group for an instant under the wall, to search out the grave. The accurate instructions I had received enabled me to pitch on the spot with little difficulty; and I returned to my companions, who immediately followed me to the scene of operations. We had no umbrellas, and our great-coats were saturated with wet; but the brandy we had recently taken did us good service, by exhilarating our spirits, and especially those of Tip. He untied the sack in a twinkling, and shook out the hoes and spades, &c.; and taking one of the latter himself, he commenced digging with such ener-

gy, that we had hardly prepared ourselves for work, before he had cleared away nearly the whole of the mound. The rain soon abated, and the lightning ceased for a considerable interval, though thunder was heard occasionally rumbling sullenly in the distance, as if expressing anger at our unholy doings—at least I felt it so. The pitchy darkness continued, so that we could scarce see one another's figures. We worked on in silence, as fast as our spades could be got into the ground; taking it in turns, two by two, as the grave would not admit of more. On—on—on we worked, till we had hollowed out about three feet of earth. Tip then hastily joined a long iron screw, or borer, which he thrust into the ground, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth at which the coffin yet lay from us. To our vexation, we found a distance of three feet had yet to be got through. "Sure, and by the soul of St Patrick, but we'll not be down by the morning!" said Tip, as he threw down the instrument, and resumed his spade. We were all discouraged! Oh, how greatly I wished myself at home, in my snug little bed in the Borough! How I cursed the Quixotism that had led me into such an undertaking! I had no time, however, for reflection, as it was my turn to relieve one of the diggers; so into the grave I jumped, and worked away as lustily as before. While I was thus engaged, a sudden noise, close to our ears, startled me so, that I protest I thought I should drop down dead in the grave I was robbing. I and my fellow-digger dropped our spades, and all four stood still for a second or two, in an ecstasy of fearful apprehension. We could not see more than a few inches around us, but heard the grass trodden by approaching feet! They proved to be those of an ASS, that was turned at night into the churchyard, and had gone on eating his way towards us; and, while we were standing in mute expectation of what was to come next, opened on us with an astounding hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw! Even after we had discovered the ludicrous nature of the interruption, we were too agitated to laugh! The brute was actually close upon us, and had *given tongue* from under poor Tip's elbow, having approached him

from behind as he stood leaning on his spade. Tip started suddenly backward against the animal's head, and fell down. Away sprung the jack-ass, as much confounded as Tip, kicking and scampering like a mad creature among the tombstones, and hee-hawing incessantly, as if a hundred devils had got into it for the purpose of discomfiting us. I felt so much fury, and fear, lest the noise should lead to our discovery, that I could have killed the brute, if it had been within my reach, while Tip stammered in an affrighted whisper—"Och, the baste! Och, the baste! The big black divel of a baste! The murtherous—murthering"—and a great many epithets of the same sort. We gradually recovered from the agitation which this provoking interruption had occasioned; and Tip, under the promise of two bottles of whisky as soon as we arrived safe at home with our prize, renewed his exertions, and dug with such energy, that we soon cleared away the remainder of the superincumbent earth, and stood upon the bare lid of the coffin. The grapplers, with ropes attached to them, were then fixed in the sides and extremities, and we were in the act of raising the coffin, when the sound of a human voice, accompanied with footsteps, fell on our startled ears. We heard both distinctly, and crouched down close over the brink of the grave, awaiting in breathless suspense a corroboration of our fears. After a pause of five or six minutes, however, finding that the sounds were not renewed, we began to breathe freer, persuaded that our ears must have deceived us. Once more we resumed our work, succeeded in hoisting up the coffin—not without a slip, however, which nearly precipitated it down again to the bottom, with all four of us upon it—and depositing it on the grave-side. Before proceeding to use our screws, or wrenchers, we once more looked and listened, and listened and looked; but neither seeing nor hearing any thing, we set to work, and prized off the lid in a twinkling, and a transient glimpse of moonlight disclosed to us the shrowded inmate—all white and damp. I removed the face-cloth, and unpinned the cap, while M—loosed the sleeves from the wrists. Thus were we engaged, when E—

who had hold of the feet, ready to lift them out, suddenly let them go—gasp—“Oh, my God! there they are!” and placed his hand on my arm. He shook like an aspen leaf. I looked towards the quarter where his eyes were directed, and, sure enough, saw the figure of a man—if not two—moving stealthily towards us. “Well, we’re discovered, that’s clear,” I whispered as calmly as I could. “We shall be murdered!” groaned E—. “Lend me one of the pistols you have with you,” said M—, resolutely. “By —, I’ll have a *shot* for my life, however!” As for poor Tip, who had heard every syllable of this startling colloquy, and himself seen the approaching figures, he looked at me in silence, the image of blank horror! I could have laughed even then, to see his staring black eyes—his little cocked ruby-tinted nose—his chattering teeth. “Hush—hush!” said I, cocking my pistol, while M— did the same; for none but myself knew they were unloaded. To add to our consternation, the malignant moon withdrew the small scintling of light she had been doling out to us, and sunk beneath a vast cloud, “black as Erebus,” but not before we had caught a glimpse of two more figures moving towards us in an opposite direction. “Surrounded!” two of us muttered in the same breath. We all rose to our feet, and stood together, not knowing what to do—unable in the darkness to see one another distinctly. Presently we heard a voice say, “Where are they? where? *Sure* I saw them! Oh, there they are! Halloo—halloo!”

That was enough—the signal for our flight. Without an instant’s pause, or uttering another syllable, off we sprung like small-shot from a gun’s mouth, all of us in different directions, we knew not whither. I heard the report of a gun—mercy on me! and pelted away, scarce knowing what I was about, dodging among the graves, —now coming full-butt against a plaguy tombstone, then stumbling on the slippery grass—while some one followed close at my heels panting and puffing, but whether friend or foe, I knew not. At length I stumbled against a large tombstone; and finding it open at the two ends, crept under it, resolved there to

abide the issue. At the moment of my ensconcing myself, the sound of the person’s footsteps who had followed me suddenly ceased. I heard a splashing sound, then a kicking and scrambling, a faintstifled cry of, “Ugh—oh—ugh!” and all was still. Doubtless it must be one of my companions, who had been wounded. What could I do, however? I did not know in what direction he lay—the night was pitch dark—and if I crept from my hiding-place, for all I knew, I might be shot myself. I shall never forget that hour—no, never! There was I, squatting like a toad on the wet grass and weeds, not daring to do more than breathe! Here was a predicament! I could not conjecture how the affair would terminate. Was I to lie where I was till daylight? What was become of my companions?—While I was turning these thoughts in my mind, and wondering that all was so quiet, my ear caught the sound of the splashing of water, apparently at but a yard or two’s distance, mingled with the sounds of a half-smothered human voice—“Ugh! ugh! Och, murder! Murder! murder!”—another splash—“and isn’t it drowned and kilt I am!”—

“Whew! *Tip* in trouble,” thought I, not daring to speak. Yes—it was poor Tip, I afterwards found—who had followed at my heels, scampering after me as fast as fright could drive him, till his career was unexpectedly ended by his tumbling—souse—head over heels, into a newly-opened grave in his path, with more than a foot of water in it. There the poor fellow remained, after recovering from the first shock of his fall, not daring to utter a word for some time, lest he should be discovered—straddling over the water with his toes and elbows stuck into the loose soil on each side, to support him. This was his interesting position, as he subsequently informed me, at the time of uttering the sounds which first attracted my attention. Though not aware of his situation at the time, I was almost choked with laughter as he went on with his soliloquy, somewhat in this strain:—

“Och, Tip, ye ould divel! Don’t it sarve ye right, ye fool? Ye villainous ould coffin-robber! Won’t ye burn for this hereafter, ye sinner?

Ulaloo! When ye are dead yourself, may ye be treated like that poor cratur—and yourself alive to see it! Och, hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Isn't it sure that I'll be drowned, an' then it's kilt I'll be!"—a loud splash, and a pause for a few moments, as if he was re-adjusting his footing—"Och, an' I'm catching my dith of could! Fait, an' it's a divel a drop o' the two bottles o' whisky I'll ever see—Och, och, och!"—another splash—"Och, an' isn't this uncomfortable! Och, an' if ever I come out of this—sha'n't I be dead before I do?"

"Tip—Tip—Tip!" I whispered, in a low tone. There was a dead silence. "Tip, Tip, where are you? What's the matter, eh?"—No answer; but he muttered in a low tone to himself—"Where am I, by my soul! Isn't it dead, and kilt, and drowned, and murdered I am—that's all!"

"Tip—Tip—Tip!" I repeated, a little louder.

"Tip, indeed! Fait, ye may call, bad luck to ye—whoever ye are—but its divel a word 'll I be after speaking to ye."

"Tip, you simpleton! It's I—Mr —!"

In an instant there was a sound of jumping and splashing, as if surprise had made him slip from his standing again, and he called out, "Whoo! Whoo! an' is't you, sweet Mr —? What is the matter wid ye? Are ye kilt? Where are they all? Have they taken ye away, every mother's son of you?" he asked eagerly, in a breath.

"Why, what are you doing, Tip? Where are you?"

"Fait, an' it's being washed I am, in the feet, and in the queerest tub your honour ever saw!"—A noise of scuffling not many yards off silenced us both in an instant. Presently I distinguished the voice of E—, calling out,—"Help, M—!" my name—"Where are you?" The noise increased, and seemed nearer than before. I crept from my lurking-place, and aided at Tip's resurrection, and both of us hurried towards the spot where the sound came from. By the faint moonlight, I could just see the outlines of two figures violently struggling and grappling together. Before I could come up to them, both fell down locked in each other's arms,

rolling over each other, grasping one another's collars, gasping and panting as if in mortal struggle. The moon suddenly emerged, and who do you think, reader, was E—'s antagonist? Why, the person whose appearance had discomfited and affrighted us all—OUR COACHMAN.—That worthy individual, alarmed at our protracted stay, had, contrary to our injunctions, left his coach to come and search after us. He it was whom we had seen stealing towards us; his steps—his voice had alarmed us, for he could not see us distinctly enough to discover whether we were his fare or not. He was on the point of whispering my name, when we should all have understood one another—when lo, we all started off in the manner which has been described; and he himself, not knowing that he was the reason of it, had taken to his heels, and fled for his life! He supposed we had fallen into a sort of ambuscade. He happened to hide himself behind the tombstone next but one to that which sheltered E—. Finding all quiet, he and E—, as if by natural consent, were groping from their hiding-places, when they unexpectedly fell foul of one another—each too affrighted to speak—and hence the scuffle.

After this satisfactory denouement, we all repaired to the grave's mouth, and found the corpse and coffin precisely as we had left them. We were not many moments in taking out the body, stripping it, and thrusting it into the sack we had brought. We then tied the top of the sack, carefully deposited the shroud, &c., in the coffin, re-screwed down the lid—fearful—impious mockery! and consigned it once more to its resting-place—Tip scattering a handful of earth on the lid, and exclaiming reverently,—"An' may the Lord forgive us for what we have done to ye!" The coachman and I then took the body between us to the coach, leaving M—, and E—, and Tip, to fill up the grave.

Our troubles were not yet ended, however. Truly it seemed as though Providence was throwing every obstacle in our way. Nothing went right! On reaching the spot where we had left the coach, behold it lay

several yards further in the lane, tilted into the ditch—for the horses, being hungry, and left to themselves, in their anxiety to graze on the verdant bank of the hedge, had contrived to overturn the vehicle, in the ditch—and one of the horses was kicking vigorously when we came up—his whole body off the ground, and resting on that of his companion. We had considerable difficulty in righting the coach, as the horses were inclined to be obstreperous. We succeeded, however—deposited our unholy spoils within, turned the horses' heads towards the high-road, and then, after enjoining Jehu to keep his place on the box, I went to see how my companions were getting on. They had nearly completed their task, and told me that “shovelling in, was surprisingly easier than

shovelling out!” We took great pains to leave every thing as neat, and as nearly resembling what we found it, as possible, in order that our visit might not be suspected. We then carried each our own tools, and hurried as fast as possible to our coach, for the dim twilight had already stolen a march upon us, devoutly thankful that, after so many interruptions, we had succeeded in effecting our object.

It was broad daylight before we reached town—and a wretched coach-company we looked—all wearied and dirty—Tip especially, who snored in the corner as comfortably as if he had been warm in his bed. I heartily resolved, with him, on leaving the coach, that it should be “the devil's own dear self only that should ttempt me out again *body-snatching*!”*

*** The Editor of these papers begs to inform all those who are so good as to transmit to him, through the Publishers of this Magazine, “*Subjects for Passages*”—to be “worked up in his peculiar way”—that they have totally mistaken the character of this series of papers, in imagining them to be any thing else than what they profess to be—the *bonâ fide* results of the *individual's* experience. Neither the Editor of these “*Passages*,” nor their original writer, is any “gatherer of other men's stuff.” All such uncalled-for communications, therefore, will experience the benefit of the “arrangements for instant *cremation*,” spoken of by the Editor in the last Number, *without ever reaching the hands* of the gentleman they are addressed to.

* On examining the body, we found that Sir ——'s suspicions were fully verified. It was disease of the heart—but of too complicated a nature to be made intelligible to general readers. I never heard that the girl's friends discovered our doings; and for all they know, she is now mouldering away in —— churchyard; whereas, in point of fact, her bleached skeleton adorns ——'s surgery; and a preparation of her heart enriches ——'s museum!

ON THE FINANCIAL MEASURES OF A REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

No. I.

THE WHIG BUDGET.

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," is the charitable maxim of private life; and it admits of application to the political projects of legislative, as well as the characters of individual life. The Whig Budget is now extinct: The good sense of the nation has revolted against its absurdity; but important instruction may be drawn from its character, as to the *future measures of finance* to which we are to be subjected by a reforming government.

That the Whig Budget is the most complete failure which has occurred in the memory of any man living, is now admitted, even by the warmest partisans of Ministers. Between concessions to avoid, and retractions consequent on defeat, hardly a vestige of it remains. With the exception of the little fragment of the steam-boat tax, not one of the proposed new taxes is preserved; and how Government are to meet the public expenses with the duties they have abandoned, without any to supply their place, is a problem which it remains for them to solve.

That the Cabinet contains several able men is quite certain. No one can have heard Lord Brougham's, Lord Grey's, or Mr Charles Grant's speeches, without being convinced of that fact. How then has it happened, that from such a source, so miserable a project has proceeded; one which wars alike against philosophical principle, national integrity, and important interests? The answer is to be found in the known difference between men of speculation and men of action, and in the homage which those who rest on the support of the populace are compelled to pay to their wishes.

The taxes proposed to be taken off are those—

On Sea-borne Coals.
On Candles.
On Tobacco.
On Calico Prints.

Those to be imposed were on—

Transfers of Funded Property.
Transfers of Landed Property.
On Canadian Timber.
On Steam-Boats.
On Raw Cotton.
On Cape Wine.

The reduction of the duty on sea-borne coals was a just and judicious measure. Being a local tax, which pressed with severity on a necessary of life in the metropolis, from which a great part of the country was exempted, its removal was expedient.

The reduction of the duty on candles, though not perhaps so important a boon as the removal of the tax on soap, or some other articles of primary necessity, may also be considered as unexceptionable.

With these exceptions, the Budget was a tissue of philosophical and political error.

What could be more absurd than the abolition of the duty on tobacco? Can any object be a fairer subject of taxation than one which is neither a necessary nor a convenience of life, but which, nevertheless, from its general use, yielded so large a revenue as £800,000 a-year? What could have induced any rational man to have contemplated a reduction of this duty, it is difficult to imagine. It is, literally speaking, a tax on a *disgusting luxury*, which degrades the higher, and brutalizes the lower orders, which has been adopted by fops from the imitation of foreign fashion, and by operatives from the example of foreign grossness. It may safely be affirmed, that the habit of smoking permanently injures the manners of the lower orders, and can never become general without lowering the national character; and there is a reason for this, of universal application—Women nowhere smoke, and the practice is everywhere revolting to their feelings. The prevalence of this custom, therefore, is a continual indulgence of selfish gra-

tification on the part of man, to the exclusion of the comfort of the other sex: In other words, a continual approach to the selfishness and brutality of savage life.

Something was said about the demoralizing effect of the smuggling of tobacco on the west coast of Ireland, as the real motive for the removal of this duty. This reason is an exact counterpart of the grounds assigned for the fatal reduction of the duty on spirits, so strongly pressed on the late administration by the Edinburgh Review. The answer to both is, that the evil sought to be reduced is local and partial. The mischief done by removing it is general, and of incomparably greater extent. For thousands demoralized by Highland smuggling, tens of thousands are ruined by cheap whisky. For every man whose habits are injured by Irish tobacco smuggling, twenty would be brutified by the more general use of that noxious weed.

Besides this, it is evidently impossible to impose a tax on objects of consumption which will not prove burdensome to some class, and afford a bounty for smuggling in some quarter. The evils of contraband trade, how great soever, are inseparable from a system of indirect taxation: They are the price which the nation pays for the immense advantages of raising a revenue, without its weight being perceived by those who pay it, or being imposed on any but articles of voluntary consumption. This being evident, the repeal of the duty on tobacco, if accompanied by an increase of duties in some other quarter, was not a *diminution* of the evils of smuggling, but only a *transference* of them from one quarter of the empire to another.

The reduction of the duty on calico prints was equally unfounded in principle and expedience. It was not felt as burdensome—it was not the subject of any vehement complaint. Ingenuity and machinery had more than compensated the burden; and in spite of it, the British manufactures of that description had a most extensive and unprecedented sale. To sacrifice £500,000 a-year, by reducing that branch of taxation, was impolitic, both with reference to domestic consumption and foreign export. To domestic consumption,

because it fell on a branch of industry which ministered to luxury or comfort, not necessity;—to foreign export, because it was directed against a manufacture in which, more perhaps than any other, the division of labour, and application of machinery, were capable of effecting an indefinite reduction of price. The continual and astonishing reduction in the price of printed cottons since the peace, is the clearest proof of the capability of machinery to reduce the cost of its production. An article of this description, which in 1814 cost fifty shillings, can now be produced in Glasgow for *six*; being a reduction in the price of production, to less than an *eighth*-part of its former amount. This being the case, it is evident that fabrics of this description were, of all others, the fittest subjects of taxation, because, from the nature of the manufacture employed in producing them, any subsidiary burden was capable of being much more than compensated by the increased skill and diminished cost of production! And, in truth, the tax was paid neither by the consumer nor the producer, but the talent of the manufacturer, called into existence by the tax, and which, but for it, would have lain dormant in the mind of the mechanist.

But of all parts of the Budget, the most extraordinary and ruinous was, the proposed tax on transfers of stock.

To understand the merits of this question, it is necessary to recollect, that the acts creating the stock had declared, in the most express terms, that, “in no time coming should any tax, duty, or burden whatsoever, be imposed upon the sale, or transfer, of the said stock.” This was the condition solemnly sanctioned by many acts of Parliament, on which the money was advanced by the public creditor, and on the credit of which it had passed through innumerable hands, and was now held by the proprietors of the stock. How was it possible to violate this condition, without breaking faith with the public creditor—in other words, undoing the public faith of Britain?

It was urged by Ministers, that the income tax was a violation of this original compact; and a speech of Mr Pitt was quoted by Mr Charles Grant, in which that great statesman

declared, "that he did not regard it as any violation of the slightest faith of Government to impose a tax on the income derived from stock, when imposed equally at the same time on the income derived from *every other source*, because the nation was not pledged to keep the income derived from the funds entirely free of taxation, but only not to impose *any particular tax* on that species of property." These words, thus cautiously guarded and restricted to the imposition of an *universal* tax, were seriously quoted by Mr Grant as supporting a *particular* duty of *one half per cent* on the transfer of funded stock. Nothing can be clearer than that the principle of Mr Pitt had no sort of application, unless the proposed transfer duty on stock were extended at the same time to *every other alienation*. Now, the tax proposed was *solely* on transfer of stock and land. The sale of manufactured articles to any amount: of ships, furniture, movables of every sort, cattle, grain, farm produce, &c. were entirely free from any imposition. Here, then, was a *particular* duty laid on the fund and landholders, directly contrary to the plighted national faith to the former of these parties. It is idle to pretend that such a measure, if carried into effect, would not have been a direct breach of national faith.

Supposing it had been as true as it in reality was false, that Mr Pitt had, by the income-tax, infringed the condition on which the stock was subscribed, was that any reason why so great a violation of faith should be *repeated*? Because a man, under the pressure of extreme want, has once committed theft, is that any reason why the crime should be again committed, when no such palliating circumstance exists? Because the nation, during the difficulties of a mortal conflict, was obliged to tax the fundholders, along with other classes, is that any excuse for the imposition of a similar burden on *him alone*, during a period of profound peace?

It may be added that the tax on the funds, apparently directed against the rich, was, in reality, levelled at the most meritorious and valuable of the poorer classes. The public debt constitutes the great deposit of the savings of the nation, and more espe-

cially of the middling and lower orders. This is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact, that the funded proprietors are 280,000 in number, and that *two-thirds* of the *three per cents* are in the hands of persons who permanently use their stock as a source of income. The tax, therefore, was not a burden on the bankers of Lombard Street, or the capitalists of London, but on the little stock of the shopkeeper, and the savings of the poor. The great and meritorious investments of the Life Insurance Societies, the resource of the middling, and of the Savings' Banks, the deposit of the poorer orders, were all threatened by the proposed measure. No less than L.13,000,000 is lodged in the three per cents from the Savings' Banks, and this sum, from its belonging to the humblest classes, is, in an especial manner, liable to be frequently drawn out, that is, to be frequently brought under the operation of the tax.

But the ruinous tendency of this tax is not to be measured by its actual and *immediate* operation. It is as a *precedent of violation of national faith* that it is chiefly of importance. Considered in this view, it would have inflicted a lasting and irremediable wound on the national credit, of which the bitter fruits would have been experienced in the next crisis of the national fortunes. In vain would government, on the recurrence of similar scenes of financial difficulty with those which were so common during the late war, have sought to impledge the national resources for immediate assistance; the fatal precedent of 1831 would have risen up in judgment against them, and the nation been under the necessity of guaranteeing the capitalist against future spoliation by the severity of present exaction. Good faith with nations is like honesty with individuals; it can never be violated without the consequences visiting the children unto the third and fourth generation of those who have broken it.

Nor would this first grand precedent of injustice have been less fatal, as a measure of relief, to succeeding governments. We have seen how gladly the ministers recurred to the precedent, so little in point, or rather so decidedly against them, of Mr

Pitt and the income tax. How gladly, under the influence of the same motives, would succeeding administrations have recurred to the Whig budget! How triumphantly would they have referred to this grand example of a concession to necessity to justify future violations of good faith, from still lower motives, or under the pressure of inferior difficulty!—*Majus et minus non variant speciem* is a maxim of morality not less than law; the *first step* in the career of iniquity is the one which must be resisted; when it is once taken, the difficulty of ulterior resistance is increased with every deviation from rectitude which has been made.

The proposed duty on transfers of land was as objectionable, on the footing of political expedience, as that on funded property was on principles of public justice. If there is any one circumstance more than another to be regretted in the present political state of Britain, it is the small extent to which the investments of the poor are directed towards land, and the consequent engrossing of estates in the hands of a few great proprietors—while the landed proprietors of France are above 4,000,000, those of Britain do not exceed 50,000. This is an evil of the very first magnitude, both with reference to the stability of the state and the habits of the labouring classes. Nor is it difficult to perceive from what cause this anomalous state of things has arisen. The expense of making out feudal titles, and the heavy duty on the disposition, operate as a complete bar against the investment of small savings in land. The *ad valorem* duty of one per cent, coupled with the expense of legal titles, amounting to at least five per cent more on small properties, are such serious burdens, that the lower orders never think of investing their savings in that species of property, but either put them in a bank, or in the funds, which costs comparatively nothing. Because these burdens were not already sufficiently great, the Ministers proposed to put an additional tax of half a per cent on transfers of land; the effect of which would have been to close the door altogether

against this salutary species of investment.

This is a matter of the very utmost importance for the future habits of the lower orders. No man knows better than Lord Brougham the powerful influence of habits of frugality and foresight on their character, or the necessity of a secure investment to promote the growth of such habits among them. In his Colonial Policy he has pointed it out in the clearest manner.* How, then, has it happened that a Whig cabinet, composed of men professing the utmost regard for the labouring classes, should begin their career by a measure calculated to *weaken* these habits; to prevent altogether the purchase of land, with all its consequent blessings, by the industrious poor, and to diminish the security and profits of that great investment, which embraces nine-tenths of the savings of the nation?

The duty on Canadian timber, now fortunately abandoned, was another part of the Budget utterly inexplicable, both on the previous principles of the Cabinet, and on the plainest dictates of expedience. Lord Brougham's work on Colonies was expressly intended to point out the superiority of the Colonial over the Foreign Trade, on account of the profit being *double* to the nation, from the intercourse with its colonies, and *single* only on its commerce with foreign states. And there can be no doubt that this observation was well founded. Colonies are to be regarded, according to his well-known expression, as "distant provinces of the empire."† The wealth gained by the trade with Canada, enriches both the British merchant in the St Lawrence who exports timber, and the British manufacturer in England who exports cottons. The profit is felt "at both ends," and *both* flow into the British treasury. But the trade with the United States enriches *only one* of these parties, viz. the English manufacturer; the profit at the other end goes into the pockets of the American merchant; and instead of adding to the sum of British wealth, tends directly to strengthen the resources of his rival. This distinction is of the utmost importance,

* Colonial Policy, I. 32.

† Ibid. II. 232.

and illustrates the great superiority of the colonial over any other foreign trade; of the trade in timber with Canada, for example, over that with Norway.

But, farther, the timber trade is connected with another and a still more momentous consideration. It is of the utmost moment to a maritime power to have its naval resources *within itself*, and to depend on no foreign power for the materials of its national defence. This state of things was fast approaching in this country. The Canadian forests were yielding an inexhaustible supply of timber for the navy; and its climate promised to render that important dependency the nursery of all the stores required in ships. The alleged inferiority of the wood was disproved by the fact, that, at the very time when the Budget was brought forward, the newspapers contained advertisements for a great supply of Canadian timber for the use of the royal navy. For many purposes, the American wood is fully as good as the Norwegian; and if for others it is not so, the difference is compensated by the great difference in price. Of the importance of having our naval resources within ourselves, ample evidence was afforded by the armed neutrality of the northern powers in 1780, the coalition of the Baltic states against England in 1800, and the closing of all friendly harbours in that quarter after the treaty of Tilsit in 1807. Of this immense advantage the nation was to be gratuitously, and without any compensation, deprived by the proposed duty on the timber brought from our Transatlantic possessions.

The trade with Canada has become of immense importance. It amounts to 400,000 tons annually, being about a *fifth* part of the whole trade of the empire; while the trade with North America employs only 80,000.* Great Britain enjoys the exclusive right of supplying these colonies with manufactures; and articles of that description, to the value of £2,700,000, are annually sent to her American colonies. The seamen employed in this trade are 18,700; while those engaged in the intercourse with

North America are only 3646† These facts demonstrate the importance of this traffic, both as a nursery for seamen, a vent for manufactures, and a storehouse of naval resources. It is rapidly increasing, having quadrupled in the last ten years; and at a similar rate of progress it would soon amount to a *half* of the whole foreign trade of Great Britain.

Extreme delicacy is required in the management of these colonies. Though warmly attached to the mother countries, their inhabitants are of an extremely jealous and irascible disposition. Many very serious disputes have arisen between the British governor and the colonial legislature. The tenure of our authority is extremely slender. It might be snapped asunder in a moment; and the American dominion established from the Frozen Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. The advantages afforded by the present low state of the duties on timber, is at present the chief link which unites them to the mother country. What the consequences would have been of the removal of this advantage, may easily be foreseen.

What were the advantages proposed to counterbalance these enormous evils in the proposed change of the duties? Nothing; but that Norway timber should be encouraged in preference to Canadian; in other words, a stranger's property rather than our own subjects. So obstinately did Ministers cling to this determination to encourage foreigners instead of ourselves, that after they had been compelled to abandon the proposed *increase* of the duties, they brought in a prospective resolution to *lower* the duties on Norwegian timber in 1832; that is, since they could not *impose* a burden on their own subjects, they were at least determined to *take it off* the inhabitants of foreign states!

It is no doubt desirable to purchase good wood cheap; but this is a trifling object in comparison of the disadvantages at which it was to be acquired. The trade with Norway is important; but it is not of a tenth part of the importance of the Canadian commerce—to sacrifice the great and vital interests bound up in the colonial timber trade to the pros-

* Hall's America, i. 404.

† Parl. Papers, 5th May, 1829, No. 197.

pect of getting Memel logs somewhat cheaper than at present, is not to legislate like statesmen, but like narrow-minded shopkeepers.

The same objections apply with equal strength to the proposed increase on the duties on Cape wine. To subject *inferior* wine at so great a distance, and in an infant colony, to nearly the same duty as French wines on the other side of the Channel, was to expose the cultivation of that article at the Cape to certain destruction. The proposed rise from 2s. 8d. to 5s. 6d. a-gallon, would at one blow have annihilated both the growth and the commerce in Cape wine. No less than L.1,800,000, vested in these employments on the faith of the protection of the British Statutes, would have been destroyed. For what purpose was this great sacrifice to be committed, and the prosperity of an infant colony to be nipt in the bud? To follow the phantom of Free Trade, at the expense of our best interests: to destroy our own colonial industry, in order to encourage that of our hereditary rivals.

Cape wine, it is said, is of an inferior quality—so it is; but is that any reason for totally extinguishing its growth? It is not so good as claret or champagne; but is that a sufficient ground for subjecting it to the same import duties? Unless the duty bears some proportion to the value of the article taxed, it must operate as a prohibition. If wine worth 1s. 6d. a-bottle is subjected to the same burden as that worth 5s., of course the former will disappear from the market. If wine raised at the southern extremity of Africa is taxed as heavily as that raised on the Garonne, the cultivation must speedily cease at the distant point.

The motive for this extraordinary tax cannot be divined. It certainly would not have the effect of cheapening any kind of wine in the market to double the duties on that produced at the Cape. The interests of the middling orders evidently require that *cheap* wines should be accessible to limited fortunes: and how is this to be done, if the cheapest wines now raised are to be elevated in price by the imposition of the same duties as those levied on the finest wines of French growth? Ministers proposed to lower the duties

on champagne and claret from 7s. to 5s. 4d. a-gallon; and to raise those imposed on Cape Madeira to the same amount, or in other words, to enable the rich man to consume his luxuries at a cheaper, and compel the poor one to purchase his necessities at a dearer rate.

The duty on raw cottons, calculated as likely to produce L.500,000, is equally inexplicable both on principle and expedience. Professing to wish to *lighten* the springs of industry; to cheapen the raw produce, which enters into and forms the substratum of our manufactures, they brought forward a proposal to *burden* the article which forms the staple manufacture of England. The manufacture of cotton goods has now risen to such an extraordinary height, that no less than 227,000,000 pounds of cotton were imported into the empire in the year 1828, being nearly *five times* what it was at the conclusion of the war. The working up of cotton goods is by far the most important branch of British manufacturing industry; in fact, it is equal to all our other manufactures put together. How is the imposition of a burden on the staple of this immense branch of industry to be defended? Proceeding on the principles of free trade, and on the experienced benefit of *reducing* the duties on raw silk, by what extraordinary process did Ministers arrive at the conclusion, that by *raising* the duties on raw cotton, the springs of that important branch of industry would be lightened?

By increasing the prime cost of the article, an increase is given to the ultimate price, incomparably greater than the mere addition of the newly imposed duty. The cost of production, the original outlay being increased, the capital expended on the article in all the subsequent hands through which it goes, must be increased also. A larger outlay is required for manufacturing it, for selling it to the wholesale merchant, for disposing of it in the retail trade. Every one of these persons must have his profit on the enlarged advance he is required to make. The prejudicial effect of such an addition to the original outlay has been distinctly proved by the result of the duty on leather, malt, and other ar-

ticles, where the elevation of price to the ultimate consumer was always incomparably greater than the tax imposed; for this evident reason, that all the subsequent hands through whom it went, levied an additional profit on their enlarged outlay. The same effect must have followed the increased duty on cotton; and this was proposed by an administration professing to lighten the springs of manufacturing industry!

It may be added, that the proposed duty would have pressed with peculiar severity upon the working classes, while it would have been comparatively unfelt by their superiors. Cotton goods have now become an absolute necessary to the lower orders; they appear in the shirts, stockings, trowsers, and waistcoats, of the men; in the gowns, petticoats, shifts, caps, and stockings, of the women; two-thirds of the expenditure for clothing of every poor family, is for articles worked out of this material. The proposed tax would necessarily have raised the price of all these articles, unless the increasing skill of the manufacturers could have counteracted this effect by a still farther extended application of machinery. This could not have been done without diminishing the employment of the operatives employed in those departments. In either view, the lower orders must have suffered from the proposed duty; if the price of cotton goods was raised, this would at once and universally have abridged their comforts; if not, this could have been effected only by their diminished employment.

By being imposed on the raw material, and not on the manufactured article, in any of its subsequent stages, the advance of price would in a peculiar and most unequal manner have pressed on the labouring classes. The cotton articles which they consume are those of the coarser fabric, in which the original cost of the article bears a great proportion to the subsequent charge of its manufacture. What the higher orders again principally require are the finer and more manufactured kinds, where the chief part of the price arises from the costly processes to which the original materials are subjected; of course, the enhancement of price

by the imposition of a duty on the raw material is much greater in the first class than in the second. The difference would hardly have been perceived in the splendid shawl which adorns the figure, or the richly-worked stockings which set off the ankles of the lady of fashion; but it would have been sensibly felt by the artisan when he came to purchase the coarse shirts, moleskin jackets, or dimity petticoats, which constituted the clothing of himself and his family.

Lastly came the duty on steam-boats, a tax imposed seemingly for no other reason but to leave no principle of philosophy unviolated, and no enjoyment of the poor unaffected by fiscal regulations. If there is any one principle more firmly fixed than another by political economy, it is the incalculable advantage of an extended, *cheap, and rapid internal communication*. In this particular, the conclusions of experience are perfectly in unison with the deductions of reason; and the beneficial effect of rail-roads, canals, and highways, is universally felt and acknowledged. The wonderful effects of the application of steam to navigation were only beginning to develop themselves; whole regions were starting into activity under its beneficial influence; the remoter provinces of the empire were brought close to the metropolis by its means, and the disadvantages of climate and soil compensated, in many extensive districts, by mere proximity to the sea-coast. In Scotland, in particular, steam-boats had proved of extraordinary and unlooked for utility. The deeply indented coast and numerous islands of the western counties were starting in consequence into life and activity. Every man who had the sea at his door found himself within an easy journey of the most opulent districts; and farm produce, hitherto useless for want of a market, found a rapid and increasing sale. Seventy steam-boats daily passed up and down the Clyde; four boats went daily to Inverary from Glasgow, a town not visited, fifteen years ago, by a single public conveyance; cattle were sent every week from Morayshire to London by water; the farm and garden produce of Argyleshire was daily brought to Glasgow; and

an immense commerce carried on in potatoes from the Mull of Cantire to Dublin. In the most remote and hitherto unfrequented districts of the West Highlands, the arrival of a steam-boat every day afforded both the means of communication with more civilized quarters, and the opportunity of disposing of the fruits of their industry to advantage; and under the benignant influence of increasing intercourse with mankind, civilisation was advancing, knowledge extending, and the inveterate indolence of the Celtic character giving way to the artificial wants of polished life.

Of most of these immense advantages, which Scotland had begun and Ireland might hope to reap from steam-navigation, this country would have been deprived by the proposed duty. The tax of 1s. a-head on all passengers would have doubled, in most cases, in many quadrupled the expense of water conveyance. At the numerous ferries which intersect the Western Highlands, it would have operated as a complete and impassable barrier. With so little local knowledge was this tax originally imposed, that the same duty was laid on a passenger on crossing an inconsiderable ferry, as on a voyage from Edinburgh to London, and the total produce of the tax estimated at L.100,000—whereas it was ascertained, that, in the Frith of Forth *alone*, its amount would be L.13,000 a-year.

It may be added that this was a tax levied peculiarly, and almost exclusively, on the best and most innocent enjoyments of the poor. Many other luxuries degrade the life, and ruin the character, of the lower orders. Tobacco brutalizes their habits, spirits poison the mind as well as weaken the body; but the cheap travelling which steam-navigation introduced produced nothing but beneficial effects. For the pale and sickly mechanic or operative workman to escape from the smoke and contagion of cities, and visit the tranquil and beautiful scenes of the country, was an enjoyment to all of the most innocent, to some of the most elevating kind. None could be brutalized by visiting Inverary, Loch Lomond, or Loch Ness; many might

be wakened by such unlooked-for gratification to a sense of the baseness of sensual and the superiority of intellectual enjoyment. The same Budget which proposed to burden these innocent and elevating enjoyments, rendered it cheaper to chew and smoke tobacco; and this was the system of the partisans of intellectual improvement, and the friends of the poor!

Such is the celebrated Whig Budget; now happily extinct, except as a monument of rash and ill-considered legislation, and as a warning to future times of what may be anticipated from the continued influence of the same interests which have produced this abortion.

The explanation of this measure is to be found in the words with which Lord Althorpe concluded his speech introducing it: "This Budget will be liked by the manufacturers, but not by the fundholder." Ministers were quite aware that they were trenching on the interests both of the capitalist and of the merchant; that they were taxing the colonies, and breaking faith with the public creditor; but they were willing to incur their displeasure to secure the favour of the manufacturers. Such is the consequence of being governed by an administration, who rest on popular favour, and are impelled to sacrifice the best interests of the empire to maintain their interest with the populace in the great cities.

It is in this view, that the consideration of the late Budget is chiefly of value. It points to the course of policy which has been adopted by a popular, and *must be followed up* by a reforming ministry. The same causes, which, in opposition to principle, philosophy, and expedience, compelled the cabinet into the proposed measures of finance, must operate with increased force, when additional power is given to the popular voice, and greater sway to the manufacturing interest in the legislature.

The important and vital fact that *two-thirds* of the whole population of Great Britain are engaged in trade and manufactures, and only *one-third* in the cultivation of the soil,* is decisive on this point. The increasing

* Population Returns, 1821.

preponderance of the manufacturing over the agricultural interest, has long been felt in the legislature; but under the new system of introducing all the householders inhabiting a house rented at L.10 a-year and upwards, it will evidently become overwhelming. What the measures are which they will *force* upon government may be judged of by those which were adopted to *conciliate* their good-will. Confiscation of the funds, under the name of taxes on transfers or on equitable adjustment; the withdrawing of all protecting duties on the produce of the colonies: the sacrifice of every other interest, to furnish cheap articles of necessity or convenience, to the sovereign multitude in the towns of the empire, will and must be the future policy of the government. The landed interest will be sacrificed by a repeal of the corn laws to procure their favour by the cheap price of bread; the Canadas will be lost, in the attempt to throw open the trade in timber; the West Indies in the conflagration consequent on the sudden emancipation of the negroes, or in the losses arising from a free trade in sugar; the East India interest, deprived of the exclusive trade to China, will be reduced to the doubtful and perilous sovereignty of a distant continent. These effects may not all follow at once—considerable periods may elapse between each successive step; but their ultimate establishment under a reformed parliament is as certain as that night succeeds day.

The facts, that a large proportion of the members of the House of Commons who voted against Ministers on the Timber question, supported them on Reform; that the Funds maintain their value notwithstanding the tempest with which they are menaced; that the city of London

has returned all its members not only in the reforming, but the radical interest; and that the landed freeholders have almost everywhere returned reforming candidates at the late elections, are among the most extraordinary incidents of this eventful age. They demonstrate how little the march of intellect has added to the real knowledge of mankind, and how scanty is the stock of political information in the world, notwithstanding the incessant discussions of the newspapers. The fundholders fondly imagine that their dividends will be as regularly paid by a reformed as a constitutional Parliament: the shipping owners, that the interest of navigation will be as steadily adhered to by the sovereign multitude as by the ancient and stable British Government: the colonial proprietors, that the vast fabric of the empire will be as securely held together by the unstable many, as the stable few; the farmers, that the interests of agriculture will be as well attended to in the Chapel of St Stephen by the delegates of the manufacturers, as the representatives of the landed property. On they go like a flock of sheep, supporting each other in the cry for reform, until at length they have returned a Parliament composed of such materials, that even a reforming administration tremble for the consequences. All this has taken place at the very time that the warning fire of revolution was devastating the European continent; and in the lifetime of the very generation who had witnessed the church, the colonies, the commerce, and the landed estates of France, perish in the first gales of their reformed assembly. Well might the Chancellor Oxenstiern exclaim—*Videte quam parva sapientia regitur mundus.*

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.*

NEXT morning, we proceeded towards the Spanish headquarters, provided with horses through the kindness of the Captain of the outpost, and preceded by a guide on an ass. He was a *moreno*, or man of colour, who, in place of bestriding his beast, gathered his limbs under him, and sat crosslegged on it like a tailor; so that when you saw the two "end on," the effect was laughable enough, the flank and tail of the ass appearing to constitute the lower part of the man, as if he had been a sort of composite animal, like the ancient satyr. The road traversed a low swampy country, from which the rank moisture arose in a hot palpable mist, and crossed several shallow lagoons, from two to six feet deep of tepid, muddy, brackish water, some of them half a mile broad, and swarming with wild waterfowl. On these occasions, our friend the Satyr was signalled to make sail ahead on his donkey to pilot us; and as the water deepened, he would betake himself to swimming in its wake, holding on by the tail, and shouting, "*Cuidado Burrico, Cuidado que no te ahogas.*"

While passing through the largest of these, we noticed several calabashes about pistol-shot on our right; and as we fancied one of them bobbed now and then, it struck me they might be Indian fishing-floats. To satisfy my curiosity, I hauled my wind, and leaving the track we were on, swam my horse towards the group. The two first that I lifted had nothing attached to them, but proved to be what I thought they were, merely empty gourds floating before the wind; but when I tried to seize the largest, it eluded my grasp in a most incomprehensible manner, and slid away astern of me with a curious hollow gabbling sort of noise, whereupon my palfrey snorted and reared, and nearly capsize me over his bows. What a noble fish, thought I, as I tacked in chase, but my *Bucephalus* refused to face it. I therefore bore up to join

my companions again; but in requital of the disappointment, smashed the gourd in passing with the stick I held in my hand, when, to my unutterable surprise, and amidst shouts of laughter from our *moreno*, the head and shoulders of an Indian, with a quantity of sedges tied round his neck, and buoyed up by half-a-dozen dead teal fastened by the legs to his girdle, started up before me. "*Ave Maria, purisima!* you have broken my head, señor." But as the vegetable helmet had saved his skull, of itself possibly none of the softest, a small piece of money spliced the feud between us; and as he fitted his pate with another calabash, preparatory to resuming his cruise, he joined in our merriment, although from a different cause.— "What *can* these English simpletons see so very comical in a poor Indian catching wild-ducks?"

Shortly after, we entered a forest of magnificent trees, whose sombre shade, on first passing from the intolerable glare of the sun, seemed absolute darkness. The branches were alive with innumerable tropical birds and insects, and were laced together by a thick tracery of withes, along which a guana would occasionally dart, coming nearest of all the reptiles I had seen to the shape of the fabled dragon.

But how different from the clean stems, and beautiful green sward of our English woods! Here, you were confined to a quagmire by impervious underwood of prickly pear, penquin, and speargrass; and when we rode under the drooping branches of the trees, that the leaves might brush away the halo of mosquitoes, flying ants, and other winged plagues that buzzed about our temples, we found, to our dismay, that we had made bad worse by the introduction of a whole colony of *garapatos*, or wood-ticks, into our eyebrows and hair. At length we reached the headquarters at Torrecilla, and were well received by the Spanish commander-in-chief, a tall, good-looking, soldier-

* See "A Scene on the Costa Firme," in Number for January last.

like man, whose personal qualities had an excellent foil in the captain-general of the province, whom at first I took for a dancing-master, or, at the best, *perruquier en general* to the staff.

After being furnished with food and raiment, we retired to our *quattres*, a most primitive sort of couch, being a simple wooden frame, with a piece of canvass stretched over it. However, if we had no mattresses, we had none of the disagreeables often incidental to them, and fatigue proved a good opiate, for we slept soundly until the drums and trumpets of the troops, getting under arms, awoke us at daylight. The army was under weigh to occupy Carthage, which had fallen through famine, and we had no choice but to accompany it.

I knew nothing of the misery of a siege but by description; the reality even to me, case-hardened as I was by my own recent sufferings, was dreadful. We entered by the gate of the *raval*, or suburb. There was not a living thing to be seen in the street; the houses had been pulled down, that the fire of the place might not be obstructed in the event of a lodgement in the outwork. We passed on, the military music echoing mournfully amongst the ruined walls, to the main gate, or *Puerto de Tierra*, which was also open, and the drawbridge lowered. Under the archway, we saw a delicate female, worn to the bone, and weak as an infant, gathering garbage of the most loathsome description, the possession of which had been successfully disputed by a carrion crow. A little farther on, the bodies of an old man and two small children were putrefying in the sun, while beside them lay a miserable, wasted, dying negro, vainly endeavouring to keep at a distance with a palm branch, a number of the same obscene birds that were already devouring the carcass of one of the infants; before two hours, the faithful servant, and those he attempted to defend, were equally the prey of the disgusting *gallinaso*. The houses, as we proceeded, appeared entirely deserted, except where a solitary spectrelike inhabitant appeared at a balcony, and feebly exclaimed, "*Viva, los Espanoles! Viva, Fernando Septimo!*"—

We saw no domestic animal whatsoever, not even a cat or a dog; but I will not dwell on these horrible details any longer.

One morning, shortly after our arrival, as we strolled beyond the land gate, we came to a place where four *banquillos* (a sort of short bench or stool, with an upright post at one end firmly fixed into the ground), were placed opposite a dead wall. They were painted black, and we were not left long in suspense as to their use; for solemn music, and the roll of muffled drums in the distance, were fearful indications of what we were to witness.

First came an entire regiment of Spanish infantry, which, filing off, formed three sides of a square,—the wall near which the *banquillos* were placed forming the fourth; then eight priests; and as many choristers chanting the service for the dying; next came several mounted officers of the staff, and four firing parties of twelve men each. Three Spanish American prisoners followed, dressed in white, with crucifixes in their hands, each supported, more dead than alive, by two priests; but when the fourth victim appeared, we could neither look at nor think of any thing else.

On enquiry we found he was an Englishman, of the name of S—, English that is, in all except the place of his birth, for his whole education had been English, as were his parents and all his family; but it came out, accidentally I believe, on his trial, that he had been *born* at Buenos Ayres, and having joined the patriots, this brought treason home to him, which he was now led forth to expiate. Whilst his fellow-sufferers appeared crushed down to the very earth, under their intense agony, so that they had to be supported as they tottered towards the place of execution, he stepped firmly and manfully out, and seemed impatient when at any time, from the crowding in front, the procession was obliged to halt. At length they reached the fatal spot, and his three companions in misery being placed astride on the *banquillos*, their arms were placed round the upright posts, and fastened to them with cords, *their backs being towards the soldiers*. Mr S— walked firmly up to the vacant bench, knelt down,

and covering his face with his hands, rested his head on the edge of it. For a brief space he seemed to be engaged in prayer, during which he sobbed audibly, but soon recovering himself he rose, and folding his arms across his breast, sat down slowly and deliberately on the *banquillo*, facing the firing party with an unshrinking eye.

He was now told that he must turn his back and submit to be tied like the others. He resisted this, but on force being attempted to be used, he sprung to his feet, and stretching out his hand, while a dark red flush passed transiently across his pale face, he exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Thus, thus, and not otherwise, you *may* butcher me, but I am an Englishman and no traitor, nor will I die the death of one." Moved by his gallantry the soldiers withdrew, and left him standing. At this time the sun was intensely hot, it was high noon, and the monk who attended Mr S— held an umbrella over his head; but the preparations being completed, he kissed him on both cheeks, while the hot tears trickled down his own, and was stepping back, when the unhappy man said to him, with the most perfect composure, "*Todavía padre, todavía, mucho me gusta la sombra.*" But the time *had* arrived, the kindhearted monk was obliged to retire. The signal was given, and they were as clods of the valley—"Truly," quoth old Splinter, "*a man does sometimes become a horse by being born in a stable.*"

Some time after this we were allowed to go to the village of Turbaco, a few miles distant from the city, for change of air. On the third morning after our arrival, about the dawning, I was suddenly awakened by a shower of dust on my face, and a violent shaking of the bed, accompanied by a low grumbling unearthly noise, which seemed to pass immediately under where I lay. Were I to liken it to any thing I had ever experienced before, it would be to the lumbering and tremor of a large waggon in a tempestuous night, heard and felt through the thin walls of a London house.—Like—yet how fearfully different.

In a few seconds the motion ceased, and the noise gradually died away in hollow echoes in the distance—

whereupon ensued such a crowing of cocks, cackling of geese, barking of dogs, lowing of kine, neighing of horses, and shouting of men, women, and children, amongst the negro and coloured domestics, as baffles all description, whilst the various white inmates of the house (the rooms, for air and coolness, being without ceiling, and simply divided by partitions run up about ten feet high) were, one and all, calling to their servants and each other, in accents which did not by any means evince great composure. In a moment this hubbub again sank into the deepest silence—man, and the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, became mute with breathless awe, at the impending tremendous manifestation of the power of that Almighty Being in whose hands the hills are as a very little thing—for the appalling voice of the earthquake was once more heard growling afar off, like distant thunder mingling with the rushing of a mighty wind, waxing louder and louder as it approached, and upheaving the sure and firm set earth into long undulations, as if its surface had been the rolling swell of the fathomless ocean. The house rocked, pictures of saints fell from the walls, tables and chairs were overturned, the window frames were forced out of their embrasures and broken in pieces, beams and rafters groaned and screamed, crushing the tiles of the roof into ten thousand fragments. In several places the ground split open into chasms a fathom wide, with an explosion like a cannon shot; the very foundation of the house seemed to be sinking under us; and whilst men and women rushed like maniacs naked into the fields, with a yell as if the Day of Judgment had arrived, and the whole brute creation, in an agony of fear, made the most desperate attempts to break forth from their enclosures into the open air, the end wall of my apartment was shaken down; and falling outwards with a deafening crash, disclosed, in the dull grey mysterious twilight of morning, the huge knarled trees that overshadowed the building, bending and groaning, amidst clouds of dust, as if they had been tormented by a tempest, although the air was calm and motionless as death.

THE LORD ADVOCATE ON REFORM.

It has long been a *questio vexata* with moralists, whether greatness of mind be most severely tried by prosperity or adversity. We have now the finest opportunity afforded us that ever befell philosophers of lulling it into perpetual peace. For we, who a few months ago were sitting like a bright young bridegroom blackbird on the topmost twig of the tree of felicity, making the woods ring with our song, are now sitting like an old sick widower crow at its foot, incapable even of a caw, and deepening the gloom with that of our dishevelled plumage that bears tokens both of Erebus and Friesland.

"Surely you don't say so?" whispers, with the sweetest of all susururs, the Pensive Public. "Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!" continueth she the silver-trumpet-tongued; and responding, "Christopher is himself again!" we spring suddenly to our feet, and exult to feel, what all the world sees, that still doth our "stature reach the sky!"—that even in these days there are giants.

One thing at least is already manifest, (and our enemies, we do hope, will not fail bitterly to abuse us for it,) that our high opinion of ourselves is not lowered by the Decline and Fall of that Tory Empire of which we yet are the head. Perhaps Decline and Fall are words too Gibbonian for the occasion; and we should be speaking more correctly, perhaps, were we to say, the Dismemberment or Partition of Toryland. Those provinces which had been wrested from us by the Radicals, our valour has already more than half-rescued from their gripe—and we fear not but that the issue of this opening campaign will be the restoration to us, their lawful monarch, of the other provinces now in the possession of the Whigs. And thus the Empire will, as of old, maintain the balance of power in Europe, and put an end for ever to that kicking of the beam so offensive to the ear of blindfolded Justice.

Our high opinion of ourselves, we say, has not been lowered; and pray why should it? It has—pardon the expression—been highered; and when we look around us on the general madness, and listen to its ra-

vings, you can have no conception of the united sense of glory and of gratitude which lifts us up above—but not aloof from—that unhappy mass of mankind. "The general madness sayest thou, friend?" quoth a Quaker. "Yea, verily, the general madness," is our prompt reply; and we are prevented but by our unconquerable courtesy from adding, that of all the insane now shouting under the epidemic, Broadbrim himself is the most conspicuously absurd, bawling for reform in a garb that holds the prophetic soul of the wide world "dreaming of things to come," at such defiance as, had she any sense of the ludicrous, would long ere now have made her split her sides with inextinguishable laughter.

Whatever, then, be the true nature of the predicament in which we—who seem to be in what Brother Jonathan would call a pretty considerable minority—are now placed,—and whatever the feelings which now agitate our secret hearts,—you see we are resolved at least to put on a cheerful phiz, and not to die either of the dumps or the mumps, or any other of the dismal. Such is the natural and acquired obstinacy—or, in other words, the heroic hilarity of our hearts, that a thousand times rather would we be what we are, a poor placeless Tory, who came into this world with a wooden ladle in his mouth, than any one of the devil's dozen of my Lord Grey's rich kith and kin Whigs, who are now reveling in place or pension, and who, to the astonishment of their respective accoucheurs, made their successful debut on the stage of life each with a silver spoon in his sucking organ.

We know that the downfall of Christopher North would rejoice the savage souls of the British Jacobins now, as intensely as the downfall of Paris rejoiced the savage souls of the French Jacobins at the Revolution. If things keep progressing, we shall not be at all surprised to find ourselves, on some fine sunny summer morning—guillotined. Let all then who love us and themselves prevent things from progressing; and thus the properties and persons of Tories—that is, all those blessings

that make life desirable—and all those Christians who are worthy of enjoying them—may be preserved inviolate—in bright succession—in *secula seculorum*.

What are the Tories about? Answer that question they who can; for it is one of the few to which we must pause for a reply. Where is the Tory-Press? The only one we know is in Messrs Ballantyne's printing-office, and even now the happy engine has the ever-young and blooming Maga in his arms. He cannot contain himself in his ecstasy; but tells the secret of their loves to the whole court by a clanking and creaking that disturbs the peace, and threatens to shake the foundation of the establishment. What a contrast he to the lazy lubber in the adjacent chamber, shamming sleep with old faded Blue and Yellow at his back, who, dying of vexation, solicits in vain one feeble pressure once a-quarter! Were there a few more such nymphs as Maga in the world, and a few more such patent presses, soon would Toryism flourish like a green bay-tree, while the Loves and Graces, the Sciences and the Virtues, would lead choral-dancers round its trunk, and duly Morn and Eve celebrate beneath its shade their blameless orgies. The whole island would be a perfect Picardy; and one continuous Noctes Ambrosianæ (grumble not at the grammar) rule the year, that would not then miss the unneeded sun, and forget the dull day in those ineffable nocturnal splendours.

What are the Tories about? we again ask, and again pause for a reply. Where are their pens that used to be like poniards? Why sleep the assassins? Has death dethroned the Old Man of the Mountain? Extinguished are the royal race of Tory Anonymi—the viewless spirits who for ages have kept the golden rim that rounds the temples of our King from being torn from his forehead, and trampled under reforming and revolutionary feet? We call on them to UNFURL THEIR STANDARDS. One, however glorious, is not enough. Let them “Post to their revenge.” Roar every John Bull as if he were of Bashan. Be every banner-staff of Ebony—difficult to bend and impossible to break—true Blackwood; tempered be every blade in the

Thames, the Tweed, or the Shannon—the charge be with heads of columns—Christopher North Generalissimo of the allied armies—and our power shall level their long array like a storm laneing a forest.

We have for a long time past been sick of being never abused. What can everybody mean by nobody cursing Blackwood? The time was—’tis like the indistinct memory of a dream—a dream too like that of a region supposed by some to lie in the bowels of the earth, long to last on its surface—when all of woman born seemed to have entered into a solemn league and covenant to make Maga a monster. The Gentleman in Black, in their imagination, was a beauty to the Lady in Brown. Horns she had not, nor yet a tail; but such a face—such a head—and such a tongue in it! Why, the Fates, the Furies, the Harpies, and the Gorgons, in the world's diseased fancy, made but one Venus, Love's goddess on Mount Ida, in comparison with Maga, a hell-cat from the kingdom of Pluto, who, at the instance of Proserpine, (jealous,) had expelled her for sake of the peace of his doleful dominions. But now—we could shed tears to think of it, fast as “Arabian trees their medicinal gum”—we are, alas! looked on as human; our infernal is lost in our earthly; nay, some charitable single souls, if not whole sects, have publicly hinted their suspicions that we may be Christians; and one spirit beyond the present age—for which the future will vote him canonization—has boldly declared, that not only have we a soul to be saved, but that saved it is, and that in due time we shall go to heaven.

All this is mortifying exceedingly; yet mourn we not as those who have no hope. The bloody old Times may yet fall foul on us; the foggy Morning Chronicle yet shower its cold blast of sleet in our faces; the Herald cease the paltry sidewind war of the interpolation of our articles, and boldly proclaim our general infamy; the Globe, and all which it inherit, doom us, like Bellerophon, to “roam forlorn that sad Aleian field;” the Luminary, whom nobody must dare to call false, strike us with a *coup de soleil*; the Atlas, whose place must be no sinecure,

make us an exception, and drop us from his world-supporting shoulder into a sea of penal fires; that lynx-eyed Minos, the Examiner, pry into our very heart, visited, as he once generously admitted it to be, with "occasional gleams of feeling," and sift our chaffy consciences, "desitute," as he once justly asserted them to be, of "principles, and leave us not the likeness of a dog or a Diogenes; while the Spectator, who, t'other day, perspicuously expressed his wonder, and obscurely his disappointment, that the Edinburgh mob did not roll the seventeen citizens, who elected Mr Dundas member of the city instead of Mr Jeffrey, in the kennel all the way down that magnificent inclined plane ycleped Leith Walk, and then cleanse them in the surgy Thetis, will, we would fain hope, with an intelligent countenance, stand smiling by, while a pulk or puke of Whigs, and a rag of Radicals, assailing Christopher in a fine fit of heroic patriotism akin to that which they felt who of yore exclaimed, "Oh! for a single hour of great Dundee!" attempt—perhaps to their own discomfiture—to drown the "old man eloquent" in the sea of oblivion.

Yes! we trust to Providence that there is "a brow time coming," and that we shall yet escape on wings from beneath the intolerable weight of almost universal and grievous praise, up into the troubled air of general and gross abuse, in which we shall career like an eagle among the murky clouds. How often we have compared ourself to an eagle—and yet everytime with a new and various twinkle of our wing—so *dissimilis*, but not *impar sibi*, is genius—it is not for us, but for the admiring world, to attempt in vain to enumerate. In our hands well fareth it with eagle as with ship. Within the last two months, in and out of Pratement—we beg pardon for that *lapsus lingue*—Parliament—some grosses of times hath the state been figured by a ship. Sir James Graham, most elegant of land-lubbers, was succeeded in that image by Sir Joseph Yorke—Heaven hold his honest soul! for he was himself,

"A frigate tight and brave, as ever stemmed the dashing wave;"

and many eyes wept—our own among the number—when we heard the gallant old admiral had gone down, and that his "last sea-fight was o'er!" Not a fresh-water sailor, in prate or print, in House, magazine, or review, but must have a shy, forsooth, at the ship. Lord pity their squeamish stomachs, and sea-sick souls! Not one of them all know the meaning of "abaft the binnacle" but old Christopher North, who was once captain of the fore-top (we have run a rig or two in our time) "on board the Arethusa," when she sailed with Seymour, *Old Mick* as we used to call him, till the day we "floored that ere bloody Frenchman," and then *Old Nick*, ever after—a noble nickname—as we come right afore the wind, goose-wing fashion, with the best Forty-four in tow at our stern that ever left Brest; and had she not struck when almost sinking, why, then we should have prevented that, d'ye see, by blowing the sheer hulk out of the water—Old Christopher, we say, took up the image—for had he not many a time and oft admired the sea-nymph herself smiling a-top the cut-water—and with "a sailor's zest, a painter's eye, and a poet's fancy" (so said of our picture one who has too high a heart often to let his politics, though "blowing a gale," disturb the calm sea of literature) he launched the "SHIP OF THE STATE," manned, masted, rigged her; and then, having gotten her guns all to look straight out of the port-holes, we let slip our cable—seas running too fresh to be bothered with raising our anchor—and as "five hundred men on our decks did dance," why—dang it—the Old Boy laid her up to the wind's eye, close-hauled as ever you saw a wild-swan on his way from Norrway beating up again' an unexpected sou'wester, and sent her at ten knots snoring through the swell like a sea-serpent.—Hurrah, for the Arethusa!

Not a doubt of it. We shall not only be abused "along the line of limitless desires," almost to the unapproachable point of contentment; but we see, or think we see, the dawn of promise of a general massacre of Maga and her contributors. For who are likely now to be our enemies? High Whigs and low Whigs—Radicals and root-and-branchers—

the lineal descendants of King Lud leading on the whole power of Cockneydom, from the floating scum of scamps to the settled dregs—

“The black, infernal, cold, tartarean dregs, Adverse to life”—

all will soon be upon us, their ranks swelled by Tory trimmers, those avowed traitors who will also act as spies, divulge our camp, and by secret paths shew approaches to our position. But, after all, 'tis impregnable; and, whatever be the issue of the war, this is certain sure—that as soon as these our old friends are taken prisoners, which they will be some hour or other by a charge of cavalry that comes and goes like the lightning, we shall have infinite satisfaction in putting them to death with the most exquisite tortures, in sight of both armies enjoying a truce for sake of the spectacle. 'Twill be a delightful holiday. There you will see them—their ears and noses having first of course been cut off or slit—hanging with their heads downwards on a—But we must not anticipate. Suffice it to say, that they shall be gibbeted in a style that would please Tiberius, were the old gentleman alive; for the invention of a new pain surely shews the same genius, and deserves the same reward, as the invention of a new pleasure.

Pleasant, indeed, it is, far beyond our feeble powers of expression, to think of the variety of hostile feelings of which we shall be the object. Variety is, if not the soul, certainly the solace of life. Some will despise us, and we shall feel flattered by their contempt. True that 'twill be all pretence—but we shall not the less enjoy the folly because steeped in falsehood—for there is both preserve and pickle in lye. Others will seek to humble us into the worm-holes of the earth, by assuming ignorance, not only of our attributes, but of our being; and we think we see the ninny, with such hauteur curling on his lip as you might suppose Byron's to have shewn, had Byron become a Bauldy, and discovered that his egg was rotten, and hear him asking, “Christopher North? Ah! who is he, pray? I never heard of him before;”—when click from behind

comes the crutch on the deafest side of his empty knowledge-box; and though the blow be somewhat broken by the ear, it almost, at one and the same time, communicates and takes away the desired information. Others, again, though armed against us with dag and dagger—sword and spear—shield and buckler—pistol, musket, rifle, carbine, and blunderbuss—horrent with all the points of war—keep stealing from bush to bush—like hungry wild beasts in thickets—awatch for the moment when within shot our back is turned, to nail us from afar; for these are the pale sons of fear—and bite their lips and thumbs at us in the cruelty of cowardice, which, were we dead and cold, would fain lap our coagulated heart's-blood. And, last of all, lo! those who hate us with such a perfect hatred, that at the very thought of us their black bile boils—at the sight of us their livers quiver like a shrivelled hemlock-leaf—and the wretched Whigs—if such compact be not sworn already on other grounds—would sell their souls to Satan, so that we were but—dead. “Sincerity, thou first of virtues!” for thy sake, we almost love them that hate us—for in that, if in nothing else, sincere are their souls as Venetian glass—like it, too, clearly seen through—and like it at the touch of their own poison, see how they fall into shivers!

We are doomed to be in perpetual opposition. Long, long ago, when “her auld cloak was new,” Maga was the most ministerial of monthlies—she basked in the smiles of Premiers—lauded was she by First Lords of the Treasury; and Majesty itself shook its royal sides, to the genuine doric of Sir A. Barnard, one of the brightest and bravest of men, reading aloud to Great George's ear the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Loyal is she still, though the times are changed; and renewing her oath of fealty, she lays our crutch and knout at the foot of the throne. Let our king but say the word—and both shall flourish. On that crutch the House of Hanover shall yet lean—for Blackwood is the bold Brunswick who rejoices in the name of William. And as for the other instrument, let his Majesty but give us

the sign manual—and his enemies shall have the knout—the whole knout—and nothing but the knout.

The chief of those enemies, we cannot help considering his Majesty's present Ministers. They seem to think themselves secure in their seats—but why so much sky between breech and saddle? Of that style of horsemanship we may say, "This will never do." The First Lord of the Treasury is like the tailor riding to Brentford. Soon will they, one and all, be saddle-sick—and with philanthropic alacrity shall we run to stop their unruly Rozinantes, and even to assist them to dismount.

Our Sailor-King may possibly think them loyal; but his unsuspecting spirit will ere long discover its mistake. What is bred in the bone will shew itself in the flesh; and by and by his present adulators will shew him the same reverential love with which they smoothed the deathbed of his brother, which fell like light and like balm on the grey locks of his old sire's head, and on the sightless orbs of his eyes that rolled in vain in search of one sun-ray to cheer or sense or soul. Their character of that sire we dare not repeat; but without danger, or, we hope, offence, we may remind his Majesty, that the Lord High Chancellor of England, and his less famous friend, "the Attorney," have said that he is the brother of Nero. "The Advocate," too—he whom the Edinburgh mob always designate by the simple circumlocution of "the Right Honourable Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland," once read this loyal lesson to Cobbett—which both parties perhaps have now forgotten, but which is embalmed in the Blue and Yellow:—"Is it too much to say that the zealous advocate of the Bourbons, and of all their connexions, might have been expected to speak of the sons of his sovereign in terms of less contempt and acrimony? His observations on the Dukes of York and Clarence, though we had no great objections to their substance, are certainly too much in the style of the professed enemies of royalty." The critic on Cobbett had no great objections to the substance of the observations. And what was it? Such brutal abuse as left the Dukes of York and Clarence hardly the

common nature of man. Princes, indeed!—they were, in Cobbett's eyes, but cutpurses of the empire. Yet some few Englishmen may perhaps agree with us in thinking that a professed enemy of royalty is a better subject than a sneaking one who insinuates his scorn of the sons of his king into a hypocritical reproof of their reviler.

Has the nation forgotten the rumours circulated by the Whigs on the death of the late King—that there were reasons why a Regency might be of advantage to the kingdom? Strange notions had they then of the modern Alfred—but they were not, like Cobbett of old, "professed enemies of royalty," and therefore, "though they had no great objections to the substance" of those rumours, they circulated them silently, and with uplifted eyes and shrugging shoulders—the language which traitors love. And as for his Majesty's family—did not the "Leading Journal of Europe," the hand-organ now and foot-ally of the Ministry, insult and shame them on their birth, and threaten them, if they dared to shew their faces either on high or open places, to brand Illegitimate on their forehead? And has not the same slave, at the bidding of his master's beck—for a freedman he will never be who is basely in love with bonds—has not the same slave of many masters shouted forth his pride on the elevation to an earldom of the very person whose high talents, stainless honour, and many accomplishments, half a year ago, could not save him, in a private station, from being dragged before the public by this infamous hireling, and held up to the scorn of the country, because he was the son of the King?

Yes—we are doomed to be in perpetual opposition. That budget of itself doth make Antis of us all. As Pandora's box contained all evils—so did it all blunders. And what will the same blockheads be about, does the nation suppose, when they have settled—if ever that be—the Question of Reform? The Bill, and the whole Bill, perhaps we are to have; but is it indeed true that we are to have nothing but the Bill? On such provender the people will starve. Yet, what other good shall

we get from the Incapables, who know not even how to offer the nation a pinch of snuff, or a quid of tobacco? These are, in some sort, the loathsome luxuries of life. But wait till the Imbeciles attempt to lay a tax on *Necessaries*—and then their measures will stink in the nostrils of the whole nation. In Scotland—unless it be very severe indeed—the tax will be little productive; and if it be very severe indeed—why there will be a Rebellion after a Revolution, Reform on the back of Reform, out will turn the Whigs, in the Tories; the justly obnoxious tax—the reverse of a poll one—will be taken off in the midst of the most extraordinary vociferations, and the country will be saved.

The Ready-Reckoner has other figures to sum up—and other ciphers to set down—besides those that appear upon the Bills of Reform. But not a single soul among all the Whigs has encountered Cocker but Joseph Hume; he is not a flaming minister; and many an error of omission and commission drops from his pen as he summeth up the “tottle of the whole.” But we must have another Budget. The old bag is burst past mending, nor will the only Sadler in the House stitch up the gaping wound. Worse still, the contents have been all scattered on the floor—the winds of Derision have wafted, and the besom of Destruction has swept them clean away—and the abortive Budget evaporated in steam and smoke.

So much for the Headpiece—now for the Body—and by and by—the Tail of our Article. If either article or animal have a good headpiece, he may be easy about his body, and almost indifferent about his tail. Yet all three are essential to a perfect article or animal, for every production, either of Nature or of Art, should, like an epic poem, have a beginning, a middle, and an end. That our Article has had a beginning, nobody will deny—now let us rush in *medias res*—and pulling up at the eighth page, as on the successful completion of a trotting-match, for that distance, at the rate of three minutes to the mile, you might suppose that prince of sportsmen, Mr Osbaldestone, on Miss Turner, Rattler, or Tom Thumb, we shall then exhi-

bit the nether end of our Article in comparative repose, just like that gentleman walking his tit into the nearest market town.

All persons who are now of opinion that Parliament needs but little reform, and all who are averse to such reform as his Majesty and his Ministers now propose giving us, are set down by that reforming Ministry, and their unreformed adherents, as enemies of the King, the country, and the constitution. Now, the Three Bills are not yet three months old—they are not so much as stirks—mere calves; and let us hear how some of their chief eulogists used to express themselves on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, before these abortions baa'd. Let us begin and end, for the present, with one of the most eminent and able of them all—the Lord Advocate. Seventeen thousand signatures lately bore attestation to his character as a consistent, steady, and enlightened Friend of Reform. As the proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it, so does the proof of his Lordship's politics lie in the reading of them; and, therefore, without questioning the knowledge of the Deacons of the Tailors, Dyers, and Bonnet-makers, let us see if its accuracy be as correct as its range is extensive; and ascertain, from chapter and verse, whether or no their faith, which is that of the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, coincide with the faith of Mr Jeffrey, as for upwards of twenty years it was elaborately and periodically expounded in the celebrated Blue and Yellow, the far-famed Edinburgh Review.

We shall not weary the Deacons by any lengthened analysis of the first two articles—able both—that by implication discussed the subject of Parliamentary Reform in that Journal. We refer the Deacons to them, in two early numbers of the work with which they are so familiar, under the titles of “Memoires de Bailly” and “Filangieri on Legislation.” In the first of these two excellent articles—written by Mr Brougham—but which Mr Jeffrey, in a subsequent article, makes his own, by giving us, with complete acquiescence in all its doctrines, a very elegant abridgement—the highest, and we believe the justest, panegyric is

pronounced on the British constitution as it then existed, now exists, and we fear, ere a few months elapse, will exist no more. Here is that elegant abridgement.

"On a former occasion we endeavoured to shew, that the most perfect representative legislature must be that which united in itself the greatest proportion of the effective aristocracy of the country, or contained the greatest proportion of the individuals who actually swayed the opinions of the people, by means of their birth, wealth, talents, or popular qualities. In this way, it was attempted to be shewn, that the nation was ultimately governed by the same individuals who, in their separate capacities, could have directed the sentiments of a very large majority; and that this was the only way in which the opinions and wishes of the people could be practically represented. Now, upon this footing alone, as it is evident that rank, fortune, and official situation, are among the most powerful of the means by which men are enabled individually to influence the opinions and conduct of those around them, so it follows that those qualifications should have their due share in returning members of the legislature; and that the government could not otherwise be either stable or respectable. The real power of every country is vested in what we have called its effective aristocracy; and that country is the happiest, in which the aristocracy is most numerous and most diversified as to the sources of its influence; that government the most suitable, secure, and beneficial, which is exercised most directly by the mediation of this aristocracy. In a country where rank, wealth, and office, constitute the chief sources of influence over individuals, it is proper that rank, wealth, and office, should make the greatest number of its legislators."

Such is (was) Mr Brougham's and Mr Jeffrey's Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth; and it was, they thought, realized in the British constitution. Mr Jeffrey says—"Now, without pretending to justify the irregularities which certainly subsist in our system of representation, and without *arguing* on the probable effects of these irregularities, we would merely ask, Whether it can be denied, in

point of *fact*, that our Parliament, as it is now constituted, does actually possess the requisites which we have just now specified, and does actually perform the functions on which its substantial value depends? In spite of placemen and pensioners, and purchasers of boroughs, and nominees of lords, the House of Commons unquestionably contains a sufficient number and variety of persons to represent all the different opinions, and maintain all the different views of policy, which exist in the country at large. There is no sentiment so democratical—no accusation so uncourtly—no interest so local—but it finds there a voice to support and assist it."

Now, we ask the Deacons what they say to that panegyric on Parliament? Might they not imagine that this was not the logic of Francis Jeffrey—but of Christopher North? Had these been the opinions of the Lord Advocate too—then there is no saying but that the Seventeen might have elected his lordship instead of Mr Dundas. But, Deacons! do you call this backing the Bill? Deacons! do you persist in praising the consistency of his Lordship's "political literature?" Deacons! if this be Parliament, what need of Reform? Deacons! if this be not Parliament, when did it lose its virtues? Deacons! if such never were its virtues, why so indiscriminate in your eulogies on the "political literature" of the Man of the People?

In the article on Filangieri on Legislation, we find opinions equally enlightened, and equally panegyric on the constitution of our of late so much abused Parliament—that constitution of Parliament which so dissatisfies our Deacons. Thus the Reviewer saith—"If we think more lightly than others of some celebrated parts of our constitution, we are not less persuaded than they are of its intrinsic durability. We look less to the letter of the law than the real spirit and form of the general system. The whole British Constitution has undergone a mighty change in the last century: it has *settled*, to use the builder's phrase; it has shifted its centre of gravity; and the political theorems of past times are no longer applicable to it. *Maximus novator tempus*. The hand of the great Re-

former has passed over the fabric." There is one Deacon in particular who will feel the beauty of the builder's phrase, "*it has settled;*" and who will understand the danger, as well as the folly of tampering with an edifice "which has shifted its centre of gravity." Who ever denied it was founded on a rock? Why then touch it at all? Or, Deacon! if thou dost, must it not be with a gentle hand, "for there is a spirit in the stones;" and methinks we hear those at the corners pleading trumpet-tongued against "the deep damnation of their taking off." All the Eleven Deacons, and all the Eleven Thousand Signatures, know who was Filangieri. The Editor of the Edinburgh Review feared him for that he was a reformer; and shewed, somewhat scornfully, certain strong reasons why no reformer should on an edifice "that had settled" lay his sacrilegious hands.

But perhaps the Eleven Deacons, and the Seventeen Thousand Signatures have forgot all they ever knew—were it little or much—about Jean Sylvian Bailly and Gaetano Filangieri—and are more at home on William Cobbett. He has all along been a sad fellow—and Mr Jeffrey once on a time gave him such a dressing, that the Edinburgh Deacons of those days thought he never could survive it, but would give up together the Political Register and the Ghost? But William Cobbett lived on, and so did Francis Jeffrey; and by some of those strange chances and changes that happen with all men, the Lord Advocate now not only holds the very self-same political principles for which he formerly strove to extinguish the fretful Peter Porcupine, after having first plucked out, as he supposed, all his quills, but vehemently striveth he with tongue, tooth, and nail, to make them the law of the land and the constitution of the state. Were the Deacons aware of this when they were concocting their petitions in panegyric of the uniform consistency of the "political literature" of their unchangeable man?

Why so fiercely raged then Mr Jeffrey against Mr Cobbett; yea, even as if he were seeking to devour him like a roaring lion? Verily, because—to use the words of the Great Unchangeable—Mr Cobbett had striven

"in the recent numbers of his Political Register to spread abroad a general discontent and disrespect for the constitution, usages, principles, and proceedings, of Parliament! to communicate a very exaggerated and unfair impression of the evils, abuses, and inconveniences which arise from the present system of government," &c. Mr Jeffrey was particularly shocked with the following passage about Parliament, which he quotes with much horror. "I see not the least room to suppose that any insinuations, however foul, can sink the character of the House in the opinion of the country. No, the House is not to be affected by insinuations of any sort. Its character has long been such as to set all insinuations at defiance. I venture to assert, that its character is far beyond the reach of detraction." "*After this,*" quoth Mr Jeffrey, "we need not quote any of his sneers at the *honourable* House." "Still less," he adds, "can it be necessary to retail any of his good old democratic sayings, as to the inadequacy of the representation," &c. All this was very wicked in Mr Cobbett, and we agree with Mr Jeffrey that such sneers were too intolerable to be retailed. But what thinks Mr Jeffrey of the following sneers—not from Mr Cobbett—but from a steam-engine called the Times, now in the service of that government of which the Lord Advocate is one of the staunchest friends and most faithful servants? "That enemy is now the usurper of the people's franchises—the cutpurses of the people's money—the robber of the public treasury under the forms of the law—of law enacted by the plunderer himself to favour his own extortion—his own systematic conversion of the fruits of other men's industry to selfish or criminal uses. When night after night borough-nominees rise to infest the proceedings of the House of Commons with arguments to justify their intrusion into it, and their continuance there, thus impudently maintaining what the lawyers call 'an adverse possession,' in spite of judgment against them, we really feel inclined to ask why the rightful owners of the House should be insulted by the presence of such unwelcome inmates? It is, beyond question, a piece of the broad-

est and coolest effrontery in the world, for these hired lackeys of public delinquents to stand up as advocates of the disgraceful service they are embarked in." That is but one specimen of the style of speech that for some months past has kept perpetually flowing from the hired and unhired friends of reform. It is as insolent as may be; but not nearly so savage as many thousand others that must have met the eyes of all persons who take up a newspaper. Sir Thomas Denman, the Attorney-General of England, in his place in the House of Commons, said that he could not say that the allegations in the above passage from the Times were not true. We see no discountenance of these and other greater atrocities, that in fact fill all the newspapers, the demi-ministerial ones especially, to the brim, frowned now from the Blue and the Yellow, which, on the contrary, smiles sweetly on all the villains and all their villainies, and reserves all its vituperation for the friends of that constitution which it once would have annihilated Cobbett for attacking, but which it now assails with enginery more powerful than could ever be in the hands of private men—enginery worked by his Majesty's ministers—a park of light artillery having been committed to the "Right Honourable Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland," under whose sharp and scientific eye it has been brought to play against the Constitution with beautiful and pernicious precision—till ere long a breach will be effected—and the radicals rushing on, in immense numbers, succeed, we fear, in overpowering the garrison, dispirited from hopelessness of succour or supplies, and at the very commencement of the siege deserted by the governor.

But what else and what more said Mr Cobbett of yore to kindle the patriotic rage of Mr Jeffrey? Why he said—and Mr Jeffrey is astounded at the statement—"that all the evils under which we were groaning are produced by the improper composition of the legislative bodies, and especially of the House of Commons." To refute this wicked assertion, Mr Jeffrey set himself to work like a hero as he was and is; and first of all boldly met the incendiary on this

his strongest position,—“that the members are not fairly chosen by the people, but are either nominated by the influence of great families, or purchase the seats from a junto of venal electors.” What style of fighting does the champion of Parliament adopt in conflict with such an “ugly customer?” He takes the bull by the horns, and by a sudden twist—like another Milo—flings the rough commoner over his knee *whap* upon the sod—knocking out his wind, and rendering him, by that single cross-buttock, incapable of coming to time—nay, when time is called, deaf as any post under government. In other words, more intelligible, perhaps, to Edinburgh Deacons—except the Deacon of the Fleshers—Mr Jeffrey admits all that Mr Cobbett has here said, and boldly declares to the whole world that such is—if not the very best imaginable—the very best practicable constitution of any Parliament. That it is, and must be so, he proves by many pretty pages of argument and illustration, to which we beg to refer all Deacons, and hereby offer a reward of a complete Set of Maga to him who shall produce such a refutation as shall seem even plausible to a Constituent Convenery assembled to decide on the comparative power and glory of the two “political literatures,” the one Mr Jeffrey’s, so adverse to the Bill and the whole Bill, and the other the Prize-Deacon’s, name and nature yet unknown, who shall succeed in giving that great Anti-reformer his quietus, and in rescuing Cobbett from his borough-mongering grasp.

Mr Jeffrey makes short work with William Cobbett’s arguments, and treats the strongest of them *haut-en-bas* thus:—“With regard to the interference of peers in elections, it is evidently impossible to prevent it by any statutory or authoritative regulation; and as, in fact, it is not very different from the interference of wealthy commoners,” (which interference the dauntless Deacon who shall buckle to Mr Jeffrey in single combat for the prize Set will please to observe his antagonist had, in an earlier part of his article, shewn to be attended with the happiest results,) “it is needless to say anything more on the subject.”

That was a right-handed facer no

skill could parry, and in a moment poor Cobbett's daylight was darkened—for it seems he had recovered from his insensibility, and insisted on renewing the fight. Mr Jeffrey was willing to accommodate the glutton—and do admire with us as clever a knock-down blow as ever teased smeller or potatoe-trap. "We are not much afraid of the influence of noble families. It is not, in general, a debasing or ungenerous influence; and in this country, there is so little of the oppressive, tyrannical spirit of some aristocracies, that we have really no apprehension at all from the prevalence of such a temper in our government. An English peer has scarcely any other influence than an English gentleman of equal fortune, and scarcely any other interest to maintain it. The whole landed interest, including the peerage, is scarcely a match for the monied interest, either in Parliament or society," &c.

But Mr Jeffrey does not stop here—but adds, that he has "still a word or two to say on the subject of venal boroughs, and we shall then take our leave of Mr Cobbett, and relieve our readers from this unreasonable demand on their attention." Let us hear this word or two from Mr Jeffrey's lips about venal boroughs—for he avoids the epithet "rotten," as not fit to mention before ears polite. "We are by no means certain that the consequences are so extremely injurious to the constitution as he appears to imagine. A venal borough is a borough which government has not bought; and which may therefore be bought by Mr Cobbett, or any other independent man. When a seat in Parliament is advertised for sale, a pretty fair competition, we think, is opened to politicians of all descriptions. The independent and well-affected part of the nation is far richer than the government or the peerage; and if all seats in Parliament could be honestly and openly sold for ready money, we have no sort of doubt that a very great majority would be purchased by persons unconnected with the Treasury or the House of Lords. Wealth is one of the democratical elements in this trading and opulent country; and an arrangement which gave it more immediate political efficacy probably

would not be at all unfavourable to that part of our constitution."

What say the Eleven Deacons and the Seventeen Thousand Signatures to that? Or to Mr Jeffrey's concluding chuckle or crow over Cobbett lying like a huge hulk of a dunghill, with his broken and blunt natural spurs, beneath such a game-cock as our friend Mr Scot himself would admire, one of those ginger-piles that slaughter in silver? "Upon the whole, we hope we have said something to justify our love of our actual constitution—our aversion to Mr Cobbett's schemes of reform—and our indignation at his attempt to weaken the respect and attachment of the people to forms and establishments, without which, we are persuaded, there would be no security for their freedom."

And the man who thus wrote in the prime of his learned life, and vigour of his fine faculties, is now the advocate—the Lord Advocate for "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!"

Bad as all Mr Cobbett's arguments were in Mr Jeffrey's eyes—they were not so bad as the spirit in which they were urged—which was nothing less than a desire to create in the minds of ignorant persons discontent with the best government that ever fostered and guarded freedom. Mr Jeffrey laughed to scorn, too, and withered with the fires of his indignation, the wicked assertion that a reform of Parliament would relieve the people from the weight of taxation. As "to sinecure places or pensions, these," said Mr Jeffrey, "are mere trifles. The most rigorous and unsparing reformer probably would not state the sum at a million annually. Mere faction to say that either this, or the sums lost by speculations, can make any sensible addition to the burdens of a nation which raises nearly fifty millions in the year, and that the poor would be at all relieved by a retrenchment to that extent." Taxation, he shewed, was made necessary by our debt—and our debt created by wars—and wars by whom? By the people; and that therefore were Parliament more popular—that is, were the voice of the people louder, then—we should have more wars—more debt—and more taxation. But with too much war, too much debt,

and too much taxation—even with that constitution of Parliament which Mr Cobbett desired to reform, but Mr Jeffrey to preserve *in statu quo*—“So far,” says Mr Jeffrey, in answer to Mr Cobbett, who, it seems, had said this country was not worth fighting for—“so far from being a country the measure of whose sufferings is full, and to which every change must be gain, we conceive it to be obvious, on a very slight consideration, that we have attained a greater portion of happiness and civil liberty, than has ever before been enjoyed by any other nation; and that the frame and administration of our polity is, with all its defects, the most perfect and beneficial of any that men have yet invented and reduced to practice.”

The snake, however, if *scotched*, was not killed—and the cry was still kept up by Cobbett, Burdett, and others, for Reform. Mr Francis Jeffrey, therefore, the great Anti-reformer, was called upon by the conservative party again to buckle on the “armour of the invincible knights of old,” and returning to the charge, to put all the enemies of the constitution to rout—in one total and irretrievable overthrow. As brave as patriotic, and as prudent as brave, and as skilful as prudent, and as wise as skilful, and as learned as wise, and as virtuous as learned, the champion of the constitution “insupportably his foot advanced,” and in an hour the day was won. The nation, it seems, during the two or three years that had elapsed since he chastised Cobbett, had grown exceedingly discontented with the government; and he at once admitted that “there was a very general desire for a more radical reform than could be effected by a mere change of ministry.” Evils, he cheerfully admitted, there must be; for how else account for the discontent? but then, said the wary anti-reformer, almost assuming the character of a moderate reformer, “We shall still have to determine whether the existing evils are *capable of any remedy*; whether the remedies which have been suggested are likely to prove *effectual*; and whether they could be applied without the hazard of greater evils than those which they were expected to cure.”

In pursuance of this plan, he asks, what are the great leading evils in our constitution? And these, he thinks, are, first, the burden of the taxes; second, the preponderating influence of the crown; and, third, the monopoly of political power, which the very permanency and nature of the constitution has a tendency to create in the hands of a small part of the nation. “To these, and for all the other disorders which threaten our body politic, the popular prescription,” says Mr Jeffrey, with a slight sarcastic smile playing—we may well conceive while he was writing—about these thin, fine, eloquent-looking lips of his—“is Parliamentary Reform. An amendment in the representation of the Commons, we are assured, is to ease us of our taxes—to reduce the influence of the crown—and to heal all breaches and heart-burnings between the governors and the governed. We are rather partial to this medicine on the whole; but it requires no ordinary skill and caution in the preparation and dosing; and, at all events, we are perfectly certain, is not capable of effecting half the wonders that are expected from it. No man of sense has any faith in universal specifics; and it is the part of an enemy, or a very pernicious friend, to degrade this useful medicine by investing it with the attributes of a quack *panacea*, and thus effectually to exclude it from all regular practice.”

With regard to taxes—extremely vexatious as Mr Jeffrey admits taxes to be—he says very properly, that “the actual burden of the taxes does not necessarily indicate any thing unsound or corrupt in the constitution or administration of the government;” and then shews, as we said half a page ago, that their great amount was entirely owing “to the warm and sanguine temper of the inhabitants,” who would have war, and yet were so unreasonable as to expect to indulge in that luxury without paying for it. “With regard,” says he, “to the taxes, in the first place, it appears to us in the highest degree chimerical to imagine that any change in the plan of representation should sensibly lessen the amount.” This chimera he is very anxious, indeed, to destroy—for it is

a chimera breathing flames and fury—and feeding upon the very vitals of poor people. Thrice he slays this slain chimera—and the third time thus:—“We are clearly of opinion, that whatever other benefits might result from a reform in Parliament, it would be of no sensible benefit to the people by lightening the burden of the taxation; and that no delusion can be greater, and in some respects more mischievous, than that which represents these two things as essentially connected with each other.” We presume, that what was true then, is true now, with regard to taxes—and yet this is the very chimera that all the reformers are now feeding—till he is as big as the Bonassus. We may likewise say now, what Mr Jeffrey said then, “that to this false opinion, and to the pains which have been taken to disseminate it, we are perhaps indebted to a good part of the apparent zeal and activity which has lately been manifested on the subject of reform;” and—what say the Deacons?

The second point for Mr Jeffrey’s consideration, is the operation of Parliamentary Reform in diminishing the influence of the Government—that is, of the King and his Ministers. The power of the Crown was for many years either the bear or the bugbear of the Blue and Yellow. In almost every number you were sure to see the nondescript monster—at one time scampering through a forest, at another asleep in a cave—at another sucking his paws with a grim satisfaction which it might not have been safe to disturb. We suspect that we shall hear no more for some time of this bear, or bugbear, or bugaboo, from the “Right Honourable Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland.” But fearful a monster as was the power of the Crown, in former times, and formidable that of the Ministry, Mr Jeffrey “could see no prospect of removing, or even alleviating it, by any alteration in the constitution of the House of Commons.” He is at pains to shew how any such expectation would be absurd; that the King, *individually*, neither is, nor can be consulted on the greater part of the appointments which are made in his name; that the patronage is vested substantially in the majority of the

House of Commons, who can make a Minister, and by whom all Ministers know that they are made and continued; that in whatever way we conceive this assembly to be constituted, and by whatever form of election its members are supposed to be returned, still as long as men are men, and while causes and effects maintain their usual relations in application to human conduct, it cannot fail to happen that the persons in whom this patronage is vested will often be tempted to exercise it in their own favour, or in favour of their immediate connexions; that this is an evil which a change in the plan of representation would not only fail to cure, but would not in any degree touch or alleviate; that the people themselves are infected with this love of place and emolument, and that therefore the House, in case of so many more popular elections, would be just so much the more liable to the same temptations; and very important, though not very recondite, all these truths doth Mr Jeffrey expiscate, and expound, and sift, and search, and illustrate, with a copiousness of diction and a felicity of argument which will prove puzzling to the Deacon who, fired with the hope of possessing and enjoying a Set of Maga, shall enter the lists with this doughty anti-reformer, who now delivers speeches somewhat *fâde*, and indites epistles not very intelligible about the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.

A zealous Anti-reformer in the Quarterly Review—whose admirable essays have attracted such universal notice, and met with such partial refutation—proposed that this paper of Mr Jeffrey’s on Parliamentary Reform, once famous in its day, should be republished; and Mr Croker quoted from it an unanswerable passage in his speech in answer to the Lord Advocate. Perhaps there is as much fine “political literature” in it as in any thing that ever dropped from his eminent pen—nor does he in it confine himself to those airy or glowing generalities which too often elude the grasp, but he proposes such a plan of Reform as he thinks practicable, and explains “its principles, if not its details,” to which had the Lord Advocate adhered, it would not have

been to the detriment of his reputation, either for practical sagacity or theoretical wisdom.

Mr Jeffrey—after stating his own views—says, “Our popular reformers are undoubtedly far more specific. They are for cutting off the rotten boroughs, enlarging the elective franchise, and shortening the duration of Parliament.” But he says that he is satisfied that such proposals “could not be attempted without the greatest danger.”

To what length, therefore, does he think wise lovers of this matchless constitution might go in the matter of a moderate reform? “We would not scruple,” he says, “to take away the right of electing from several close and several decayed boroughs, and to give more members to several populous districts. The pecuniary qualifications of the electors ought, at the same time, to be somewhat raised, especially in the open boroughs; but, to compensate this, it ought to be estimated in the counties, as well as elsewhere, not merely by property or interest in land, but by property of all sorts, perhaps by the payment of taxes to a certain amount, paying a due tribute to the superior weight and respectability of the landed interest; and making the qualification lower for them than for other proprietors. Some regulations should also be adopted for avoiding the tumult and disorder which now disgrace our most popular elections, and which have inspired many worthy people with a general horror at the very name of a popular reform.” Much farther than this the deponent sayeth not; but he sayeth that such a moderate measure of reform would not materially touch the state of taxation or influence; that it would rather increase the aristocratical influence over the whole kingdom, instead of excluding from the House those who are now sent there by the interest of many noble families; and that if he thought it likely to produce an opposite effect, he should think it his duty to strive against it, as against a measure which would deprive us of all the practical blessings of our constitution.

When expressing such enlightened opinions as these now-a-days, moderate reformers are told to cease their “wretched gabble;” Mr Jeffrey

has done so; and the Lord Advocate is not only willing, but anxious, to swallow the whole Bill!

Mr Jeffrey, during the course of these his various disquisitions, occasionally whispers such soft things into the ear of the Pensive Public as “We were always favourable to Parliamentary Reform.” “We have no great affection for rotten boroughs”—and so forth—as, if conscious of his own coldness or coolness, or at best lukewarmness in the cause, he wished to prevent that, if not suspicious, yet sagacious Lady from smoking, or say rather scenting the real state of his heart. If the Pensive Public, in the shape of Reform, were indeed his mistress, then never had mistress so “cauld-rified” a lover—and we do not wonder that ere long she gave him his dismissal—sent him off with a flea in his ear—and told him never to look in her face more. Could his dull addresses, his chill embrace be the effect of infidelity? Shocking suspicion to cross the soul of fair Reform! Could he be dallying with some venal burgh? Or, horror of horrors! with some rotten wretch corrupt as the grave?

What else could Reform think on overhearing her false lover thus soliloquize! “The Borough representation is the next subject which claims our attention; but it is one of great difficulty, and requires much caution—not that the abuses in this part of the system are inconsiderable, or unfit for rigorous correction, but because they are mixed up with much that is good, as preventing greater evils, and because the sudden and complete alteration of this branch of the representation, by bringing it back to its first principles, is an experiment of vast difficulty and hazard, and ought, therefore, to be postponed until a beginning of Reform has been made on points where the evil is more unmingled with good, and the remedy more certain and safe. To take only a single example,—No man can deny that it would be highly impolitic to throw open all the boroughs in which the right of voting at present belongs to certain parts of the population. No man of common sense would wish to see the worst description of boroughs multiplied, in which from two to five hundred inhabitants have votes—bo-

roughs which are too large to be in the quiet possession of a single great family, but not too large to be contested by men of ready-money influence—boroughs which are, for this reason, the very sinks of every species of corruption—yet it would be a very violent proceeding to disfranchise the places of this size where corporations elect, and to transfer their rights to certain large towns not now represented. It would also introduce into Parliament a different class of electors. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that a gradual extinction of the worst borough franchises, by the voluntary surrender of their existing rights for a valuable consideration, and a transference of their right of election to such large towns as Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield, and to such of the large counties as send too few representatives—for instance Yorkshire and Lancashire—would be a most valuable improvement in the representation.”

“A wise and prudent statesman,” continues this Whig, “would stop at this point, and be satisfied with going thus far.” But where are these wise and prudent statesmen *now*? That a bill constructed on such principles as these would be brought before the consideration of the House, Sir Richard Vyvyan pledged himself, nor could Sir Robert Peel have refused it his support; but no! nothing would satisfy a Whig ministry, among whose officials is the very man who wrote that passage, and other men, who, up to the day they became so, stood pledged to the same principles, but a bill which not only holds them all at defiance, but violates them all, and gives them to the four winds.

Between the 1810 and the 1816, several articles on Parliamentary Reform appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*—and in one of these—on Wyndham’s speeches—an article written with great talent and eloquence—and seemingly a joint production of Jeffrey and Brougham—in mental powers *par nobile fratrum*—a more vigorous onset is made upon borough representation than either before or since in that powerful periodical. But about the 1816, the minds of the conductors began to waver on Reform—there is first a timid eating, and then a bold bolting of words,

and the Deacons would be amazed at the intrepidity and activity with which their idol turns his back on himself, in a style far superior to any exploit of the kind ever commemorated by the Irish eloquence of Lord Castlereagh. They seem to have feared that in the article on Wyndham they had pushed their principles of Reform by much too far for their patriotism or their prudence; and that constitution of parliament which they had there calumniated, seems restored to its pristine purity and original lustre. “To perform its duty to the public, the House of Commons ought to be so constituted as to give its members a common interest and fellow feeling with every part of the kingdom, and with every class and description of persons in the community. No one should be aggrieved or oppressed without finding a defender in that assembly. No interest, however small or local, should be overlooked or neglected, for want of an advocate. No measure should be adopted without weighing maturely not only the general good it may produce, but the partial evil it may occasion. When conflicting interests are opposed, a fair hearing should be given to all, before any decision is formed. When relief is wanted, or redress petitioned for, there should be some one present to recommend the one, or enforce the other. In these respects there is little to complain of in the composition of the House of Commons. There is no part of the kingdom which does not send members to Parliament. The numbers, it is true, from different counties, bear no proportion to their respective wealth or population; but no one seriously believes, that because Cornwall has more members than Yorkshire, the interests of Cornwall are better attended to in Parliament than the interests of Yorkshire. There is no class of the community that does not find in the House of Commons persons disposed to assert its rights, and maintain its interests. The poor, as well as the rich, have their representatives. The members for Westminster, and other large towns, where the right of suffrage is in the householders, are the virtual representatives of the lower orders throughout the kingdom. When a poor and op-

pressed man presents his petition to the House of Commons, through the member for Westminster, he intrusts his cause to the zeal and exertions of one who is returned to Parliament by men of the same rank and condition with himself. The inequality of our representation has this advantage, that, where religious bigotry interferes not, there is no description of persons in England, not dependent on alms for their subsistence, who are altogether destitute of political power. No regular system, except universal suffrage, could give us this species of excellence."

A Parliament so constituted as this, and so conducting itself, who, in their sound seven senses, would dream of subjecting to any experimental Reform? It seems to approach as near perfection as any imaginable model of earthly mould. Accordingly, its judicious eulogist, in the *Edinburgh Review*, though sorely dissatisfied with the Ministry, who, one year before he wrote, had, in opposition to the patriotic hopes and fears of the Bonaparte-bitten Whigs, sent a British army to the Netherlands, that settled the affairs of Europe, by the battle of Waterloo,

"Just hints a fault and hesitates dislike"

of some trifling matters, to the removal or abatement of which he seems as nearly indifferent as a person of the Whig persuasion, and belonging to a party long out of place, can reasonably be expected to be to any thing rejoiced in by triumphant Tories. Our friend, after some very general proposals of plans whereby to diminish the power of the Crown, the old bear, bugbear, or bugaboo that used to keep perpetually prowling through this Periodical, says,— "We hesitate about proceeding farther;" and then very frankly admits, that "Parliamentary reform has never been popular in this country." In 1780, retrenchment, not reform, was the cry;—in 1792, men of rank and property feared and abhorred the very name, as well they might; "and at present, (1816,) as far as we can judge, it has still fewer supporters of weight and consequence, than at any former period." In the midst of this universal apathy, which he condemns not, or but

gently reproves, our friend shews himself so very moderate a reformer, that were he to speak so now, the Sun would cry, "a borough-monger, a borough-monger!" and, should no merchant-ship be sailing to Van Dieman's Land, nor transport to Botany Bay, propose ridding the island of him, by flinging the monster into the sea. Unworthy of breathing the air of a country long enslaved, but now about to be free, must the man be, who only some dozen years ago, was such a wretch as publicly to utter this shocking sentiment, even in a Whig publication—"We must begin by stating, that we are under no apprehension from the influence of Peers in returning members to the Commons!" In our county representation he knows no practical defect but the great size of the counties, and consequent expense of contested elections, and proposes therefore to diminish the size, and increase their numbers. Some, he says, have recommended the extension of the elective franchise to copyholders, but that, he thinks, would only multiply the number of voters, and increase the expense of elections. With the representation of towns having more than five hundred resident voters, he has no fault to find, except with the non-resident voters. Of the representation of towns having less than five hundred resident voters, he thinks unfavourably; and as in the instances of Shoreham and Cricklade, the boroughs were disfranchised, by act of Parliament, on account of illegal practices, and thrown the one into the rape of Bramber and the other into the adjacent hundreds—so he would recommend the extension of that principle to all boroughs of that description, where the election had been vacated under the Grenville Act, on the ground of bribery and corruption, proved against a majority or large proportion of the electors. But instead of throwing the seats into the adjoining hundreds, he would recommend transferring them to the larger counties, which would at once increase the county representation, and enable us to remedy the only defect in our present county elections. And the electors of the disfranchised boroughs, who were not disqualified by their participation in acts of bribery, might be

declared freeholders of the county. Against those close boroughs, the members of which are returned by one or two individuals, without assistance from government, and without the risk of an election, although the strongest prejudices prevail, he is far from considering them the worst parts of our representative system. Nay, he pronounces on them a high panegyric. "The members of close boroughs are often the men of greatest talent and independence in the House. There is one advantage attending their situation, which belongs to no other description of persons. Firmness to oppose the people is sometimes as necessary a quality as independence to resist the crown. But the members of close boroughs are the only persons in the House who stand in awe neither of the crown nor of the people. * * * * *

If the lists of the House of Commons for the last forty years were consulted, we should find that a large proportion of the steadiest advocates of the people have been members for close boroughs." Yet, in a conversational debate about the Irish Bill, the Lord Advocate, in the face of the above incontrovertible sentence, had the imprudence, impropriety, and presumption to say of the self-same persons, "Is it not true, that the representatives of these boroughs have been sent here, like Knights Templars in disguise, to advocate the views of those who sent them here? Have they not almost invariably been the concealed champions of aristocracy?" For party purposes, how pitiable here is this glaring inconsistency and glaring contradiction. Yet was Mr Jeffrey's former opinion just. Not a doubt of it—and yet Mr Macauley—who is always puerile—tried to pass off on the House an argument against this part of the present system, which, however witty it might have sounded there, looks here the most childish of jests. "Every system of government that can be devised has its happy accidents—men of great ability come into power under every system—and I have no doubt that, if it were determined that the representation of the people should be confined to the hundred tallest men in the country, some of them would be found to be men excelling in qualifications for their functions. If the first one hun-

dred names in the Court Guide were chosen for that purpose, or if one hundred gentlemen of tawny complexion were selected, the same thing would occur; and these happy accidents would form quite as just a ground for preferring any of these modes of election as the one to which I am alluding does for the present." How vastly clever! Mr Shiel much admired this reasoning: "The answer given by the member for Calne is a strong one." And then himself exclaimed, "Who are those that press round the backdoors of Parliament? How few are the statesmen, orators, political economists, compared with those by whom they are surrounded! I admit that a splendid catalogue, and emblazoned muster-roll of genius has been produced by the advocates of the borough system. Mark, however, over what a vast space they were dispersed—in how black a firmament they sparkle!" The Lord Advocate follows Mr Shiel on the same side, but rather prosily—though any prose or prosiness is preferable, surely, to such poetry as the above about the black firmament. "The right honourable baronet [Sir Robert Peel] looked back through a period of fifty or sixty years, and he found in the list of those who had been returned from a great number of places during that time, about twenty or thirty talented and great men. Now, I must say it appears to me, that, considering how many individuals these places returned in the course of fifty or sixty years, the quantity of talent was not so very great." This is either a shallow sophism or a weak misapprehension. Sir Robert Peel took the names of almost all the celebrated men in the annals of Parliament, and asked, whence came they? From close boroughs. Three-fourths of them, at least, and more, from close boroughs—one-fourth, or less, from populous counties—that is all. The fact is the argument—and the argument stands fast, in spite of Mr Macauley's blacks and tawneys—Mr Shiel's splendid muster-roll of genius dispersed over a vast space of black firmament—and the Lord Advocate's silly assertion that Sir Robert Peel had "picked out a few illustrious men who happened to come into the House from close boroughs!"

True, that twenty or thirty illustrious men are but few, my Lord Advocate, in proportion to the many thousand sumpsh that have grumphed in that House, or lain asleep on the benches like swine in styes. But still fewer are they in proportion to the many hundred thousand million men who come and go out of existence, without ever being heard of out of the street in which, like good Tories, they fear God and honour the King, or, like wicked Whigs, do neither, but keep bellowing—a few millions of them at least—periodically on Parliamentary Reform. Small, alas! is the number of illustrious men that sit, stand, lie, walk, canter, or gallop, either for close boroughs, open counties, or any other spot on this our earth. But that close boroughs should have sent forth some score or so of such characters—while the whole country, with all its counties, cannot shew—during the same time—another half dozen, we must continue to think either creditable to close boroughs, or a mystery and miracle to be believed in by faith, not understood by reason—though we admit that a man of talents may be as tawny as Lord Durham himself, and—though neither the Lord Advocate, nor Mr Macauley, nor Mr Shiel, be so—six feet high without his shoes, and a member of the Club.

The “stream of tendency” in this channel, so beautifully overhung with Blue and Yellow banks, has, we have seen, hitherto flowed with a gentle current towards moderate reform. Some sparkling shallows—some calm long flat dull deeps—some waterfalls making a pleasant din, and a pretty mist across which came the not unfrequent rainbow—but no great periodical risings, as of the Nile—no capricious floods from the mountains of the moon—no spates with a blue fresh invading the foamy saltness of the sea. Nay, summer-drought drank it sometimes almost dry, to the discomfort or death of the minnows; while some huge reformer, “wallowing, unwieldy, enormous in his gait,” was seen plunging like a porpus in some pool, his posteriors praying as it were for the knout with their *e profundis clamavi*. Thus, in an article on “universal

suffrage—in the December number 1818—which tickles the tobys of the Burdettites, the Benthamites, and the Bedlamites, an ingenious disciple of the moderate school, under the tuition of Head Master Jeffrey, prefers the prevalent principle of our representation to any “uniform right of suffrage” that could be imagined—that of L.10 householders included. His reasons he says, are shortly these,—“Every uniform system which seriously differs from universal suffrage must be founded on such a qualification as to take away the elective franchise from those portions of the inferior classes who now enjoy it. The only reasonable ground on which an uniform qualification of property could be founded, would be its tendency to secure the independence of the voter; but it is evident that such a principle, if pursued to its proper consequences, would disfranchise great multitudes of the present electors. After what we have already said on the general subject of representation, it is needless for us to add that we should consider such a disfranchisement as a most pernicious mutilation of the representative system.”

Mark that, ye Eleven Deacons—and ye Twenty Thousand Signatures. Lo! the Right Honourable Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland, the Man of the People—nay, their Idol—assisting an unprincipled Ministry to bring in a bill which in his own opinion (why changed?) perpetuates “a most pernicious mutilation of the representative system.” Such wickedness, if unrepentant, may not go unpunished even on this side of the grave.

But the Reviewer has other objections to “uniformity.” “It exposes,” says he, “the difference between the prosperous and the indigent in a way offensive and degrading to the feelings of the latter;” and he says truly that no system can be other than a very bad one “which thrusts forward the qualification of property in its undisguised state, thereby teaching the people too exclusive a regard for wealth.” We perceive from the newspapers, that all L.10 a-year householders are, by the Bill, to be given “their right” to vote for their own member; pray, why doth it take away “their right” from all be-

low that rent? Do the children of the former come into the world with "L.10 voter" written in clear blue lines on the whites of their eyes? Of the latter with the melancholy word "Disfranchised?"

Come we now (in 1820) to the last elaborate Essay, we believe, in the Edinburgh, on the general question of Parliamentary Reform—the review of Lord J. Russell's speech in the House on the 14th December, 1819, for transferring the elective franchise from corrupt boroughs to unrepresented great towns. The same moderate measures of reform as before are here advocated—and Mr Jeffrey, or his mouthpiece, says, "it would be a gross deviation from those principles of prudence and expediency on which moderate reform is founded, if its partisans were unwilling, at a crisis like the present, to make some mutual sacrifices of opinion."

As far as Lord J. Russell's resolutions he is prepared to go—but no farther; and what are they? First, that it is expedient that all boroughs, in which gross and notorious bribery and corruption shall be found to prevail, shall cease to return members to serve in Parliament. Second, That it is expedient that the right of returning members to serve in Parliament, so taken from any borough which shall have been proved to have been guilty of bribery and corruption, should be given to some great towns, the population of which shall not be less than 15,000 souls; or to some of the largest counties.

On this scheme the Reviewer makes a few observations, which seem rather hostile to the Bill, and the whole Bill. For in the very first place he proposes "the immediate addition of twenty members to the House of Commons;" whereas, the majority who t'other day prevented Ministers, for the time being, from taking away some sixty or so, have, by universal acclamation of the Reviewer's party, been carried to be the enemies of their country, and by that their vote for ever held disqualified for sitting in a legislative or deliberative assembly of free men.

Secondly, the Reviewer shews by a long historical induction of facts, that his proposed reform is agree-

able to the ancient practice of the constitution; to wit, to transfer the elective franchise from one place to another, under wise regulations, and only in cases of convicted corruption. And he adds, "No man who adopts this reform, is bound by just inference to support other changes, not warranted by the practice of the constitution."

So sensible is the Reviewer here—whether Mr Jeffrey or his mouthpiece—that his doctrine will not please "the Reformers," that he says, "some may perhaps wonder that disfranchisement is so strictly limited to the cases in which corruption has been proved." All such cause of wonder is swept away by the Bill; and we most earnestly direct the attention not only of the eleven Deacons, and the seventeen thousand signatures, and the thirty-two thousand petitioners, and the one hundred and forty thousand "inhabitants" and "citizens" of Modern Athens, but the two and a half millions of the nation of gentlemen, the Scotch—and also the twelve millions of the nation of—(what without offence shall we call them?)—the English—to these arguments against the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, which Mr Jeffrey held to be conclusive, and which we will thank the Lord Advocate to answer, or any other moderate reformer, metamorphosed into a radical by the mighty magic not obscurely storied of in many demonologies.

Mr Jeffrey, or his moderate mouthpiece, has been telling us that the plan of Mr Pitt proposed to purchase the elective privilege from fifty of the more inconsiderable boroughs who should be willing to part with it—a plan, which, in a previous article, is called "wicked and profligate!" And then he mentions the plan of "Mr Lambton, a gentleman equally respectable for character, talents, and public principle, which proposes to abolish all corrupt, decayed, and dependent boroughs." This plan, out of courtesy to the living Lambton, which there was no reason he should shew to the dead Pitt, he does not call "wicked, profligate," and thin; but he says, "it will be sufficient, for the present purpose, very shortly to state one or two of the numerous objections

which present themselves to these more extensive plans." Now, this more extensive plan is neither more nor less than the very grand measure itself, "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!" Here they are—the one or two of the numerous objections—in themselves a host.

"In the first place, no such disfranchisement is known to the practice, or even the principles, of the British Constitution. It has often bestowed the elective franchise on grounds of general utility; but it has never, on such grounds alone, taken that franchise away. All political questions, indeed, are to be determined on the principles of utility. But it is very useful to a free commonwealth to adhere to its fundamental institutions; and whenever a substantial reform can be effected, agreeably to their principles, it is generally unwise, for the sake of quicker reformation, to act on maxims hitherto untried. The reform here proposed, (see the Review), is limited by the practice of the English constitution. It proposes nothing unauthorized by that practice, and it offers that security to all who adopt it, against its leading to consequences which cannot be foreseen or conjectured. The more extensive plan, on the other hand, quits the solid ground of the practice of the constitution, and ventures on the slippery path of general speculation. It necessarily appeals to principles, which, in the hands of other men, may become instruments of farther, and of boundless, alteration. Secondly, we doubt whether the caution hitherto observed in this respect, be not founded on true wisdom. It is the policy of a free state to keep up the importance and dignity of popular privileges. The right of election, the first of them all, ought to be held high. The body of electors ought to be considered as a sort of nobility, from which the members are not to be too easily degraded. As a monarchy and aristocracy have their splendour, so democracy has its own peculiar dignity, which is chiefly displayed in the exercise of this great right. There is something, in our opinion, truly republican in the policy which places the elective franchise and the royal dignity on the same footing, which secures both

from being mere speculations of general convenience, and which pronounces the forfeiture of both, only where there is a gross and flagrant violation of the trust from which they are derived. Thirdly, it must be observed, that the power of disfranchisement is capable of great and dangerous abuse. The majority of a legislative body might employ it to perpetuate their own superiority, and to destroy every power that could withstand them. If the example were once set, of using it on mere grounds of convenience, it would be easy to find, on every occasion, plausible pretexts of that nature. As long as it is confined to cases of delinquency, it cannot be so abused: but if it were once freed from that restraint, it would become unlimited, or, in other words, despotic."

So much for the Body of our article—the Head you will find upon its shoulders—and now for the Tail.

The "inhabitants," the "citizens" of Edinburgh declared to a man, woman, and child, through the Eleven Deacons, the seventeen thousand signatures, and other public organs, that they must have "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." Very well. Let them have it. But, not contented with the Bill, the greedy dogs (we go no farther) must also have "the Right Honourable Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate of Scotland," for their member;—and why? Because they swear that he has ever been the bosom-friend of Reform, and has undertaken, as accoucheur, to deliver her of the Bill. The teeming matron is near her time, and from her bulk you may back her for trins. Yes!—she will, to a certainty, produce three chopping Bills. But will the expecting grey-headed sire trust his pregnant consort in the hands of a man, who, through the long space of twenty revolving years, so far from ever having promised to deliver her, has been publicly threatening, if ever Reform should conceive, and his obstetrical services be called in, to strangle her Bills in the birth—all her three pretty little Bills "at one fell swoop," and leave her like Rachel in Ramah heard weeping for her children?

Let us try to be serious. Suppose on the day of the Edinburgh election, the Seventeen had, through Mr Black-

wood, their spokesman, asked the Lord Advocate, "if he would pledge himself to support, with all his might and main, that moderate reform, away from which though he had once rather averted his face, he had afterwards made amends for that cold disfavour, by promoting its cause in many elaborate articles for twenty years—and to continue to the end of life that unflinching hostility to 'the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,' which he had persevered in, through good report and through bad report, all through the prime of manhood, and well on to the verge of old age"—and what sort of a face, think ye, would his Lordship have put on and pulled in answer to the Bailie? Ask George Cruikshanks.

Lord Althorpe, we think it was, (his Lordship assuredly is no longer a boy,) who spoke of the "*puerile* vanity of consistency!" Now, a greater than Lord Althorpe—plain William Wordsworth—has said, that "The boy is father of the man.

And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

This is good poetry—good philosophy—but it seems bad politics. There, the consistent boy should beget an inconsistent father; or rather, the old boy should give the young one not only a long lecture, but a sound licking, for daring to fling in his face puerilities that he has long outgrown, a face once made of blushes, but now of brass—once bright as morn with "the liquid dew" of candour and consistency, now black as night with shifting shadows, through which break at times, struggling like drowned starlight, a few fitful gleams of truth "seen but by glimpses." "The times are out of joint," when a respectable dull man like Lord Althorpe on political apostacy attempts to be jocular.

Mr Jeffrey is "in wit a man;" and, in spite of Lord Althorpe's sneer, would that he were likewise "in simplicity a child;" for, with all due deference to the House of Spencer, there is not one puerility—but there are many puerilities; and better even after your time to be an infant, than before it a dotard. Men of genius, and great talents, and integrity, like the Lord Advocate, cannot change their opinions at will—no, not in spite of their tongue and

their teeth; for their brain keeps them to its convictions, and so does their conscience. There is no need for us to tie his Lordship down to the opinions of the boldest, and brightest, and maturest period of a man's life—that between his 25th and his 55th year; for were he to struggle as madly as a bed-ridden lameter to leave a house on fire, to get free from the thousand invisible bonds of thought and feeling that have been gathering about his heart and understanding during all that long time, never, never, could he break away from their bondage. His party came into power—and they could not do without him in Scotland. To that eminent situation he was called; for it was due to his character, and allotted to him by the voice of his country; nor could he, however reluctant, decline the service and the honour. His acceptance was due—if to no other—to the friend of his brilliant prime—personal, philosophic, and political—Lord Brougham. He must support the men and their measures. And that he does so, is a proof, no doubt, that he has brought himself to see, or to think he sees, the Bill in a less disastrous light than, judging from all his opinions in the past, one would have believed possible; but it is no proof (nor can this world, or this life afford one) that he has deserted the doctrines he espoused in his prime of youth, and was faithful to through his manhood, "even to the very time he did not bid me tell it."

But whatever the radical reformer may say to this, and even had the Lord Advocate thrown off his old opinions and put on new—old opinions, allow us to say, are not like old clothes, the worse, but they are almost always the better for wear. So there lies his Lordship's cast-off suit, if no longer fashionable, yet to our classical taste, which tries all things by an invariable standard, fit alike for Parliament or parlour, and more becomingly exhibiting the light but vigorous and elegant proportions of his person, (we speak both literally and figuratively,) than that more gorgeous apparel, though frilled mayhap with lace, and formed of velvet, in which he attended the Lord Chancellor's levee, and in which, one of these days, he will probably be

attending the levee of the most gracious of all Whig-worshipped kings.

Hundreds of thousands of persons, now reformers to the utmost extent of the bill, and indeed to any extent that the ministers might have chosen to go, went along with the anti-reform or moderate reform opinions and arguments of Mr Jeffrey during upwards of twenty years; and now, at Lord Brougham's bidding and his, they have made—not a wheel—not a gradual Scotch reel—but a sharp turn-about on the heel, with one shout "The Bill, the Bill!" Now, we ask these noisy persons, who have answered the arguments and set aside the opinions that, during these twenty or thirty years, usurped the seat of their understandings? Certainly not the Lord Advocate; for though his speech on reform in Parliament was a pleasant speech, and also not unphilosophical, it bore but lightly indeed on the Bill, and would have been every whit equally as suitable an eulogium on any or either of a hundred imaginable moderate reform bills. If it touched at all on "Principles or Details," it was with the touch of a feather. Indeed the best passage in it was little more than a *rifacimento* of several passages in old numbers of the Blue and Yellow, that had originally been indited for a different purpose, and it merely went to shew that as the whole framework of society was now wonderfully changed, and expanded by wealth and knowledge, so ought the constitution of government and the system of representation. Sir John Walsh has some fine reflections on this part of the Lord Advocate's speech—which his Lordship must himself admire, but which are far above the comprehension of ninety-nine in a hundred who are now blustering about the Bill.

Another view of this subject, a very ingenious and striking view of it, was brought forward by the Lord Advocate. It is, perhaps, somewhat too abstract and philosophical in its nature, to be exactly adapted to the House of Commons, and would be better suited to a literary essay. His theory appeared to be, that we are now arriving at an epoch of great change, that one of those mighty crises which occur in the history of civilisation is at hand. Society, it is

declared, is now in a state of transition, it has out-grown the institutions which were sufficient for its earlier days, it has wants and desires which are irrepressible, it is moving in a course which we may guide, but which we cannot arrest. We are supposed to be in a sort of chrysalis state, but undergoing that transformation which is to supply us with new wings, to soar to a yet higher pitch of prosperity and happiness. The whole of this argument may be true, and yet the Bill of Reform the worst possible, since the means adopted to facilitate the transition, may be far too violent and sudden. I object to the whole doctrine, if applied to justify a Government in effecting great and immediate changes in national institutions. I can only subscribe to it as a ground of gentle and gradual modification. It may be a curious speculation of moral philosophy in the closet, to trace this working of a new spirit in the human race, and to measure the chances of its fermentation, eventually producing some great and novel benefits to mankind. But I contend that our faculties are too finite, and our experience too limited, to allow of practically shaping our course upon confused perceptions of an occult moral influence. The statesman is not justified in steering his course on such metaphysical abstractions.—He must cling to certainties.—Who, for example, is to calculate whether this shock of conflicting principles in Europe is to be succeeded by a new impulse of improvement, or whether it is to shake the whole social fabric, and throw us back into disorganization and anarchy? Such a crisis may be at hand, but if so, I have not philosophy enough to contemplate such a prospect without alarm; I am not sanguine enough to look at it with hope. History teaches us that these portentous periods, happily of rare occurrence, are, to those who live in them, periods of great suffering and calamity. Social order cannot take an entirely new form, without wrecking the happiness of a whole generation in its fearful change. If, indeed, one of these great mortal convulsions is at hand, we cannot hope to avert its progress. It belongs to greater wisdom to foresee, to greater power to direct its terrible course. We all

hope for happiness beyond the grave, yet we recoil at the prospect of that dread change with instinctive horror and avoidance. The night of revolution may be succeeded by a bright aurora of prosperity and happiness, but it is beyond our ken, and probably it will never dawn to us. The very insufficiency of our faculties to calculate such stupendous results, renders it our plain duty, our clear interest, to avert such trials, if they can be averted by prudence, by temper, by policy, or by courage."

But though the opinions sworn to for twenty or thirty years have been all flung aside, or forgotten, by the serviles who never understood them; no change has taken place anywhere but in the jumble in their brains. The opinions, as we said, are as good as ever, and most of them—are ours.

The truth is that an opinion—common name of an idea—is a strange thing. Seemingly sometimes changeable in its colours as the chameleon, it is yet all one as the unchanging blue of its native sky. Your eye is in fault—and there is blame too, perhaps, in your position. Nay, who knows but you squint, and are positively in the jaundice? Poor miserable crooked and yellow political opinion! You look at it superciliously, askance, and adunc, and the world wonders at the elevation of your eyebrows, the misdirection of your eyes, and the dilation of your nostrils. You kick it from you as it is lying inoffensively in your path, or trample it under your feet, as a weed or a worm. But "*igneus est olivi virtus et cœlestis origo*;" what you thought a crushed weed, springs upwards unharmed from your heel "*a bright consummate flower*"—what you thought a writhing worm, (and even if it were, oh! why did you tread on it?) was in truth a wing-folded bird, that up into the sun-light that shines not for such children of the dust as he who knew not its simple plumage, soars singing to Heaven's gate, and disappearing therein, mingles its hymns with those of the immortal choir.

But, to "descend from these imaginative heights," will the people who work the press, consider for a moment what they are doing, in heaping such loads of hardly-human abuse on the heads of all moderate reformers? What worse are we than

what Mr Jeffrey—for example—was, every night and day of his life, between the 1800 and 1830? Do you, gentlemen of the ink press, if not of the wine, look back with disgust and anger on all the past life of that distinguished person? Had he been cut short in his career before the Bill arose to enlighten the Bar, had his miserable soul, think ye! been for ever lost? And what! if the new-light hath not yet dawned upon Maga, and other frail sisters—nor on Christopher, and other frail brothers—remember that, "Though many are called, few are chosen;" and that though tergiversation is in the power of all men, to a few only belongs conversion.

Praise ye then the Bill, the whole Bill—(Heaven forbid we should add, nothing but the Bill!)—and we as lustily shall abuse it with a corresponding deprecation. Let the groundwork of our article be—argument, and the mere ornaments, vituperation; and we care not, then, what figure you make of us—nor we hope, in our hands, need you—though we should seem mutually to make mouths at one another, like a brace of Frankensteins designed by Mrs Shelly, and wrought in worsted by Miss Linwood.

Say not that we are Satan reproving Sin. Compare our vilest abuse of the most blackguard even of the Billmen, with yours of many of the most respectable, and some of the most illustrious, of our Men-at-arms, and ours will absolutely appear pænegyric. Every man, young or old, that opened his mouth in the House against the measure, was, while on his legs at least, and generally ever since he sat down, in all the London newspapers, except two, a distinguished idiot, a fool likely one day to be famous, or a knave worthy of being known across the most distant seas. This is surely *de trop*—an unseemly neglect of the *ne quid nimis*—and will yet, we trust, so sicken the country of all violent reformers, as to impel her to throw them from her stomach.

Suppose we give you some instances of what we mean—not the first that come to hand—for these are shocking—but two or three of a slighter sort, where the abuse on their part, though gross, was not in-

tolerable. No. Even these are disgusting—so, with a very few remarks, let us hasten to our end.

Mr Horace Twiss is a very respectable man, and a man of very excellent abilities; and that is no high-flown eulogium, surely, on one who was once in office—not, indeed, under Lord Grey—but the Duke of Wellington. Well, then—Mr Horace Twiss, being of opinion that L.10 was too low a qualification for the elective franchise among householders, was so presumptuous as absolutely to rise up in the House, and, among other matters, to say so—not sparing to give calm utterance to what seems to us a self-evident truth, “that a large portion of them must be men of narrow habits, scanty information, and strong prejudices—little shopkeepers, and small attorneys”—and others, of whom the author of *Ecclesiasticus*, he truly added, had no higher opinion, as public counsellors, than himself, who was not the son of Sirach. Now, such gentlemen as think, in opposition to Mr Horace Twiss and the author of *Ecclesiasticus*, that little shopkeepers and small attorneys are, for the most part, men of wide habits, full information, and weak prejudices, ought assuredly to say so—but not with a loud voice, and “visage all inflamed”—neither should they have abused the ex-secretary like a gang of pickpockets. Why, the most important point about the whole bill is the character of the L.10-a-year householders—and if not a single syllable must be said in detraction from their high merits, why any debate? Pass the bill, and by vote by ballot—that we may all be mutes.

Lord Wharncliffe had no disposition to dishonour those classes of persons who pay L.10 rent for their houses, but he found, on enquiry, that, in large towns, and in the neighbourhood of London, from which sixteen additional members are to be sent to a Reformed Parliament, there were few houses indeed under that rent. And if you add to the L.10 householders in Mary-le-bone, Pancras, and other parishes in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, the same class of householders in the extensive villages of Greenwich and Woolwich, you will have a constituency enormous beyond all calculation.

Are all men there likely, then, to be enlightened electors? and does the bill amount in many large districts to universal suffrage?

Sir John Walsh is not a man—is he?—to be abused and sneered at—and what says he about the L.10 householders, and others of their class? Why, he says this—“I admit, and admit with that pleasure with which I shall ever observe the real improvement of my country, that a great advance has been made of late years, in the acquirement of knowledge, and in the mental cultivation of a considerable portion of those ranks. Among the opulent shopkeepers in London, among the respectable retail dealers in the provincial towns, among the superior class of yeomen and farmers, I have met very generally a degree of intelligence and information not merely confined to their own business, but embracing a more extensive range. I have observed a facility of language, and a propriety and correctness of thought, which denoted a considerable share of education and refinement. If these persons really have a very eager desire to possess votes for the return of members to Parliament, I should certainly not be inclined to throw any obstacle in their way. But I contend that Ministers have, in their measure, exercised no discrimination. The qualification Ministers have adopted will have the effect of introducing, not the intelligent and educated portion of the middle ranks alone, but a vast majority very differently endowed. I am sure that to no portion of the community would this measure be practically more unsatisfactory than to the valuable part of the middle classes, who would be thus confounded with those so much their inferiors both in attainments, property, and station in society.”

The Lord Advocate, to be sure, drew a picture of L.10-a-year household life in great towns and cities, exhibiting something like the relics of the golden age. Alas! his lordship's fancy was too poetical—and the records of the Sheriff-court in Glasgow, for example, and the statistical enquiries of Mr Cleland, (see article on the French Revolution and Parliamentary Reform,) will convince him that he was dreaming of

an Utopia. Then, his lordship said, that such tenants would always be most happy to oblige their landlords by voting with them in all cases where a legitimate influence lay with the landlords. Sir Robert Peel, in a few words, dispelled that delusion—in which his lordship seems to see, in this provision of the bill, increase of the power of the aristocracy. In times of political quiet perhaps it might be as he said; but how—now? or during any similar storm?

But we are leaving the subject, we fear, a few inches; all we meant now to say was, that neither Mr Horace Twiss, nor any one else on his side of the House, said a syllable that was not true, about those said “middle orders”—and that the savage worry in which he and others, who uttered the same truths, found themselves involved for weeks, was disgraceful even to the canine and canaille that waged it. Why, the Lord Advocate himself—a few years ago in the *Edinburgh Review*—wrote a severer truth of these “same middle orders,” which in the House he so beautifully eulogized. “It unfortunately happens, that this sound and pure body have more to hope from the favour of government than any other part of the nation. The higher class may, if they please, be independent of its influence; the lower are almost below its direct action; upon the middling classes it acts with concentrated and unbroken force.” True or not, this opinion is not very reconcilable with his Lordship’s enthusiastic delight in his ten-pounders. They ought immediately to be discharged.

But why do not the Ministers, who build their bill on the character of the middle orders, as on a foundation, explain to us the virtues—and the vices, if indeed they have any—of that character? Simply because they know nothing about it. “I confess,” says Sir John Walsh, “it appears to me that they have the very loosest and most inaccurate ideas of those orders, for whom they profess so profound a respect. It is not wonderful, that, contemplating this division of society from the lofty eminence of their aristocratic elevation, many shades and gradations in it should have escaped them, quite apparent to nearer observers. The li-

berality of the great leaders of the Whigs has ever been of a peculiarly abstract and speculative character, dealing much in generals, but little marked by any unusual affability or urbanity of demeanour, or by any attraction of social or friendly intercourse with less distinguished ranks.”

Most true indeed; and it is as creditable to Sir John’s temper as to his talents, to be able to speak so mildly of this part of the universal Whig character. Even the very meanest-born among them are as proud of their birth as so many little loathsome lucifers. Or if not proud, worse—ashamed; and they hang down their heads before those who may accidentally have discovered that they were “drab-delivered in a ditch,” or whelped in a kennel. But of the Whig-magnates of the land, the pride of person and of place, as well as of birth, is so monstrous, that sometimes they seem, as they pass mere mortals by, like maniacs conceiting themselves to be each the angel Michael. Even the few men of high mental endowments they have ever had among them, held their heads absurdly high after this fashion; and so likewise—if after no other—did the women. Charles Fox himself—kind-hearted as he was—and having in the article of birth so very little to be proud of—except about election-time, held aloof in hauteur from his greasy constituents—nor was there on earth one more ignorant of the common character and ordinary on-goings of middle or lower life than the Man of the People. Nor much knew of her fellow-creatures, out of her own high circle, the beautiful and lovely Devonshire, although once she kissed a butcher.

Eulogiums, then, from Whig lords and lordlings, come with a bad grace and a good guffaw, on the character of the “middle orders.” They have not among them all the tenth-part of an idea of what is the meaning of these two words. Nor is their ignorance without excuse; for besides the disadvantage of the seclusion of their own estate, they have this difficulty to encounter on coming to the consideration of the subject—that it is most various and complex—and including—which many others as well as they do not seem to be aware of—many differences of character and

of condition, all absurdly slumped together into one undistinguishable mass of confusion—under the undefinable terms—"middle orders."

Why, in some countries, it is said lamentingly, by philanthropists hopeless of revolution, that there are, alas! no middle orders—as in Spain. That is not altogether true; but we shall suppose it so, and what is the meaning of the sigh? Why, that there is a nobility and a mobility; or say rather a few thousand tyrants and a good many million slaves, with no "middle-order" between, no freemen. But the Bill is about Britain, and in Britain—in this sense—there is assuredly a mighty "middle order." As that most poetical of all political economists, James Ramsay MacCulloch, vaccinated the Scot, says of the gradation of rich and poor soils, in his illustration of the Andersonian doctrine of rent, that they run into each other "like the colours of the rainbow," so may we say, that in our favoured land thus blends into one Iris-like arch, of which King and Constitution are the key-stones—all classes of the nation. True, that this is but a simile—and that our population is not absolutely a rainbow. But the simile suffices for illustration of a great political truth. Attend now to this, we beseech you;—between the aristocracy, itself gorgeous with various colours, and the democracy, not without its lights and shadows too, there lies outspread at this moment before our eyes such another living landscape as makes our hearts burn within us, and glory in being British-born. "These"—say we exultingly—"these are the middle orders—let them elect their own representatives—and, 'come against her all the world in arms,' no fears have we for the Isle of the Free!"

But stone-blind, or, which is worse, for utter gloom is not so dangerous as imperfect glimmer, rather purblind must those ministers be, who, looking in vain from the distant altitude of their own station, through a glass that, even to clear eyes, would shew objects distortedly as well as dimly—and in case of a not unlikely blunder by the unscientific, perhaps upside down—think they see the glorious middle orders of England in—the L.10 householders!—and believe that the great interests of such

a mighty, multiform, multifarious, and multitudinous society as ours can be wisely consulted, and happily promoted, and sacredly guarded by one arbitrarily-drawn line, which, as it sweeps along, cuts off in a thousand places the very best of those whom it was intended to include, and in as many places includes as many persons whom it was intended to cut off!

And this brings us to say a few words on one argument, (argument!) of most illustrious silliness, used by the weakest of the violent reformers, in proof of the bill being a good and safe bill (which all but the weakest of the violent reformers know it is not) for the aristocracy of the land. It must be so—one frequently hears the feeble fizz—"because all the most enlightened of the nobility are eager for the bill." And who are all the most enlightened of the nobility? Why, they who are eager for the bill—and because they are eager for the bill. A very simple and compendious process it is, whereby to settle a somewhat difficult political question, to assume that a lord is enlightened because he seems to admire a particular plan of Parliamentary reform; and then to assume that that particular plan of Parliamentary reform must therefore be most admirable—although, perhaps, the very lord, who is now lost in admiration thereof, a few months before, would, had he dreamed of its existence, have shuddered at it as a *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*, and for a dozen years before had been shouting, or rather squeaking for another bill, no more like it than an albino to a blackamoor. If this be not reasoning in a circle, then never saw we a turnspit in a wheel, nor in a cage a squirrel.

Sir John Walsh looks on this folly with the eye of a political philosopher. "If," says he, "we could find an adequate guarantee for the security of the constitution, in the great personal stake which the ministers, as individuals, have in its preservation, there can be no doubt that we might safely dismiss all anxiety upon the subject. The list of the cabinet is peculiarly and loftily aristocratic. Of fourteen members who compose it, ten are in the House of Lords. Of the four who are in the House of

Commons, one is the heir-apparent of a wealthy and distinguished peerage, one an Irish peer, and one a baronet of very ancient family, and very extensive landed property. Nor do the other members of government present a less dignified catalogue of noble names. Every consolation which these circumstances can afford us, the certainty that, if they do not misconceive the consequences of their own measures, they will pay a fearful penalty for their error, we possess in a supreme degree. But we must take this comfort with some qualifications."

We must indeed. For, set aside the Canning party—whose reputation for ability is higher than for any thing else—and who do not appear to have had or to have much to say (interpret that as you will) on these measures—is not this not heaven-born but high-born ministry, as Sir John Walsh says, "totally inexperienced and untried in the management of state affairs?" Only think of the Budget! The same gentleman finely and truly says—"the qualities of mind, the habits, the description of talent, requisite to form a brilliant rôle in the ranks of an opposition, are very distinct from those necessary to a statesman administering the affairs of a great nation. There is a certain tact of government wholly different from the art of attack in debate. The present ministers have had no opportunity of acquiring this by the education of office, and they have not yet shewn among them that native genius which would enable them to dispense with previous training. We have not, therefore, in addition to the assurance which their own state affords us, that confidence which in times of difficulty and danger we feel in seeing the powers of government wielded by hands of known and practised skill, directed by heads of true and experienced ability. There is often so much of recklessness and temerity in those born to great advantages and fortune, that I should much doubt whether in fact prudence would be most generally found in its possessors." Nothing can be more admirable; and suppose, then, that millions are astonished at what seems to them the

dangerous audacity of reform, can their fears be allayed by any consideration of the hopes of a set of men who, though they have indeed much to lose in revolution, have neither been gifted by nature with any uncommon sagacity or foresight, nor instructed by experience in that high world-wisdom, without which statesmen must not think to lay even the hands of healing on the magnificent fabric of our constitution, even though it should seem to exhibit some few slight symptoms of time-worn decay.

But granting that each "Order" knows best its own interests—and generally speaking we should never dream of denying it—though as little will any rational mind deny that at times the judgment of each "order" is dismally darkened—we have not yet been able to bring ourselves to believe that the majority of those persons belonging to my Lord Grey's "order," who are as devoted as he to the preservation of its privileges, agree with him in seeing security to them in this all-providing Bill. We believe that the great majority of his "order" see in it alarming perils—and that hundreds as wise and as firm as he, in awe of the disastrous signs of great change now lowering on the horizon, fear that they who are now sowing the wind will reap the whirlwind.

Again—is this "order" alone, of all enlightened orders, the best judge of its own well-being? Is it wiser than—the church? The Church has declared its sense of the "scope and tendency" of this Reform—that it is fraught with the seeds of ruin. But Cambridge and Oxford are dim, dark places, that lie out of the day! Owl-eyed, moping monks alone haunt their cloisters. The universities are sacred to ignorance and superstition—the heads of colleges, in the march of intellect, behind the tails of pot-houses, and the bodies of mechanics' institutions, who lead the van of the age. Such is the insolent slang of the worthless legions of libellers and liars that, among the provisions of their darling Bill, grimly foresee, as they think, the overthrow of our church-establishment—of that "Church-of-Englandism," as it was christened by an old heathen, who, in his delirious dotage,

has been long babbling at the head of the worse than rabble-rout, the radical ring of Reform.

But much more might be said, with effect, on the folly of attributing all the wisdom resident in their "order" to the Seven Wise Men. On getting into office, the Ministers unasked—at least we do not remember that any body asked them—volunteered three pledges, Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. The Lord Advocate, in one of his electioneering speeches, called them banners—and also stars. Retrenchment is a queer star, something like a farthing candle; the star of Reform about as big and bright as an oil-lamp before the use of gas—that of Peace, no doubt, is respectable, and though not much of an original, may pass in a crowd. As to banners, the only one that had any beauty in the eyes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, as he thought, the tricolor; whereas it turned out to be but a fancy-flag of some Spitalfields weavers. Retrenchment, it turned out, had been carried to its utmost by the Wellington Ministry; and these Whigs, less scrubby than they were esteemed by themselves and others, forthwith added to the Army and Navy Estimates, and refused to adopt the recommendations of that very committee for retrenchment of the Civil List, whose appointment had been the cause of their accession to power. As to peace, they illustrated the principle of non-intervention by a system of interference as various as unlucky; and an armament was on the very point of being dispatched by them to the Scheldt. We refer those who are not familiar with the Greatest Blunder of the Age, to an article in this number of *Maga* on their Budget. There they stood on the brink of being—over which they were about to be blown by the breath of a nation's ridicule. Their brazen countenances seemed scorn-proof; but their feeble bodies were staggering under the burden of derision. In this pitiable predicament, they clung for life to—the Bill. "In this very critical position," says Sir John Walsh, "they had no power to delay the Question of Reform, until they could procure for themselves and for the House the necessary returns and information; they had no choice between retirement, or pro-

ceeding to legislate upon this vital question, with the glimmering and uncertain lights of former documents, and extracted from the cobwebs of official Bureaux. We can make every allowance for the difficulties of their situation; but it was not less a matter of regret for the country, that a subject, involving its national existence, should not have had the good fortune to be brought forward by an Administration strong enough to be gentle, cautious, and deliberate. We are not reassured on entering this dangerous path, because we must tread it in the dark, and follow leaders who advance with the reeling, yet hurried steps of desperate weakness." As for Lord Durham, he may very easily be a wiser man than he was when he framed the plan of Reform that fell under the castigation of the Edinburgh Review; but the plan itself being paper, does not improve in wisdom by age, nor like a winter pear, by lying on the floor of a garret. It is the same crude plan it was, when by the Lord Advocate "with spattering noise rejected;" yet now with avidity is it swallowed piecemeal by all the Ministers. Whatever fruit it be, it is not worth a plum—a green gage it certainly is not—nor yet a Magnum-bonum—nor should we be surprised were the Premier himself yet to choke on the stone. The Bill, at least, is not Brougham's Bill. But Brougham's Bill, was to be the delight of gods and men, children and old women; and how then happens it that a Bill, which is not only not Brougham's Bill, but a Bill which some ten years ago had his contempt and derision, should now be the Bill of all Bills, and pregnant with salvation? So much at present—and no more—for the embodied wisdom of the "Order."

Is this, then, an aristocratical or a democratical Bill? And whatever it really be, what do ministers think it?

Let us hear the well-weighed and impartial opinion of Sir John Walsh, a man esteemed by all respectable parties, and allowed by them to be one of the most enlightened men of the age. His opinion may be thus stated partly in his words, and partly in our own:—

The first decided accession to the democratic influence is—the propo-

sed destruction of fifty-eight or sixty members. The 168 seats which it is proposed to disfranchise, are filled by a class of members eminently attached to all the existing institutions of the country. And one of the best arguments in favour of close boroughs, he wisely says, in contradiction to the follies we have quoted above, is, that they afford a field, a noble one, for the fair play of intellect; and that a private gentleman has, through them, an opening to declare his honest convictions, without subserviency to the dictation of one peer, or of twenty thousand operatives. But be this as it may, the men who have filled the seats about to be disfranchised, have always been accused by their opponents of belonging to the conservatives. Well then, since 168 are to be taken away, and 108 or 110 added, there is a *reduction* of about a tenth of the whole House, and it is accomplished by a *deduction* to the whole amount of the difference, from the number of those members, who, whether in the ministerial or opposition sides, are, from their class and the tenure of their seats, likely to unite in defending the great institutions of the country.

The next accession to the democratic weight, in his opinion, arises from leaving so many flourishing towns of the second class with only one member, and adding only one member to several great manufacturing towns. He remarks, that that sort of compromise which now takes place very generally throughout the kingdom, between the influence of the upper classes resident in country towns, and the numerical majority of the lower—ending, for the most part, in each returning a member whose opinions assimilate to their own, is an arrangement which will be no longer practicable under the new Bill. For with but one member—in these all party spirit will be more violent, and there will be a struggle everywhere between what he calls, observingly, the aristocracy and democracy of the middle orders; and in the sixty-four boroughs which could, under the new arrangement, return one member only, a great preponderance would be given to the spirit of pure democracy.

The next element of democracy, pointed out by this calm and acute

observer, is the transfer of the franchise to the large towns, chiefly manufacturing, in England, and to the great suburbs of London, in all 44; (recollect the statement respecting those suburbs we gave a few pages back from Lord Wharncliffe, and which we see confirmed by that unconfirmed paper-voter the Courier, whose affection for L.10 householders doth fluctuate to and fro like the soap-suddy waves in a wash-hand basin,) in Scotland and Ireland 14 more; all these returned by electors, voting according to the very low rate of qualification fixed on, (whether it is to be adhered to or not, the Lord Advocate, in his late letter, sayeth not, because he knoweth not, although in a postscript, always the most important part of a letter to or from a lady, he tells the Pensive Public that circumstances had occurred, since he concluded the main body of his epistle, to confirm him in the belief that no alteration is to be made—or, as we should say in his ignorance on the only point on which the Pensive Public required any elucidation of his bill,) and you get another tenth of the House added to the democratic scale, or elected by voters on whom no aristocratic or permanent influence of any kind can be supposed to exist. Add to all this the throwing open the right of voting, from the corporations to the L.10 householders, in towns like Bath, Bury St Edmunds, &c., which is of course another transfer of power to the democracy, exactly equivalent to that of a close borough to a large town—and in counties the weight—not inconsiderable—thrown into the popular scale by copyholders and leaseholders; and who, after examining and enumerating all these additions to the democratic influence in the state, direct or indirect, will not agree with Sir John Walsh, that the change in our Government is even more vast and comprehensive than at first view we should have been led to suppose?

Why—the Lord Advocate himself—the man of the people—never dreamed, in his fairest visions of reform, of any such victory as this won by his democratic constituents. “The first article in a wise plan of reformation, would be, in our opinion, the immediate addition of twenty mem-

bers to the House of Commons, to be chosen by the most opulent and populous of the communities which are at present without representation.”—(Edinburgh Review, November 1820.)—Nor think, he said, that though, in point of mere numbers, this is but an inconsiderable addition—that there are not other circumstances in these cases more important than numbers. For he adds well, “twenty members of popular talents and character, representing the most populous districts in England, and depending for their seats on popular favour, would greatly strengthen the democratical principles in the House of Commons,” and yet his Lordship tells us—not with a grave, but a bright face—that ’tis an aristocratical Bill! So much for the present for the democratical features of this Bill—now for the aristocratical—as painted by the unexaggerating pencil of Sir John Walsh.

First, on the line of disfranchisement which it has adopted with reference to the population and size of towns, there may, perhaps, be said to be rather a reservation of some portion of the existing influence of the Aristocracy, than any addition to it. It can only, he remarks, add to it, in a few cases, where a numerous body of non-resident freemen are exchanged for a smaller and more manageable set of L.10 householders. Now, a large number of the boroughs will consist of towns containing—say—three hundred L.10 householders—or made up to that number by the neighbouring parishes. For the character of such boroughs, see *passim* Articles on Reform in the Edinburgh Review. They are—as all the world knows—open to all sorts of illegitimate influence; and, we may assert, throughout them all a vast increase of bribery and corruption. In them, would not the Aristocracy seek to establish or confirm their influence? And are Whig-reformers enamoured (we are not) of such disputes and disturbances as those of Newark, Shaftesbury, and Stamford? But by what influence would such boroughs be swayed? That of wealth and high hereditary station. What would be the consequence? Nay—you do not ask—for you know—Precarious power in the hands of the richest and highest of the Peerage, or the greatest

Commoners—the general adoption of means to maintain it, which must always be revolting and unpopular, and which could not fail to weaken the Aristocracy far more than any power so acquired could strengthen them, by exciting against them fierce and permanent feelings of hostility among the lower orders of the people.

But what will be the tendency of the additions to the county representation, or the divisions of the counties into districts? Surely those features are sufficiently aristocratical. Sir John Walsh acknowledges they are—but then too aristocratical to win his admiration. The divisions of the counties into districts will, he thinks, add to the local influence of great estates. Do they need it? No. The large and remote counties are, it is well known, the strongholds of the great landed proprietors. Whereas, in the small counties, estates are more divided, and overpowering influence less known. “I acknowledge then,” says he, “that it is an aristocratic, and a highly aristocratic measure. All that it does not give to pure Democracy, it disposes of in favour of the highest and richest of the Peerage and landed proprietors. The intermediate ground is entirely swept away.”

These are large views—and no doubt they require illustration and confirmation, which Sir John Walsh has not been able to give them within the limits of a pamphlet. We hope that the evil will not prove so wide as he fears; for then, what will be a Reformed Parliament? The most independent, and perhaps the most enlightened portion of the British people—the less distinguished gentry—will seldom sit there; for the old straight avenues will be shut up—and felled “their old contemporary trees.” To get seats, men must canvass large provincial towns, a pretty and pleasant pastime indeed—not cheap but nasty—and in which will best succeed the rabble-rousing Demagogue with a long red tongue, fiery face, and inflamed liver, or the rabble-buying Nabob with a long yellow purse, sallow face, and no liver at all. So much for the large provincial towns—and who will rule the counties? Sir John Walsh thinks—those who are “strong in the possession of

the highest rank, of great and hereditary landed estates, advantages in short, to which men must be born, and which the exertions of a life, however meritorious, however successful, could never attain." Such, when the new system has settled, will, he thinks, be the inevitable issues; and so do we—but, we add, subject still to confusion, disturbance, and occasional reversal.

Between the democratical and the aristocratic powers to be created by the Bill, what shall maintain the balance? The private gentry of England are extinguished. They have not been weighed in the balance and found wanting—for centuries have they been a race of patriots—but they are excluded from the grand national council. And lo! smiling graciously or loftily on the one side, the Patricians—and on the other, scornfully and grimly, the Plebeians. The one what-do-ye-call-it full of Dukes, Earls, and Lords, kicks the beam—the contents fly first up, heads over heels, in the face of heaven, and then fall down, in one convulsive sprawl, on the bosom of earth. The other what-do-we-call-it, "heaped up full measure, and running over" with Plebeians, sits like a stone on a rock—the Democracy yells *ça ira*—and there is—a Republic. And a very good form of government, too, it is to those who like it, but sadly addicted to sudden change into a military and murderous despotism?

But it has been most truly said that now "the fanaticism of democracy is in its full tide of life and vigour." The lower classes in this country—and too many of the middle—are more than dissatisfied and discontented with the existing order of things, both in government and in society—they hate them with a perfect hatred. Never at any other time—spite of all the pretended improvement of the people in knowledge—were they so ignorant of the real sources of the permanent blessings they, as Britons, enjoy, and of the real causes of those not unfrequent hardships under which they suffer. Let us not scruple to say that they have shewn themselves too often, within these two or three years, as blind as brutal, as deaf as dangerous; and that their power now is the power of an irrational and

ferocious giant. They are for taking things into their own hands. They must have their own House of Commons; and as for the House of Lords, why the Times, who alternately threatens and truckles to the monster, lately told us, that if the Peers shewed any hesitation about passing the Bill, it would be rescued from their delay by a process as summary as irresistible. Why mince the matter?—the populace would put a period to the peerage. Do you doubt? Then think of the Press: One of that power—the Spectator—smiles at us for saying that the Press will return a vast number of members to a "Reformed Parliament." We understand his smile—it is one of the most intense internal satisfaction. Were there more Magas—more Standards—more spirit—union—resolution—among the Tories—we had almost said more plague, pestilence, and famine, battle, murder, and sudden death, to scatter amongst the Whigs and Radicals—we might yet save the constitution.

Oh! hood-winked the great goggle-eyes that will not see what is in preparation with the populace for the people! and with the people for the King.

But we conclude with asking the Ministry one single question. What if their Bill prove indeed to be an Aristocratical Bill? Why a Wild Beast will tear them into pieces. And in tearing them into pieces, that Wild Beast will not only be obeying the instincts of his nature, but in that obedience be likewise acting in strict accordance with the dictates of reason and justice. For the mob believes—is allowed—has been taught to believe the Bill to be, in its principles and its details, democratic;—and who will deny that nature, education, time, and opportunity, all unite to make him of principles and details the best of all judges?—Democratic it is to his heart's no longer insatiable desires—and see ye not how he hobbles—hear ye not how he howls—in long privation impatient of proven-der, and proving that the Mostodon-ton is neither a fabled nor an obsolete monster?

The Ministry will have something else to carry—by and by—besides the Bill. But the nation—we suspect—has no great trust in the

strength of its back and shoulders. In the midst of all this democratical delirium, they are not popular. Nobody shouts their names—the very mobs seem ignorant of their existence. The cry is still—the King—the Bill! But the men of the Three patriotic Pledges and the one blundering Budget are with the populace “strictly anonymous;” and the foolish Ministers are merged in their wicked measure. Soon will they have to stand a terrible trial. For a strong and stern party, determined on the most radical changes in all institutions, though now, for the furtherance of their own schemes, they are with the Ministers, will, by and by, be against them with a republican and implacable enmity; while the Conservative Party, still strong in numbers, in a common creed, and in their devotion to the cause of freedom and their country, will fall upon them flying in discomfiture from the demagogues. Mercenaries at best—the Mercenaries of a Faction—they will fly—or fall between two fires—poured upon them from the foes as well as friends of the Constitution. That will be a Final Settlement—but the Bill is not one—if you think so, go read the Examiner. You will find no shilly-shallying in his straightforward and vigorous columns. If

he had believed the Bill to be aristocratical, he would have torn it into shreds and patches. But he sees in it—not an end—but a beginning; and his eyes are piercers. Till now he never hesitated to scatter his scorn over the Whigs. Even now he is but barely civil; nor will his courtesies continue one moment longer after they begin to shew a returning anxiety for their “Order.” By an entire abandonment of the interests of their own class—that is, in the light in which they have considered them all their lives long, up to the period of this blessed Bill—can they hope to possess the favour of that formidable section, of which his talents—and we scruple not to add—in our rooted enmity to his principles—his political integrity—for though pernicious, he is honest—have made him—as far as the Press is at work for revolution—the Leader?

By way, then, of L'Envoy, let us say or sing—that if the Mob smells deceit and delusion in this Bill of yours, and finds that he has been cheated, we would not stand in your shoes—O Ministers!—for a trifle; for the shoes will be all that is left of you—and your rumps will be in a worse predicament than ever a Rump-Parliament.

THE LATE ELECTIONS IN ENGLAND.

DEAR NORTH,

THE decree has gone forth, and been executed—that advice which a peer of the realm, in his place in Parliament, told the King's Ministers could only be given to the Sovereign by men with the heads of fools, or the hearts of traitors, has been given, and acted upon; and the people, under the influence of universal and frantic excitement, have rushed forward to undo themselves. Unwilling as I am to give way to forebodings of gloom and disaster, knowing that cheerful exertion better becomes a man who is anxious to do effectual service in a good cause; yet, when I reflect upon the events of the last four weeks—when I see how all the ties of sense and feeling, which bound men to one another in relation to public affairs, and which have so long given strength, and dignity, and solidity to the British empire, have been torn asunder in order that that may be done, which when done, must for ever prevent these ties from being reunited—when I reflect upon these things, I am oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, and, with a heart struggling with its own heaviness, sit down to communicate my thoughts upon what has so recently taken place before our eyes.

And first—there is a mystery in the matter which has not yet been fathomed, and we have yet to discover the hidden source of the general and active revolt which has taken place against all the principles and feelings which have heretofore appeared to actuate the great body of the English yeomanry. The English elections are now over, all but one—the great and valiant struggle in Northampton—and from one end of the kingdom to the other, from Cornwall to Cumberland, and in no places more conspicuously than in these extremes themselves, a simultaneous burst of disloyalty has taken place to old friends, old feelings, and hereditary attachments; while reasonable gratitude for long services, both in public and in private, both general and local, seems to be utterly erased from the hearts of men, where one would have thought it was fixed as safely and as certainly as the

love of their wives and children. Shall it be said that all this is in consequence of the conviction of their understanding, that the changes proposed to be effected by the Reform Bill ought to be effected? Ridiculous! The yeomanry, who have come forward with such vivacity in favour of the Reform Bill, know no more of its provisions than they do of the Koran. I have myself been among them, and talked with them as they flocked from village and hamlet to range themselves under the banner which they and their fathers before them had, up to this time, always opposed; and when I spoke of certain changes proposed to be made by the Reform Bill, without mentioning that they formed a part of the measure for which they were so clamorous, the mention of such changes was received with indignation, and they were ready to have signed a petition against them. That every weaver occupying a house for which he paid, or promised, a rent of ten pounds a-year, with no more property in the country than his loom and the clothes upon his back, should have as much privilege in returning representatives as they whose families, for generations past, had dwelt upon their own land, seemed to them monstrous; yet still they would go forward and vote for “the King and Reform.” That a contracted view of the duty imposed upon them by their personal loyalty to the sovereign, has greatly influenced the English yeomanry in the late election, admits of no doubt; and that it was cunningly taken advantage of by the revolutionary leaders, was from the first apparent; but even this, powerfully influential as it was—and none but those who saw some of the election scenes in England, can well imagine the force and enthusiasm derived from the notion, that the will of the King and the Reform Bill were identical—even this is hardly sufficient to account for the headlong infatuation which bore down every consideration that might have been expected to affect the hearts and minds of Englishmen.

Shall we believe, according to the mean and disgusting flattery of the popular candidates upon the hust-

ings, that the "diffusion of intelligence" has wrought this great change, and made men cast aside the old mooring chains of hereditary feeling and affection, as the antiquated and rusty bonds of prejudice? Intelligence! alas! for such pitiable vanity—such gross delusion—such wretched folly, "pranked in reason's garb." Intelligence! who that has ever heard the empty prate—the noisy nothings—the worst ideas stolen from the worst newspapers, repeated in the barrenest commonplace of language, which these talkers about "intelligence" constantly put forth, without feeling at his stomach a something extremely resembling sea-sickness, at the bare recollection of a thing so nauseous? Well might the bard who sung of the spleen, be reminded of that disgusting class of creatures, whose paltry smatterings of knowledge, floating upon an enormous tide of vanity and impertinence, leads them to chatter about intelligence, the proper spirit of which they have no capacity for feeling,

"Witlings—brisk fools, curst with half sense

That stimulates their impotence."

No—the part which the electors of England have taken with regard to the Reform Bill, is the result of ignorance—ignorance of the Bill itself—ignorance of the effects which it is calculated to produce upon the frame of society, both social and political—and above all, ignorance of the real character of the men who have advised the measure, and of the circumstances under which it was advised.

"How piteous, then, that there should be such dearth

Of knowledge; that whole myriads should unite

To work against themselves such fell despite—

Should come in frenzy, and in drunken mirth,

Impatient to put out the only light

Of liberty that yet remains on earth!"

Never, indeed, was the real liberty of England in more jeopardy, for real civil liberty is to be found in the permanent and protecting power of law, and the change which the madness of the time rages after, is one which must, of necessity, destroy the

stability of every institution, unless it be expected to revolutionize human nature as well as the British constitution, and to make the breath of popular feeling as regular and steady as the trade winds.

Ignorance has been, I maintain, at the root of all the revolutionary hubbub, under the influence of which a Parliament has been elected, which it is frightful to behold, for it has not been elected to deliberate for the people, but to do their will—a will which some will repent of, and almost all will change before six months are gone. By what various channels, in what way, and to what extent, this ignorance has been wrought upon, so as to produce so violent and so universal an impression upon the people, is, as I have said, a difficulty which has yet to be cleared up; but added to all other grounds of alarm upon the present occasion, there is this, that a power is at work producing tremendous effects, the operation of which is probably not guarded against, only because it is not seen nor understood. It would be needless and foolish to deny, that at this moment a democratical frenzy pervades and possesses the nation, from whatever source it may have sprung.—The seas which divide us from the continent, and have preserved us from the dreadful encroachment of foreign enemies, have not been sufficient to guard us from the contagion of that political fever which rages there, laying prostrate national welfare and social happiness, amid a wild uproar of senseless hollow vapouring about liberty and the tricolor. By whatever means the infection has been communicated, we certainly have caught it:—the poison rushes through the veins of the country, producing like effects of vast and intemperate folly; and it is only in the providence of God to say where it shall have an end, and what shall bring back the hearts and minds of this people to a healthful state, if, indeed, that can be hoped at all, without a fearful interval of scourging and suffering.

Although there is so much difficulty in assigning a cause adequate to the effect which has been produced upon the yeomanry of England in warping their better feelings, and imbuing them with a taste for revo-

lution, yet some of the things which have contributed to this state of mind lie upon the surface, and these I shall briefly notice. The most important has been the unremitting exertion of the newspaper press, which, with but very few exceptions, has been devoted to the promotion of revolutionary principles. At the present crisis, nine-tenths of the newspapers read by the people labour daily or weekly to inflame and mislead the minds of their readers, by every species of fraudulent and exaggerated statement which considerable skill and habitual perseverance in lying can suggest. It is no wonder that this should have produced a very powerful effect upon a people who are almost all, more or less, readers of newspapers. Even those who do not read are impressed by others who do, and every village ale-house where a newspaper is taken in, becomes a fountain of dangerous and revolutionary principles, which find their way into the house of every farmer and yeoman. This is an evil which cannot be combatted without great exertion; but if not met, it alone would in time be sufficient to destroy the good spirit and the salutary institutions of this country. Every thing must sink before the violence of an industrious and skillfully conducted press, if that press is allowed to be all but unanimous on the side of revolution. But why is it so? First, because the newspapers which flatter the people and their prejudices, and tell them agreeable lies, are the most likely to be preferred by them; and, secondly, so far from an additional exertion being made by the conservative party on that account, to meet the revolutionists upon their own ground, and outwrite them in the newspapers, as they are outwritten in other periodicals, these great engines of political influence have been greatly neglected, and with disgraceful tameness and quiescence the Tory party have looked on, while almost the whole force, both of the metropolitan and provincial newspaper press, has been zealously directed against them. The doctrine on politics, or on any other subject, which at first appears to a man foolish or revolting, if it be continually presented to him day after day, with fresh arguments in

its favour, will soon become tolerated, and in the end will probably be adopted by him, unless he use means to counteract the effect of habitual repetition. If, then, the leading newspapers, which every man who mingles in the world, or the world's business, *must* read, have been gained over to the advocacy of revolutionary principles, there is, and there can be no chance of adequately meeting this evil but by making newspapers as good in every matter of detail as those which are emphatically said to "lead" the public, and which shall direct the minds of the people to sound and sober views of rational liberty, and to the valuelessness of the remarkable institutions which have so long preserved the nation powerful and glorious upon the earth, amid the distractions of political conflict, and the crash of revolutions with which Europe has been visited.

Again it has been said, and with truth, that the personal habits and deportment of the Tory lords and gentlemen have not been such as to win the affection of the middle classes and yeomanry in the country. They have not mingled with them, nor identified themselves with them as they should have done; and therefore there lurked secretly, in the breasts of a great many, a desire to avail themselves of the first plausible opportunity to evince their sense of the cold, and, as it appeared to them, disdainful conduct of the Tory magnates of the district. This disposition was easily seen, and readily taken advantage of by the Whigs, who have made it their business personally to ingratiate themselves with those very persons whom the Tories had alienated or offended; and thus not only was political support very much withdrawn from Tory candidates, on grounds merely personal, but even where support was given, it was by no means with that heartiness and zeal and lively spirit which distinguished the support of the other side. On the side of the Tories, support was in many cases given as a political duty merely;—on the other side it was given with that vivacity which accompanies an action that is personally agreeable. The influential Tories have been so long accustomed to high office—have been so habi-

tually occupied with official business, and so far removed from the necessity of attention to those particulars which ensure popularity, that it must be confessed they have something to learn in this regard, and they will now see how useful, and I should hope agreeable also, it will be, to cultivate a more friendly personal intercourse with those who expect that the confidence which they give will be requited with courtesy. There is no doubt that so far as political feeling went, the Marquis of Chandos was as likely to lose his County seat as other Tory lords and gentlemen whom the reforming frenzy has ousted, yet he was triumphantly returned through his personal popularity. He personally interests himself in whatever is of interest to the resident gentry of the county, and therefore there is no power which the combined zeal, cunning, and hatred of the Whigs can bring to bear against him, which will avail to deprive him of the confidence of the county to which he belongs.

A third reason for the Tory candidates being so generally unsuccessful, is that they too easily give way. In every case where the Tory candidates withdrew, not only was there an immediate loss on one side, and a triumph on the other, but the consequences extended themselves to other places, and caused a total alteration of the previously existing balance of influence. Had London not been given up so early in the field, it is by no means clear that Kent might not have been contested with success—but the panic of “resignation” spread, and people stood aghast, instead of fighting their battle manfully, even with the least hope of success. In the northern Counties the consequent loss to the Tory party is manifest—Yorkshire, Lancashire, Northumberland, and Cumberland, were all to have been contested, but in all except the last, the candidates gave way without a struggle—the whole force of money, and electioneering *materiel* which the ministerial party had collected for all these contests, was of course immediately devoted towards Cumberland, and the County was lost to the Tory party. Had contests taken place in Lancashire and Northumberland, what-

ever might have been the success there, Cumberland would have been saved from the undivided domination of revolutionary feeling, and the absurdity of sending a person to Parliament who himself declared on the hustings, that he was not “a fit and proper representative” for the county. I know it may be said that these counties could not have been contested without a vast expenditure, and without exciting much tumultuous agitation, and I well know how naturally any man of good feeling must turn away with loathing from the prospect of the disgusting scenes of a contested election; but we should not let the revolutionary party get all the advantage of thus scaring us from our right, and if there ever was a time in which great sacrifices for the sake of county representation ought to be made, that time was on the late occasion.

Something however must be allowed to the unpopular candidates on the score of the danger of personal violence which in many instances threatened them. No man is called upon rashly to peril his life in an election brawl, and some who have thus ventured have become the victims of the brutal ferocity of the revolutionary mob. It would be well if those who sit at home in their closets, or by their firesides, and write or talk of the increased “intelligence” of the people, as the cause of the change in the selection of their representatives, would take a journey to a contested election now and then, and see how this “intelligence” manifests itself—that they would witness the shocking brutality—the gluttony and drunkenness—the yells, and the ferocious violence of a mob whom nothing but force, such as influences cattle, can control. At the late elections in England, there were several carried by mere brute force—the voters on one side were escorted to the poll with acclamation, while, on the other, they were prevented from going to the poll by violence offered to their persons—many were severely wounded, and some dangerously. In other places the terror of physical force was such that contests were not attempted. Is this the “intelligence of the people?” Is it of such patronage as this, that those calling themselves Parliament-

any Reformers are so proud? And let it not be said that it is to the mere mob and none other, that this violence is to be attributed. Those who set them on, or who "hallooed" them on, to use one of Mr O'Connell's strongest expressions, were not of the mere mob, but such as make speeches and write in newspapers; and some instances there were of men of property, with a number of persons in their employment, who were not voters, letting loose their workmen at the time of the election, with no other conceivable intention but to overcome, by brute force, the freedom of election, and to effect that by the violence of a mob, which they could not effect by fair and unobstructed voting.

Amid the general defection from old principles and old friends, it is a cheering reflection that the Universities have done their duty. If there be any just criterion of the sentiments of the educated classes of England, it is to be found in the decision of the large constituency who elect the University members. With regard to Dublin, where the election lies in the Corporation of the University alone, there may be some ground for alleging that no particular weight is to be attached to its decision; but in the English Universities, whose Masters of Arts, with the right of voting, are scattered all over the kingdom, and actively engaged in the affairs of life, it is of the very highest importance to find them at such a time promptly and vigorously deciding against the headlong proceedings of the King's government. I rejoice more especially over Cambridge, upon the old principle, that there is more joy over that which was lost and is found again, than over that which we have always had in possession. In Cambridge an earnest and vigorous struggle was made—minds and bodies were heartily and zealously engaged in the good cause, and thus the victory was obtained. Had any languor, or indifference, or relaxation of exertion, crept into the proceedings, a different result would have followed, but the young men of the professions had their hearts in the matter, and carried the day. Let then the result of the Cambridge Election, as it fills us with good hope concerning the principles of those who real-

ly ought to lead the country, also furnish us with an example to be imitated. Bad as the aspect of affairs may be, and it is sufficiently gloomy, it would be worse than madness to sit down in inactive despondency. There is yet much remaining to be done, and, by spirit, energy, and discretion, much may yet be accomplished. It is not presuming too much, from the returns that have been already received, to take the number in the new Parliament who will be opposed to "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," at two hundred and seventy. This to be sure will leave a large majority in its favour; but a strong minority is something, and a few minorities of 270 would make Ministers feel in rather an uncomfortable position. Besides the Bill,—even the amended Bill,—was full of errors which every man acquainted with the localities of the places where the measure has to operate could point out. These must not be lost sight of; some sense of common justice, or the shew of it, must still remain with the ministerial side of the House of Commons, and when palpable errors are held up before them they *must* pause, and condescend, at least, to their discussion. Let then the Bill be fought point by point,—temperately, fairly, discreetly,—but with unflinching boldness,—let there be no flagging, no running away from the difficulty and trouble of a determined struggle upon every part and parcel of the Bill, and much—very much will be gained. The people have gone headlong in ignorance of what the Bill is;—long and arduous as were the debates upon it in the House of Commons, it was upon the general question of the goodness or badness of our present representative system—the new measure has yet to be sifted—its inadequacy shewn—its injustice exposed—let that be done as it ought to be—let the ground be contended inch by inch, and a victory will be won, in winning round the common sense of the people.

But without, as well as within the walls of Parliament, a victory is yet to be gained by vigorous, patient, and good-humoured exertion. For the moment the Tory lords and gentlemen are perhaps sore at the treatment they have received,—they well

may be,—but to let such a feeling continue were folly;—perhaps they have deserved some of the disappointment they have met with. Let them deserve it no more,—let them cultivate the personal good will of the gentry of their counties, and organize matters against *the next election*. If every Tory gentleman took the pains to make a list of the names of all the freeholders in his neighbourhood,—to ascertain the side in politics on which they generally voted,—and to teach those of his own party the means of making their freeholds legally perfect,—so that no doubt could exist about their right to vote when the election came on,—a great part of the trouble and difficulty which generally attends a contest would be saved, and the party possessing such information would come into the field with almost a certainty of the quantity of support he might

calculate upon. In elections, more than any thing else, knowledge is power, and no exertion should be spared either in obtaining and digesting this knowledge, or in conciliating the good-will of the people, and instructing them upon the real nature of the Reform Bill, respecting which they have imbibed such vague and extravagant notions.

In Scotland you have made a better fight than we can boast of. I flung my hat in the air until it almost hit the sun, when I heard of the ejection of Jeffrey from Edinburgh. The county, too, has returned a good man and true, and his speech was excellent; but Sir George Murray's speech at Perth is the best we have yet had upon the present state of political matters, and every one,—even the Times newspaper,—is loud in its praise.—Your old friend,

THE WHIG-HATER.

London, 19th May, 1831.

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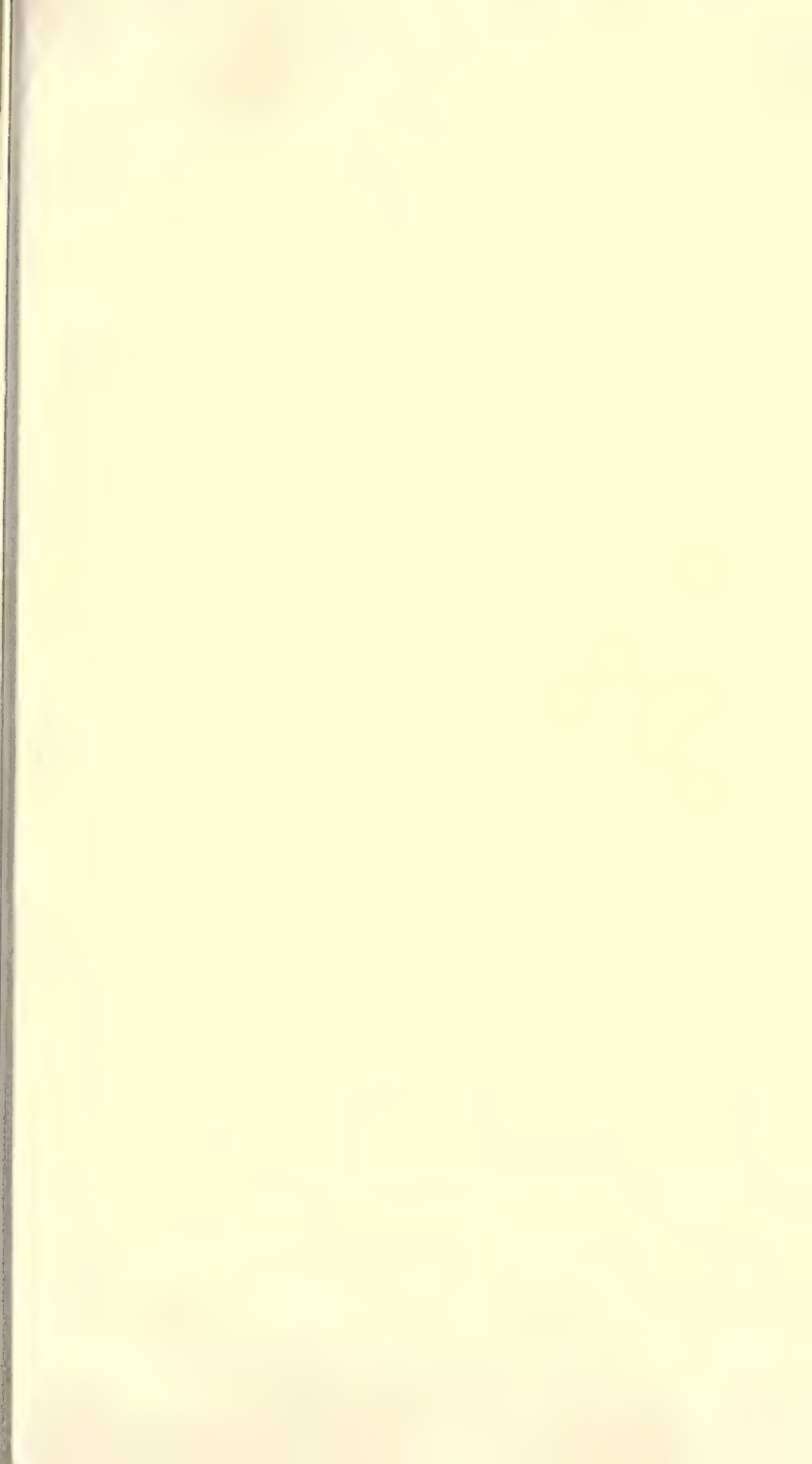
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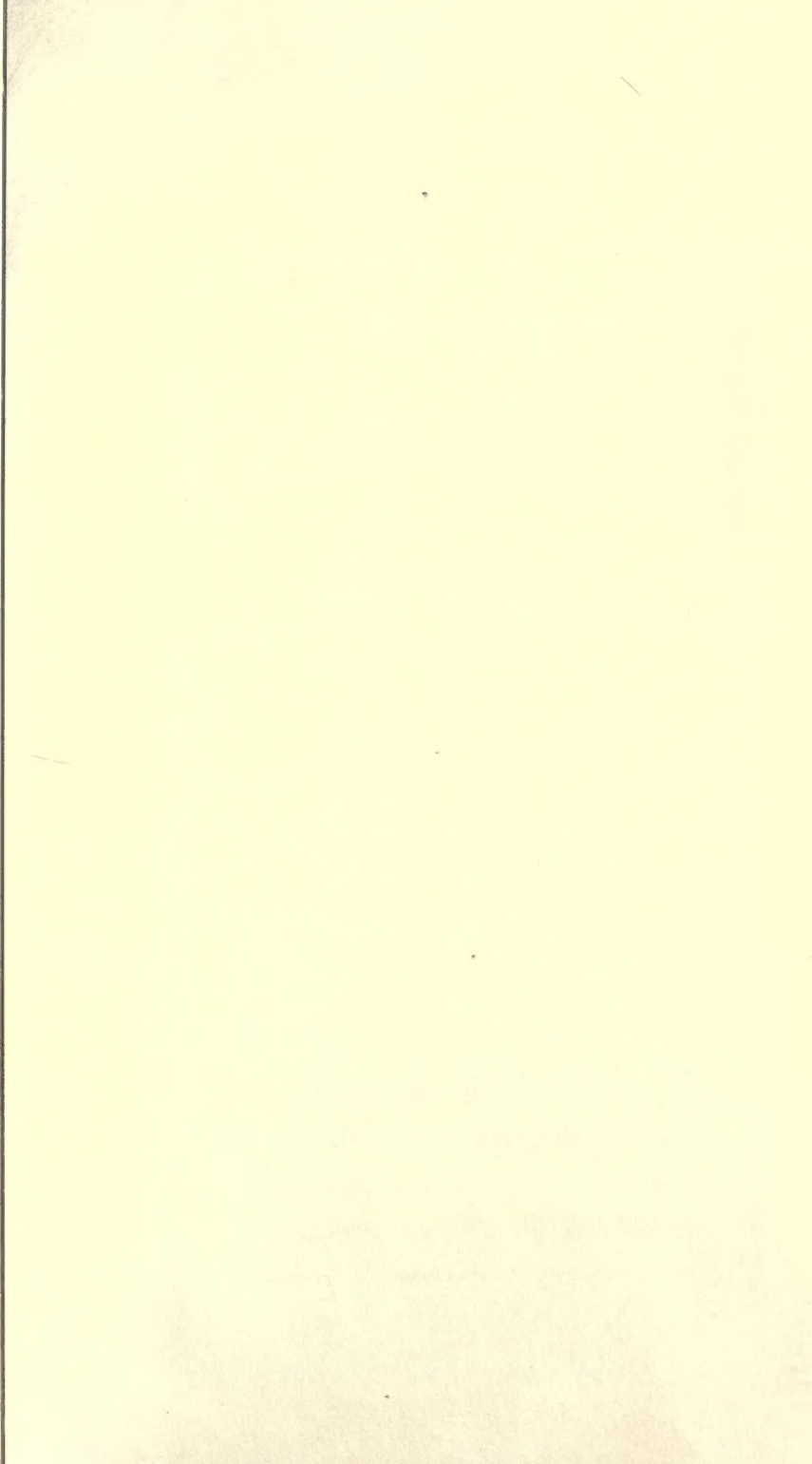
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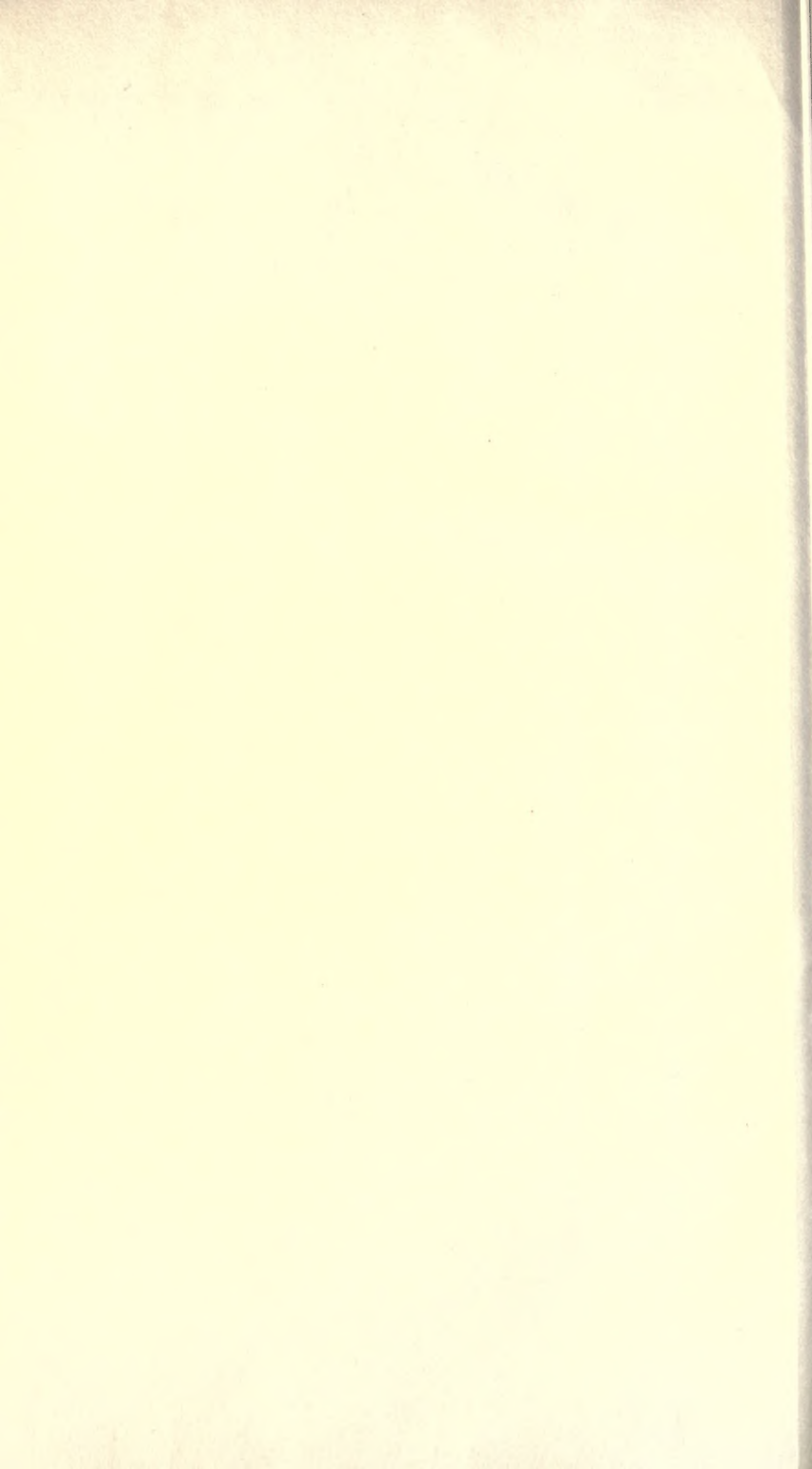
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